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The Christian miscellany, and family visiter

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

FOR THE YEAR 1855.

SECOND SERIES.—VOL. I.

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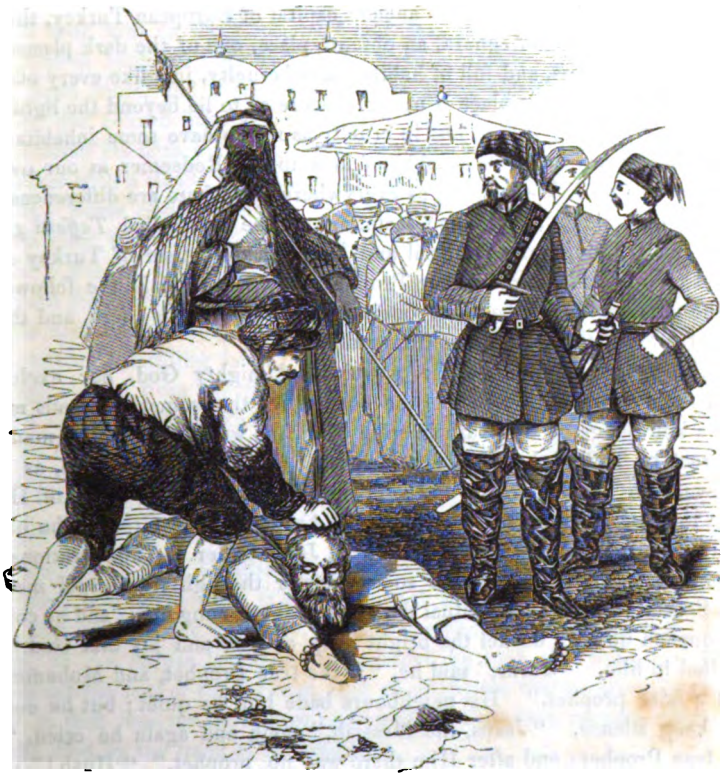
THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.



THE MARTYR OF ADRIANOPLE.

THE year 1855 must be strongly marked in the coming history of Turkey. That empire is now brought into new relations with the first Christian power in the world; and this power, Great Britain, cannot possibly regard the interests of Christianity in Turkey with indifference. The religion of our blessed Saviour has made us what we are, a prosperous and mighty nation. The delusion of Mohammed has left the Turks in as low a state of barbarism as they were in when it found them in their deserts, and Christian arms are necessary now to save the Ottoman empire from being blotted out from the face of the earth. Good reasons of national

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policy justify Great Britain in fighting against Russia; but we reflect with grief and shame on the fact that the law of Turkey, our ally, still makes it death for any born Mussulman to become a Christian; and every Englishman must feel that the time is come to pray to God that He will so order the course of events, as to vindicate the honour paid to the NAME that is above every name from the reproach of impiety and the penalty of death in Turkey.

Now to the proof that matters are as bad as we say.

Not far from Adrianople, the ancient capital of European Turkey, there is a town called Eski-Zaghara, an obscure place, one of the dark places of the earth, doubtless, and full of habitations of cruelty, just like every other Turkish town; yet this place is not so obscure as to lie beyond the light of Christian truth, nor is it so lost in cruelty as not to have some inhabitants whose hearts are quite as capable of love to the Redeemer as our own. In this town of Eski-Zaghara, as everywhere else, there are differences of opinion on religion; and some sectarians of the sort called *Taffani* give proof that although the spiritual and temporal despotism of Turkey can forbid men to believe in the true Prophet, they cannot make the followers of the false prophet to be all of one mind. The Bible is there, and they cannot prevent the inhabitants from reading it.

Neither can they arrest the power of Almighty God, nor exclude from the bosoms of the people the good Spirit that sometimes leads men into a knowledge of the truth in spite of all the world. A young man of the sect of Taffani had heard of Christ. He had read of Him, as we believe, in a Turkish Bible; and very probably he had also heard of Him from the lips of some of those converted Armenians and Greeks who have lately been made new creatures in Christ Jesus under the ministrations of American Missionaries. From some quarter the light of Gospel mercy had broken in upon the spiritual darkness of that young man; and he could not quench under a bushel the bright lamp of love and joy that God had kindled in him. "Jesus," said he, "is the true Prophet, and Mohammed was a false prophet." His neighbours bade him be quiet; but he could not keep silence. "Jesus, the Messiah," again and again he cried, "is the true Prophet; and after Him there was no prophet." "Hush!" said they: "hush! hush! say as we say, 'There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God.'" "I will say no such thing," he answered: "Jesus is the Prophet of God, and after Jesus there is no prophet. What need have we of Mohammed, now that we have Jesus the Messiah?"

His neighbours had no more to say, and would have let him alone; but the *Ulemas*, the Priests of Mohammed, consulted what should be done. They knew that their law was against this man. They looked into the Koran,—the Bible, so to speak, of Mohammed,—and found many angry sentences there against all that would not acknowledge him; but not one to say clearly that his followers should never be at liberty to change their opinion of him, or, if they did, should be put to death. But they had

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a book of laws, worse even than the Koran; and in this book it is written most clearly, that if any one leaves that faith, and refuses to return to it, *he is killed.* And they found several regulations that might be followed before killing such an one, if they did not choose to murder him at once; especially that, as a great favour, he might be suffered to live in prison for three days, to have time for consideration; but at the end of it, if he persisted in his new faith, he was to die without mercy.

Therefore they brought him to the chief city of his province, Adrianople, and took him to the Cadi, or Chief Magistrate, saying, that he was a wretched apostate, that had denied their prophet. The Cadi had him up in open court, and there the Ulemas—those bitter Priests—questioned him, and coaxed him, and threatened him. But he stood firm, and still confessed his faith in Jesus. Then they sent him to prison; and he walked thither with a steady step, and solemn countenance, and the people watched him. Some cried, "Dog!" Some were silent in wonder; some in pity. The door was fastened close, and the tormentors came and flogged the man; but he said not a word that could sound like a denial of Jesus. Again they beat him, but still he kept meek silence; and again they laid rods upon his bleeding back, but with all his groans there was not a breath to tell of a fainting heart; and, bruised and fainting as he was, they dragged him from the filthy dungeon into the most public place in the city, and there, before the chief men of the place, asked him to say, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God." Then they waited for his answer, and the crowd kept silence to hear what it would be. The answer came: "*I believe in Jesus Christ, and for Him I die.*"

Enough! The Ulemas roared vengeance. A soldier unsheathed his crooked scimitar, swung it aloft, and with full force he severed the head of that martyr from his body. Some one caught up the quivering head; and, as the corpse lay upon the ground, he took that head and put it between the legs of their victim, that all might see that he was a Christian: for in that manner they show contempt to Christian corpses when they have died by the hand of executioners.

Then the people came together by thousands to see the martyr's body. They did not insult that body any more, but scarcely believed their senses when they saw a Christian thus murdered, and Christ thus dishonoured, while Christians were coming in swift ships to save their country. Even the Cadi was perplexed; but he had kept the law, and knew that if he had not so done, the Priests would have murdered him with their knives. The Sultan heard of it, and said nothing; for he had himself allowed the sentence to be executed. The Sheik-ul-Islâm, or Chief Priest, the Patriarch of Mohammedans in Turkey, had requested that the sentence should be executed; and he was not ashamed. The British Ambassador heard of it, and was grieved, and could not help making it known to the Queen of England. The Turks tried to hush it up, but it could not be hushed; all England knows it; and now Christians mourn to see that the

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name of Jesus is blasphemed, and His children slain, and they cry, "*How long? O Lord, how long?*"

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

THE church of the living God, which is the congregation of the faithful, should stand out in broad distinction from the unbelieving, unregenerate world; in separation so clear and obvious that all men may, at a glance, perceive it. As great as is the difference between light and darkness, Christ and Belial, so great should be the visible difference between the disciples of Christ and the slaves of sin. But is it so? Do not many who call themselves Christians walk too nearly according to the course of this world? This is an old sin, the sin of every age, and even now it every day besets us. The world entices and allures the Christian from the paths of pure, spiritual religion into its own crooked and polluted ways, or endeavours to coerce him into conformity with itself by contemptuous sarcasm, or humiliating reproach. And with what success, let those families confess that were once happy in the favour of God and the fellowship of saints, but are now plunged in the darkness of worldliness and the companionship of the ungodly.

The history of past times, and the prevalence of worldliness in the present, should awaken the Christian church to watchfulness against so insidious, unremitting, and dangerous a foe. Christians should remember that the church is, in character, profession, and aim, directly opposed to the world, and the world to it. The members of the church are spiritual; those of the world are carnal: the former are characterized by faith, love, and obedience to God; the latter, by unbelief, hatred, and rebellion against the religion of Christ. Christians seek their happiness in God: He is their portion, inheritance, and reward; and to His will they subordinate their affections and desires, and in this way realise true happiness. The world follows the bent of its own perverse will, and corrupt appetites; seeks happiness in the things of this life; and excludes all thought of God and Christ. The pearl of great price, to gain which it would sell all Christian purity, principle, and enjoyment, is RICHES, with honours, pleasures, and the influence which wealth confers: hence it looks only at the things which are seen and temporal, sets its affections on things on the earth, and pursues the phantom of this world's fashion, which passes away, as though it were some real and unchanging good. True Christians, on the other hand, look at the things which are unseen and eternal, set their affections on things above, where their gracious Saviour sits enthroned, and seek them with an eagerness which shows that they consider them to be important, and sufficient both in this world and in that which is to come. The Christian resolves to save his soul, though he should lose the world; while the worldling is determined on gaining the world, though, in attempting it, he lose his soul. It is evident, therefore, that the

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church cannot ally herself with the world without suffering a corruption of character, spirit, and principles; without a base unfaithfulness to God, and an abandonment of the ends for which He raised her up: nor can the world pass over to the church of Christ, except by surrendering its earthly love, and coming under the power of the Holy Ghost. The professing Christian ceases to be Christ's disciple when he becomes a follower of the world; and the worldling is no more of the world, when, in the spirit of Christ, he joins His church,—"for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness?"

But although the church and the world are thus distinct, the Lord Jesus Christ has planted His church in the midst of that world which hates both Him and His disciples, and charges her to care for the spiritual interests of the world, and to win it over to Himself. The church owes duties to the world which are made obligatory by the command of her exalted Head. To save that world, so full of sin, corruption, and enmity to God, her Saviour died. He gave Himself a ransom for all; and the saying is ever true and never to be forgotten, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*. Christians are to be the light of this dark world, and chase away its dark delusions. To the benighted children of wrath and heirs of death, they are to hold forth *the word* of life, that they may see *the way* of life, and be brought to walk in Him who is at once, and always, "the way, the truth, and the life." The world is to be rescued from the grasp of Satan, and washed from all pollution in the atoning blood of Christ. Let all who call themselves Christians be ever mindful of the solemn words of Christ, which retain all the force and authority they had when they fell from the sacred lips of our Master, "YE ARE THE SALT OF THE EARTH." "YE ARE THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD." "LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE BEFORE MEN, THAT THEY MAY SEE YOUR GOOD WORKS, AND GLORIFY YOUR FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN." Christians must, therefore, pity the world, pray for it, toil in the work of its salvation; and, by the purity of their example, lead sinful men to glorify God. The world may hate the church; but the church is, in the spirit of Christ, to love the world, even as Christ loved it, seeking to save the lost. This is a love for the world which never will corrupt the church, but will tend to promote her health and purity. The more it is cherished, the more zealous and persevering will be our efforts to save souls from death, and the more careful shall we be not to contaminate ourselves with the world's corruptions. For when Christians live in this spirit, they do not covet the world's pleasures, nor envy the world's greatness, nor conform themselves to its fashions. They have fled from it, because they found no satisfaction in it, but saw certain ruin overhanging it; and shall they return to seek in it an inheritance and a home? They have escaped as from the city of destruction; and shall they look back?

But does it still solicit their return, offering friendship, and, pointing to its treasures, promise, "All these will I give thee, if thou wilt follow me?" And should any one be dazzled by its splendour, or allured by its

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enchantments, let him know it is but for a moment; for the Divine prohibition sounds again in his ear, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." And this is an oracle which he may not disregard. But does the world still invite to friendship? Yet he dares not yield; for he knows "that friendship with the world is enmity with God;" and whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God. And what a price is this to pay for the friendship of the world! Not only to forfeit the favour of God, but henceforth to be counted for an enemy, and to be dealt with as such!

Now, if these scriptures are to be regarded as binding upon Christians, why do they not at once come up to their standard? Because, formally admitting the words, they do not care to understand them; or they evade their practical application, by pleas which have no force, except to blind the conscience, and to harden the heart. Christians are not, indeed, to flee the world, and seek dwellings in the wilderness; but to continue in it, keeping themselves unspotted by its pollutions, and overcome its evils by the blood of the Lamb.

But how often, in the history of mankind and of religion, do we find them conquered by that world which God called them to overcome. Instead of triumphing over it through faith, they have been brought into miserable bondage. O that the church had always been faithful to God, to truth, and to her high calling! its career would have been one of uninterrupted spiritual triumph and glory. Had it always steadily kept before it its great work, to lead back a wandering world to Christ, it would always have retained both its purity and prosperity. But it has cowardly complied, when it should have bravely resisted; and followed the world in its errors, when it should have protested against them. And what is the note which is just now being sounded from every earnest evangelical pulpit in the land, but this?—the fearful, enfeebling, paralysing worldliness of the church. Yes; this is the plague-spot which is spoiling her beauty, defiling her purity, and destroying her usefulness. Instead of advancing, she is scarcely maintaining her ground, while error is springing up in new forms around us, and its ignoble apostles (many of them, alas! apostates from that faith which they are now so zealous to destroy) are casting its seeds broadcast over the land, and in many places they find a soil only too ready to receive them. Infidel sects, of various shades of opinion, are impudently planting their standards close by our Christian sanctuaries; and, notwithstanding their various differences, unite in their hatred of Christianity and the Bible, and in a malignant holding up of Christian Ministers to contempt and execration as vile hirelings, who are a nuisance in their neighbourhood, and a curse to the nation,—enemies of what, *they* are pleased to call, progress and liberty.

And what, in the mean time, is the church of Christ doing to resist and vanquish these evils? We rejoice in a multitude who faithfully preach

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the Gospel, and in thousands who practically exemplify it before men; but what thousands are there in communion with the church who evidently care much more for the world, and are far more exact in imitating the world, than in following Christ! They never think of undertaking any enterprise of mercy, and but coldly join in any effort to raise a breakwater against the swelling tide of corruptions. They are a burden to the spiritual and living church, and hinder her from many a victory; for in their love of the world, they are traitors to Christ. In many ways this love displays itself; and we shall endeavour, by God's help, faithfully to point out some of them.

Reader, ask thyself, Am I that self-contradiction,—a worldly Christian? By profession, dead to the world, and yet really alive to it; loving, seeking, delighting in it? Let thy confession and thy prayer be, "My soul cleaveth unto the dust: quicken Thou me according to Thy word."

Bradford. D. HAY.

THE BIBLE.

A NATION must be truly blessed, if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed book. It is so complete a system, that nothing can be added to it, or taken from it. It contains everything needful to be known or done. It affords a copy for a King, and a rule for a subject. It gives instruction and counsel to a Senate, authority and direction for a Magistrate. It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the Judge with a sentence. It sets the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the table; tells him how to rule, and her how to manage. It entails honour to parents, and enjoins obedience to children. It prescribes and limits the sway of the Sovereign, the rule of the ruler, and authority of the master; commands the subjects to honour, and the servants to obey; and promises the blessing and protection of its Author to all that walk by its rule. It gives directions for weddings and for burials. It promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both. It points out a faithful and an Eternal Guardian to the departing husband and father; tells him with whom to leave the fatherless children, and in whom his widow is to trust; and promises a Father to the former, and a Husband to the latter. It teaches a man how to set his house in order, and how to make his will. It appoints a dowry for the wife, and entails the right of the firstborn, and shows how the younger branches shall be left. It defends the right of all, and reveals vengeance to every defrauder, over-reacher, and oppressor. It is the first book, the best book, and the oldest book in the world. It contains the choicest matter; gives the best mysteries that were ever penned. It brings the best of tidings, and affords the best of comfort to the inquiring and disconsolate. It exhibits life and immortality, and shows the way to everlasting glory. It is a brief recital of all that is past, and a certain prediction of all that is to come. It settles all matters in debate, resolves

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all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all these scruples. It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to Him; and sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them, and of all that trust in them. In short, it is a book of laws, to show right and wrong; a book of wisdom, that condemns all folly, and makes the foolish wise; a book of truth, that detects all lies, and confutes all errors; and a book of life, and shows the way from everlasting death. It is the most compendious book in the world; the most authentic and the most entertaining history that ever was published. It contains the most early antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, unparalleled wars. It describes the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal worlds, and the origin of the angelic myriads, human tribes, and infernal legions. It will instruct the most accomplished mechanic, and the profoundest artist. It will teach the best rhetorician, and exercise every power of the most skilful arithmetician, puzzle the wisest anatomist, and exercise the nicest critic. It corrects the vain philosopher, and exposes the subtile sophist: it is a complete code of laws, a perfect body of divinity, an unequalled narrative; a book of lives, a book of travels, and a book of voyages.

THE EXTERNAL EVIDENCE OF THE INSPIRATION AND DIVINE AUTHORITY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.*

Or what does the external evidence consist?

Of miracles and prophecy.

What is a miracle?

An extraordinary event, contrary to the common course of nature, brought about either by the agency of God Himself immediately, or by some person acting under His authority and by His permission.

How do the miracles recorded in the Old and New Testaments prove that the Scriptures were given by the inspiration of God?

Because as these extraordinary acts could be performed by no power but that of God, they mark clearly the interposition of the Almighty, and prove the Divine commission of the person who performed them; and therefore both Moses and the Prophets, Jesus Christ and His Apostles, appealed to the miracles which they wrought, and which are recorded in the Scriptures, in proof of their Divine mission and authority.

Have not miracles been wrought by some who supported religions not revealed in the Scriptures?

Pretended miracles have been wrought by them; but they did not possess the characters necessary to mark true miracles.

What are these characters?

* This is one section of a most useful Tract, "Plain Reasons for being a Christian," (Religious Tract Society,) by the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, B.D. It contains the substance of Mr. Horne's "Deism refuted," and, to an inquiring mind, furnishes matter for abundant meditation, with great simplicity of style.—Eds.

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First, That the fact or event stated to be miraculous be sensible and easy to be observed. Secondly, That it be performed publicly, and before credible witnesses. Thirdly, That it have some end in view, both important, and worthy of God. And, fourthly, That it be handed down to us by authentic records, from the time that the miracle was performed.

Do all these characters appear in the Scripture miracles?

They do. As, for instance, when Korah, Dathan, and Abiram rebelled against Moses and Aaron, the earth suddenly opened her mouth and swallowed them up, and their families, leaving all the rest of the people. Now this miracle was, first, easy to be observed, as it was in open day; secondly, it was publicly performed, being witnessed by all the congregation of the children of Israel; thirdly, it had an important end in view, namely, to establish the authority given by God to His servants, Moses and Aaron; and, fourthly, it was recorded, about the time it took place, in an authentic history, as we have proved all the books of the Old Testament to be. Again, the raising of Lazarus to life by our blessed Lord has also all these marks: first, it was easy to be observed; secondly, it was performed in the presence of many persons, and some of them adversely disposed; thirdly, its end was to confirm the authority of Jesus Christ; and, fourthly, it has been handed down to us in the Gospel of John, (which has been shown to be authentic,) and who was himself present at the time when this miracle was performed.

What is prophecy?

The foretelling of future events.

How are the prophecies recorded in the Old Testament a proof of the Divine authority of the Scriptures?

Because they respect events so distant and improbable, that no human foresight could ever have anticipated them: they furnish, therefore, the highest evidence that can be given of a supernatural communication from God.

What is the great subject of the prophecies of the Old Testament?

The redemption of mankind; the predictions concerning which are so full and clear, that almost every act and circumstance of the life and character of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, the most illustrious personage that ever appeared upon earth, is there distinctly foretold.

How do the prophecies recorded in the New Testament prove the Divine authority of these books?

From the exact completion of those which have received their accomplishment; among which we may notice particularly those delivered by our Saviour concerning the conduct of His disciples,—His own sufferings, death, and resurrection; to which may be added those relating to the destruction of Jerusalem, which He foretold so particularly and circumstantially, that no one, who reads the descriptions of that event, given by the unbiassed historians of those times, can have the smallest doubt of our Saviour's Divine foreknowledge.

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THE FACTORY-GIRL.

One Friday afternoon, Mary Graham was busy in her garden, before the tea-party assembled, when she heard a sauntering step on the other side of the hedge, and Nelly Tod made her appearance, humming a tune: her face was flushed, and she was dressed in tawdry and rather dirty finery, with a necklace and long dangling earrings. Mary's quick eye saw at once that she was trying to hide a deeper feeling than usual. Nelly stood silent for a little while, watching Mary as she watered her geraniums, clipped the faded roses off her pretty moss-rose tree, and carefully tied up some favourite clove-carnations.

"Ye're gey happy wi' your bits o' flowers there, Mistress Mary," said she at last. "What's the use o' them?" But before the words were well out of her mouth, her mood suddenly changed, and she said, with tears in her eyes, "O Mary, I wish I could change places wi' you!"

"That would be a fule wish, as they say," answered Mary, smiling kindly: "but what ails you, dear? tell me a' about it." And, leaving her flower-beds, she made Nelly sit down beside her in the little arbour that had been gay with roses, and sweet with honeysuckle, all the summer.

"I whiles wish I'd never seen ye, Mary; for afore the readings, and afore ye talked to me, I never minded what I did; but noo, I'm aye plaguing mysel' about this being wrang, and that being wrang, and a' the time I'm never doing right, and there's no use trying."

"It depends on *how* you try: it's no use half-trying to be good, if ye're hankering after what's bad a' the while. Are ye sure ye're trying wi' your whole strength, Nelly?"

"I'm feared no," answered Nelly; "but if I were onything but a mill-girl, I think I wad do it. Ye dinna ken how hard it is, wi' a' the lads and lasses jeering and misca'ing you if you dinna gang wi' them."

"But where are ye bound for the now?" said Mary, looking at her dress: "you're out o' the mill early."

"Ay, it's a half-holiday, and there's to be a dance in Bob Lawson's sister's house. I didna care to gang, but Jean Maxwell and Nan Brown set upon me, and Bob Lawson,—he said he'd tak up wi' that conceited hizzy, Sukey Simmons: set her up for a beauty! and so I'm gaun."

"You'll no stir a step the night, dear," said Mary; whose voice had sometimes a curious mixture of gentleness and determination in it. "The chapter's to be on mill-girls, and you'll stop to hear it."

At this moment shouts were heard along the road, and Nelly's name was called out by half-a-dozen voices at once. She changed colour, and stood quite silent. When she was discovered, there was a general laugh. "Ay, there she is wi' the auld maid that minds a' body's business but her ain: come wi' us, there's a braw lass. We're awa' for a walk round by the brigg, and hame by Stony-Side Quarry; and we'll be in time for Sally Lawson's dance."

The insult to Mary Graham, however, had roused Nelly's spirit, and it was with no very gentle voice and manner that she declared her determination to stay where she was. She remained firm, though Mary could see that she winced under the loud laughter and jokes with which the party took their leave; and especially under Bob Lawson's assurances that he would dance all night with "bonnie Sukey Simmons."

"Bob Lawson's no a good friend for the like o' you, Nelly. I'm sorry to hear you named thegither."

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"I dinna care a prin for him; but a' the girls are mad about him, and Sukey Simmons is aye trying to wile him awa'. There's them I wad far rather talk to than Bob; but they never look the airt I'm in," said poor Nelly, sadly. After a few minutes' silence, she added, "I wad like weel to leave the mill, and gae into service, or learn the dress-making; for I'll do nae gude whar' I am."

"What does your mother say to that?" asked Mary.

"She says it's a' nonsense, and why canna I do as she did afore me; and that she canna spare the money: and sae I cam' to ask your advice."

"My advice to you, Nelly, dear, is to stay in the mill: there's no a better work or a better place to be in, for them that can keep from the evils of it. To my mind it's cowardly to run from our duty because we daren't do it."

"I kenned ye'd say that, Mary; but then I'm no you, and it's impossible for me to be gude."

"Hout," answered Mary: "*Impossible's* just a blockhead o' a word, as a great French General once called it. I'm sure Mary Macdonald, and Anne Foster, and Jess Lindsay don't find it impossible."

"Na, but then they aye herd thegither, and the lads ca' them saints, and the lasses say they'll never get married: but I wadna care for that," said Nelly, "only they dinna want my company."

"It's near the tea-time now," said Mary; "but, O my dear lassie, when you're aye thinking this is impossible, and that is impossible, I wish you knew the meaning of that word, 'I can do all things through Christ strengthening me.'" Nelly made no answer; but she gave Mary a hearty kiss, and went off to change her dress, of which she was a little ashamed. To Mary's great satisfaction, there was an unusually good attendance: she had made known beforehand the subject of the chapter, and not only the better set of mill-girls, but several others, were drawn there by curiosity. When Nelly returned, she was surprised and pleased to find room made for her between Mary Macdonald and Anne Foster, the very girls whose acquaintance she most coveted, who, prompted by a little private communication from Mary, received her with the greatest kindness, and often during the reading that followed, their eyes were turned towards her with such looks of loving interest, that her heart felt strangely melted.

[And now begins the reading on *Factory-Girls*.]

FACTORY life, like every other, has its good and its bad side. The regular and moderate hours, the good wages, the easy work, and the instruction now provided and enforced, present very great advantages; and when a mill-girl possesses the additional ones of living in her father's house, under the eye of a mother, learning from her, and assisting her in the house, and putting part of her earnings into the common store, thus increasing the comfort and respectability of the household, there can scarcely be a more prosperous condition for a young woman. This is, however, the brightest and not the most common side of the picture. Frequently the mill-girls come from a distance, and it is only on occasional holidays that they can see their home-friends: in this case they generally board in a family, which, when respectable and friendly, also has its advantages; or two friends take a lodging together; or they live in a "bothy," with other workers; or one is alone in a lodging. These two last alternatives are the worst; the one almost always leading to bad habits and bad company; the other, from its dreariness and loneliness, driving the young girl to seek relief from home-sickness and depression by plunging into all kinds

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of folly, if not impropriety. In these different kinds of life, however, from the best to the worst, there are drawbacks, difficulties, snares, and dangers, which, though in some degree common to all, seem peculiarly to beset the path of the factory-girl. Of these we shall mention, in the first place, her ignorance of household concerns. In no class is the knowledge of "common things" so lamentably deficient, as in factory-girls; not only while they continue such, but when they have assumed the more responsible situations of wives, mothers, and housekeepers. From six in the morning till six at night, with the exception of meal-times, the mill-girl lives in a world of machinery. The management of looms and shuttles, warps and wefts, mules and throstles, is, of necessity, her first thought and duty. After mill-hours she dresses, pays visits, and gossips for the rest of the evening; and so it happens, that of working with her hands in a house, of managing with prudence and economy, and of making other people comfortable, she knows literally nothing. This would not be so bad, if she intended to remain all her life behind her loom; but—as productive of most of the misery, discontent, and bad habits, of our manufacturing towns and districts—it comes to be a national calamity, when women, thus totally uneducated for domestic life, marry from the mills, as they generally do, and take upon themselves the important every-day duties, for which they are totally unfit.

"That's true, I'm sure," said Mary. "I mind there was a woman, who had been a lady's-maid, in a court near to where I lived in Manchester, and she made quite a fortune by patching the clothes of the handless bodies that couldn't sew for themselves. She got 3*d.* or 4*d.* for a patch; and that was a sad drain on a large family, wi' bairns aye tearing themselves."

"But what hindered them to learn, the feckless creturs?" said Betty Smith.

"They've got into the way of not doing the things; and unless they learn young, their fingers, that have been aye twirling at machines, get stiff and useless."

"I'm sure, Mary, we'll thank you a' our days for teaching us sewing," said Anne Foster; "though I thought it hard to do at first. Mither says, it's saved her a heap o' trouble, sin' I began to mend for the bairns and mysel'."

This is not the case with one mill-girl only, or a dozen, or a hundred; but, unfortunately, with nearly the whole class. Wherever, in our wide manufacturing districts, we enter a house which is particularly uncomfortable, and ill managed, the mistress of which—though perhaps amiable and well-meaning—cannot boil a potato, or darn a stocking, or mend a shirt; whose hands seem as if they were no hands; whose head is filled with nothing but idleness, dress, and vanity; we may be pretty sure that that woman was married from the mill. And, O! that the mischief stopped there. Alas! for the bad sons and the ruined daughters, that have sprung from the ignorant homes of manufacturing towns. Mr. Wright, the "prisoner's friend," who has laboured for forty years among the crime-stricken and the wretched in Manchester, bears witness, that, in every case, the evil could be traced to the bad mother and the uncomfortable home; that out of twenty-nine criminals, whom he has attended to the scaffold, only one had had a good mother: all the others denounced the mother and the home,—two words that ought to be sacred on earth, and pronounced with gratitude in heaven. Rouse yourselves, then, O ye mill-girls of England and Scotland! more work lies at your hands than throwing the shuttle, or guiding the machine: you have to prepare yourselves for future life, here and hereafter. You are but girls now, it is true; but you must either help to restore health

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and safety to the masses of manufacturing life, or you must add misery, and degradation, and infection to them. You are but girls, it is true; but the common duties of life which we require you to learn, and to learn well, are not too heavy for your age: now is the time, if ever. We would beseech you, therefore, dear young friends, not to despise these common things, as mill-girls, living in large towns, and engaged in the large pieces of work peculiar to factories, are apt to do. Learn a lesson from the majestic steam-engine which you see every day; look at the unceasing industry and vast power with which it performs, quietly and well, the smallest as well as the largest portions of its work; see how—despising nothing, neglecting nothing—it goes on its daily mission, a rebuke to the idler and the trifler beside it. It is difficult, indeed, for those who have ten hours of constant work to find time out of the hours which they consider their own for rest and amusement, to learn things for which they have no natural taste: but were the old fable to come true, that wizards could show in a magic glass the scenes of future life,—and you could see what you were to be and to do, and what your children and your husbands were to be and to do in consequence,—you would grudge no time, no pains, no loss of amusement; you would count this domestic knowledge which we are endeavouring to commend to your attention, as only inferior in importance, and, in fact, going hand in hand with the knowledge of your Bible and the fear of your God.

"O! if ye knew the distress I've seen," said Mary, "and the misery that might hae been spared, if the women had been trained, or had trained themselves, in their spare hours, you would lay these words to heart, dear lassies."

"But how folks are to learn, I dinna see, especially in other places where there's no you to help, Mary, dear," said Katie Johnson.

"Where there's a will there's a way; but I'll just read on."—*Miss Brewster.*

(*To be continued.*)

FUNERAL OF A GREEK ARCHBISHOP.

During a residence of some weeks on the little island of Vido, I was enabled, by the unusual calmness of the weather, to make many interesting trips to the mainland of Corfu, in order to inform myself as to the manners and customs of its inhabitants. The death of the Greek Archbishop, which took place a few days after our arrival, gave me an opportunity of beholding one of the most curious customs with which the barbaric splendour of the Greek Church still loves to astonish its votaries. In one of my strolls through the city, I unexpectedly found myself in the presence of a vast concourse of people, who, crowding round a lofty flight of steps leading to the door of a handsome Greek church, evidently appeared to await the performance of some religious rite. Prompted by curiosity, and assisted by my uniform, I gained a ready admission into the interior of the building, which was also thronged with a living mass of both sexes, and of every age. The object of attraction, whatever it might be, was not at first distinguishable; but, observing that the ardent gaze of the multitude was turned towards the altar, I forced my way, not without difficulty, to the head of the church, from whence I beheld a sight, the most interesting, though barbarous, that can be imagined. In the front of the altar, occupying a chair of state, sat a most dignified and commanding personage; his clear olive

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complexion, his high aquiline nose, and beautifully-chiselled mouth, gave a dignity to his mien which I have never seen surpassed. The mitre on his brow, the costly robe, the crosier in one hand, and the Bible in the other, at once proclaimed his high ecclesiastical rank; while, one by one, the silent and seemingly awe-stricken spectators were admitted within the altar, to kiss the hand of their beloved High Priest. What could it mean? I gazed more intently. The noble old man was evidently asleep; at least his eyes were closed. "*Dorme*," I whispered to a respectable-looking native who stood near me. "*No, no, Signore, non dorme; è morto.*" The mystery was solved. Could it be? Was that princely brow indeed damp with the dews of death? Had the pulses of that upright and commanding form indeed ceased to beat? It was, alas! but too true. More interested than ever, now that I comprehended the scene, I watched with untiring patience the evident marks of true and unaffected grief displayed towards their dead Archbishop. Little children and women embraced his hand, while the scalding tears of unfeigned sorrow coursed down their swarthy cheeks. Did they grieve for the man or the Bishop? It matters not: never was sincerity more apparent. Was it indeed death that I saw before me? I could scarcely believe it. The clear olive complexion of the dead man spoke not of dissolution: he seemed calmly and silently to slumber; but it was his last slumber on earth. What a singular scene! a dead man's levée; for such it was, to all intents and purposes: and yet what levée of the living had ever called forth such unmistakeable signs of affection and respect? Spell-bound by so strange a ceremony, I lingered for some time in the interior of the church, observing the ebullitions of affection and superstition so variously displayed by this excitable people.

Anxious to obtain full information relative to this ceremony, I at last learned that, as soon as the "Reverendissimo Arcivescovo" had breathed his last, the insensate clay was arrayed in all the proud insignia of earthly rank, placed in a chair of state, and carried by his ecclesiastical brethren to the principal church of the city; where, in accordance with established custom, it was to remain exposed to the gaze of the multitude for a period of three days, previous to being publicly interred with all the honours of the orthodox Greek Church. The following day I paid a hurried visit to the ghostly reception, and found the principal actor in this strange drama firm and erect as on the preceding day; and the crowd, if possible, more numerous and enthusiastic than ever. The hand alone of the Bishop seemed to have suffered, from the repeated and affectionate salutations of his mourning flock.

The funeral was to take place on the following day, and I resolved to be a witness of the closing scene: so, taking advantage of the kindness of a friend who had offered me a place on his balcony, I was early at my post, in order to lose no part of so unusual a spectacle. Noon had been announced by a furious peal from every church-bell in the city, and the roar of the minute-gun loudly proclaimed that the funeral *cortége* had commenced its march. A long procession of bearded and moustached Priests has already reached and passed the spot where we are standing; banners, symbols, and canopies are seen advancing in rich profusion; while, far in the rear, the body of the Bishop, still seated in his chair of state, is seen high above the heads of the spectators, borne on the shoulders of a dozen men. What is it that *now* approaches? Every head is uncovered, every knee is bent, while each hand is engaged in making the sign of the cross, with a rapidity that is truly surprising. A rich canopy of silk, carried by four Priests, shades from the sun and the wind some precious relic. What can it be? It is carried on a velvet cushion, and covered by a glass

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case; it is thin and pointed, resembling a head of asparagus. Burning with curiosity, I descend into the street, and address the nearest spectator: "*Che cosa è questa, Signore?*" Reverently uncovering, and rapidly crossing himself, he politely and gravely replies, "*Signore, è l'indice di un santo.*" Bah! "the forefinger of a saint!" I indignantly repeat in English, as I return to my former position. Long lines of men and boys, carrying huge lighted wax-candles, skirt the procession on either side; while banners are waving and incense burning in every direction. But what is this that again causes each knee to bend, each head to be uncovered, while the commotion and enthusiasm is even greater than before? It is the patron saint of the island, an embalmed mummy; who, enclosed in a costly case of silver, with a glass front, which permits his dried and blackened features to be visible, has descended from his mountain-convent to do honour to the dead man's obsequies. At last comes the cynosure of every eye, the man in whose honour we are all assembled, —the departed Archbishop: but how changed from the preceding day! The movement to which he has been subjected has shaken the dignity from that ample brow, the repose from that commanding figure: the mitre, the crosier, and the revered Bible, are indeed there; but where is the stately look of the ecclesiastical potentate, which should have added a living charm to these insignia of earthly power? Alas! the all but decomposed dignitary presents a ghastly spectacle of mortality in its most revolting form; the head now rests on the shoulder, and nods with each motion of the bearers; while the hand, which still grasps the crosier, has fallen from its position, and hangs listlessly by the side of the corpse. A still larger train of Priests followed their chief; while in the rear of all came the functionaries of the republic, the Members of Assembly, the President and Senate, the Lord High Commissioner, and a numerous staff. Such is the procession that accompanied this respected, and, I believe, excellent Prelate to his last home, (where he is not, however, destined to repose,) till, amidst the booming of cannon, and the pealing of church-bells, the funeral pageant has traversed every thoroughfare of the city; which necessary custom being fulfilled, the mournful train direct their now weary steps to the vault,—where, divested of his costly raiment, the body of the once beloved Ecclesiastic at last finds a peaceful though temporary home.—*Hogg.*

GIVING THE HEART.

"MOTHER!" said a little boy, who had only numbered three summers, "what does it mean to give your heart to God?" The mother put down her sewing, and, looking at her boy, said, "Charlie, do you love anybody?" With a look of surprise, the child answered, "I love you; I love my father, and my sister, and Henry." "Then you give your heart to your father, to Henry, to your sister, and to me; and you show that love by doing all you can for us, and obeying our commands." The child's face looked bright with a new thought. "And you ought," continued the mother, "to love God best, because He gave you your father and mother, and all your friends and comforts; and He gave you His dear Son Jesus Christ, who came from heaven to die, that you may live for ever." "I *do* want to give my heart to Him, mother: how shall I do it?" The mother taught him to tell Jesus his wants, and led him by her example into the good way. His child-life did not disappoint her hopes. He always tried to live like Jesus. Charles is now one of the best of men, and he says he had one of the best of mothers.—*Mother's Friend.*

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A SCENE IN ALGERIA.

After the men had finished their repast, the women began; they always eating separately and last. This is another reflection of Arabic manners; a barbarous custom, which places the woman in an inferior position to the man. In this respect the Jewess of the desert is no better off than the Moorish woman, as, from the time of her marriage (which generally takes place at the age of twelve or thirteen) until old age comes on, she remains withdrawn from public gaze, and it is only under very rare circumstances that she goes out of her husband's house. The aged women alone have liberty to go out as they like, to procure the necessary articles for their use. However, (and this is a remarkable thing,) polygamy, so much practised by the Arabs, has not penetrated into the houses of the Jews. Thus the family-tie, besides being drawn tighter by persecution and the necessity of union, is much better developed in them than in the Arabs.

The most profound silence reigned during the whole of the repast; and it was not until after the final benediction that Elihu said to me: "Thou seest that the children of the desert are not happy, and the wrath of Adonaï has not ceased to fall upon Israel. The time no longer exists in which we were the happiest people on the face of the earth; when Abraham, our father, could offer under his tent to the angels of the Most High a munificent hospitality, or King Solomon could distribute silver as stones for abundance. Rejected and despised, Israel suffers still for the crimes of her fathers; and a year has not passed since the time when Adonaï raised up against us new enemies, who came from afar, and have spread among us misery and death. Women and children have fallen under the sword of the French, our little fortune has become the booty of the soldier, our temple is nothing better than a ruin, the holy books of the Law even have not been respected!"

At these words, a flood of tears fell from the eyes of Elihu; and he made one of his sons bring him a shred of a roll of the Law, which each embraced as a precious relic, and upon which Elihu, sobbing, fixed his steady gaze. Thus, bathed in tears, seated on the ground, and surrounded by walls half in ruins, the old man resembled Jeremiah weeping over the desolation of Jerusalem: "Behold," said he, "all that now remains to us of our holy books of the Law!"

I, in my turn, examined the shred of parchment, the yellow tint of which attested its great antiquity, and which, by a singular accident, to which the old man called my attention, was found to contain all the series of curses and miseries which Moses had predicted to the Israelites in case they should transgress the law of their God.

"Is it not evident from that," said the old man, "that the anger of Adonaï is not yet appeased, and that Israel has yet a long time to suffer?"

"Truly," said I, "our misfortunes are great; but does not God know how to remove them? Often does He make good to result from a wicked action: was it not by the sin of his brothers that Joseph became chief among the Egyptians, as well as the saviour of the children of Jacob? If violence has been committed on any of thine, it must be attributed, without doubt, to the soldiers of the Arab race, misled by the sight of blood and the desire of pillage. God will not abandon His people; since on this very remnant of the holy records which you have shown me, and which contains so many terrible predictions, it is written, 'And yet for all that, when they be in the land of their enemies, I will not cast them away, neither will I abhor them, to destroy them utterly, and to break My covenant with them; for I am the Lord their God.'"

"So be it," replied the old man. "O that Adonaï would turn His face toward us, and restore peace to my children, and above all, to Naomi my beloved daughter!"

"Is Naomi, then, very unhappy?" I asked, being curious to learn some details of the history of this young widow.

"She is the most sorrowful of the daughters of Rebecca," replied he; "for on her the arm of God has fallen most heavily. Naomi, formerly happy, was the honour of the old age of Elihu, the pearl among the women of our tribe, and the pride of her husband. Pious as Deborah, chaste as Judith, she was worthy to have lived in the happy times of the Prophets. Now

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she is sorrowful and unhappy, and, like the holy woman of the same name, she should no longer be called Naomi" (or *pleasant*), "but she should be called Marah" (or *bitter*).

Here the old man was so affected, that he ceased for a moment: then addressing his daughter, and calling her to him,—

"Naomi," said he, "come near to thy father, and relate to our guests thy misfortunes, and those of thy brothers." She sat down near her father, and, raising her voice, —

"A long time back," said she, "it was predicted that the town of Laghonat should fall under the power of a foreign people. Adonaï sometimes grants the gift of prophecy to men born out of Israel, as in times past he granted it to Balaam; and a hundred and thirty years have already past since an Arab, a Mohammedan Priest, predicted the fall of this city.* Perhaps, had we redoubled our piety, had we prayed and fasted often, to appease the anger of Adonaï, our houses would not now be in ruins, nor our holy books destroyed, and Naomi would not be the most miserable of women."

After this exclamation, Naomi stopped to give vent to her tears; and when she had recovered from her emotion, she related how that, although only comparatively happy under the dominion of the Arabs, since they did not enjoy the same rights as the latter, the Israelites of Laghonat were at least tranquil in their misfortunes, sheltered from all attacks, and able to exercise their worship, and to gain their bread by labour; but the French, having penetrated into Laghonat in the seventh month, a few days before the feast of *Hanucah*, by the western gate of the city, near which dwelt almost all the Jews, it was on them that, all at once, the fury of the soldiers, besotted by victory, descended. The Israelites had hoped that, deprived of arms and strangers to warfare, on which the Arabs were sustained, they should be spared by the French. Notwithstanding, three women were mutilated, slain, and despoiled of their jewels. Many men fell: others fled with their families to the neighbouring tribes. Among the victims, Naomi recognised Jonathan, her husband, to whom she had been united hardly a year, and whom she loved as the apple of her eye. Jonathan was the most beautiful of the Israelites of Laghonat, the most skilful of workmen, at the same time that he was a pious man, and an excellent Talmudist. At the sight of the blood which flowed from the wounds of Jonathan, who yet lived, Naomi threw herself at the feet of the native soldier who held the sword suspended over her husband, but neither her prayers nor her tears could stay the hand of the ferocious conqueror.

Jonathan was slain, and the spectacle of his mangled body threw Naomi into a state of the most profound despair. She became melancholy and silent, refusing all consolation, and no longer mingling in any of the gaiety or occupations of her sisters. She made a vow never to marry again; no one was worthy in her eyes to succeed to the pious Jonathan; and once a month did she, with her infant, repair to the tomb of her husband, there to bewail his loss, and to promise eternal fidelity to him. From the day in which she witnessed the death of Jonathan, she had never been able to look upon a Frenchman without trembling with terror, imagining that all the French were as cruel as the Arab soldier, whose fury she was unable to arrest. She never quitted the house of Elihu, excepting on those days when she went to the cemetery; but passed her time in spinning wool, in attending to her beloved infant, and comforting the old age of her parents.—*Archives Israelites.*

* This prophecy, transmitted from mouth to mouth for some years, is known to all the natives of Laghonat.

CHRISTIAN, WHERE'S YOUR SHIELD?

How often are we pained to see and hear of our fellow-soldiers in the Christian warfare being weary, being suddenly overtaken in a fault, being led captive by Satan our grand adversary! How is it? What is the reason of all these sad mishaps, which bring reproach on ourselves, and on the Captain of our salvation? There must be some cause. Perhaps we can show what it is. Often when reading

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Homer's "Iliad" we have gazed on the cuts, and observed the Trojan and Grecian warriors to have their shields *cast behind their backs* when not engaged in actual warfare. We read that this was their practice. Their enemies were not always at hand, and their shields were not always needed. "Surely," have we thought, "this must be the manner in which some Christian soldiers are acting when they are suddenly taken captive by Satan. They must have *cast their shields behind their backs*, forgetting that *their* adversaries never sleep!" Is it not so? Say, careless Christian!

Yes; you know it is. *Your* shield is a shield of *faith;* that faith which lays hold on the Saviour, and lays claim to His merit for acceptance with the Father; that faith which unites you to Christ. So long as that shield of faith is in use, so long, and no longer, will you be safe. If faith draws you to the Saviour, unites you to Him, and you recline on His beloved bosom, Satan may roar as he pleases, may cast forth as many poisoned arrows as he pleases, but not one will touch you.

"Whilst folded in the Saviour's arms,
You're safe from every snare."

O, then, take good heed where your shield is! Remember, your threefold enemy—the world, the flesh, and the devil—never sleeps. Yours must be a continual warfare: you will have no opportunity for casting your shield over your shoulder. If you do so, a mortal wound may be struck before you are aware of it. Forgot not that you are in an enemy's land, and encompassed by enemies: they are on every side. Be vigilant: let your faith in the Saviour be strong and unwavering.

When St. Paul exhorts his fellow-soldiers in Ephesus to "put on the whole armour of God," and mentions each part of that armour, he lays special stress on the shield, knowing that to be of supreme importance. He says, "*Above all*, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."

Your shield is not like the Grecian's, made of iron or brass overlaid with seven bull-hides: no; it is one through which no dart can possibly enter, though wielded by the arm of the most skilled and mighty of enemies. Up, then, Christian! up with your shield; and never, never think of casting it behind your back. Say, with the poet, in prayer,—

"Give me on Thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.
For each assault prepared
And ready may I be;
For ever standing on my guard,
And looking up to Thee."

E. A. G.

BISHOP ASBURY.

Bishop Asbury came to this camp-meeting on Saturday, in company with his travelling companion, the Rev. J. W. Bond. No sooner was it known that he had arrived, than there was a general move toward him. All seemed to be anxious to see a Bishop; and they pressed around him so closely that it was difficult to get him into the Preachers' tent. After he was housed, the people crowded round the door by hundreds. He remarked to me, on witnessing the curiosity of the people, "You might as well have an elephant in your camp as have me." It seemed to annoy him, to have them gazing at him in such numbers; and, to relieve him, I requested them to retire from the tent, and the Bishop would preach for them, perhaps, the next day, when they could all have an opportunity of seeing and hearing him. Brother Bond, his travelling companion, desiring to visit his friends at Urbana, I took charge of the Bishop, and made him as comfortable as circumstances would allow. On Sunday the Bishop preached; and the vast concourse had an opportunity of judging for themselves in regard to the ability of the Methodist Prelate.

That day the Gospel was preached in demonstration of the Spirit and power of God. During the meeting many were converted, and joined the church. At the close of the meeting I started, with the Bishop, for Springfield, where we arrived Tuesday afternoon. We stopped with a Methodist family. As we passed through the parlours, we saw the daughter and some other young ladies dressed very gaily. The daughter was playing on the

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piano; and as we moved through the room we doubtless elicited from those fashionable young ladies some remarks about the rusticity of our appearance; and the wonder was doubtless excited, where on earth could these old country codgers have come from?

The Bishop took his seat; and presently in came the father and mother of the young lady. They spoke to the Bishop; and then followed the grandfather and grandmother. When the old lady took the Bishop by the hand, he held it; and, looking her in the face, while the tear dropped from his eye, he said, "I was looking to see if I could trace in the lineaments of your face the likeness of your sainted mother. She belonged to the first generation of Methodists. She lived a holy life, and died a most happy and triumphant death. You," said the Bishop, "and your husband belong to the second generation of Methodists; your son and his wife are the third; and that young girl, your grandaughter, represents the fourth. She has learned to dress and play on the piano, and is versed in all the arts of fashionable life; and I presume, at this rate of progress, the *fifth* generation of Methodists will be sent to dancing-school." This was a solemn reproof, and it had a powerful effect upon the grandparents. The first Methodists were a peculiar people in their personal appearance and manners, and could be distinguished from the world at a single glance. Their self-denial led them to the abandonment of all the lusts of the flesh. They were simple-hearted, single-eyed, humble, and devoted followers of the Saviour. They loved God devotedly, and one another with pure hearts fervently; and though scoffed at by the world, hated and persecuted by the devil, they witnessed a good profession of godliness and faith.—*Rev. J. B. Finley.*

MORAVIAN MARTYRS.

One of the most tragical events ever recorded, (says an American Minister, the Rev. J. B. Finley,) occurred within the bounds of this Circuit, at the village of Gnadenhutten, March 8th, 1782. The Moravian Missionaries, whose zeal is unquenched by the snows of Lapland, and whose energy braves the burning sands of Arabia and Africa, had penetrated these western wilds before the white man had made his settlement, and had succeeded in establishing Missions on the Tuscarawas, among the Delaware Indians. They had three Stations on the river; namely, Gnadenhutten, Shoenbrun, and Salem. These villages were occupied by the Indians, all of whom had become Christianised, and were peacefully engaged in the various pursuits of civilisation.

Several depredations having been committed by hostile Indians, about the time of which I am writing, on the frontier inhabitants of western Pennsylvania and Virginia, they determined to retaliate; and a company of one hundred men was raised, and placed under the command of Colonel Williamson, as a corps of volunteer militia. They set out for the Moravian towns on the Tuscarawas river, and arrived within a mile of Gnadenhutten on the night of the 5th of March.

On the morning of the 6th, finding the Indians at work in their corn-field on the west bank of the river, sixteen of Williamson's men crossed over, two at a time, in a large sugar-trough, taking their rifles with them. The remainder went into the village, where they found an Indian and squaw, both of whom they killed. The sixteen on the west side, on approaching the Indians, found them more numerous than they had anticipated. The Indians had their arms with them, which they carried not only for purposes of protection, but for killing game. The whites accosted them kindly, telling them that they had come for the purpose of taking them to a place where in future they would be protected in safety, no longer to be startled by the rude alarm of angry foes. They advised them to quit work, and go with them to Fort Pitt. Some of the tribe had been taken to that place in the preceding year, and were treated with great kindness by their white neighbours, and especially the Governor of the fort, and returned to their homes with tokens of friendship and kindness. Under such circumstances, it was not surprising that the innocent and unsuspecting Moravian Indians surrendered their arms, and at once consented to place themselves under

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the protection and control of Williamson and his men. An Indian messenger was dispatched to Salem, for the purpose of apprising their brethren of the arrangement; and then both companies returned to Gnadenhutten. On reaching the village, a number of mounted militia started for the Salem settlement; but ere they reached it, so great was the dispatch of the messenger, that they found the Moravian Indians at that place had already left their corn-fields, and were on the road to join their brethren at Gnadenhutten. Measures had been previously adopted to secure the Indians whom they had at first decoyed into their power; and accordingly they were bound, and confined in two houses, securely guarded. On the arrival of the Indians from Salem, their arms having been secured without any suspicion of their hostile intentions, they were at once seized, fettered, and divided between the two prison-houses; the males in one, and the females in the other. The number thus confined in both houses, including men, women, and children, amounted to from ninety to one hundred.

A council was then held to determine how the Moravian Indians should be disposed of. This self-constituted military court consisted of both officers and privates. Williamson put the question whether the Indians should be taken, prisoners, to Fort Pitt, or *put to death*; requesting those who were in favour of saving their lives, to march out of rank, and form a second rank in advance. Only eighteen, out of the whole number, stepped out as the advocates of mercy. In these the feelings of humanity prevailed; but in the others, constituting the large majority, humanity and justice were utterly extinct. They had deliberately come to the conclusion to *murder* the whole of the Christian Indians in their power. Among the doomed were several who had contributed to aid the Missionaries in the work of conversion and civilisation; two of whom emigrated from New-Jersey after the death of their Pastor, the Rev. David Brainerd. One Indian female, who could speak good English, fell upon her knees before Williamson, the Commander, and begged most eloquently and piteously for his protection; but all her supplications and pleadings were unheeded by the heartless and dastardly wretch, who ordered her to prepare for death.

They had anticipated the cruel fate that awaited them; and their hymns of praise and fervent prayers ascended from their prison, during the whole of that eventful night, to their great Father in heaven. Their prayers and tears, and their pleadings for mercy and protection, were lost upon their white murderers, but they entered the ears of an avenging God. When the morning sun arose, the work of death commenced, and a scene of human butchery occurred, of sufficient enormity to move the heart most used to blood and carnage, and gather paleness on the cheek of darkness itself. One after another, men, women, and children, were led out to a block prepared for the dreadful purpose; and, being commanded to sit down, the axe of the butcher, in the hands of infuriate demons, clave their skulls. Two persons, who were present at that time, and who related to me the fearful story, assured me that they were unable to witness, but for a short time, the horrid scene. One of these men stated, that when he saw the incarnate fiends lead a pretty little girl, about twelve years of age, to the fatal block, and heard her plead for her life, in the most piteous accents, till her innocent voice was hushed in death, he felt a faintness come over him, and could no longer stand the heart-sickening scene. The dreadful work of human slaughter continued till every prayer, and moan, and sigh was hushed in the stillness of death. No sex, age, or condition was spared, from the grey-haired sire to the infant at its mother's breast. All fell victims to the most cold-blooded murder ever perpetrated by man.

There lay, in undistinguished confusion, gashed and gory, in that cellar, where they were thrown by their butchers, nearly one hundred murdered Christian Indians, hurried to an untimely grave by those who had but two days before sworn to protect them. God of humanity, what an act! But this was not enough. If possible, to heighten its atrocity, the buildings were fired, and the timbers of their peaceful homes were made the fuel that consumed their lifeless bodies. When I stood beside this cellar, and witnessed its

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blackened and dilapidated walls, and learned with what fortitude those poor Moravian Indian brethren met their martyr fate, some of them praising God to the last, others, like their Divine Master, praying for their murderers, none can tell the deep and overwhelming feelings of my soul. But, blessed be God! Satan can only go the length of his chain! The axe of persecution can only cut down the separating wall that lets the saint into heaven. The fires can only consume the mortality, from which the deathless spirit is evolved, and from whence it shall go, as in chariots of fire, to heaven.

WHAT IS IT TO "WALK WITH GOD?"

We think we cannot answer this question better than by taking an extract from one of Baxter's beautiful works. May God give His blessing to every Christian who reads it, especially to those who are longing after a "closer walk."

"To *walk with God*," says the holy man, "is to live as in His presence, and that with desire and delight. It is to believe and feel that, wherever we are, we are *before the Lord*, who seeth our hearts, and all our ways. It is to compose our minds to that holy reverence and seriousness, which become man in the presence of his Maker; and to order our words with that care and gravity which it is proper for those to use who speak before Jehovah. As we are not moved at the presence of a fly, a worm, or a dog, when persons of distinction and honour are present, so we should not comparatively be moved at the presence of man, however great, rich, or terrible, when we know that God Himself is present, to whom the greatest of the sons of men is more inconsiderable than a fly or a worm is to them. As the presence of a King makes ordinary bystanders to be unobserved, and the conversation of the learned makes us disregard the babblings of children; so the presence of God should make the greatest of men to be scarcely observed or regarded in comparison of Him. God, who is ever with us, should so fill our souls, and engross our attention, that others, in His presence, should be but as a candle in the presence of the sun. Convinced of this, he who walks with God is careful to maintain that behaviour, both with regard to the temper of his spirit and the conduct of his life in all things, which he knows to be most pleasing in the sight of God, and most becoming those who stand continually before Him; while others accommodate themselves to the company with whom they converse, and are so engrossed with the creature, that they totally forget the presence of God. Hence men of God were wont to speak reverently, and yet familiarly, of God, as children of their Father, with whom they dwell; as being fellow-citizens with the saints, and therefore a part of His household. Thus Abraham calls Him, 'The Lord before whom I walk;' Jacob, 'God, before whom my fathers, Abraham and Isaac, walked;' and David says, 'I have set the Lord always before me: because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.' Yea, God Himself is pleased to use terms of gracious and condescending familiarity towards them. 'Christ dwells in their hearts by faith.' His Spirit dwelleth in them as His 'house,' and His 'temple.' The Father Himself is said to 'dwell in them, and walk in them.' 'God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.'

"Our *walking with God*, therefore, implies not only a sense of the common presence of God, but a lively abiding apprehension of His gracious presence, as our God and reconciled Father, with whom we dwell, and who dwelleth in us by His Spirit."

ADVICE TO THE NEWLY MARRIED.

ZSCHOKKE, in one of his tales, gives the following advice to a bride:—

"In thy first solitary hour after the ceremony, take the bridegroom and demand a solemn vow of him, and give him a vow in return. Promise one another secretly, never, not even in jest, to wrangle with each other; never to bandy words or indulge in the least ill-humour. Never, I say, never! Wrangling in jest, and putting on an air of ill-humour merely to tease,

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becomes earnest by practice. Mark that! Next, promise each other, sincerely and solemnly, never to have a secret from each other, under whatever pretext, with whatever excuse it might be. You must continually, and every moment, see clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you has committed a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it freely: let it cost tears, but confess it. And as you keep nothing secret from each other, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacies of your house, marriage-state, and heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world: every third or fourth one, whom you draw into it with you, will form a party, and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow as it were together, and at last will become as one. Ah! if many a young pair had, on their wedding-day, known this secret, how many marriages were happier than, alas, they are!"

CAN SUNDAY BE A DAY OF PLEASURE?

CAN Sunday be made a day of pleasure, and maintained as a day of rest? Do not answer the question hurriedly. Go to a Scotch city, to a New-England farm, to a north, and then a south Irish borough, to an English watering-place, then to French, German, Italian, and Swedish scenes of the same character. Take your time, look below the surface, carry figures in your head, calculate well; for it is a question for mankind. Put all your facts together, and this is your conclusion: WHEN SUNDAY BECOMES A DAY OF PLEASURE, IT CEASES TO BE A DAY OF REST. You may as soon analyse water without finding hydrogen, as analyse Sunday facts, taken from all the world, without finding this conclusion.

Not reasoning from theoretic premises to conjectural conclusions, but from ascertained facts to their natural causes, we ask, What leads to this? Necessity first, cupidity afterwards. One man's pleasure involves another's labour. If Romeo rides, John must drive: If Augustus steams, Tom must stoke. If Lucinda sees, Dick must show. If Julius feasts, Mary must cook, and Jones must serve. If Philokapnos buys cigars, Sundayless must sell them. If Lilyhand must have new gloves for Versailles, Sundayless must be behind the counter. If Traveller pleasures it in change of scene, and Director pleasures it in swell of dividend, Sundayless gives tickets, Sundayless keeps books, Sundayless cries, "This way, gentlemen," Sundayless hurries, bustles, slams doors, blows whistles, hears jokes in the morning which he has no time to enjoy, and curses at night, which he silently hands over to Director. The fact is, every Sabbathless makes a Sundayless. Open the Palace, and, between it and the railway, how many Englishmen would be *directly* robbed of that undoubted birthright of every Briton,—a regular day of rest! no less a birthright, because many will sell it for bread.

But the labour, which necessity drags at the wheels of pleasure, is not a tithe of what, in fact, invariably follows pleasuring on Sunday. Human nature *will* say, that work is as good as play. If the day is not too sacred for throwing away money, it is not too sacred for gathering it. If some must work, or be cast out of bread, others will work for love of gain. Hence, *when exhibitions are open on Sundays, so are shops.* To the masters it may be choice; but what is it to the servants? Even many masters feel it drudgery; but others will do it, and they think they must too.—*London Quarterly Review.*

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

"I SHOULD like to be a Missionary, aunt Mary," said little Ellen, "just like uncle William: do you think he would take me with him?" "And leave mamma?" said a kind voice behind her. "O, no, mamma, I had quite forgotten that; I never could leave you: but still, I *do* wish I was a Missionary."

"And if my little girl had her wish granted, what would she do?"

"I would tell the little children about 'gentle Jesus,' mamma, and how He loves them; and I would try to get them to love Him, that they might go to heaven."

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"Well, Ellen, I am willing you should be a Missionary: but can you not begin at home? You can set a good example to your brother; for if you are dutiful and affectionate, he will try to imitate you; and as he cannot read yet, you can teach him your texts and hymns, and tell him the Bible stories you are so fond of."

"O, thank you, dear mamma! I can do that; and now, will you please to give me a nice little verse to teach Willie?"

"Will this do, Nelly? 'Little children, love one another.'"

Ellen looked very grave; for she remembered that often, when her little brother teased her, she was apt to get angry, and forget altogether that there was such a verse in the Bible. However, she went to look for Willie; and when she had found him, they sat down together, and she taught him the text; and then in her own simple way tried to explain it.

Poor Ellen! the day so well begun was not to end without a trial of her love. When she went to play with Willie after dinner, he was sitting on the nursery-floor, tearing out leaf after leaf from her pretty "Bible Story-Book." "O Willie, Willie, you naughty wicked boy!" she cried: "how *could* you spoil my book?" "Little children, love one another," whispered conscience; but Ellen was not ready to listen to it. But when she saw how grieved her mamma looked, and heard her say, "Ellen, is *that* a Missionary spirit?" she was very, very sorry, and ran away weeping bitterly.

When her mamma had quieted Willie, and told him how wrong it was to destroy his sister's things, she went to look for Ellen. Where do you think she found her? She was kneeling by the side of her little bed, and praying that Jesus would forgive her naughty temper, and help her to overcome it; and that kind Saviour, who listens to the little ones when they pray, heard her, and granted her request; for after that time, though harsh words sometimes came to her lips, she tried earnestly to check them, and she almost always succeeded. Day after day, too, she continued her "Missionary" work, and talked to Willie, and prayed with him, and taught him to pray for himself; for she knew that if all the good people in the world were to pray for us ever so much, we must pray for ourselves also. Nelly taught little Willie to love Him.

It was not long before Ellen's cheeks began to grow pale, and she became weak and ill. For a short time she was able to go out as usual; but at last she could not even leave her room or her crib. Her little friends and kind relatives came to visit her; and few of them left her without a book, or a text, or a kind invitation to love the Saviour.

At length a day came when Ellen must leave her mamma. She stood by her bedside, and papa and aunt Mary were there; but they could not ease her pain, or go with her through the valley of the shadow of death. "Mamma, papa," she said, "what are you crying for? I am not afraid. 'He shall carry the lambs in His bosom.' I am one of His lambs; and I want to go to Him: won't you let me?" They could not answer her; and she went on, "Sing for me, dear mamma: sing 'Bright glory.'" Her poor mamma tried; but sobs choked her voice, and she could not. "Papa, will you sing? Aunt, will you? Nurse, will you sing 'Joyful' for me?" All tried, but all failed: so little Ellen raised herself, and sung,—

"Little children will be there
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
And trusted in His grace.
O, that will be joyful! joyful, joyful, joyful!
O, that will be joyful! when we meet"——

The little head fell back upon the pillow, and the song begun on earth was finished in "bright glory;" for little Ellen was dead.—*Christian Treasury.*

THE UNFINISHED LETTER.

A LADY, being absent on a visit to some friends, wrote a letter home, describing how she had enjoyed herself, and saying how much happier she doubtless would have been had her husband and children been present with her. The letter was posted, received by her husband, and read by him to the children, who were all delighted with the good news and kind wishes it contained. A little bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy, in particular, was almost frantic with joy. But when he

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came to that part of the letter where it spoke about "remaining yours," &c., the child's countenance changed, the sweet smile of pleasure passed away, the bright eye bent downward, and disappointment took possession of his features. At length he looked up sorrowfully in his father's face, and said, "Father, it isn't half a letter; and, if I were you, I would send it back again, and tell dear mother to finish it." "Why?" asked the father. "Because," said the little fellow, "mother does not say when she is coming home again."

T. E.

A POPISH CURE FOR THE CHOLERA.

THE following paragraph has been going the round of the newspapers:—

"The Cardinal-Vicar of Rome has just published an edict, in which, after attributing the cholera to the sins of the Romans, he directs that the finger of St. Peter, the arm of St. Roc, the heart of St. Charles, and other relics, shall be exposed to the adoration of the faithful, in order to avert the wrath of the Almighty."

Several remarks naturally occur in connexion with this manifest imposition.

1. The Pope and Cardinals must, in all fairness, be held to guarantee the genuineness of these decayed relics: whereas they know that they are purely fabulous, to say the least of it.

2. They must be held to maintain the connexion between the exhibition of decayed flesh and bones, and the removal of cholera: whereas they know that the whole affair is a palpable cheat. The burying of these relics would be a more likely remedy, as decayed animal matter is a known cause of disease.

3. Can such evident tricksters have any connexion with the meek and lowly Jesus; and can a religion of rags and old bones have any affinity to the pure and spiritual religion of the word of God? "We speak as to wise men: judge ye what we say."

4. What must be the state of intelligence in Rome, when such palpable swindling, (for these relics are not exposed without payment,) instead of being put down by public execration, is tolerated and connived at by the people? Dr. Wiseman has surely a great deal to do in dispelling the darkness which rests upon the Roman masses amongst whom he is a ruler, before he pretends to sympathise with the multitudes of comparatively enlightened England.—*Bulwark.*

CAN SHE SPIN?

A YOUNG girl was presented to James I. as an English prodigy, because she was deeply learned. The person who introduced her, boasted of her proficiency in ancient languages. "I can assure your Majesty," said he, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew." "These are rare attainments for a damsel," said James; "but, pray tell me, can she spin?"

PIONEERING.

DURING this round I made an attempt to preach in the town of Newark. This place was notorious for its wickedness; and, as no house was opened for me, I was obliged to preach in the bar-room of a tavern. Fearing the citizens would cut my saddle, or shave my horse, I hid him in the bushes. When I stepped into the door, I found the room full; and many were crowded around the bar, drinking. It looked to me more like the celebration of a bacchanalian orgie, than a place for the worship of God. But I had made an appointment; and I must fill it at all hazards; and, as the Gospel was to be preached to every creature, my mission extended to every place this side of hell. I procured a stool, and, placing it beside the door, got upon it, and cried out, at the top of my voice, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life." For thirty minutes I laboured to show the audience that they were on their way to hell, and as insensible of their danger as though locked fast in the embrace of sleep. I assured them that hell would soon awaken them. When I had done warning them of their danger, and inviting them to Christ, I returned to the bushes, found

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my horse, and rode to brother Channel's. The bar-room folks made search for me, but I was gone. They sent me word, if I came again they would roast me; but, notwithstanding, I made another appointment in the court-house.

On my next round, fearless of the threats of the bar-room hearers, I preached in the court-house, to a more orderly congregation, and formed a class. At this place I continued to preach regularly during the year, and was permitted to witness some fruits of my labours.—*Rev. J. B. Finley.*

SALVATION.

Mighty theme! Infinity is involved in this single word. Who can tell all its meaning? It stretches beyond all the bounds of time into the boundless sea of eternity, and *there* it is incomprehensible. Salvation! the highest tune in angel-choirs; the fairest laurel that encircles the brow of the Redeemer; the loftiest gift that has ever proceeded from the Supreme; the absorbing word that employs the thinkings of the spirits in hell, and of the saints in glory. Salvation! Majestic and enchanting sound. Who can fathom thy hidden depths of boundless consolation, or estimate thy fearful price? Is there any can unfold the sufferings of Gethsemane, and the mysterious agony, the excruciating pangs of Calvary, and the wickedness of the bloodthirsty soldier? Is there any can weigh the unquenchable flames, the fierce fires of hell, the groans of the damned, and their fearful expressions of misery? Is there any can weigh an everlasting duration of "weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth?" that can hold up for investigation the worm that dieth not in the frightful writhings for increased revenge on the lost soul? Is there any that can place in a balance the happiness of heaven, the pleasures that are at God's right hand, the fountains of living waters, and the streams that wind in gladness through the streets of the New Jerusalem? that can reveal the melody of the angelic harps, and the ecstasy of the new and everlasting song of the redeemed? that can plunge into the abysses of eternity, and bring forth the untasted bliss that dwells in numberless and measureless repositories? When such is found, we will then have an idea of the mighty word "salvation."

Magherafelt. G. C.

ENGLISH TREES AT WARWICK CASTLE.

When we came fairly into the court-yard of the castle, a scene of magnificent beauty opened before us. I cannot describe it minutely. The principal features are the battlements, towers, and turrets of the old feudal castle, encompassed by grounds on which has been expended all that princely art of landscape-gardening for which England is famous; leafy thickets, magnificent trees, openings, and vistas of verdure; and wide sweeps of grass, short, thick, and vividly green, as the velvet moss we sometimes see growing on rocks in New-England. Grass is an art and a science in England; it is an institution. The pains that are taken in sowing, tending, cutting, clipping, rolling, and otherwise nursing and coaxing it, being seconded by the misty breath and often-falling tears of the climate, produce results which must be seen to be appreciated. So again of trees in England. Trees here are an order of nobility; and they wear their crowns right kingly. A few years ago, when Miss Sedgwick was in this country, while admiring some splendid trees in a nobleman's park, a lady standing by said to her encouragingly, "O, well, I suppose your trees in America will be grown up after awhile!" Since that time, another style of thinking of America has come up; and the remark that I most generally hear made is, "O, I suppose we cannot think of showing you anything in the way of trees, coming as you do from America!" Throwing out of account, however, the gigantic growth of our western river-bottoms, where I have seen sycamore-trunks twenty feet in diameter; leaving out of account, I say, all this mammoth arboria, these English parks have trees as fine and as effective, of their kind, as any of ours; and when I say their trees are an order of nobility, I mean that they pay a reverence to them such as their magnificence deserves. Such elms as adorn the streets of New-Haven, or overarch the meadows of Andover,

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would in England be considered as of a value which no money could represent; no pains, no expense would be spared to preserve their life and health: they would never be shot dead by having gas-pipes laid under them, as they have been in some of our New-England towns; or suffered to be devoured by canker-worms, for want of any amount of money spent in their defence. Some of the finest trees in this place are magnificent cedars of Lebanon, which bring to mind the expression in the Psalms, "Excellent as the cedars." They are the very impersonation of kingly majesty, and are fitted to grace the old feudal stronghold of Warwick the King-maker. These trees, standing as they do amid magnificent sweeps and undulations of lawn, throwing out their mighty arms with such majestic breadth and freedom of outline, are themselves a living, growing, historical epic. Their seed was brought from the Holy Land in the old days of the Crusades; and a hundred legends might be made up of the time, date, and occasion of their planting. —*Mrs. Beecher Stowe.*

FURNITURE-FACTORIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

The first establishment I visited (in Cincinnati) was a furniture-factory; a huge brick building, five stories in height, with a long frontage at the corner of two streets, and in which two hundred and fifty hands are employed in different departments. Many of these are occupied merely in guiding and superintending machines moved by shafts and belts from a large steam-engine on the ground-floor. Every article receives its shape in the rough by means of saws; and these move with such rapidity that their teeth are invisible to the eye. The articles are next planed, or turned, and morticed, in the same inconceivably rapid manner. In the planing operations some surprising effects are produced. A rough deal, or other piece of wood, being arranged on a bench, under the action of a plane which revolved horizontally, was in a few instants smoothed as if by the finest hand-labour. Chairs of a common class, but neatly turned and painted, were the principal article of manufacture. The number produced almost goes beyond belief. I was informed that the average quantity was two hundred dozen every week, or at the rate of 124,800 chairs per annum; worth from five to twenty-four dollars per dozen." Among these, a large number are rockers. The machinery for scooping out and shaping the seats was exceedingly ingenious. The next article in importance is chests-of-drawers; of which 2,000 are manufactured annually. Baby-cribs are another important item; but the number of them produced could not be definitely stated. . . . .

The next establishment I looked in upon was a bedstead-factory, in which similarly improved machinery was employed to cut out and finish various parts of the articles required. As many as 1,000 bedsteads are turned out every week, valued at from four to twenty-four dollars each. Some other works were visited, but it is undesirable to enter on details respecting their products. In the fabrication of iron stoves, locks, and hinges, window-frames, ornamental cabinet-ware, upholstery, fire-arms, hats, boots and shoes, machinery, axes, and other edge-tools, carriages, and numerous other things, the operations were on a similarly gigantic scale. In one of the boot-and-shoe factories, there are wrought up annually 10,000 sides of sole-leather, 40,000 sides of upper-leather, 20,000 sheep-skins, 2,500 calf-skins, 5,000 pounds' weight of boot-nails, and 600 bushels of shoe-pegs. The wages paid away in this establishment amount to 60,000 dollars per annum. On hearing facts of this kind, the question continually occurs, "Where do all these manufactures go?" Of course, the explanation is found in the perpetual demand over the vast regions of which, as has been said, Cincinnati is the centre. Every day thousands of fresh families are making a settlement in the wilderness; and each needs bedsteads, tables, chairs, and other articles of domestic use. On the quay at Cincinnati, therefore, you see vast piles of new furniture, iron stoves, tin-ware, cases of boots and shoes, and everything else needed by settlers preparing to be despatched a thousand miles by steamers on the Mississippi and its tributaries. One manufacturer of cabinet-work told me, he had received an order to make the

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whole furniture of a hotel in California.—"*Things as they are in America.*"

A FIRST DAY IN ENGLAND.

Our carriage at last drove on, taking us through Liverpool, and a mile or two out, and at length wound its way along the gravel-paths of a beautiful little retreat, on the banks of the Mersey, called the "Dingle." It opened to my eyes like a paradise, all wearied as I was with the tossing of the sea. I have since become familiar with these beautiful little spots, which are so common in England; but now all was entirely new to me. We rode by shining clumps of the Portugal laurel, a beautiful evergreen, much resembling our mountain-rhododendron. Then there was the prickly, polished, dark-green holly, which I had never seen before, but which is certainly one of the most perfect of shrubs. The turf was of that soft, dazzling green, and had that peculiar velvet-like smoothness, which seem characteristic of England. We stopped at last before the door of a cottage, whose porch was overgrown with ivy. From that moment I ceased to feel myself a stranger in England. I cannot tell you how delightful to me, dizzy and weary as I was, was the first sight of the chamber of reception which had been prepared for me. No item of cosy comfort that one could desire was omitted. The sofa and easy-chair wheeled up before a cheerful coal-fire, a bright little tea-kettle steaming in front of the grate, a table with a beautiful vase of flowers, books, and writing-apparatus, and kind friends with words full of affectionate cheer, all these made me feel at home in a moment. The hospitality of England has become famous in the world, and I think with reason. I doubt not there is just as much hospitable feeling in other countries; but in England the matter of cosiness and home-comfort has been so studied, and matured, and reduced to system, that they really have it in their power to effect more towards making their guest comfortable than perhaps any other people. After a short season allotted to changing our ship-garments and for rest, we found ourselves seated at the dinner-table. While dining, the sister-in-law of our friends came in from the next door to exchange a word or two of welcome, and invite us to breakfast with them the following morning. Between all the excitements of landing, and meeting so many new faces, and the remains of the dizzy motion of the ship, which still haunted me, I found it impossible to close my eyes to sleep that first night till the dim grey of dawn. I got up as soon as it was light, and looked out of the window; and, as my eyes fell on the luxuriant ivy-covered porch, the clumps of shining, dark-green holly-bushes, I said to myself, "Ah, really, this is England!" I never saw any plant that struck me as more beautiful than the holly. It is a dense shrub, growing from six to eight feet high, with a thickly-varnished leaf of green. I do not believe it can ever come to a state of perfect development under the fierce alternations of heat and cold which obtain in our New-England climate, though it grows in the Southern States. It is one of the symbolical shrubs of England, probably because its bright green in winter makes it so splendid a Christmas decoration.—*Mrs. Beecher Stowe.*

WILL YOU GO TO THE DIGGINGS?

You have all heard of the Gold Diggings.

A great number of people, and perhaps some whom you know, have left their native land, and are gone into countries far away, to search for the treasures which are buried there.

Now, I want you, my little readers, all of you, to go to the Diggings. *Will you go*, and *go at once?*

I can fancy that some of you are already beginning to find excuses. One cannot leave his father and mother. Another thinks his shoes leak water, and he must get them mended before he can go. A third wouldn't mind going, but he hasn't got money enough to pay the passage out. Others have no tools, and would not know the way to dig if they had; so they think it is of no use for them to go.

But I cannot be put off with such excuses as these, or, indeed, with any excuse at all. I want you *all* to go, and go *now*,

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Let me tell you something about the *Diggings* to which I wish you to go; and then I hope all of you will make up your minds to be off at once.

These Diggings are not a great way off, like California, or Australia: not half so far,—not a quarter. You will not want a ship to carry you there; for you will not have to go out of your own country. There are thousands of people who never heard anything about these Diggings. I may not be able to tell them; but I will tell you, if you will only promise to go to them.

It's a capital place to work in. It is not cold and rough, wet and dirty. Nothing like it. You need not be afraid of having to stand up to the knees in water all the day long. You may dig there in your best clothes, without the least fear of soiling them. It is just the sort of place for clean, tidy children to work in.

The tools are all provided, ready for use; and if they should get blunt, it is only to ask, and they will be sharpened free of charge.

The company is good, too. It is true, some are working there who are not what they should be; but most of them are people of the right stamp—intelligent, open-hearted, good. Rich and poor, old and young, learned and unlearned, work together in peace and love; and the more they dig, the better they become.

There are plenty of nuggets to be had. Do you know what a nugget is? It is a lump of gold. Some of the diggers in Australia get into such bad places, that they can only get a little gold, after a great deal of digging. But where I want you to go is a first-rate place. Great nuggets have been taken out, large enough for a man to carry; and all of *pure gold.* No dirt or dross—all gold. And there are *plenty* of nuggets too. If all the people in the world were to go to these diggings, there would be "enough for each, enough for all, enough for evermore."

And when you get the nuggets, *you need not be afraid of having them stolen.* Each digger has a box to keep them in, with a lock which no thief can open. If he puts his nuggets into his box, he may be sure they will be quite safe; for nobody can touch them there.

I must tell you one or two other things about the nuggets, which will show that they are worth a great deal more than those which are found in Australia or California.

They do not make people covetous. Those who have plenty of money generally want more. People sometimes become so selfish, that they care for nobody but themselves. Now it is not so at the Diggings. The golden nuggets found there open men's hearts, and fill them with love.

These nuggets also make people happy. Every one wishes to be happy. But how few really are what they wish to be! If you were to ask me where you should go to find the happiest people in the world, I should at once direct you to the Diggings. This is the place to find *true* happiness.

And, best of all, *we shall be able to keep these nuggets for ever.* It is not so with other things. People die, and leave them behind. Money, and fame, houses and lands, relatives and friends, must be all left, when death comes. But the nuggets we get at the Diggings we can carry with us to heaven, to be ours for ever.

Will you not go to the Diggings? Before you start, let me give you a word of advice.

Those who wish to get the nuggets, must *dig for them.* This does not suit some people. They like to have good things, but they do not like to *dig* for them. Remember, that which costs no effort, is generally not worth having.

And then you must *keep on digging.* Never mind coming upon a great stone or two. You must rip them up, and dig on. There are a great many people who do not like to *keep on.* They will *begin* to dig, but very soon get tired; and then you may hear them idly saying, "*I can't.*" I wouldn't give a fig for a person like that. You may depend he'll never find many nuggets.

But perhaps you ask, "Where are these Gold Diggings?"

You will not have to go to California, or Australia, to find them, as I have already told you. They are within your reach, and are even in your own homes.

Do you possess A BIBLE? Then you have the "Diggings" close at hand. "Search the Scriptures," and you will

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find the golden "nuggets" which will make you rich for this world and the next. You have been taught to read, and God has given you reason to understand what you read. These are the "tools" with which you are to dig for the precious treasures; and if they are "sharpened" by prayer, God will bless your efforts, and make you feel that His truth is beyond all price.

Be careful, also, what you do with the golden gems of the Bible. Hear what David says, "Thy word have I hid in my heart." Yes, this is the only place where its treasures can be kept in safety, against the time of need. No rude hand can touch them there.

The Bible is God's own gift. It is the Bible which shows us that we have sinned, and points us to Jesus, the sinner's Friend. It is the Bible which speaks to us of heaven, and asks us to partake of its joys. It is the Bible which tells us of hell, and warns us to flee from its woe.

Let us prize it highly, search it earnestly, ponder it deeply, pray over it fervently. And may we find that its blessed truths are our guide in life, our comfort in death, and our joy throughout eternity.

"Holy Bible! Book Divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine."

—*Teacher's Offering.*

THE YOUNG PEDANT.

Professor Porson, the celebrated Grecian, was once travelling in a stage-coach, where a young Oxonian, fresh from College, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and, amongst other things, with a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a coach too, roused the slumbering Professor from a kind of dog-sleep, in a snug corner of the vehicle. Shaking his ears and rubbing his eyes, "I think, young gentleman," said he, "you favoured us just now with a quotation from Sophocles: I do not happen to recollect it there." "O, Sir," replied the tyro, "the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and from Sophocles, too; but I suspect, Sir, it is some time since you were at College." The Professor, applying his hand to his great-coat pocket, and taking out a small pocket-edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he would be kind enough to show him the passage in question in that little book. After rummaging the pages for some time, he replied, "Upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides." "Then, perhaps, Sir," said the Professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book." The young Oxonian again returned to his task, but with no better success, muttering, however, to himself, a vow never again to quote Greek in a stage-coach. The tittering of the ladies informed him plainly that he had got into a hobble. At last, "Why, Sir," said he, "how dull I am! I recollect now; yes, now I perfectly remember, that the passage is in Æschylus." The inexorable Professor returned to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an Æschylus, when our astonished freshman vociferated, "Coachman! holloa, coachman! let me out; I say, instantly let me out! There's a fellow here has the whole Bodleian library in his pocket."

NEGLECTING A CLASS-MEETING.

A few days ago I heard a good lady say that she had been a member of the Wesleyan church forty-two years, and that she had never *wilfully* neglected but one class-meeting during the whole period. She had never been absent when it was possible for her to be present, excepting on one occasion. I was anxious to know what it could be that had sufficient influence to detain her from the means of grace she so highly valued. Upon inquiry, she gave the following answer:—

"It was years ago, when I was single, at home. We had a very large wash; and myself and sisters did the ironing, as most young people did then. The class-meeting happened to come on the ironing-day, in the afternoon; and, as we had a mile and a half to walk, we thought it would be such a tiresome interruption to go; it would hinder from two o'clock till five,—just the best part of the day: therefore we all agreed to miss it for once, and go on with our ironing.

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"As soon as it was too late, we felt we had done wrong; and at the end of the week we were not so forward with our work as usual. We saw that no time had been gained; and we all resolved never to do such a thing again, but to make everything give way to the cause of God and religion. From that day, no work or business ever kept us from the house of God."

No wonder, thought I, that you have led such a devoted life, and been preserved and provided for amidst so many trials and bodily afflictions. You have honoured God, and He has honoured you.

Christian reader, has not the perusal of this short paper condemned you? Yes! You have often stayed from class through circumstances ten times more trivial than the one mentioned above; nay, you have been glad to find some little excuse to screen your sloth and lukewarmness from your friends and yourself. Take shame to yourself; set out afresh; and may God help you! E. A. G.

Vine-House.

"MY FATHER CAN MEAN ME NO HARM."

So said an afflicted servant-maid to the writer. He found her in a state of severe suffering; but the confiding utterance of her child-like heart was this, "My Father can mean me no harm."

Does the Christian reader know what it is to pass "through the waters," and "through the fire;" to have sorrow upon sorrow? But accredit your Father God with purposes of good. Is He indeed your Father; yours by adopting love; yours through Christ? Then He can mean you no harm. It is unlike a father to mean evil to his child; and especially is it unlike "*our* Father," our heavenly, pitying Father. The things which we have thought to be against us, only *seem* to be so. They are for us; they are greatly for us; they are for the good of our souls, for our present and eternal good. Away, then, our complaint! It is my Father who smites me; but He "can mean me no harm."

Banff. J. R.

"BE INSTANT IN SEASON."

"I WOULD not go to class-meeting this cold morning," said some unconverted children to a pious mother, as she was about to leave her humble dwelling one stormy Sabbath in the month of February of the present year, to repair to this means of grace. "I must go, my dear children," was the reply: "how do I know? it may be my last opportunity." Although then in the full possession of health, yet so it proved. She proceeded; and whilst there, the Lord was pleased to reveal Himself so graciously to her, that past manifestations were but little in comparison with this. She could say, with the Psalmist, "My cup runneth over," and was constrained to shout aloud for joy.

The next morning, when about to rise as usual, death laid his icy hand upon her. But all was well; and in the short space of four hours, her redeemed spirit entered "the rest which remaineth for the people of God." R. B.

MEMORIALS.

SARAH MONK was born December, 1765. She heard the glorious Gospel from the lips of the revered John Wesley, Dr. Coke, and many other worthies of early Methodism. Nor did she hear in vain; for the Gospel became the power of God to her salvation. She manifested the reality of her faith, by a long life of Christian obedience; cheerfully performing and patiently suffering the will of God; assured that, if faithful, her "light affliction would work out for her an eternal weight of glory." Enjoying religion herself, she was anxious that her friends and neighbours should enjoy it also. Hence her house was thrown open for religious worship, and prayer-meetings and class-meetings were held under her roof for about forty years. Thus not only did her heart become the Lord's temple, but her house the Lord's sanctuary. What she did, what she suffered, what she enjoyed, during her Christian pilgrimage of fifty years, eternity alone can reveal. It is enough for us to know that she finished her course with joy, on February 15th, 1852, aged ninety-six years.

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ANN COTTLE was a consistent member of our church upwards of fifty years. Her conversion was clear and scriptural. The change in her experience being so great, that, as she often said, "nature itself appeared to wear a new and more cheerful aspect." Her deportment was unassuming and humble; her reliance for salvation on Christ alone. She was the subject of disease for some time prior to her death, but expressed her assurance of eternal life, and spoke with delight of meeting her dear departed husband in glory; repeating the lines,—

"Where all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with their Saviour beneath."

She was permitted to linger and suffer for some weeks, but was kept in peace, and entered into rest on the 5th of October, of the same year, aged seventy-eight.

HARRIET HYMAN was a Wesleyan Methodist for nearly forty years. She had many difficulties and trials; but by God's grace she remained firm to her sacred purpose. She loved the holy Scriptures; and prized the means of grace, both public and private. Towards the close of her life she was afflicted with blindness, and unable to attend the house of prayer; but her mind was kept in peace, and she could cheerfully exclaim, "The will of the Lord be done." As she approached the end of her Christian race, she was more abundantly filled with the love of God, and could rejoice in prospect of eternal rest. The last conflict was short, and was met with calm serenity. She exchanged mortality for life, on Sunday, February 1st, 1853, aged sixty-nine years.

JEMIMA JEFFERIES was indebted to the influence of the Holy Spirit on the teaching of her pious father, for grace to see and feel her lost condition as a sinner. In March, 1847, she was induced to meet in class. Some time afterwards, she was invited by her pious Leader to attend a social meeting of the classes. While there, she listened with interest to the happy experience of a young person present. Much affected, she resolved not to rest until she enjoyed a measure of the same happiness. Upon returning home, she continued pleading with God, until, through faith, she received the blissful assurance, "Thy sins are forgiven." From this time she continued to pursue the path of piety. As a Sunday-school Teacher, she was diligent, and, by the sobriety and steadiness of her deportment, won respect. In the month of February, 1853, she was suddenly seized with small-pox, which in a short time proved fatal. In her affliction she uniformly expressed her confidence in God; her sole trust being in the merits of Christ. To a friend she said, "I shall soon be a bright spirit in heaven; but not so bright as I might have been. I have lived beneath my privilege." On another occasion, she sang with much feeling the hymn, commencing,

"Jesu, Lover of my soul."

A few minutes before her death, when her sorrowing parent inquired, "Do you love Jesus?" she replied, "Yes." And to the further inquiry, "Is Jesus precious?" "Yes," was the reply; and this was her last word. In a few minutes she had passed into the presence of her God and Saviour.

March 11th, in the Dublin North Circuit, died MARIA, the beloved wife of Robert Deaker, Esq., in her thirty-second year. She was the child of pious parents, who for many years sustained an honourable connection with the Wesleyan church in that city; and was dedicated to God in baptism by the Rev. Dr. Bunting, on the occasion of his first visit to Ireland as President of the Conference. In her fifteenth year she earnestly sought an interest in the Saviour's blood, and was blessed with a happy assurance of her adoption into the family of God. In more mature life, she was distinguished by a cordial attachment to Wesleyan Methodism, love for its Ministers and for its various ordinances; and is known to have experienced peculiar delight in the private perusal of the word of life. Her private character was adorned with many virtues. She was intelligent, prudent, generous, truly kind, loving, and amiable. In the various relations of life, as a wife, a mother, and the mistress of a family, she won the esteem of all who knew her. For some months before her death, God was gra-

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ciously preparing her for Himself. At the Covenant-service on the first Sunday of the year, she gave herself anew to God, under the most solemn circumstances; and, it is believed, retained the savour of that memorable service to the close of life.

Mrs. Clark, of Methwold, in the Thetford Circuit, became a Wesleyan Methodist in the year 1842, and from that time followed after godliness. Five years of painful affliction were appointed her as harbingers of death. To a great extent deprived of the comfort and assistance of the public means of grace, her mind was beclouded and anxious. Hard wrestling with God brought deliverance and joy; but she afterwards relapsed into darkness. This was greatly induced by excruciating sufferings and sore temptations. Blessedly, however, did faith eventually triumph. She rejoiced in Christ Jesus. Her last day on earth was the Sabbath of the Lord, which was equally a symbol of the rest of her soul, and a type of that rest into which she soon entered. Referring to her state, she said,—

"O happy day that fix'd my choice!" &c.

"Are you happy?" asked a sorrowing relative. "Indeed I am," was her reply. Her Maker gave her "songs in the night;" and she raised her feeble voice in His praise, as the fleeting hours passed by, choosing portions of the hymns beginning thus,—

"The men of grace have found," &c.;

"How happy every child of grace!" &c.;

with others. Drawing nearer to the heavenly Jerusalem, and already by faith beholding it, she exclaimed, "There is my happy, happy home: I shall soon be with Jesus;" and three times repeated, "There 's balm in Gilead yet!" "Blessed Jesus," were her last ascertainable words; and having given the token of final victory, she died, March 21st, 1853.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age	Date of Death.
Adkin, Miss Charlotte,	St. Lawrence,	Margate,	33	Oct. 31st, 1854.
Bird, Mary A.,	Hill-Top,	Wednesbury,	32	Sept. 2d, 1854.
Davies, Miss Sarah,	Palmerston,	Haverford-West,	27	Oct. 22d, 1854.
Davies, Mrs. Sarah,	Palmerston,	Haverford-West,	57	Oct. 29th, 1854.
Dunn, Benjamin,	Hill-Top,	Wednesbury,	52	Sept. 14th, 1854.
Eades, Sarah,	Hill-Top,	Wednesbury,	68	Sept. 22d, 1854.
Firkin, Rachel,	Hill-Top,	Wednesbury,	41	Sept. 23d, 1854.
Hammond, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Ramsgate,	Margate,	34	Oct. 14th, 1854.
Jukes, Richard,	Hill-Top,	Wednesbury,	39	June 29th, 1854.
Lockwood, Mr.,	Brighouse,	Cleckheaton,	70	Oct. 21st, 1854.
Moss, Mr. Richard,	Prendergast,	Haverford-West,	81	July 22d, 1854.
Page, Elizabeth,	Hill-Top,	Wednesbury,	73	Aug. 9th, 1854.
Rowlands, Mr. John,	Haverford-West,	Haverford-West,	68	Sept. 29th, 1854.
Skidmore, Jane,	Hakley-Heath,	Wednesbury,	25	May 19th, 1854.
Smith, Maria,	Hill-Top,	Wednesbury,	57	Sept. 16th, 1854.
Southcott, John,	South-Moulton,	South-Moulton,	83	Oct. 23d, 1854.
Swift, Ann,	Farnsfield,	Mansfield,	32	April 29th, 1854.
Vernon, Miss Sarah,	South-Moulton,	South-Moulton,	16	Oct. 9th, 1854.
Walters, Mr. Henry,	Haverford-West,	Haverford-West,	65	Oct. 7th, 1854.
Wathen, Mrs. Ann,	Haverford-West,	Haverford-West,	86	Oct. 17th, 1854.
Williamson, Mrs. E.,	Bourn,	Bourn,	59	Oct. 14th, 1854.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

PRAYER IN CAMP.

It is useless to debate about the lawfulness or the unlawfulness of war. War exists, with all the horrors of battle, and the national calamities that follow in its train. Those horrors are too great for any pen to describe adequately; yet any tolerably accurate description, feeble though it must be in comparison with the dread reality, is so shocking as to awaken the wish that bad men could be persuaded not to quarrel, and that wicked nations could be restrained from fighting. Our horror, our yearning for peace, and even the pacific efforts of statesmen, do not suffice to quench

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the flames that ambition and injustice kindle; and consequently we are at war with Russia. The time is coming, we assuredly believe, when God will make war to cease; and although the present moment is not the most favourable for dispassionate investigation of such a subject, we think that a careful study of the events of the present century, compared with any former period in the history of the world, shows that the courts and populations of nominally Christian countries are disposed to refrain from hostilities, and to try the virtue of negotiations, as they never were before. Meanwhile, the Christian soldier who trusted in his God, can confidently kneel down after a day hardly won, and say devoutly, "O God the Lord, the Strength of my salvation, Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle." We saw a letter written on the ground on the Height of Alma, on the evening of the very day when the Anglo-French army won their victory over the Russians, from the pen of a non-commissioned officer, whose first act was to kneel down with an old friend, and thank God in the presence of all, and his second was to communicate intelligence to his wife in England that he was alive.

They who offer thanksgiving have made prayer; and who can calculate the benefit of prayer to an army in camp, or to an army in action? And, undoubtedly, there are many British officers and men who pray unceasingly at this moment, who embarked for the seat of war with prayer, and have maintained communion of heart with God ever since. Such men Methodism has contributed to both army and navy for the last century; and such men are now there.

From the camp at Scutari, on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, opposite Constantinople, intelligence soon reached us that the standard of the Cross was raised by devout brethren, side by side with the British flag, which receives from that heavenly standard its true consecration and frequent victories. It appeared that in the parade-camp at Chobham, a few Wesleyan soldiers had made acquaintance; and that when the camp formed at Scutari, waiting for orders to commence active operations, they renewed their acquaintance, were joined by others, and, doing then unitedly what they had been accustomed to do in their several barracks at home, made arrangements for "holding each other up, and helping each other on," as our Hymn speaks.

Several of them being thus united, and a Methodist class constituted, they met during their stay at Scutari, every Tuesday, to take sweet counsel together, and held prayer-meetings on Thursdays and Saturdays; thus dividing six days of the week with military and methodistical precision, apportioning an hour on each alternate day to solemn converse and to united prayer. On Sunday, besides participating in the solemnities of military worship, prayers being read, as we may suppose, upon a drum-head, this class, or as many of them as were not "on duty," were used to retire from the camp, and "in a quiet sequestered place," in the middle of a large Turkish burial-ground, hold a service of their own. There some one of the party was accustomed to deliver a sermon, after

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reading a chapter from his Bible, and giving out a few verses from his Hymn-Book. Of course there were more persons present than the members of the class. Many a soldier, rambling over the cemetery, amidst the grotesque grave-stones, and aged cypresses, and death-like desolation of that necropolis, would hear the sounds of praise, not mewed and muttered, but raised lustily with manly voices; and, tracing his way to the sequestered spot, would hear words of prayer as he drew nearer and nearer,—prayer for parents, brothers, wives, and sisters; prayer for victory; prayer for benighted lands of Turkish barbarism and Greek idolatry; prayer for allies and for enemies; ay, and prayer for victory too, —thorough soldiers' prayers, offered up by men sure that they were going to battle in a right cause, and in high hope of being permitted to open a door in Turkey, in the Crimea, or wherever else they went, for Preachers of life eternal to the perishing inhabitants. Drawing close to the place, they would fall down reverently with uncovered head, listen to the prayer, and then give heed to the plain and fervent exhortation of their comrade-Preacher, whose address would bring tears to their eyes, and good resolutions to their lips. Yes, and more than this. The sermon could not be uttered in vain. Spoken by an earnest man, who had just entered on the service of a grand campaign, and conscious of a Divine commission to bear witness for Christ, and to carry to his ungodly fellow-soldiers entreaties to repent and offers of salvation, it could not be cold and common-place, although it might be unpolished.

What has become of those good men it is impossible for us to say. Since last Whitsuntide they have been exposed to pestilence and war. We cannot presume to hope that they have all escaped with life; for that is hardly probable. But even amidst the uncertainties of war there are also other improbabilities. It is improbable—*extremely* improbable—that of those men, earnestly seeking salvation, any would be lost, whatever havoc ball or bullet, sword or bayonet, might make of their poor bodies. It is improbable that a Methodist Society would be formed in such a region without finding increase. It is improbable that Christian men, letting their light shine, would be long without spreading much of that light abroad among others less instructed. It is improbable that detachments of praying soldiers sent into Turkey or into Russian territory, would fail to leave behind them some permanent evidence of God's approval. In whatever event, it will be necessary for Great Britain, as well as France, to make her influence felt where her arms have been displayed; and the influence of godly soldiers must be felt also. So it has been in the Mediterranean, so in India, so in Canada, and, more lately, so it has been in China too. Devoted Methodist soldiers who met in class in the island of Chusan, and then in Hong-Kong, were pioneers for Christianity, and for Methodism in particular in that island, where it had the precedence of all other forms of evangelical Christianity, and, at length, in the continent itself.

Pray, then, for brethren under arms. Pray for the army they belong to, and for the countries where they serve. Show them kind consideration,

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and let them know that they have your sympathy and your esteem. Do not fancy that the only business of the soldier is to kill, or that his only fate is to be killed. It is the business of the Christian to leaven a mass that *you* cannot approach, and to communicate a character of humanity and true manliness to the hosts that represent our country no less than fight for it. Perhaps you forget to pray for a happy conclusion of this war; but they every day remember so to do. For us, who are safe in our houses, they hazard, nay, they are laying down, their lives; and they lay them down that British commerce may not be spoiled, nor British empire endangered. For the principles that give stability to society with us, and become fountains of wealth and peace to ourselves, the soldier fights. He carries the musket and serves the gun, and walks with death raining thick around him, while you stand at the loom, or follow the plough. Despise not his vocation, which is too terrible for you. Give him your blessing; let him share in your prayers; for you see that, sometimes at least, he is praying both for you and for himself.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

THE EFFECT OF WORLDLINESS ON INDIVIDUAL EXERTION.

Few professing Christians will hesitate to admit that a worldly spirit largely pervades the church. It may be useful to inquire how far it evidences its existence, particularly in its bearing on individual effort in the cause of Christ? Not directly by producing a spirit of indifference to the spread of Christianity; for never were evangelical societies instituted for this end, both foreign and domestic, so numerous or so liberally supported as at the present day. Never had the churches of this land so many Missionaries abroad, or so many agents at home, devoted to the spread of religion. And yet, in *our own country* at least, the spiritual results are by no means satisfactory. Societies are formed, money subscribed and raised, instrumentality set in motion; and while much evil is prevented, and some good is done,—for which let God be praised,—yet the religious impression made is neither deep nor extensive.

It is farthest from our feeling to depreciate these efforts, or to discourage them. They have originated, no doubt, in Christian zeal. But we cannot hide it from ourselves, that to some they may possibly become a snare; and this will be the case with all those who imagine that their support of one or more of these agencies is all that is required of them, in the way of evangelistic effort. And are there not those who conclude that they have discharged their responsibility towards the unenlightened and unsaved, when they have given their subscription with their good wishes to an institution which, in their judgment, seems well calculated to accomplish Christian objects?

But, besides all this, there is an obligation resting upon every Christian *personally to labour* in the cause of Christ. Whatever a Christian man

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may give towards multiplying copies of the sacred Scriptures, or employing Scripture Readers, City Missionaries, &c., there is a work to which, in addition to these things, he is personally called, and which he cannot do by proxy. While he gives his name, money, and even time to these excellent Christian associations, there rests upon him still the responsibility of seeking, in his own sphere, by the exercise of his own individual religious influence, the spiritual good of his fellow-creatures. He should not personally do less, because new agencies are called into existence, to which he gives countenance and support; for it is impossible that another should do for him that for which God holds *him* responsible. There is a work assigned to all Christians; and it is only a small part of that work to support Christian institutions. "Go work in my vineyard," is the command of Christ to all His disciples.

It is very pleasing to see the wealthy casting of their abundance into the treasury of the Lord; and among these are to be found some of the fairest examples of individual effort in the cause of their Redeemer. At home and abroad, in the domestic circle, and in the neighbourhood where they dwell, they are examples of a prayerful, humble, earnest piety. They are ever seeking to do good, not only by promoting the interests of this or that society, but by leavening all around them with the spirit of Christ's religion. But how few are these compared with the many in our church who never do anything to bring their religion personally to bear on their fellow-sinners! It is a good thing for men of means to give a pecuniary support to Christian institutions; but something more is required of them. The true followers of Christ are spiritually-minded; and they are called to take their part in the spiritual labours of the church. They cannot be excused, because of many other good things which they do, from direct personal exertions in the cause of religion. "Societies must not be substitutes for personal labours; organizations must not crush individualism."

The more affluent members of the church, in some instances, seem to think that their Christian calling is somewhat different from that of the pious poor. They too often leave prayer-meetings, class-meetings, love-feasts, Sunday-schools, and the visitation of the sick to their poorer brethren. And yet they equally need these privileges, to keep their souls alive to God; nay, there are none to whom these exercises would be more beneficial, nor are they under less obligation to labour for their Redeemer than others. They plead, perhaps, that they have not adaptation to such services. But why have they not? Has God given them less ability to be useful to their fellow-creatures than their humbler brethren? Or do they not remain without the qualification because they do not seek it? "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath." How can a man get the gift of public prayer, who never prays in public? Or how shall a man teach his neighbour to know the Lord, or strengthen the feeble and afflicted, who never makes the trial? And yet this is work

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which, in a greater or less degree, devolves, by Divine obligation, upon every Christian, upon the high and the low, the learned and the illiterate.

And it would be done on a much larger scale by the members of the church, were there less of the spirit of the world, and more of the spirit of Christ, among them. Religious affections are deadened by the spirit of the world, and there is neither the qualification nor the disposition for engagements of the nature we have indicated. They are glad when the good work is done by others, and they rejoice in being connected with a prosperous church; though, perhaps, towards securing that prosperity, they have neither offered a prayer, nor performed an act. Their anxieties, cares, and energies are in the world; and it is only when released from the toils of business on the Lord's day, that they awake to the fact that a church exists. It has had, during the week, little of their thought, sympathy, and help; for with many of them it is as though their first and great calling was the world, and their spiritual and religious calling something by-the-by, to be attended to when they have nothing else to do. How dwelleth the love of God in them?

It appears to us that many of our modern agencies have been rendered necessary by the supineness of Christians, and the absence of that individual effort in behalf of righteousness for which we plead. It requires a higher degree of piety personally to labour for Christ, than it does to set another to work for us. A man whose time is valuable, and whose means are ample, would rather give a guinea to an evangelizing agency, than go out himself to seek the lost. But he may do both; and he must not put his pecuniary contribution in the place of personal exertion. The Lord will make no such bargain with any man, nor allow any computation of this kind. And if there had been, on the part of the Christians of England, a general and constant individual effort to evangelize our land, the churches of Christ would not this day be called to mourn over the spread of iniquity, but would rather be rejoicing in successes and triumphs over the common foe by the Gospel. If every Christian shone amid surrounding darkness a light of the world, how largely would it have been, ere this, enlightened! and if all were the true salt of the earth, how widely would it have been savoured with heavenly truth! No other agency can meet the case but that of the members of every evangelical church all exerting themselves for Christ. What is a City Missionary or a Scripture-Reader scattered here and there, compared with the hundreds and thousands who might go forth to break up fallow ground, and sow the seed of the kingdom? "Would God that all the Lord's people were Prophets, and that the Lord would put His Spirit upon them!" This is just what is wanting all over the kingdom,—a zealous church, freed from the superincumbent load of worldliness, and filled with the spirit of its Head, going forth conquering and to conquer. If in these troublous times the walls of Jerusalem are to be built, in the face of her many foes, every one must build before his own door. And the work will be accomplished when the people have a mind to work. But ALL must work. Every individual

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must take his share in the labour. He who employs and directs others, must himself go to the work. The counting-house, the shop, the manufactory, &c., must not engross all. Christian men must not, to gain the world, lose their souls; or, to enrich their families, leave their fellow-sinners in their sins to perish. They must not plead their inability to pray, invite, exhort, and seek the lost. They ought rather to seek their qualifications from above. They should get baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire. They are not to mind the things of the flesh, but the things of the Spirit. They must attend to the requirement of the great Master: "If any man will be My disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow Me." D. H.

GLORIOUS WORK IN TURKEY.

[Not among the Turks, who are killed if they profess faith in Christ, but among the Armenians in Turkey. We are indebted to the Rev. Cuthbert Young, Secretary of the "Western Asia Missions' Aid Society," 7, Adam-street, Strand, for the following heart-cheering intelligence. Such intelligence we are now constantly receiving.—Eds.]

Kerrab is an Armenian village of two thousand inhabitants, far up Mount Casius, twelve miles from Antioch. The work there only commenced four years ago, and has been carried on entirely through native instrumentality.

In Kerrab and the neighbouring villages this work has gone forward with unrivalled power. One of the four Priests with fifteen men came over together to the cause of truth; and, not long after, six more followed. "They visit the villages, and talk, and search the Scriptures, and it spreads like a prairie-fire." There has been fierce opposition, however. After the conversion of the Priest, a night-attack was made on the house of the keeper, to find the "renegade;" and after this they cut down the trees of the Protestants, and destroyed their vineyards: but still the work goes on. The community now consists of not less than three hundred. There have been twenty-two additions to the church, making its present number thirty-four. They have a school of thirty scholars, supported by themselves.

From Antioch, an English lady writes,—"I have now a very large class of young women and girls, who come here to sew, and to whom I am teaching the Arabic alphabet, and a few words of English. Some Turkish girls, who can speak a little, have begun the twentieth chapter of St. Matthew. I should tell you, there are Turkish, Jewish, and Christian girls, at the same time; and they get on very well. We are making clothes for some who are very poor; but in this way we shall also need a little help."

At Arabkir, situated on the head-waters of the Euphrates, a remarkable opening has occurred.

"Mr. Clark arrived in Arabkir, with his family, on the 1st of October,

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1853. Shortly after, and when he had studied the language only six months, he commenced a service in a private house with the assistance of his teacher: eight or ten were present. A room fitted up for a place of worship was opened December 18th, with a congregation of thirty-two. In a month this number doubled, and, the place having become too strait, a larger room was with some difficulty obtained; and now the hearers have increased to more than one hundred, which fills the place, the largest that can be obtained. It is the general feeling that a place of meeting is needed that will accommodate three hundred. . . . The preliminary measures have been taken for the organization of a community, in which every desirable aid has been received from the Turkish authorities. Indeed, such has been the course pursued by the Pasha, and others under him, that Mr. Clark says, 'Many a time have we been affected to tears in thinking of the good hand of God that has so wonderfully provided for our personal comfort and protection, as well as for the success of the cause of our dear Redeemer.' More than three-fourths of the Armenians of the city, it is believed, are enlightened in respect to the errors of their Church; and yet they cling to them. There is a strange mixture of intelligence, independence, and maturity of opinion, with an inconsistent practice." Progress, however, has been very rapid. A year ago Protestant books could not be circulated. Not a Bible or Testament from the Protestant press could be read. But now very many copies of the Bible have been sold, even to leading Armenians of the old Church; and the demand continues. Tracts are scattered throughout the whole city, and not a day passes without calls for them and other books. Prominent men in the Armenian Church are making efforts in various ways in behalf of the truth. Some of great influence are advising their friends to join the Protestants, saying, "We will wait a little. Now we have access to all. We will persuade as many as possible, and then bring up the rear." Persons of this class often visit the Missionary, but never come to the public services. They appear deeply interested in the work.

The truth has made great progress at Mashkir, a village six hours from Arabkir. Fifteen families, the wealthiest in the village, containing about fifty individuals, have separated themselves from the old Church, as Protestants. The Priest preaches the Gospel every Sunday. The teacher is secretly a Protestant. The whole village is enlightened.

In Tschemerchgeseh, a large town east of the Euphrates, ten hours from Arabkir, the truth has made some progress. The champion of the truth in this wild region is a Koord, a Chief of the Koords in all that section. He rejects the Koran, and preaches the Gospel to Koords, Turks, and Armenians. He owns many villages, has several thousand men under his authority, and is very desirous that a Missionary should visit that region.

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THE FACTORY-GIRL.

(*Concluded from page* 13.)

The means for procuring knowledge and instruction of this kind are now increasing. In Birmingham there are classes for grown-up girls, where they are taught sewing, washing, and ironing; and arrangements are making for teaching cooking also; even married women attend them: we knew of one who attended three evenings in the week, and her husband was so aware of the advantage to her and to himself, that he stayed at home while she did so, to take charge of the children. In most other manufacturing towns, both large and small, there are active and benevolent persons who are only deterred from making the same attempt by the indifference and idleness of the mill-girls. An expression of regret for ignorance, of anxiety to learn, of request for assistance, would at once be the means of procuring instruction for themselves and others. In every town, there is some kind of a sewing-school, where girls may learn needle-work, at all events, if they put aside their false shame, and their indolence. There is also a plan proposed, and already adopted in some places, of having washing-houses attached to the factory-schools, where the female scholars are taught to wash their own clothes. The mill-girl need be at no loss for practising these duties: even those who do not live at home, may help in the houses where they are lodged, or may assist some poor but more experienced neighbour, to wash, sew, bake, and cook, obtaining in return for the work valuable hints and advice. Much better would time be employed thus, than in the accomplishments which too many of our factory-girls waste their leisure in learning;—the useless jingling at a piano, never to be touched or even seen in after-life; the worse than useless "fashionable steps," which only introduce them and keep them in the lowest and the worst society; and the various kinds of fancy-work, which, however pretty and pleasant for those who have time, will not be very profitable when holes have to be mended and clothes to be made.

We must go on, in the second place, to notice a very marked feature in a factory life; and that is, the extreme love of mill-girls for fine clothes. Out of earnings, on an average, from 6*s.* to 10*s.* a week, how much goes to help the parents at home?—how much to help the sick or poor neighbour?—how much to provide substantial comforts or useful instruction for themselves? Little indeed, in comparison to what is spent in fine clothes; which, being generally beyond the reach of their ready money, produce long bills, which keep them constantly in poverty and discomfort. As they cannot afford to have everything suitable to their fine gowns, they are obliged to content themselves with scanty and uncomfortable under-clothing; to have shabby, if not tattered, working-dresses; and to do without the warm shawls, comfortable cloaks, and thick boots that are requisite for their health and comfort, in order that the money may go to make them "look smart" after working-hours. If their object is to look well, they entirely fail in it; for nothing unsuitable can be becoming. The girl that would appear well-dressed and lady-like in a plain dress, with everything clean and suitable, looks bold and vulgar when she attempts to dress like those who are above her in means and station.

A lady who had ordered a cap, was asked by the milliner how she wished to have it made. "Make it so that nobody will think about it," was the reply. We fear that few of our mill-girls would give the same directions; yet to excite no remark has long been considered one of the secrets of the best style of dressing. We would not prevent, but would decidedly encourage our young

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friends to pay attention to what is becoming. There is no occasion for girls to make "frights" of themselves; and a pretty dress is as economical as an ugly one. The colours and patterns should be the prettiest and most becoming within their reach; and their clothes should be made to *fit* well, which can be done very easily, without the aid of *tight stays* or *busks*, if they take the trouble of holding themselves up properly. It is fearful to think how much girls in manufacturing towns injure their health, and indeed shorten their lives, by tight lacing; which injures materially the heart, lungs, liver, and stomach. The girl carefully, yet easily and comfortably, dressed in a pretty print or gingham, and a nice straw-bonnet, trimmed with a darkish ribbon which will not look faded or dirty before another can properly be afforded, will look much more truly lady-like at a smaller cost, than in her silk gown, costing £3 or £4, or her flowered and feathered bonnet, which after the first shower of rain is useless and battered. The money thus saved will go far to assist her parents' needs, and rejoice their hearts, and to procure books for herself, by which she will reap much more true enjoyment, and make herself much more truly respected.

We must also notice, in a very few words, the coarse manners in which mill-girls too often indulge. The loud laugh, the bold stare, the rude remark, the want of all deference for others, are frequently (though not always, we gladly admit) characteristic of the young factory-workers, as we see them pouring out of their mills. Follow them to their homes: they are disrespectful to their parents, and overbearing to their brothers and sisters. Take them into the society of those who are endeavouring to help and instruct them; and they are flippant and familiar. This proceeds partly from having been accustomed to associate almost entirely with those of their own age and station, and from the unfortunate idea that it does not signify what manners they have with each other; whereas gentleness and courtesy are as needful between the young and the hard-worked, as in any other class, and will be as useful in checking bad feeling, and promoting cheerfulness and happiness. It arises partly, also, from a mistaken notion of independence, when associating with those who are above them in age, wealth, or station. Gentleness, civility, and respect would, however, place them more in the position of equals in the best and highest sense of the word. It ought ever to be borne in mind, that there is nothing so lowering, so undignified, as well as so unchristian, as the opposite qualities, and the manners which they produce.

In the fourth place, let us call your attention to the snare of bad company, into which the mill-girl is so easily drawn from her peculiar and unprotected situation. In fact, there is no position in life where it is so difficult to exercise the firmness and self-denial necessary to preserve from the corrupting influence of bad associates, thrown as the factory-girl is into the daily company of hundreds of giddy young people, whose aim and wish is to make her as giddy as they are themselves. No very difficult thing to manage; "for evil communication" is as sure to spread, to corrupt, and to infect, as the deadly plague or fever. It is a fact in the annals of crimes and prisons, that ONE seldom sins alone: the one brings many, and the many bring more, till the evil leaven leavens the whole lump. The dancing-parties at which the young men and women employed in factories meet together, two or three evenings in the week, are active means of spreading such an influence. There they not only waste their precious time, but encourage each other to every kind of levity; while the late hours, the walk home with wild idle lads, the coarse jokes, and loud laughter in the streets, even when not ending in positive wickedness, pro-

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duce great coarseness and levity of mind and manners in young women, which cling to them in their whole future life, injuring not only themselves, but all the young who are in any measure under their influence. After these late parties, they are obliged to be at their work by five o'clock in the morning, jaded, drowsy, and useless; doing their work ill, insolent to the overseer when justly reproved, irritable to their companions, and putting no heart into the day's occupation; forming a complete contrast to the pretty and cheerful picture drawn by a Scotch poet,—

"I like to spring in the morning bricht
Before the mill-bell rings,
When waukening blithe in gowden licht,
My joyful spirit sings.

"I like to handle, before I rise,
The word o' truth and love;
And seek, or the daily wark begin,
Gude counsel from above.

"Then skippin' wi' lichtsome heart, I hie
To earn my bit o' bread;
The wark spins on, and the time rins by,
Wi' pleasant, blessed speed."

"But how are we to escape from all those evils?" it may be asked. A careful study of the Bible, which so pointedly warns us not to "follow a multitude to do evil," and so beautifully blesseth those "who walk not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stand in the way of sinners,"—and earnest prayer for wisdom that you may walk warily every day, and for courage to say "No" with firmness when asked to do what your conscience condemns,—are the best safeguards. The useful occupations which we have before recommended will also be found an excellent remedy,—

"For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

We would recommend also the pleasant and cheerful aids of friendship, of a different kind from the frivolous and short-lived fancies of foolish companions. When temptation is too great for one, God has Himself graciously assured us that "two will withstand it, and a threefold cord is not quickly broken." If all the girls in a factory, who are trying to do right, would unite firmly together, persuading others to join the little company, who are also wishing, though often failing because struggling alone, it would be found a powerful means of help and strength. We have heard of little meetings being held twice or thrice a week, for sewing, cheerful conversation, and useful reading; and it would be well were the custom more general than it is. There is no occasion for mill-girls to confine their attention solely to household concerns, easily learned: these will not occupy much time in practising; sufficient time would still remain to improve themselves in writing and arithmetic, to obtain much useful information, and while reading to think over what was read. It is wonderful what can be done, and is done, by proper management of time. In Massachusetts, an American State, there is a manufacturing town called Lowell, situated at the junction of the beautiful rivers the Merrimac and the Concord. It contains thirty mills; and out of 10,000 operatives, 7,000 are females: they work twelve hours a day, the earnings of the girls varying from four shillings and three-

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pence to twelve shillings and ninepence a week, besides their food, according to age and skill. A visiter to Lowell writes of these young women,—"They were all well dressed; and that phrase necessarily includes extreme cleanliness. They had serviceable bonnets, good warm cloaks and shawls, and were not above clogs and pattens. The rooms in which they worked were as well-ordered as themselves." Their healthiness, cheerfulness, neatness, and lady-like appearance are noted far and near. "The difference is not in rank, for these young people were also daughters of parents earning their bread with their own hands; nor in the amount of toil, for they worked seventy clear hours per week. The difference was in their superior culture. Their minds are kept fresh, and strong, and free, by knowledge and power of thought; and this is the reason why they are not worn and depressed under their labours. They were not highly educated; but they had pleasure in books and lectures, in correspondence with home; and had their minds so open to fresh ideas, as to be drawn off from thoughts of themselves and their own concerns. When at work, they were amused with thinking over the last book they had read, or with planning the account they should write home of the last Sunday's sermon, or with singing over to themselves the song they meant to practise in the evening." After work-hours, in the winter evenings, they engaged lecturers to lecture to them on various interesting and popular branches of knowledge, which they paid for out of their savings; they subscribed to libraries; and they published a periodical work, entitled, "The Lowell Offering: A Repository of original articles, written exclusively by females actively employed in the mills,"—the articles in which are almost all well written, and exhibit great information, combined with simplicity and pathos. It arose out of an association of young women, called "The Mutual Improvement Society;" and it was during the working-hours that the papers composing it were thought over and composed, and after eight o'clock in the evening that they were put upon paper. We shall conclude, by this touching account of Lowell factory life:—"As for the noble deeds, it makes one's heart glow to stand in these mills, and hear of the domestic history of some who are working before one's eyes, unconscious of being observed, or of being the object of any admiration. If one of the sons of a New-England farmer shows a love for books and thought, the ambition of an affectionate sister is roused, and she thinks of the glory and honour to the whole family, and the blessing to him, if he could have a College education. She ponders this till she tells her parents, some day, of her wish to go to Lowell, and earn the means of sending her brother to College. The desire is yet more urgent if the brother has a pious mind, and a wish to enter the University. Many a Clergyman in America has been prepared for his function by the devoted industry of sisters; and many a scholar and professional man dates his elevation in social rank and usefulness, from his sister's or even some affectionate aunt's, entrance upon-mill life, for his sake. Many girls, perceiving anxiety in their father's face, on account of the farm being encumbered, and age coming on without release from the debt, have gone to Lowell, and worked till the mortgage was paid off, and the little family property free. Such motives may well lighten and sweeten labour; and to such girls, labour is light and sweet."

The girls were much interested in this account of what those of their own age and means were in the habit of doing; and, as they walked quietly but cheerfully home, they all agreed that they had been much happier than if they had gone to Sally Lawson's. They did not separate without making an arrange-

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ment to meet together at least once a week, for the purpose of improving their minds as well as their fingers.—*Miss Brewster.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BRIGHT and beautiful was the autumnal morning, but very sad did I feel as I wended my way along the well-known lane which led to our Sunday-school. For many years had I regularly trodden that path, spring and summer, autumn and winter; and my feelings had been as varied as the seasons. Sometimes happy and joyous, all nature seemed to speak of the love of God; and my warm heart grew warmer, as I gazed on the objects of interest in the surrounding scenery, and delighted to call them *all my own;* for, through the abounding grace of God, I could say, with a favourite poet, "*My Father* made them all." And had I not reason to be joyful? Had not my heart cause to bound with gratitude and praise, as I remembered that if I was a *child*, then was I also an heir, not merely to the earthly beauties which now it was mine to enjoy, but to a more enduring inheritance that fadeth not away? and my heart would rejoice, and my tongue would sing praises, as I wandered along the pleasant country-lane. But gladness did not always fill my breast. Like many more, I too was apt to get into the dungeon of Doubting Castle, or wade in the Slough of Despond; or, through unwatchfulness, lose my roll in some pleasant arbour, and so go mourning when I might have been rejoicing. And this morning my thoughts were anything but comforting, and my heart sank within me; yet I could not have told the cause of my depression. Beautiful as the morning was, I could not enjoy its loveliness. Everything seemed to favour my pensive mood. The flowers that but lately adorned the banks were withered; the summer-birds had flown across the seas; the fields had been stripped of their golden grain; and the trees, but lately so graceful in their robes of green, had lost their beauty. I passed under the poplars, (dear to me as associated with memory of departed friends,) and a withered leaf fluttered and fell, finding for itself a resting-place upon my bosom. There was nothing strange in the fall of the leaf; for truly "leaves have their time to fall," and this was the time: but it needed little just then to change my melancholy into grief; and my heart was well-nigh bursting, as, laying hold of that withered leaf,—

> "I thought of many whose life's spring-tide
> Had been fresh, and green, and bright;
> But they had faded, had wither'd, and died,
> And vanish'd from mortal sight."

O, how busy did memory then become! She placed before me the delights of the past; she drew pictures of the valued, the fond, the fair; and my heart grew more sad, as I remembered only, they were lost! I involuntarily uttered the words aloud, "Ah, they are gone!" Immediately the Spirit of the Lord, the Comforter, spoke to my heart. "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." A change came over the spirit of my musings: my thoughts took an upward flight, and memory then drew pictures of some that are near the throne of God in heaven. Some of my own dear relatives had gone triumphantly home; others with a gentle sigh had broken their fetters, and escaped

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from earth, and I doubted not were "hymning the Great Three-One:" and, as I thought of them, I ceased to mourn. I remembered that around the throne was "a great multitude, that no man could number;" and I wondered if I could number those *I* knew; and the question arose in my mind, "How many from our Sunday-school?"

Memory placed before me a gentle and modest girl, whom every one loved for her meekness and quietness; the freshest and brightest of the household. Little did we think she was marked so soon to fall. Only *one* Sabbath did we miss her from her accustomed seat, and then we heard that Sarah was no more. But very cheering was the news communicated by Sarah's mother. Her little girl had, in the few moments of consciousness permitted her, spoken of happy days in the Sunday-school; and her words of rejoicing and praise had soothed the heart of a parent who loved her fondly. And who can tell but that they will yet lead to that parent's salvation? Who can say that the mother will not seek the same Saviour who so gently led her little girl? "Mother," said she, "find me that hymn beginning,—

'Behold the Saviour of mankind.'"

Her mother read it to her; and she remarked, "Now, mother, mind that line,—

'To bleed and die for ME;'

and so He did." "I shall soon be happy now," said she another time; and again, "Jesus calls me home." And as the last words caught the mother's ear, she turned to gaze upon her child; but the spirit had fled: the lamb was gathered into the heavenly fold, and now perchance is resting by the river that makes glad the city of our God.

Having traced Sarah to the "house not made with hands, whose Builder and Maker is God," memory quickly placed before me another, one of my own charge. Very delicate and drooping was my plant for many a long month, but withal very fragrant and very fair. With anxious solicitude had I tried to ascertain if the poor girl had any well-grounded hope for the future; but never could she be persuaded to speak of herself: so, taking the scriptural rule, "By their fruits ye shall know them," I was induced to believe that her heart had been renewed by Divine grace, and that she was made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. But Mary Ann became too ill to sit in the class; and when I visited her at her own home, all her reserve had vanished. Never shall I forget my last visit. Mary Ann was on her father's knee, her head resting on his shoulder. "The poor child is more comfortable here than in bed," said he. I replied, "I dare say she is: in her father's arms must be a nice place. But I think the everlasting arms of her heavenly Father are beneath her, and *He* will soon take her home." With a bright smile she exclaimed, "Teacher, we shall *all* be together there!" I read a few verses of John xiv.: she evidently enjoyed it, and as I closed the book she said, "Do sing,—

'There is a land of pure delight.'"

A little girl, who had accompanied me to see her dying school-mate, joined me in singing one or two verses. Fearing to tire her, I stopped; but Mary Ann said, "I am not tired yet: do sing it all!" We complied with her request; and, after offering a few words of prayer, I rose to go; and as I took the wasted hand in mine, I said, "Perhaps you will spend your next Sabbath in heaven." "I hope so," was the answer; and then, resting her weary, aching head upon her earthly parent, she feebly, very feebly, sang,—

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"There we shall meet at Jesu's feet,
And never part again."

With mingled feelings I left the humble abode of the dying child; sad that so fragrant a blossom should be taken from my enclosure, but rejoicing that she was about to be transplanted into the garden of God. I saw her no more on earth, but am looking forward to meet her at Jesu's feet.

Again memory was busy, and another picture sprang up before my mind's eye. It was that of a bright and blooming boy. Frequently had I noticed his ruddy cheeks and sparkling eyes, which seemed to tell of exuberant spirits and buoyant health; but one evening-hour the funeral-bell was tolled, and a little coffin was hurried into the grave-yard, and quickly put out of sight. A fell disease had stricken Amos; and parents and friends mourned his loss,—yet not without hope that the Saviour had received him into His loving bosom.

The next picture was of a little motherless girl, who had attracted all hearts to her, so fond and loving was she, and so full of merriment did her face always appear. The last Sunday she was at school I well remember.

"She left the room with a buoyant step,
With a joyous face she pass'd;
And little deem'd I, that fond 'good-by'
Would be dear Ellen's last."

But so it was: that very night poor little Ellen went to see a little friend and playmate who was in a raging fever. Unheeded she sat by the bed, and prattled away. No kindly voice warned her of danger; no tender hand removed her. She sat for some time, and then returned to the cheerless cottage she called her home; and in three short days from that Sunday evening, Ellen was on the other side the Jordan of death.

Musing on the early death of little Ellen, I reached the scene of my labours; and I humbly trust that my morning meditations had the effect of making me seek more earnestly the aid of the Holy Spirit, that I might be able to show to the dear children of my class the wisdom of seeking the Lord *early*, lest they too should be caught into eternity while yet in youthful bloom. My heart yearned over these young ones; and often since then, when I have thought of the many who have passed away into different scenes, far from our sight, and some far from recollection, and of whom we have no cheering remembrance; and of the few comparatively of whom we can say that the end of their instruction has been attained, and the prayers of their Teachers answered, that they are now ornaments to the church below, and bid fair to be pillars in the church above,—often, I say, have I bowed my head in sorrow, and prayed for myself and fellow-labourers, that we might be more "apt to teach," and be endued with the "wisdom that cometh from above." Above all, have I sought for a more ardent desire for the salvation of souls; such a desire as shall lead us to set forth Jesus so fully and lovingly as the Saviour of little children, that many may come to Him, seeking to be received as lambs of His flock. Then would our Sunday-schools become indeed hallowed spots, gardens of the Lord; and when the Redeemer shall come early to His vineyard, to see if the vines flourish, the tender grapes appear, or the pomegranates bud forth, then shall we hear the glad song of triumph, "Come, ye blessed of my Father; enter into the joy prepared for you."

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LESSING'S PICTURE OF HUSS.

The Trial of John Huss before the Council of Constance, by Lessing, is one of the few things I have seen in painting which have had power deeply to affect me. I have it not in my heart to criticise it as a mere piece of colouring and finish; though in these respects I thought it had great merits. But the picture had the power, which all high art must have, of rebuking and silencing these minor inquiries in the solemnity of its moral. I believe the highest painter often to be the subject of a sort of inspiration, by which his works have a vitality of suggestion, so that they sometimes bring to the beholder even more than he himself conceived when he created them. In this picture, the idea that most impressed me was, the representation of that more refined and subtle torture of martyrdom which consists in the incertitude and weakness of an individual against whom is arrayed the whole weight of the religious community. If, against the martyr, only the worldly and dissolute stood arrayed, he could bear it; but when the Church, claiming to be the visible representative of Christ, casts him out,—when multitudes of pious and holy souls, as yet unenlightened in their piety, look on him with horror as an infidel and blasphemer,—then comes the very wrench of the rack. As long as the body is strong, and the mind clear, a consciousness of right may sustain even this; but there come weakened hours, when, worn by prison and rack, the soul asks itself, "Can it be that all the religion and respectability of the world is wrong, and I alone right?" Such an agony Luther expressed in that almost superhuman meditation, written the night before the Diet at Worms. Such an agony, the historian tells us, John Huss passed through the night before his execution.

Now for the picture. The painter has arrayed, with consummate ability, in the foreground, a representation of the religious respectability of the age: Italian Cardinals,* in their scarlet robes, their keen intellectual, thoughtful faces shadowed by their broad hats; men whom it were no play to meet in an argument; there are grey-headed, venerable* Priests and Bishops with their seal-rings of office; all that expressed the stateliness and grandeur of what Huss had been educated to consider the true Church. In the midst of them stands Huss, habited in a simple dark robe: his sharpened features, and the yellow corpse-like pallor of his face, tell of prison and of suffering. He is defending himself; and there is a trembling earnestness in the manner with which his hand grasps the Bible. With a passionate agony he seems to say, "Am I not right? does not this word say it? and is it not the word of God?"

So have I read the moral of this noble picture; and in it I felt that I had seen an example of that true mission of art which will manifest itself more and more in this world as Christ's kingdom comes,—art which is not a mere jugglery of colours, a gymnastic display of effects, but a solemn, inspiring poetry, teaching us to live and die for that which is noblest and truest.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

* "Pious and holy souls!"

CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

At a meeting held at Manchester, in aid of the Religious Tract Society, the Rev. P. J. Saffery, the Secretary, related the following interesting circumstance:—A Christian officer who had been out reconnoitering a camp late in the evening, thought he heard singing in a ravine he was passing. He dismounted, tied his horse to a bush, and, creeping slowly and gently down, saw a number of soldiers standing at the bottom, singing a hymn which had been found at the close of one of this Society's Tracts. When the singing was over, the soldier who had given out the hymn read the Tract aloud to his comrades; and, after he had finished reading, another soldier knelt down with the rest of his comrades, and poured out his heart to God in fervent prayer, not only for those present, but for every soldier in the camp, for their country and their Queen, their kindred and friends: but what touched him most deeply was, that, with faltering voice, and evidently with deep emotion, he poured out his heart in prayer to God for the enemies they were about to engage.

* "Venerable" in the *picture.*

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"THE NEARER THE CHURCH, THE FARTHER FROM GOD."

"The nearer the church, the farther from God." This is an awful truth, the verification of which, we fear, has been frequently witnessed. There are many who live near the house of God, who seldom or never attend its services; while of them that do attend, we frequently find that they who live nearest, are generally the latest at the house of prayer.

But we have been more particularly struck, recently, with the former part of the observation, in the case of some who have lived near the house of God, and have lived to old age, and not only were ungodly during life, but, when death came, seemed to be as ignorant of the way of salvation, as if they had lived in a heathen land. And all efforts to arouse them to religious considerations on the bed of death, go to demonstrate that the time of affliction is by no means that for arousing them to proper attention to the concerns of salvation.

The writer visited one of this kind, who was so ill as to be without hope of recovery, and, what was worse, appeared regardless of the state of his soul. For the person was a backslider; or, rather, had never truly gone forward in the way of life,—for he declared that, though in years past he had been in church-membership, conversion had never taken place.

And many there are of this class, that might with truth confess, with this person, "I never had any religion." They enter into communion with the church, but, not being saved, give the most trouble while there, and are the most easily drawn away. Or, if they remain in outward fellowship, and continue unsaved, how awful is the spectacle when they come to die! Instead of being able to testify that all is well, they find the great work of life is all to be accomplished. O that God may stir us up to care more for our own souls, and make us more anxious for the conversion of those around us!

It is a thought that ought very much to affect us, that we pass by so many, when we walk from our own house to the house of God, who never hear a sermon. Can we do anything for them? or, rather, can we not do much? and are we doing all that we might be able to accomplish?

It would be well if we were to consider all places of worship the centres of districts. And would it not be well to resolve not to let any persons rest who constantly neglect the house of God, but invite them, pray with them, and use all means possible to bring them to God, that they may be saved?

The writer's mind dwells at this moment on a little cottage near one of our places of worship, crowded with a numerous family. The other day we entered, talked, and prayed with one of the members of the family, who was greatly afflicted in his body, and also distressed, much distressed, for salvation; for he felt that his soul was in danger of hell.

Well might he be in distress; for he had lived but a few yards from the house of God, so near that he must even have heard some parts of Divine service, but he constantly neglected the ordinances of religion. He appeared to be dying, and was ready to perish; for though the water of life had been flowing at his door, he had not tasted the life-giving stream; though the bread of life was broken at his threshold, yet he was ready to perish with hunger.

The visiter, having done all in his power to instruct him and guide him to the long-neglected Saviour, came away with this question deeply impressed on his mind: "Of the many hundreds of saints and Ministers,* who have often passed by this door, how many have warned him of his danger, or invited him to come to Christ?" We fear, but few, if any. Thus are the wicked taken away; but in many cases, we fear, "their blood will be required at our hands."

In calling again at this cottage, he learnt that this person's affliction had passed away, and with it all care about his soul. The man had gone again with his old companions into his former sinful courses, and was as negligent of his soul as ever. And probably people will continue to neglect this soul, until they are

[* If a Wesleyan Minister can visit all the members of his flock, he has achieved much. He needs the assistance of his brethren of the laity to gather sinners from the world.—Eds.]

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called to visit him on his deathbed, when it may be too late to help him. May God awaken the church, and so stir up His people, that they may think, feel, pray, and labour more than ever for the good of souls, especially of those who dwell around the house of God. It was once said, "The people round our chapel go to no place of worship, and are among the most wicked of the town." How often, alas! is this the case! They are *near the church, but far from God.*

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHIZERS.

MANY of our readers are doubtless aware of the recent establishment of a Society in England for the purpose of aiding Missionaries in the Turkish dominions in prosecuting their labours on a larger scale, and in stations where the so-called Christian part of the population are waiting to receive the Gospel. The following Resolutions of the American Board of Missions in New-York express, in few words, a feeling which every sincere follower of Christ will joyfully reciprocate, and which, if cherished, will do more than anything else to establish through all nations "the unity of the spirit, and the bond of peace:"—

"*Resolved*,—That this Board have heard, with the liveliest interest, of the association recently organized in Great Britain, in aid of the American Missions in the East: that they regard this action of British Christians as a valuable expression of fraternal confidence and regard, and as a testimony before the world to the true catholicity of Evangelical Missions.

"*Resolved*,—That, in accepting the aid and trust, the Board pledge themselves, not only to the faithful use of this transatlantic aid, according to their best discretion, but also to a deeper interest in, and livelier regard for, all the numerous and useful Missions established by the churches of Great Britain; and from this valuable aid the Board anticipate a better and mightier co-operation in all those great Christian enterprises, in which England, Scotland, Ireland, America, and all of every tongue, who love our Lord Jesus Christ, shall constitute one 'allied army' for the subjugation of the whole world to God."

The Editor of the "Missionary Herald," the organ of the American Board, referring to the discussion which ensued, remarks, that "British Christians would have felt stronger for their conflicts with superstition and error, could they have heard the words that were uttered in that brief hour; and, especially, could they have seen the response thereto which beamed from every countenance. The mother and the daughter, as against the enemies of our common Protestant faith, are one."

BANK OF IRELAND, DUBLIN.

WHEN the foundation-stone of any great public building is laid, little do the spectators consider to what the building may be applied in future days. When the Parthenon, the great temple to Minerva at Athens, was erected, who thought then that it would become a Mohammedan mosque? then a Greek church?—and when the writer was there, it was barracks for the Bavarian soldiers. If I might venture to change *one* word in a well-known verse which describes it, it would convey the thought fully:

> "*Opinions* take their turn:
> 'Twas Jove's, 'tis Mahomet's; and other creeds
> Will rise with other years."

Again: who that stood in the Coliseum at Rome would have thought that it would become a Romish chapel? as also, in the Pantheon, where the statues of the gods stood, in their places are now seen those of the "saints." Instances might be multiplied; but who can stand in the Bank of Ireland, and hear the tinkling of the gold and silver, the rustling of the bank-notes, the incessant stir of the men of money, and not think on the contrast where in profound silence the audience once listened to the eloquence of legislators, the powerful words of statesmen, planning for the country's weal?

The building itself is thought one of the finest edifices in Europe. It stands on an area of one acre and a half; and was commenced in 1729, but not completed until 1785. Here the Parliament of Ireland sat until the Union of 1800; and soon after that

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celebrated event the Parliament House was purchased by the Directors of the Bank of Ireland. The House of Lords is still preserved in its original state, famous for its old tapestry, representing the siege of Derry, and the battle of the Boyne. Here also is a marble statue of George III., by Bacon; and an interesting model of the Bank is shown. There are three fronts to the Bank of Ireland: the principal one, towards College-green, is one hundred and forty-seven feet in extent. The grand portico is of the Ionic order, having the royal arms, over which is the figure of Hibernia supported by Fidelity and Commerce. That part of the building which faces College-street is a beautiful Corinthian portico of six pillars, on which stand the figures of Fortitude, Justice, and Liberty. The western portico is Ionic.

Sittingbourne. W. O. C.

PRIVATE PRAYER.

"PHILOSOPHY," said the good and great Richard Watson, "asks a reason for the offering of prayer, and, waiting for an answer, never prays at all. Religion hears that God will be inquired of by us, thankfully bends the knee, touches the golden sceptre, and bears away the blessing." An apology for prayer is neither needed nor attempted here, as we write for those who admit its adaptation to man's utter dependency, and perhaps who pray themselves. We ask no other reason for calling upon the name of the Lord, than the single command of our great Prophet: "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." This is our authority, our argument, for private prayer; sitting, as it does, like a jewel on the bosom of that all-perfect body of divinity, the Sermon on the Mount. Prayer is to be made in the house of God, at the family-altar, and in the closet. Each of these lays claim to advantages peculiarly its own; and perhaps it would be difficult to determine which would bear away the palm, if subjected to a rigid comparison.

With David, we have "loved the habitation of God's house," and freely confess a high admiration of his enthusiastic love to public prayer. We honour the man who can climb to the highest pinnacle of earth, and, having his eye armed with telescopic power by faith, can pierce the heavens, that upper world of glory, and gaze with intelligent and adoring rapture upon the magnitude, order, beauty, and lustre of the works of God's fingers; but we honour him the more because, having had his desire to see God whetted like that of Bacon in Nature's temple, he can then descend its steps, that he may ascend the "hill of the Lord," and "behold the beauty of the Lord" as it shines forth from "between the cherubim."

As we have already shown, the family-altar commands our high attachment, associated as it is with our dearest memories.*

The closet, however, possesses its own high and separate claims; which for a moment we consider. There is its hallowed privacy. No eye but One can penetrate the walls of that Bethel; no ear but One can listen to those groans unutterable. The world, the outer world of noise and show, of pleasure, of fashion, of trade, of politics, is all excluded. Here is no war-cry, no Parliamentary debate, no trading speculation: all are shut out. Here is no "hurrying strife," nor

> "Noisy burst of selfish love,
> Which swells the formal song;"

but, drawing around her a veil impenetrable to the world, the soul, like Moses with unshod foot, draws near to God, and there, prostrate, pays her profoundest adoration, confesses her most secret sins, pours forth the deepest feelings of a grateful heart in holy incense of thanksgiving; and, having taken the Name which can alone prevail, adds petition to petition, and intercession to intercession, until the heavens are opened, and an answer of peace descends, with a flood of glory, to bless the worshipper. Men do not become giants all at once: ordinarily they must be trained for great and noble action. Go to the Senate; listen to that peerless amongst the Peers. How his eloquence fixes all eyes, fastens all ears; and, like an overwhelming torrent, carries conviction with him. Whence hath this man this power? Doubtless he is highly gifted

* "Christian Miscellany" for 1854, p. 324, "Neglected Things."

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by nature; but if you would find the secret of his success, you must follow him to his study, where he trains and disciplines his powers, and thence issues forth to take his lofty flights, and carry his important measures. So it is in the closet that the Christian gathers strength for the duties of the Christian life. Here the orators of the church prepare to declare the whole counsel of God; here the martyrs of the church prepare to bleed; and here the humble child of God is prepared to shine in all the walks of life, to fight all the battles of life, and to surmount all the difficulties of life. Coming out of his closet, he is like the sun when he goeth forth in his strength. For

> "Satan trembles when he sees
> The weakest saint upon his knees."

Whence came thy mysterious name, O Israel, Prince of God? "At Peniel, where, having forwarded the women and the children, the flocks, the herds, and the camels, to appease Esau, I wrestled all night in secret." Whence came thy heroism, O Daniel, by which thou didst brave the ferocity of lions? "In my chamber, whose lattice opened towards Jerusalem." Ye confessors and martyrs, whence came your great power? With united breath they cry, "We entered our closet, and prayed to our Father, which seeth in secret; and we are rewarded openly."

A closetless piety is a feeble piety. Like the Chinese foot, it is cramped and unnatural; like the painted flower, although ingenious and pretty, it is destitute of the freshness and fragrance of God's own handywork. It is not the flower of God. A closetless piety is a very slender thing. It cannot see far, for its eye is dim; it cannot grasp tightly, for its hand is weak; it cannot speak much, for its voice is feeble; it cannot labour much, for its strength is small. This dwarfish thing does little for the church, or for the world, or for Christ; and when a church is made up of such dwarfs, what must be the influence, the efforts, the prospects of that church?

We do not presume to determine the number of times a Christian ought to retire within the sanctuary of the closet. We have read of a royal Monarch, who, amidst the multifarious and anxious engagements of a troubled kingdom, resolved thus: "Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray and cry aloud; and He shall hear my voice." And, as though this were not sufficient, on another occasion he forms the holy resolve: "Seven times a day will I praise Thee, because of Thy righteous judgments." We have also read of a Prince President at the Court of Babylon, who, notwithstanding he was the object of Court intrigue, envy, and malice, "went into his house, and his windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed and gave thanks before his God." Washington was accustomed to retire to the woods on all cases of emergency, to seek direction from God. A little Hottentot girl was seen very often to retire behind the bush: the Missionary asked her the reason; the reply was, "I go to pray, Sir." We ourselves recollect a sainted man, who is now with the "hundred and forty and four thousand," who was accustomed habitually, on rising from his meals, to retire to his chamber, that, after supplying the wants of the body, he might strengthen his soul with angels' food. While, therefore, we cannot determine the number of times this solemn duty should be observed, we venture to point to the above examples as worthy of imitation, and also to suggest the importance of *fixed times* for prayer. "Any time is no time." Want of system, and want of punctuality, not only produce confusion, but not unfrequently lead on to total neglect: the very rock on which we are anxious to throw a torch of flame.

"But how do you know that private prayer is neglected? The closet is sacred ground; and no one can enter it but its sole proprietor, except as a spy, or a busybody in other men's matters: you have no right to judge in this matter." Dear reader, we feel some force in this objection; and deny that we have any desire to intrude into the sacred domain of private devotion, or to sit in judgment upon our brother. But if a feeble piety is a true index; if a neglected Sabbath, Bible, prayer-meeting, class-meeting, be any evidence of a neglected closet, such evidence abounds around us; and the one

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EYE, that has the right to penetrate the walls of all closets in the universe, witnesses an awful neglect of this appointed duty.

The first converts to the truth in Africa were exemplary for their punctuality and zeal in private devotion. They had no chambers to go to, but each had his separate spot in the jungle, where he was wont to commune with God. The several paths to these little Bethels became distinctly marked; and when any one of them began to decline in the way of God, it soon became manifest to the others, and they would kindly remind him of his duty by saying, "Broder, de grass grow on your path yonder." We close this paper by affectionately asking the question, "Brother, does the grass grow on *thy* path?"

Wantage. E. S.

A BAD HABIT.

"O MOTHER, I am *tired to death!*" said Jane Mills, as she threw herself into a chair on her return from school.

"*Tired to death!*" repeated her mother, slowly.

"Yes, mother, I am; *almost*, I mean," she added.

"No, my daughter, not even *almost*," said Mrs. Mills.

"Well, at any rate," continued Jane, "I would not walk from here to school again, to-day, *for anything in the world!*"

"O yes, you would, my dear," said her mother, gently.

"No, mother, I am *sure I would not*: I am certain *nothing would tempt me.*"

"But I am nearly certain you could be induced to go without any urging," answered her mother.

"Well, mother, try me, and see if anything could make me willing to go."

"Suppose," said Mrs. Mills, "I should offer to take you with me to the panorama this afternoon? I expect to visit it."

"Do you, mother?" said Jane, with great animation. "May I go? You promised to take me when you went."

"I intended to have done so," replied her mother; "but the place where it is exhibited is a very long way beyond your school."

"But I am quite rested now, dear mother!" said Jane: "I would not fail of going *for all the world!* Why do you smile, mother?"

"To think what an inconsistent little daughter I have."

"What do you mean by *inconsistent*, mother?"

"Why, when a little girl says one minute that she would not walk a particular distance '*for anything in the world*,' and in the next minute says, '*she would not fail*' of walking still farther '*for all the world*,' she not only talks inconsistently and extravagantly, but foolishly. It is a very bad habit to use such expressions.

"Yesterday, when you came home from school, you said you were almost frightened out of your life; and when I inquired as to the cause of your alarm, you replied that you had *met as many as a thousand cross dogs* on your way home from school. Now, my daughter, I wish you to break yourself of this bad habit. When you are tired, or hungry, or frightened, use the simple words that express your meaning. For instance, you may be tired, very tired, or exceedingly tired; or you may be alarmed, or frightened, or terrified.

"From this time, let your lips speak the thing you mean. The Bible says, 'Let your yea be yea, and your nay nay;' and adds, that 'whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.' Will you try to remember what I have been saying, and strive to correct this fault, my dear child?" said Mrs. Mills.

"Yes, dear mother," replied Jane; "for I know it is wrong, and I feel ashamed and sorry for it."

"Well, my dear," added her mother, "IMPROVE! And now you may get ready to go with me to see the panorama."—*Teacher's Offering.*

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

A GRUMBLING old man has often remarked to me, that religion among the Methodists in old times was much better than it is now; for then there was such union and love among the people, which he cannot see now. Poor man! (for I always think him so to be;) although he adds house to house, and has much goods laid up for many years, he

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drops in his penny at the quarterly collection: and as for the Missions, he does not think the Missionaries have half the money that is collected; so, to make sure that his money shall not be misapplied, he keeps it in his own pocket. If religion prospered with him, I should not be able to understand the Bible. As for my own experience, I reside in a country-town in Devonshire, and I never go without my blessings; but on Monday evening, December 4th, 1854, I was exceedingly tempted to believe that, for the first time since I received my peace, four years and a half ago, I should not receive the accustomed blessing. I went up to the house of prayer, as is my never-failing custom if in the town, knelt down, and prayed that the Lord would comfort my soul, and not send me away empty. Satan set upon me with all his power, so that I felt life more bitter than death: my faith seemed to be powerless and without any effect. My good Leader had often told me not to parley with Satan: so I turned directly to the Scriptures to remember what the Lord said about it, and found,—"Draw nigh unto Me, and I *will* draw nigh unto you." I thought that was very encouraging; thought on again, and found,—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain you." I thought within myself, "Some are *afraid* to cast their burden on the Lord, and others do not try; but the Lord tells me to do so: I won't carry it away, if I can help it." I had been praying during half the meeting for myself; and, rising up after the third prayer, the Leader said to me, "Brother ——, will you give out a verse?" I thought on my numerous mercies; that the Lord had not failed to give me blessings for the last four years and a half, and never turned me empty away from any meeting; and it surely became me to give out a verse of praise. Satan suggested it would be "presumption in my present state" to do so. I thought, "I will," and gave out,—

"Glory to God, whose sovereign grace
Hath animated senseless stones;
Call'd us to stand before His face,
And raised us into Abraham's sons."

And before I had finished praying, which was for three or four minutes, my inmost soul was lit up with the brightest beams of my heavenly Father's smile; and I returned, praising God that there was no occasion for me, or any one else, to go away without the choicest blessings. God is with us as much as ever. I am impressed with this command: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." M. C.

PROPOSED EVANGELICAL HOSPITAL AT GENOA.

(*To the Editor of "L'Eco di Savonarola."*)

My beloved Brother in the faith of Jesus Christ,

In these days the Popish Priests write in a very positive manner,—"God hath visited us in His wrath;" on account of the apostasy of those who abandon the Papacy for the Gospel of Divine grace. The truth is, the word of God makes much more impression on the minds of those who hear it than the bulls, decrees, and pastorals of those who make the salvation of the soul to depend on the dictum of a fallible mortal. Liberal institutions and a free press also prompt the cry,—"God hath visited us in His wrath." But to this the same free and enlightened press replies triumphantly. For ourselves, the followers of Christ, we believe that no evil emanates from God; but that Satan is sometimes permitted to afflict us, as he did Job, in order to try our faith.

The cholera was kept concealed for some days; but on the 24th of July, I think, it was officially announced. Terror seized almost every mind, and numerous departures soon took place. The authorities adopted the most speedy mode of alleviating and providing for the afflicted in this sad emergency. The city-officers spared nothing; but, fearing a popular tumult, as predicted by the Clergy, provided every one with work who applied for it, that nothing might be wanting for the support of the distressed families.

The first of our brethren who yielded to the dire disease was Bruschi, of Pontedera; the second was Campalbini, of Florence. But as the first resided beyond the precincts of the city, and the latter in the house of Sig. Geymonat, the Pastor of the Waldensian church here, we had not an opportunity of experiencing the treatment

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and rules of the hospitals. We knew, however, that an individual named Griva, recently arrived from Turin, was taken to a lazaretto, and that neither the Vaudois Pastor, nor other brethren, were able to visit him.

It occurred to the mind of one of our most zealous Evangelists to make an appeal to the brethren, to organize relief for any of our members who might be attacked with cholera. Another proposed to convert the school and chapel into a temporary hospital. The latter proposition was favourably received by the brethren: a subscription was opened, a committee was formed, and next day the first patient was received into the schools: others have since been admitted; and we intend to follow out the same plan as long as the Lord shall permit us. All are not confined to the hospital, but those who wish to remain at their own houses are also assisted. A doctor, and both male and female attendants, are constantly in attendance by night and day. Many persons whom we do not even know come to ask advice and medicine, because they seem (as the ignorant often do) suspicious of the remedies administered.

This imperative work was begun with money only sufficient for a single patient; and I write to say that if you can help us, do. I feel that you would be sorry not to be made acquainted with the wants of the brethren, that you might pray for us that we may be blessed with our Father's presence, whether it be in life or in death. Pray for us, and invite others to pray for us, that through the aid of the Holy Spirit we may persevere unto the end.

But I had almost forgotten the principal scope of this letter. It is an acknowledged fact that the Protestants endure many vexations in the hospitals from the Romish Monks. Now it is in this port more than others that the ships of Protestant nations remain. The poor victims of disease must necessarily fall under the care of the Capuchin Monks, and be tormented with all the pertinacity of Rome's agents. If you could propose a subscription either for our immediate relief, or towards founding a small "Protestant Hospital," it would be a great source of blessing to many.

In case the cholera should mercifully be withdrawn before the money was applied, the funds collected might be reserved for the proposed permanent hospital. This would give the impetus to what hereafter will be greatly needed.

I remain

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

FEDELE BETTI.

[Not only among Italian Protestants, but in British hospitals, persons of the same sort are doing incalculable mischief. —EDS.]

THE ROSE.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ, in a lecture upon the trees of America, stated a remarkable fact in regard to the family of the rose; which includes among its varieties not only many of the most beautiful flowers which are known, but also the richest fruits, such as the apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, &c.; namely, that no fossils of plants belonging to this family have ever been discovered by geologists. This he regarded as conclusive evidence that the introduction of this family of plants upon the earth was coeval with, or subsequent to, the creation of man, to whose comfort and happiness they seem specially designed by Providence to contribute.

THE SYRIAN LEPER.

IN the cloudless depths of an eastern sky
The beauteous summer slept,
While the parting gleams of its purpled dye
Like a rainbow-spirit swept,
Till the vales of Canaan were bathed in light;
And away to the ocean-shore,
By the Tyrian river from Hermon's height
It pass'd the forests o'er;
And softly it glanced on the deepening green,
And the citron-blossom with silvery sheen
O'er its golden fruit hung low,—
Like a delicate tissue of cloudlets seen
On the moonbeam's rising glow.
It faded: yet deep was the spell it wrought,
For a lesson that vision of beauty taught.

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Proudly a leper stoop'd down from his car,
For a voice had reach'd to his palace afar,
That the Lord of Israel's host
Had a mighty Prophet there.
But wrathful he strode from the healing word;
For he deem'd the Seer would invoke his Lord.
"Away with your witless boast!
And dost thou mine anger dare?
Is this the pomp of the mighty God?
Thy temple this, and thy charméd rod!"
And in ire to his gorgeous couch he sprang,
And his chariot-wheels through the portal rang.

"My father, despise not the Prophet! the deed
Thou hast learn'd of him may be just thy need.
O Sire! had it been to earn
Some costly boon, how wouldst thou have sought,
Till Adamah's wealth to his feet were brought:
O, turn thee, lord, return!"

"I thank thee!" At once to the glancing flood
They haste; and the mystic virtue sped,
Till the blush of health o'er the leper spread.
But a twofold cure had the Prophet wrought;
For the Syrian again his dwelling sought,
And meekly before him stood.
And his heart was filling with glory;
And he turn'd him in worship to Israel's Lord,—
The Mighty in greatness, the Wondrous in word;
And Syria learn'd the story.

What words were those that had power to quell
The burst of that passion's angry swell!
They came by unseen fingers sped,
Where the unseen power of the Highest led.
'Twas a voice to save.—O! blest is the word
That bringeth the lost one back to his Lord:
'Tis a word fitly spoken; it lives through all time,
For comfort in sorrow, for warning in crime.
O, priceless the beauty its breathings unfold,
Like blossoms of silver o'er apples of gold.

W.

CONTENTMENT.

If health or sickness be my lot,
A palace or a lowly cot,
I feel to me it matters not;
For Thou, my God, art here.
The bread of ease, of toil, of care,
Alike to me Thy blessings are;
E'en death itself, the morning star
Of yon celestial sphere.

T. E.

BATTLE.*

We have seen the commencement of this war; but only "He who declares the end from the beginning" can see its termination. In the present "shaking of the nations," however, the people of God have no great cause for alarm; for "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," and He will make the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder of his wrath He will restrain. Still, these words of the Prophet are really touching, "My bowels, my bowels! I am pained at my very heart; for Thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war." We hear, even now, as it were "the noise of a multitude in the mountains, like as of a great people; a tumultuous noise of the kingdoms of nations gathered together: the Lord of Hosts mustereth the host of the battle. Yea, the noise of the rattling wheels, and of the prancing horses; for the horseman lifteth up the bright sword, that there may be a multitude of slain upon the field. For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood." It has been truly said, "The horrors of war are hid under its dazzling dress and gold-hilted sword. The real music of war is the shriek of the wounded, and the faint groans of the dying."

I do not see it to be my duty, however, to enter deeply into this bloody subject;

* Narrative of the Life and Travels of Serjeant Butler, written by Himself. Johnstone and Hunter.

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yet I must not pass over the privations, hardships, and dangers of a soldier in the time of war, as it may be seasonable to show those who are disposed to enter the army some of the circumstances in which they may be placed. I am the more inclined to follow this line of conduct when I consider these awfully-important words, "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?" I now see it to be my imperative duty to give some account of a soldier's life in the time of war; and I will begin with the burden which they have to carry, both upon the march and in the field of battle. They have, first, sixty rounds of ball-cartridges in their pouch and cartridge-box, taken together. Then two or three days' provisions in their haversack, when they are to be obtained; but that is sometimes not the case. Then their knapsack full of clothes, &c., and a camp-blanket rolled up on the top of it. The whole weight each man has to carry, therefore, is forty pounds and upwards; and with this cumbrous burden they have to prime, load, and fire as fast as they can, and even to charge the enemy with every nerve strained to the utmost extent of endurance.

I have inquired of a number of old soldiers who were at the battle of Waterloo and other hard engagements, if they were not in a state of great perturbation when they entered the field of conflict, and all of them confessed that they were; but added, that no sooner did they see some of their comrades lying slain before them, than, from that moment, they were so determined to avenge their blood that all fear of death completely fled. You have here a few more statements which were given me; and from them some conception may be formed of a battle-field:—

"When two bodies of opposing combatants had spent several rounds upon each other, there was often an order given to charge the enemy. This was counted a deadly manœuvre against the French. At this time there were two or three regiments of horse stationed behind the men who were to make the charge, and when the bayonets had put the enemy into a state of confusion, then the horsemen galloped down with their swords, and cut them off by scores, or even by hundreds!" This was dreadful work. It is absolutely needful, however, to have an heroic spirit in exercise, if the soldier would be victorious in these awful circumstances. This we may learn both from Scripture and experience: "Ye approach this day against your enemies: let not your hearts faint, fear not, and do not tremble." (Deut. xx. 3.) "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead." (Judges vii. 3.) I have given you two passages from Scripture in proof of what I have quoted, out of a great many that might be quoted. I will also give two illustrations, taken from a variety I could bring forward. The one I shall now lay before you is from some men of the 71st regiment. The reasons why I have selected this regiment are, first, I have the charge of more men who belonged to the 71st than of any other regiment in the service. Second, I can depend upon their concurrent testimony. Third, it is of that regiment I am going to tell the story. Fourth and last, a great proportion of the men were enlisted at Glasgow.

The 71st Highland Light Infantry, or, as it has been generally called since the following circumstance, "the Glasgow regiment," happened to be engaged in the street of a town in Spain, which resembled the Gallowgate of Glasgow; and the Colonel, observing his men giving way before a superior number of the French, tried what a word in season could do to rouse them, and he bawled out with a stentorian voice, "Let them taste the steel, *my brave Glasgow heroes, and drive them down the Gallowgate.*" The effect produced upon the men was like an electric shock; and when the enemy saw the kilties coming down upon them with the naked steel, they fled in all directions from the dreaded points of their bristling bayonets. But many of these fugitives "felt the iron enter into their soul, the stout-hearted slept their sleep; and none

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of the men of might again found their hands."

The second illustration I will give the reader is taken from the battle of Waterloo, in the historian's own words: "A column of two thousand men bore down upon the position occupied by the 92d Highlanders, which, from the galling fire, and the losses it had sustained, was now reduced to the number of two hundred men. This small but heroic band shrunk not from the unequal contest. They did not even wait for the attack; but, forming themselves into line, and presenting a narrow yet compact front, they charged upon the column with such impetuosity that they pierced their centre; when the Scotch Greys, profiting by the confusion, dashed in at the opening, and made sad havock among the French. The two regiments then cheered each other, shouting, 'Scotland for ever!' The enemy were to a man either killed or taken prisoners."

Now, my reader, we could not but wonder at and even admire the noble daring of these brave heroes, were the men slain in battle "like the beasts that perish;" but when we remember that the weal or woe of eternity depended upon that awful moment of carnage, we should rather lament and mourn for sin, which has prepared men to destroy each other as now described. But since, in the mysterious providence of God, war is again "making its desolations in the earth," let you and I, who tarry at home, divide the spoil by encountering the enemies of our nation with the sword of the Spirit; "praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance," "that the Lord would protect those who jeopard their lives upon the high places of the field, that He would teach their hands to war, and their fingers to fight, and crown their head in the day of battle." Let us pray especially that the Omnipotent Jehovah "would scatter the people who delight in war, and that He would turn their counsels into foolishness;" that the Lord would hasten the happy time "when wars shall cease to the ends of the earth; when He will break the bow, cut the spear in sunder, and burn the chariot in the fire. Then shall men beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. Then shall the wolf dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Then instead of the war-cry, "Order the buckler and shield," it shall be said, in the tender accents of love, "O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord."

ON LETTING THINGS ALONE.

THERE are many excellent maxims of a practical kind, which, if properly estimated, would add much to the comfort and happiness of domestic life. "What is worth doing," says one, "is worth doing well." Things, however, cannot be done well without attending to them; but if there be wisdom in attending to things, there is also an equal amount of prudence in other cases in letting things alone.

Some people have a sad habit of neglecting their own affairs and attending to those of their neighbours. John Merton and his wife Margery were a couple of this kind; and the consequence was, that they were almost always in "hot-water" with those around them. John in his boyhood once nearly lamed himself for life, by playing with the edge-tools of a carpenter; and Margery, when a girl, all but poisoned herself, by eating of a white powder which she had discovered in a cupboard, and mistaken for sugar. These occurrences ought to have impressed their minds with the advantage of letting things alone: such a result, however, did not follow. They grew up to be meddlers, and hardly was a bunch of stinging-nettles more disagreeable.

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Ambrose Allen had a wrangle with his wife. True it was but about a trifle; but when people quarrel, they are equally angry whether a mole-hill or a mountain be the cause of contention. From bitter words they came to brutal blows. At this stage of the proceeding, John Merton ran to take the part of Mrs. Allen; but no sooner did he attack her husband, then she flew at him like a tiger, so that, what with her finger-nails, and her husband's fists, John Merton was so roughly handled that he was fain to fly for safety. "He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears."

Margery Merton having heard that a laundress and a washerwoman in the neighbourhood, who once were bosom friends, were looking shy at each other, acted the part of a busy-body by paying a visit to each of them, wilfully blowing up the dying embers of their estrangement into a flame. It happened, however, soon after, that the washerwoman and the laundress were reconciled; and then came out the double-dealing of Margery Merton. They went to her together; and never, sure, did woman ever get a more severe dressing with the tongue, than that which they gave her.

When strife and angry words accrue,
With which we nothing have to do,
A sounder maxim is not known
Than that of letting things alone.

The workmen at the factory on the hill had struck for wages, and the wives and children of some of them had suffered sadly on account of their husbands being out of work. The affair was at last settled by the masters giving way, and the men were on the morrow again to go to the factory at new wages. John Merton, however, could not lose so excellent an opportunity of "having a finger in the pie." Two or three of the leading men were known to him: so he told them that now was their time, that their masters were obliged to give way, and that they might as well have another sixpence as not. The men foolishly listened to him, and demanded another sixpence; which so exasperated their masters, that they resolved, unless the men returned at their old wages, they should not return at all. This, at last, they were obliged to do, muttering maledictions against that meddling fool, John Merton. "It is an honour for a man to cease from strife; but every fool will be meddling."

Mary Holt, a servant at the rectory, having been impertinent to her mistress, had notice to leave; but as she had conducted herself better, there was every prospect of her fault being overlooked. In this attitude of things, Margery Merton, who knew Mary, must interfere; she must stand by her, and see her righted. Off she went to the rectory, where she behaved herself so intemperately, that poor Mary was packed off at a moment's warning, having no one to thank but her meddling friend Margery Merton for the loss of a good situation.

Reader, are you a meddler? If so, whatever be your position, you are one to be shunned. An idler is an evil, and a tattler is still worse; but both put together are not so great a plague as a meddler.

Again I say,—

When strife and angry words accrue,
With which we nothing have to do,
A sounder maxim is not known
Than that of letting things alone.

A WORD IN SEASON.

A POOR blacksmith, bending with age and weakness, was passing through a country village: he stopped at a good woman's cottage, and rested himself on the railing before the door. The pious dame came out, and the weary traveller remarked that his time here would be short; he was often ailing: he added, "Ah, Nanny! I shan't be long for this world, I reckon!" She thought of his words, and replied, "Well, John, then I hope you'll *prepare* for your journey!" The blacksmith passed on, and his call was soon forgotten by Nanny; but that simple sentence was impressed on his memory by the Spirit of God, never to be erased. He pondered it while walking home, and soon consumption laid him on a bed of pain. Again and again did he think about "the journey," and about being "prepared" for it. He began to pray, and all around him were continually

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hearing the old woman's advice. No pious friends were near to converse with him, but it is confidently believed that the aged sinner was led to look to the Saviour through the simple incident related above. Almost his last breath was spent in thanking God that the good old woman ever warned him.

Reader, when thou seest an aged sinner drawing near to the gates of death, neglect not to give him a timely warning: it may be that God shall seal it on his heart. If thou pass him by, God may require his blood at thy hands. "Be instant in season, and out of season:" sow beside all waters, that thou mayest reap a glorious harvest at the coming of the Son of Man. E. A. G.

BEING CONTENTED.

Be seized, dear friend, with a very dreadful idea of your own sufficiency. Distrust your own competency to walk straight; your own ability to detect shams from realities; your own power to see, even from one moment to another, what is best for you. Groan not so for the good things of this life, because it happens to be the fashion. Fill not your mind with golden visions; long not so intensely for those one or two little things which you think, after all, fate might really accord you. Above all, be more disposed to regard the wheelbarrow than the coach and four; the table spread with bread and cheese, than the banquet-board groaning with its plate. If you sleep well, be happy! Remember, man leads two lives,—his days and *his dreams;* and if you are safe as to the latter, accept the former as the very best that could be allotted you. Depend upon it, that the only things which are worth attention in this world, are those nearest at hand; and that, if you have a clear mind, a *small opinion of yourself*, and good resolutions, you are as happy as a Prince, ay, and as powerful too!

THE TWO MISERS.

A miser living in Kufa had heard that in Bassora also there dwelt a miser, more miserly than himself, to whom he might go to school, and from whom he might learn much. He forthwith journeyed thither, and presented himself to the great master as an humble commencer in the art of avarice, anxious to learn, and under him to become a student. "Welcome!" said the miser of Bassora; "we will straight go into the market to make some purchase." They went to the baker. "Hast thou good bread?" "Good, indeed, my masters, and fresh and soft as butter." "Mark this, friend," said the man of Bassora to the one of Kufa; "butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two; as we can only consume a small quantity of that, it will also be the cheaper; and we shall therefore act more wisely, and more savingly too, in being satisfied with butter." They then went to the butter-merchant, and asked if he had good butter. "Good, indeed, and flavoury and fresh as the finest olive-oil," was the answer. "Mark this also," said the host to his guest; "oil is compared with the very best butter, and, therefore, by much ought to be preferred to the latter." They next went to the oil-vender. "Have you good oil?" "The very best quality; white and transparent as water," was the reply. "Mark that, too," said the miser of Bassora to the one of Kufa; "by this rule water is the very best: now at home I have a pailful, and most hospitably therewith will I entertain you." And, indeed, on their return, nothing but water did he place before his guest, because they had learned that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, butter than bread. "God be praised!" said the miser of Kufa, "I have not journeyed this long distance in vain!"

THE PRAYER ANSWERED, AND THE VOW PAID.

Tupper, in his "Proverbial Philosophy," says, "Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of Omnipotence;" and a beautiful simile it is. That God in an extraordinary manner honours fervent, faithful prayer, we have abundant testimony in the inspired volume. Perhaps some who read the "Miscellany" have, in the volume of their own life, had illustrations of its efficacy.

The following facts afford a striking instance of signal answer to prayer:—

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A sprightly, blooming child of nine years, whose animated, interesting little face caused many a thrill of gladness in the heart of her parents,—and often did they bless their God that He had given them such a bud of promise,—suddenly sickened and drooped. The unmistakable symptoms of fever soon manifested themselves, and the disease increased rapidly. Physicians adopted the most active measures, nurses were indefatigable, the grief-stricken parents watched beside the afflicted little one with intense anxiety; everything human skill could suggest was tried to arrest its progress; but the combination of efforts appeared unavailing. The fever assumed a most alarming form; all pulsation had apparently ceased; although a lighted candle was held close to the face, the eyelid fell not.

For more than a week she continued in a state of deathlike insensibility. All who entered the chamber, save one, felt as if it were the chamber of death. The physicians, having exhausted all their resources to no purpose, at length pronounced the heart-sickening words, "There is not a ray of hope!" What! was there not one remedy yet untried? Could there be no faint glimmering of hope? Must this tender bud be nipped by the chilling blast before it had expanded into beauty? Must this darling girl be yielded up to the cold embrace of death?

Bitter thought! Groans of deep anguish burst forth from the troubled fountain of parental love. Prayers, "with strong crying and tears," were poured out to God on high for the child's life. The parents made a solemn vow unto the Lord, that if He would spare her, she should be dedicated to His service: they would offer their lamb upon the altar of their hearts, and she should be His for ever.

Again they prayed; but it seemed as if the heavens were brass, and God had forgotten to be merciful. But "hope, the charmer, lingered still" in the father's bosom; and it was resolved that a Minister, a holy and devoted man, should be sent for. Perhaps the Lord would yet regard the affliction of His servant and handmaid, and avert the dread blow. The man of God arrived at the house of mourning: the father said, "Let us again try whether there will be any efficacy in prayer;" and urged that intercession might be made for the child's life. The Minister knelt beside the couch; and those who bowed with him at the throne of grace, will long remember that season. He prayed as those only pray who live near to God; he grew fervent, and yet more fervent still; it became agonizing prayer. Borne on the wings of faith, he appeared to have access into the "holy of holies." "As a Prince he *had power with God, and prevailed.*"

"O wondrous power of faithful prayer!"

The covenant-God fulfilled the promise, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." From that day the little sufferer manifested signs of life; speech was restored, she gradually revived, and after many weeks regained perfect health.

We pass over her youth, merely remarking that great gentleness and sweetness characterized her childhood, and that after a few years she chose the God of Abraham as *her* God; and come to the period when her parents' gratitude, and the sincerity of their vows, were put to the test. The daughter's hand was sought by a Wesleyan Missionary. "Vow, and pay unto the Lord thy vows," says the Psalmist. There was a conflict, but of momentary duration; for, remembering the day when they "cried unto the Lord in their distress," the father and mother withheld not their beloved daughter from the servant of Christ, who was about to repair to distant climes, there "to labour or to die," but gave her up, for the sake of Him "who bought her with a price." Just before the departure, her father* dedicated to her the following lines:—

"Jehovah calls thee! hearken to His voice,
Nor cast a lingering, anxious look behind;
For what are country, friends, and cheerful home?
He bids thee "all forsake," whose smile is home;
Whose friendship more than compensates for all.
That call obey: the "better country" seek,
Where pain comes not, and parting is no more.
The messenger of peace requires thine aid:
Go, cheer him midst his toils, his wants supply;
By thy sweet influence soothe his every care;
And when thou'rt needed most, a helpmeet prove

* Who is now with the redeemed in glory.

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To the ambassador of Christ. 'Tis not
To barbarous nations, nor to savage hordes,
Whose war-whoop shocks the ear, he wends his way;
But to thy peaceful shores, thy genial clime,
Our own Australia, to thy favour'd sons
We send the blessed legate of the skies.
Go, then, dear ——; for thou art the Lord's:
At first He gave us thee, or rather lent,
And then, in answer to His servant's prayer,
He snatch'd thee from the very grasp of death.
We now present thee, with a cheerful heart,
A free-will offering to our God and thine.
Live to His glory, magnify His name.
Farewell, my child! we part to meet in heaven."

It was beautiful to see the youthful Missionary and his bride, as they bade adieu to friends whom they were never more to meet on earth. Fortitude and sweet serenity were written on their brow. Emotion, too deep for utterance, was betrayed only by the quivering lip. Many hearts were made sorrowful that morning; but all who beheld that devoted pair blessed them.

ROSALIE.

A HISTORIAN'S TESTIMONY.

A JUDICIOUS historian has said respecting the fictitious writers of the last century, —and those of the present are no improvement upon them,—that if we should divide them into a thousand parts, five hundred of these parts must be at once condemned as so contemptibly frivolous as to render the perusal of them a most criminal waste of time. Four hundred and ninety-nine of the five hundred parts he pronounces positively corrupting in their influence.

CLASS-LEADERS, BE FAITHFUL!

"Oft did I with the' assembly join,
And near Thine altar drew;
A *form* of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew."

"How do you feel the state of your mind?" inquired a Leader, on being sent for to visit one of his sick and dying members. "Feel!" he replied, with a look of horror that cannot be described; "feel! I feel that it is all wrong: and you must have known that it was wrong with me, meeting in class with you as I have done for nearly twenty years. You must have known," continued he, "that I had nothing of religion but the profession; yet you never told me of it; and now I am about to pass into eternity, although awfully unprepared.—I charge *you*," said the dying man, "I charge you, be more faithful with others than you have been with me; or otherwise resign your office." These were some of his last words. It is to be feared that this scene, so awful to record, and still more awful to have witnessed, has but too many parallels. Class-Leaders! be admonished.

"Who hath ears to hear, let him hear."

R. B.

[The writer is himself a Class-Leader. —EDS.]

THE DYING SOLDIER'S LITANY.

FROM the gloomy battle-field,
Hear, O Lord, my earnest cry;
Up to Thee my soul I yield,—
Soon this mortal frame must die:
"Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement Thou."

Far from home and friendships dear,
On a strange and distant shore,
Only Thou canst reach me here,
Friends shall hear my voice no more:
"Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement Thou."

Let Thy sheltering wings be spread
Over my departing soul;
Shield my unprotected head,
Make my contrite spirit whole:
"Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement Thou."

Let Thy Spirit whisper, "Peace,"
Through the Lamb for sinners slain;
Bid my guilty terrors cease,
Wash away my every stain:
"Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement Thou."

Let my sins be all forgiven,
For my Lord, my Saviour's sake;
Bring my ransom'd soul to heaven,
To Thyself my spirit take:
"Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement Thou."

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Life is ebbing fast away,—
O my Saviour, be Thou nigh!
Now, O, now, be Thou my stay!
Jesus, hear my dying cry:
"Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement Thou."

Robert Newstead.

Bath, Dec. 5th, 1854.

GOD ABOVE ALL.

An astronomer, who had long idolized his favourite science, became a zealous convert to spiritual Christianity. His intimate friend, knowing his extreme devotion to astronomical study, asked him, "What will you now do with your astronomy?" His answer was worthy of a Christian philosopher. "I am now bound for heaven," said he; "and I take the stars in my way?" By these words the astronomer taught his friends that he had transferred his affections from the *created* to the Creator; that, instead of finding his highest pleasure *out of God*, he found it in God; and that the true use of the visible was to assist him in his aspirations after the eternal.

ANOINTING WITH OIL.

Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, has been the means of bringing to light a curious corroboration of the sanitary value of the ancient practice of anointing with oil. It appears that the learned Professor, when visiting the manufacturing town of Galashiels, was casually informed that the workers in the wool-mill in that place were exempt from the attacks of consumption and scrofula. On inquiring of the medical men in the vicinity, the truth of the statement was confirmed; and it was then deemed expedient to pursue investigations on a broader scale. Communications were accordingly sent to physicians, residing in Dunfermline, Alloa, Tillicoultry, Inverness, and other districts, where wool-mills are in operation; and in the case of all it was ascertained that similar immunity was enjoyed from the fatal diseases mentioned. It further appeared that in some of the localities scarlatina had been also included; and that employment in the mills not only preserved the health, but children of delicate constitutions were sent to the wool-workers for the express purpose of acquiring strength, a result in almost every instance attained.

MEMORIALS.

Mrs. Frances Wilshaw, of Margate, aged sixty-seven, died of apoplexy on the 31st March, 1853. She had been a member of our church for nearly half a century; is said to have been remarkable for an amiable and meek but firm disposition, of consistent deportment, and faithful in all her domestic relations.

Mrs. Mary Robinson, of Caistor, born in July, 1810, died on the 4th of April. The subject of religious impressions from early childhood, she surrendered her heart to Christ when about eighteen years of age. She spent much time in reading the Bible and in private prayer, was constant in attendance on the public means of grace, and not unfrequently went to her class when scarcely able to walk without assistance. After she became a mother, her deep concern for the spiritual welfare of her children induced her frequently to take them into her private room, and to pour out her prayer to God on their behalf, thus practically training her family to habits of piety and devotion. Her love to the cause of God generally, and to that of Christian Missions in particular, was ardent, and manifest in her conversation, her prayers, and her life. In her last sickness her confidence in God was vigorous, and not a doubt of acceptance in Christ ever disturbed her mind. Her last words were, "Christ is precious: Christ is a rock."

On April 11th, in the thirty-seventh year of her age, Ann, daughter of Mr. Robert Allen, at Chiselhurst, in the Woolwich Circuit. The sacred impressions of childhood ripened into earnestness when she reached the seventeenth year of her age; and in the year following she joined a Wesleyan class. After severe conflict with the evil of her heart, she gained victory through faith in Christ, received a new life, rejoiced in new hopes and new desires, and at once began to work for her Divine Master. For many years she was an active Missionary Collector, Sunday-school Teacher, Class-Leader, and

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visiter of the sick. During a painful and protracted illness, not a murmur escaped her lips; but patience had its perfect work. On the last day of her life she frequently repeated,—

"Peace, doubting heart, my God's I am."

"O happy day that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!"

Towards evening her mother said, "My dear child, are you happy?" She replied, "Yes, yes! very happy;" and fell asleep in Jesus.

Mr. William Read, of Moy, Ireland, joined the church above on May 1st, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. He was left fatherless in childhood; but his mother, a pious Presbyterian, carefully taught him the leading truths of religion, and her instruction was hallowed by the constant exercises of family devotion. The memory of those truths, and the answer to parental prayers, came upon him amidst the gaiety of youth, and he sought and found a consciousness of reconciliation with God. Then, after much inquiry, he chose the Wesleyan church for his own, began to meet in class, soon became a Class-Leader and Local Preacher, and sustained those offices with laborious and steadfast fidelity for the long space of sixty-five years. For him, while strength lasted, no journey was too long, no weather too severe, no duty too burdensome. This holy diligence was crowned with very considerable success; and for many miles around his former dwelling he is now spoken of as the pioneer who introduced Methodism. When told that the sand of life was nearly run out, he gave thanks to God, and soon after resigned his breath. At his request, no name appeared upon his coffin; and the simplicity of the funeral was in beautiful accordance with his unassuming character through life.

On May 17th, aged eighty-three, at Hilston, in the Patrington Circuit, Sarah, the beloved wife of Mr. Brian Hutchinson, and mother-in-law to the Rev. Joseph Cheesewright. Converted when about forty years of age, she gave her heart fully to God, and maintained uninterrupted membership in the Wesleyan church. Her house was a home for the Ministers, when in that part of the Circuit; and her children were trained up in habits of industry and piety. She was "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

Mary Jane Gregory, in her eighteenth year, died at Loughborough, on the 28th of the same month. She received instruction in religious truth in childhood; and when disease had evidently laid hold on her constitution, she was aroused to seek the pardon of her sins. Her contrition was deep, and her conversion, although not rapid, sound. God, in His great mercy, bade the disease linger, until, about three weeks before her death, she was enabled to rejoice in the Divine witness of His pardoning love. She departed in joyful hope of everlasting life.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age	Date of Death.
Cheeseman, Hannah,	Waltham,	Grimsby,	57	Nov. 25th, 1854.
Dodson, Sarah,	Grimsby,	Grimsby,	32	Dec. 9th, 1854.
Farmery, Mr. Thomas,	Roan's-Farm,	Easingwold,	85	Nov. 8th, 1854.
Fenton, Mrs. Isabella,	Castlegate-Hill,	Ripon,	79	Oct. 30th, 1854.
Fox, Rebecca,	Carlinghow,	Birstal,	71	Dec. 9th, 1854.
Gibson, Grace,	Waltham,	Grimsby,	41	Nov. 20th, 1854.
Heselgrave, Mrs. Ann,	Alne,	Easingwold,	43	Nov. 27th, 1854.
Jackson, Robert G.,	High-Town,	Birstal,	34	Nov. 25th, 1854.
Tomlin, Mrs. Ann,	Buckden,	Grassington,	65	Nov. 23d, 1854.
Wray, Mary,	Waltham,	Grimsby,	75	Nov. 20th, 1854.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

PROCESSION OF THE HOST IN LISBON.

On a bright December morning in 1852, such a December morning as our more northern latitudes cannot show, and under a sky of cloudless blue, I sallied forth from the hotel to witness the gorgeous ceremonies with which the high festival of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin is celebrated. As I threaded my way through various streets, the sound of martial music floated on the gentle breeze, and troops of military were moving in almost every direction. The churches which I entered were

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hung with decorations and drapery the most magnificent; altars were thronged by Priests attired in richest vestments, and making more than usually busy movements and genuflexions; multitudes kneeled upon the hard floor, muttering their supplications and counting their beads; and in many instances the soldiery, with bayonets bright and flashing, stood in solemn guard and mute observance.

After a few observations of this kind, I threw myself into the general stream, and hasted toward what appeared to be the great point of attraction; and, after a walk of little more than a mile, I came upon the cathedral church, a plain but large and massive structure. As is the case on all festival-days in Lisbon,—and I presume in Popish countries generally,—a host of beggars, lame, and halt, and blind, saluted the passengers for alms, and applied to myself in considerable numbers, as I passed up the steps leading to an elevated area in front of the church, and took my stand among a number of persons apparently waiting for some grand event. The presence of burly guardsmen, in their red coats ornamented with yellow lace, cornered hats, plush breeches, and snow-white stockings, indicated that royalty was expected to grace the ceremonies of that day.

While thus waiting, and amusing myself in making observations on the arrival of new-comers, and joining occasionally in a hearty laugh at the gambols of a number of urchins who highly enjoyed their rustic fun, the sound of a small hand-bell, proceeding from the church, fell upon my ear. In a moment the scene was changed; all was hushed and subdued; not a whisper heard. Every hat, save my own, was instantly doffed; the royal servants sullenly bent towards the ground; the boys forgot their frolic, and ran into concealment, or fell flat upon their faces; ladies, richly attired, solemnly kneeled in the open air; and I wondered in myself what all this could mean.

The next moment a procession, consisting of about forty Ecclesiastics, with their close hair, shaven crowns, and long red vestments reaching down to their feet, issued from the church-door. First, a few paces in front, came the man with the bell; then a crimson canopy, preceded by a large cross, and carried by six or eight Priests, covered him who bore the wafer-god in solemn pomp; while a guard of Priests marched on each side, and a number more walked two abreast in the rear. Nothing could be more singular and marked than the effect produced by the appearance of this procession upon the persons outside the church. Every movement in the street was arrested; every vehicle stood still; the military band was silenced by the ominous sound of the tinkling bell; a small body of troops suddenly halted, uncovered their heads, and pointed their bayonets downward in the direction of the coming sound; many persons in the street fell upon their knees, and many others, still more extremely devout, threw themselves upon the pavement, and smote their foreheads on the ground.

I must confess to a slight apprehension as to my personal safety when I

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stood alone, erect and covered. The thousand statements which I had read of violence done to Protestant strangers in similar circumstances rushed into my mind; and the thought once presented itself, "Had I not better do as Rome does, and pay this mark of courtesy to the religion of the nation among whom I sojourn?" But I remembered, "I AM A PROTESTANT. It is not an act of courtesy, but of adoration, which these deluded people are paying to the consecrated paste. The Council of Trent tells me, that 'all the faithful in Christ are bound to venerate this most holy sacrament, and to render thereto the worship of *latria*, which is due to the true God, according to the constant usage of the Catholic Church:' 'that if any one shall say that this holy sacrament should not be adored, nor solemnly carried about in procession, nor held up publicly to the people to adore it, or that its worshippers are idolaters, let him be accursed.'" To uncover the head, therefore, or to bow the knee, would have been regarded by the surrounding devotees as an act of the highest religious worship; it would have been contrary to all my convictions of Jehovah's *sole* right to the homage and adoration of His creatures; and on these grounds I refused to pay the slightest respect to their passing god, whatever the consequences might be. The procession passed away: I maintained my position, and suffered no harm. J. K.

City-Road.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR MARCH, 1855.

"GLORIOUS THINGS ARE SPOKEN OF THEE, O CITY OF GOD." (Psalm lxxxvii. 3.)

THERE is glory and beauty in the whole creation; but only those whose inward eye is open and active can behold it. There are traces of wisdom, power, goodness, and love of beauty, in every object of sight, and an appeal to our inmost soul in every natural combination of sound; and these are all glorious things. Much more may be said about the moral perfections of God, which are brought into full exercise among the habitations of men. There is His conserving power, that upholds all in life and strength; there is His providential care, that sweetly orders all things in number, weight, and measure; there is His fatherly pity, devising a thousand methods to draw those multitudes to His sanctuary and to His Son. These, too, are glorious things which may be spoken of all cities. But how eminently were these perfections revealed, and in what a richer association of solemn circumstances, in that city on Mount Moriah, which was dignified with the title, "city of God!" In what a pre-eminent sense was God in the midst of *her!* The solid walls and brazen gates of her temple once trembled and shook at His presence, and the courts of the same were overshadowed and filled by the cloud of that presence. A fire burned upon the altar, which His own hand had kindled, and from which even seraphs were glad to take up a burning coal. A band of white-robed worshippers were found day and night in

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that sanctuary, offering incense, uttering praise, and knowing no service but His. The Sabbath was a delight, and honourable. The people were all free. So long as the daily sacrifice of the victim-lamb was presented in humility and obedience, so long they found Jehovah to be in their palaces for a refuge; so long they had an answer, and a gracious one, to whatsoever prayer or supplication they might make; so long Zion was immovable, and the Lord defended it for His name's sake. These were all glorious things; and yet even these are inferior to the privileges of the Jerusalem that now is,—the Christian church, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, slain from the foundation of the world. O, what a city is that where all the citizens are sons, and all made free, indeed, from sin and Satan! O, what a temple is that which is built with living stones! O, what an altar is the cross of Christ; and what a burning fire is the Holy Ghost, which God gives to those that ask Him; and what a priesthood is that which has the privilege of access to the Holiest of all, at all times, through faith in a living Redeemer! What glory in the world is to be compared to the glory of these things?

Thus are we reminded on this Quarterly Ticket, what we ought to be in our church communion and membership. Here is the Lord's own "*ideal*" of what His church should become; not that which men set up for themselves, in their wretched strifes for power and pre-eminence. It is the city of God, —a city where God is so near, that guilty ambition should not dare to cherish one unlawful wish, nor worshippers to endure any defilement, nor the people to acknowledge any other law than that of the rightful King. Besides, it is the type of that Jerusalem which is above, the mother of us all.

Now, let us all understand that, if we are living after the course of this world, or even trifling with our sacred privileges, we are utterly defacing and spoiling God's own pattern of His household, and so far also defacing our own title-deed in respect of a part and inheritance there.

If there be a careless and apathetic hearing of the word, neglect of family and closet prayer, inattention to Christian fellowship in private, dislike of spiritual and serious conversation, indifference to the Bible, a cowardly avoidance of those trials and hard duties, which fidelity to our God and to our particular communion may bring, then all is going to confusion: there is no noble sonship, no daily and nightly service in all this, nothing of the hallowed freedom of Zion's children. Still more, if we love novels, and amusement, and dancing, or party and politics, or business and recreation, better than walking with God; or if we take up with the routine of official and perfunctory duty, instead of piety; then from us, as individuals, the glory has departed, and individuals only spread a deadening influence, and give a deteriorated character to the community.

There is no glory of a spiritual kind, or any other kind, about a company of people who are continually deceiving both the good and the bad; the good, because they are alien from that pure goodness which the truly sanctified love; and the bad, because they persist in retaining the

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Christian name, and using the Christian symbols, notwithstanding their earthliness of heart. O, let us not lose our comfort of the Scriptures, by excluding ourselves from their application; let us not mar the type and foretaste of our heaven. By the concert of united prayer for the coming of the Holy Ghost, and by living a holy, and loving, and just life, and by a ceaseless effort to extend Christ's kingdom; let us throw the legitimate lustre over our common profession, that when we read the words of the Psalm at the head of this paper, we may be able humbly to apply them to the communion which we represent, and thankfully say to God's glory, "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."

WESLEY'S CONVERSION.*

WESLEY was at last convinced. Gradually that cardinal truth of Christianity, *justification by faith*, broke vividly on his understanding. Theoretically, indeed, he had avowed it all along; for it stands conspicuously in the Homilies and Articles of his Church. But now, for the first time, he grasped it as a great reality. He saw it, in its beautiful adjustment in the Christian scheme, and in its essential harmony with the true philosophy of human nature. Henceforth, it was not merely a dogma, handed down to him in his creed, but a truth engraven by the finger of God in his heart. It was verified by every fact of his spiritual life for the last ten years. During the whole of that time he had been toiling and struggling to attain holiness of heart and peace of conscience, and he had failed utterly. Possessed of every natural advantage, of quick moral sensitiveness and hardy moral courage, of decision and energy,—so that, had success been possible, he must have succeeded,—still he had miserably failed. He was spent and exhausted, when, in his extremity, this great doctrine broke upon him, proffering him as a gift what he was vainly striving to work out for himself. He closed with the proposal, feeling its adaptation; and from that moment his fears were allayed, his agitations calmed, and his moral nature energised; he received at once peace and power. May 24th, 1738, is fixed by Wesley as the date of his conversion; but it is plain, from his own diaries, that the crisis extended over several weeks.†

Immediately on his return from Georgia, Wesley had commenced preaching. When, under instruction of Peter Boehler, he discovered his own deficient faith, he hesitated whether to continue urging on others what he did not possess himself. "By all means," was the reply of the Moravian. "Preach faith *till* you have it; and then, *because* you have it, you will preach faith." After the transition just described, his ardour increased. Crowds flocked to hear him, attracted by the fervid eloquence

* Biographical Magazine, January, 1855. Partridge, Oakey, and Co.

† On *this* point we prefer Mr. Wesley's own statement, as clearest and most consistent with that view of conversion which is at once scriptural, rational, and in accordance with the fact of an *evidence* of conversion by the agency of the Holy Spirit.—EDS.

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of the Preacher, and the novelty of the doctrine. But the Clergy took offence, and one by one the churches in London were closed against him. He then visited Oxford and Bristol, and generally with the same results. The common people heard him gladly; the Clergy looked on him with an evil eye; and the genteeler part of the laity were shocked by the pressure of the crowds, and offended by his plain and searching appeals. Excluded from the churches, he at length, after some demur at so irregular a proceeding, followed the example of Whitefield, and took his stand in the open air. Multitudes upon multitudes gathered in Moorfields, or on Kennington Common, or in the dark and savage colliery districts around Bristol; and heard, some with mocking, some with wonder, and many with pierced and broken hearts, of Him who came "to seek and save the lost." For Wesley had now discovered wherein lay the power of the truth. He no longer spent in vain the shafts of his eloquence. Many a stout heart quailed as he reasoned of temperance and judgment; and strange tears coursed down many a hard, stern face, as he told the story of the Cross.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

That entire sanctification is necessary to growth in grace, is implied in the sentiments put forth in our "Miscellany" for February, 1854. It was likewise the decision of the sanctified Wesley, after many years' strict observation of the workings of Divine grace on the hearts of believers, who, even in his day, lamented that it was not more frequently preached and enforced, as being not only essential to salvation, but to a steady, vigorous, persevering growth in grace and knowledge. We do not wonder that the great enemy of all righteousness attempted to stifle in its very birth this giant foe to his reign and tyranny. He appeared to discover in its first attempts at dethroning him out of the human heart, and destroying his kingdom out of the world, what it was destined eventually to accomplish; that, if suffered to go on, it would give him his death-blow. Allowing thus much, it is not to be wondered at that he will not let it quietly alone, or that he will attempt to silence its voice if he can. And has he not succeeded but too well? Who can tell the disastrous effects the neglect of such a privilege has occasioned to our church? Can the Holy Spirit, whose peculiar office it is to seal and sanctify, be otherwise than grieved? Can we, to whom the sacred deposit was committed, wonder that His gracious influences are so much withheld? Are we not, in some degree, under our heavenly Father's frown? It is, indeed, our encouragement that as a kind father chastens the son whom he loves, so the Lord graciously condescends to visit us with timely discipline. It is the discipline of the Covenant. The cloud that has hovered over our Societies, perhaps, rises from our neglect of seeking after and enjoying this great blessing: for such as seek shall find.

It is a soul-quickening blessing; a soul-enlightening blessing; a sin-

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destroying blessing! It is true, it brings unto Bunyan's "Valley of Humiliation." But it is safe walking there. "He that is down needs fear no fall." It sets our feet upon the Rock. It puts a new song into our mouth. It makes us men and women of one business. "This one thing we do, forgetting the things which are behind, we press forward," as though nothing were attained. It gives a determination to live and die for Christ. It takes every thought into captivity; it teaches in every state therewith to be content. It puts upon us the whole armour of God. It teaches our hands to war and our fingers to fight. It dares to believe that what God has promised He is able also to perform. Bearing away before it all opposition, fearing nothing but sin, and desiring nothing among men but "to know Christ and Him crucified," it forsakes all to follow Him; reckons all things loss so that it may Jesus gain; and counts all but dross and dung in comparison of the "excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord." It is as oil to the tardy wheels of our faith and obedience. It deadens us to the world; and sets us on "giving all diligence in making our calling and election sure." It enables us to say, "For me to live is Christ." It makes solitude sweet; the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose. It makes the soul as a well-watered garden, where much seed has been long deposited, but has wanted the refreshing showers. It makes us a truly militant church, fighting the battles of the Lord. Each truly sanctified member of Christ's church enlists under His banner, and, by the strength of the Lord, attempts to fight manfully even unto death.

If there was ever needed such an army of good soldiers of Jesus Christ, it is surely at this time. If it remains for the church to decide which is to conquer, truth or error, light or darkness, Christ or Belial, surely the decision must be now. O that we may arise to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty, that the curse of Meroz do not fall upon us! May Mr. Wesley's lament over his Cornwall Societies stir up all our wakening energies.

If what has been stated be that which the attainment of this state of grace can do for us, it is no wonder that our common foe endeavours to crush it; or, if not able to do that, to hide it from the church. Will the Lord ever revive us till we, with all earnestness and humility, determine to pray back the kingdom of the Holy Ghost?

HOLY MOURNING, AN EFFECT OF THE OUTPOURED SPIRIT.

"I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the Spirit of grace and of supplications: and they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for Him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born."—ZECH. XII. 10.

THIS prophecy refers to that wondrous period, yet future, when the Spirit will be poured out on the Jews, and "all Israel shall be saved,"

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His working at this time will be powerful and extensive; but the effects produced will be the same in kind as those which He always produces. Look for a moment at some of the characteristics of this holy mourning.

1. It is for a *pierced Saviour*. To reject Christ as my Saviour, is to pierce Him. Thus the Jews pierced Him, although the act of wounding with a spear was performed by a Roman soldier. To reject His Ministers, to neglect His poor, to injure His cause, is to pierce Christ; for Christ is one with His Ministers, His poor, His church. 2. It is *deep*: "as one mourneth for his only son." 3. It is *extensive*: "as the mourning of Hadadrimmon," when "all Judah and Jerusalem" mourned the death of King Josiah. 4. It is *private* and *personal*: "every family apart, and their wives apart."

There never was a religious revival without some or all these features of holy mourning. First, Christians mourn their unfaithfulness; then sinners mourn their guilt and danger. And, though general, it is essentially an individual work: each mourns "apart." Often it begins with an individual; but when multitudes are converted, each one feels that he has a business to transact with God, as peculiarly his, as if God and he were alone in the universe.

Will the reader of this permit the writer to request him, without waiting for any one else, to commence this work with his own soul? You are sitting alone, and you say, perhaps, "I am a Pastor. Do I preach the whole truth? Do I preach it from right motives? Is the pulpit a pedestal on which to elevate self, or solely a place for the exhibition of Christ? Do I preach with the Holy Ghost? Do I give myself to 'prayer,' as well as to the 'ministry of the word?' Do I, like Paul, teach not only 'publicly,' but 'from house to house?'"

"I am a Class-Leader. Do I see all the members in my class 'once a week at least?' Do I 'advise, reprove, comfort, or exhort, as occasion may require?' Do I pray for them every day?"

"I am a church-member. Am I anxious to be entirely holy? Do I with direct reference to the attainment of this blessing use all the means of grace? Am I co-operating with my Ministers by a holy life, fervent prayers, religious conversation, and liberal contributions? How am I in private? how in the family? how in business?"

You perhaps say, "I do not profess religion." But you are a man, you live in God's world, His bounty feeds you, His Son died for you: are you embracing or rejecting Christ as your Saviour?

Such questions faithfully applied will discover hidden sin; and, when the Spirit at the same time softens the heart, will produce holy mourning.

Holy mourning prepares us to receive the *stamp of God's likeness*. When metal is thrown into the fire, and melted down, it readily takes the form of any mould into which it may be cast. The softened soul is cast into the Gospel mould, receives there the full impression of the love of Christ, and is thus renewed in the image of God's love.

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Holy mourning makes *divided churches one.* Different pieces of metal, previously cold, hard, and incapable of union, are, when melted, so made one, that you would not know they were ever separated. So the Spirit humbles and softens, and thus He blends, the different members of a cold and divided church.

The Holy Spirit thus *prepares us to pray.* "The Spirit helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." (Rom. viii. 26.) The spirit of mourning is the spirit of prayer. There is a void in the soul which God only can fill; there is a burden on the spirit which He only can remove. This feeling is the spirit of prayer. Prayer is its natural utterance. He who thus feels deeply must pray. Such a feeling will drive him to his closet; he will mourn "apart." Deep waters flow softly; deep sorrows seek privacy. The stricken deer flees to her covert; and the stricken soul retires to her closet. The dissipated soul wanders over the world, as the butterfly flutters over fields, and hedges, and gardens. Now the dove, which has wandered over the wide waste of waters, comes back to the ark; the prodigal comes to himself; the soul is self-absorbed; the spirit seeks refuge in her God. He that has not prayed in private before, prays now; and he that has, prays again with renewed humiliation, solemnity, and earnestness. Have you never had the spirit of mourning? ask it, in order to the conversion of your soul. Are you conscious of religious declension? ask to have it again. Very little progress will religion make in your soul, and very little will you do for the church or for the world, till you have it once more.

The Spirit thus opens the otherwise closed fountain of the blood of Christ; shut up and inaccessible to the impenitent and prayerless; open to the humble penitent. "In that day," it is added, the day of prayer and of holy mourning, "there shall be a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness." (Zech. xiii. 1.) J.

SCHOOL-MEN AND SCHOOL-BOYS.

We often injure our cause by calling in that which is weak, to support that which is strong. Thus the ancient school-men, who in some instances were more silly than school-boys, were constantly lugging in the authority of Aristotle, to support the tenets of Christianity; and yet these very men would laugh at an engineer of the present day, who should make a similar blunder in artillery, that they have done in argument, and drag up an ancient battering-ram, to assist a modern cannon.—*Colton.*

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MOHAMMEDAN WORSHIP.

One of the most singular sights in Cairo, and which every traveller, if he be in the city on a Friday, should endeavour to see, is presented in the convent of dancing Dervishes, at Old Cairo; to which place I rode one morning, with several companions. Dismounting at the gate of the building, we were ushered into a large court-yard, where a goodly number of native Mohammedans, and several English travellers, were already assembled, awaiting the commencement of the service. Coffee was served round to us all, by some of the brotherhood of this precious community. The one who waited upon us was a curious-looking object. He wore a high embroidered cap, fringed at the edges; and was dressed in a pale blue jacket; a petticoat of striped calico, covered with a blue apron, like a butcher; and an embroidered girdle, six inches broad. Large bunches of raven hair hung down on either side of his bronzed face, while behind it flowed a long way down his brawny shoulders; a thick black beard, that seemed running a race with the hair at the back of his head, completed the *tout ensemble*.

After waiting a quarter of an hour, it was announced that the performance was about to begin. We had to leave our boots at the door, and put on slippers. Those of the party who were acquainted with Mohammedan customs, had provided themselves with these: others, who were not so fortunate, had to go in without any covering for their feet besides their stockings; or had to tie their pocket-handkerchiefs around their shoes or boots. One of the most amusing parts of the day's entertainment, was to see the visiters come in, thus appareled. One gentleman, who could only muster a single handkerchief, was obliged to cover one of his feet with a lady's shawl; which, being desperately unwieldy on the limb, disabled him from exercising it as freely as the other; so that he was necessitated to enter the mosque hopping.

The room, where we all assembled, was of a circular form, with a *mahrab*, or recess, at the south-east end, which was in the direction of Mecca, and towards which a good Mohammedan always prays. Within this hung a small frame, holding what appeared to be portions of the Koran, written on paper. Battle-axes, of a very antique cast, were ranged on the walls, to the right of the alcove; and tarabookas and tambours on the left. There were four Gothic arches, between and above which were little windows; from which, during the subsequent performances, children and women looked on.

When we entered, a few of the persons, who were to take an active part in the ceremonies, were sitting on goat-skins, in a semicircle. These were soon joined by others; some with the cap and dress of the professed Dervishes; others in the ordinary Arab attire, who appeared to be amateur performers, or pupils: one was quite a lad. As they came in they bowed towards the recess, and on either side of one of the principal personages of the mosque, who sat near it.

The Sheikh, whose entrance was the signal for the commencement of the performance, was a very old man, with a fine patriarchal-looking beard, and was more a spectator than an actor. Next but one to him was a gipsy-looking fellow, with long, black, lank hair, and a most ferocious aspect. I should not have liked to meet him alone outside the walls of Cairo.

The engagements of the day began with a low and monotonous chant; the performers slowly moving their bodies, first on one side, and then on the other. By degrees the chant grew louder and quicker; and after this had gone on for

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some time, one man, who, from his dress, did not appear to be a regular Dervish, got up, and began to howl most lugubriously, with his hand to his face, as if he had got the toothache: the others, at intervals, responded by a sort of groan, like that which is uttered by an unhappy voyager at sea.

This over, they began afresh, by a repetition of the name of Allah, bowing the head at every utterance, while they sat squatted upon their heels. Louder and louder rose their voices, with a great variety of sounds, like the panting of a locomotive engine, diversified with the sound of harsh saws, eating into a piece of stubborn timber. One of the chiefs then rose, and went through sundry silent bowings; and the rest sang to the single note of a flute, which at length glided into something like a tune. The man with the toothache then began again; and one or two commenced laying aside their outer garments, and taking off their hats. They then began to bend the body most violently; all the while uttering deep stertorous breathings. In the midst of the performance, one of the chiefs, the second from the recess, began yawning, with a mouth like a crocodile, and seemed to want something a little more stirring. He soon had it.

One of the Dervishes, a Nubian, wearing a high-crowned, conical hat, and clad in coarse white woollen garments, putting each of his hands on the opposite shoulder, began turning round; the lower part of his dress describing a circle, with almost Euclid-like exactness. His first movements were slow, and the rest kept time to them by breathing aloud,—for the sound that issued from their throats could hardly be called a voice,—with their hair waving wildly, like the branches of a tree shaken by a storm. A second man soon rose, and began to twirl, at a convenient distance from the first. While these were at their circumvolutions, one of the principals advanced from the recess, and, with hands folded, began to excite the rest of the ring to more violent exertions. One made circles in the air with his hands; some were so vehement in their gesticulations, that they were obliged to be held up by others, two or three times, to prevent them from fainting. And now the gongs and cymbals began to sound; and as we

> "glower'd amazed and curious,
> The mirth and fun grew fast and furious,
> The piper loud and louder blew,
> The dancers quick and quicker flew."

Suddenly, so as to startle us, one madman rushed out of the semicircle, and dashed his head with all his force against the wall near which we were sitting, only just clearing us; then running back, like a drunken man, he again and again tried both the strength of the wall and his own skull, until, when he appeared to have settled the matter,—whether to his own perfect satisfaction or not, I could scarcely tell,—he returned to his place. All this while, the first twirler was going on in his gyrations; but the second seemed to have had enough of it, or found he had some brains, that began to be affected by his rotatory movements; which commodity the poor Nubian appeared to be utterly guiltless of possessing.

Another change in the performance followed, by all together uttering a loud snorting sound, and rising up and down on their toes; which movement appeared to be a relief from the more violent exertions through which they had just gone. The perspiration streamed down the faces of some like rain. At length, a noble-looking fellow, apparently next in authority to the Sheikh,—his head

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covered with a red costly shawl,—rose up, and uttered a tone so deep, that it seemed as if it had been elicited from a drum: the people responded, by each one bowing to those who stood on either side of him, and sometimes turning the head quite round, with a sudden jerk, as if it were about to fly off the shoulders. The music was going on all the time; and the last tune was, I am sure, a part of the "Huntsman's Chorus,"—although how it got into the mosque at Cairo, I cannot divine. While this was played, the men moved quicker; and now and then shrieks arose, loud and piercing. The whole body of each performer was violently bent backwards and forwards; and the clash of cymbals and gongs, mingled with the wild and terrific yells of the maddened performers, altogether made the scene most fearfully exciting, and not very fitted for people of a nervous and timid temperament. When this was at its height, one of the Dervishes (not the same as at first) rushed out of the rank, put his hands together behind him, and dashed his head with such violence against the wall of the building, that I thought he must inevitably split his skull; producing a sound like that which a heavy hammer would make upon a stone slab. This he repeated five times, and at length fell headlong on the pavement of the mosque. One of his companions came up to him as he lay there, and putting his hand on his nose and mouth, (for what purpose, I know not, but I suspect it was a part of the programme, by which it was to be made apparent that this person had some mesmeric influence over him,) and whispering something in his ear, he all at once lay perfectly still; and shortly afterwards arose and sat up.

Another had to be actually lifted off his feet to be quieted. A third, who outstayed all the rest,—for several had to be led off the stage,—was obliged to be held fast by some others; and at length was thrown down by main force upon the ground, and held firmly pinioned there. The person who exercised this necessary restraint breathed into the ear of the prostrate man, as the other had done, and laid out his arms at full length; then, after a few moments, placed them across his breast, and chafed them in that position: at length turning him over, he did the same with his back, until he calmed him down completely.

The performance was finished by the actors embracing one another, and all kissing the hand, and some the face, of the Sheikh. I stayed, the last of the spectators, and until all the performers had left the mosque, with the exception of a few of the most devout; who, quieted down a little, remained behind repeating prayers.

There is no question that there is far more of roguery in all this than folly, or ignorance, or fanaticism. These men receive large contributions from the faithful, by whom they are regarded with great reverence; apparently in proportion to their abominable filthiness, the violence of their movements, and strength of their skulls. I ascertained that the geniuses who exhibit this latter qualification in the highest degree, were Mograbees, from the north coast of Africa. The craniums of these people are of enormous thickness, as was most evident from what I have described. Certainly, anything more offensive, under the name of a religious service, was never exhibited.—*Aveling.*

GETHSEMANE.

A LITTLE way beyond the tomb of Absalom, close to the rocky bridge that crosses the Kedron, and at the junction of two paths, one of which ascends to

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the summit of the Mount of Olives, while the other winds round it to Bethany, is a square spot of ground, enclosed with high walls; with a low door in the south-east portion of it, near a by-path, leading up the hill. We knocked at this door, and, after waiting a few moments, it was opened by a Monk, belonging to the Latin convent, who bowed his head to us, and courteously invited us to enter. We stooped under the low stone lintel, and, with beating hearts, found ourselves within Gethsemane.

It was towards the close of the afternoon when we visited this hallowed spot. The sun was sinking behind the battlements of the city, which tower two hundred feet above the valley, and thus the garden began to lie in shadow. All was very still as we entered; a perfect calm brooding over earth and sky. No song of birds, nor murmur of bees, or of flowing waters, nor hum of voices from the city, although so near at hand, broke the solemn silence that reigned around. All was hushed, as the aisles of a deserted cathedral at midnight.

My companions and I almost unconsciously separated from each other; and taking different paths, by the sides of which grew roses and mignonnette, we walked, and mused, and prayed alone. How often the name of this memorable spot had thrilled through my soul, when reading the simple, yet beautiful and touching narratives of the Evangelists! and now my feet were pressing its hallowed soil! I was almost awed by the sound of my own voice; and that of others, even in whispers, seemed to be an invasion on the sanctity of the scene. Here the Incarnate One had bowed, in the intensity of His heart's agony, and trembled beneath the awful frown of Divine justice; "for it pleased the Lord to bruise Him," and deal with Him as a sinner, though He "knew no sin." Here the bitter cup, which His Father had given Him to drink, had been taken by His trembling hands, and drained to its last dregs. Here, a darker night than that which enshrouded garden and city, hill and sky, had fallen on His spirit; although it bowed in meek and humble acquiescence to His Father's will. Here He experienced that utter loneliness of soul which bowed Him down to the dust, and which was all the more keenly felt when those He had chosen from the disciples to be with Him, in that season of overwhelming sorrow, were found to have sunk into heavy slumber near Him;—"could not watch with Him one hour." The crisis of His earthly history had come; and heaven, and earth, and hell were about to behold a sight, at which all should tremble,—a fearful tragedy, that should transfix a gazing universe with terror and wonder.

Eight olive-trees still grow here, of very great age: but whether they are the identical ones that overshadowed Him, "the same night in which He was betrayed,"—whether He hushed the leaves to listen to the sad cry of woe that rose up from the depths of his breaking heart, as He lay prostrate on the earth beneath them,—may admit of a doubt; but unquestionably several centuries have passed over them, and beneath their foliage many generations have stood; and travellers, like us from far off lands, have walked and wept, and knelt and prayed, as they sought to realise a sympathy with the "Man of sorrows" in the hour of His "agony and bloody sweat," that terrible parenthesis in His otherwise happy intercourse with His Father while on earth. A long time we mused in this suggestive spot; and, after having gathered a branch or two of the olives, slowly bent our steps homeward by the very path that Christ must have taken, when, in the custody of the soldiers, He passed from Gethsemane to Pilate's house.—*Aveling.*

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GOOD CHILDREN.

On a quiet evening in June, I was walking with a friend about four miles from one of our large towns, when a very old cottage, fast falling into ruins, attracted our attention, and gave a turn to our conversation. To us it seemed an unsafe and uncomfortable thing to tenant a dwelling so ruinous. Within two hundred yards of its door, we met an aged female, whose appearance and gait at once led one's mind back to a period when railroads, steam-presses, &c., were unthought of. She was a relic of a former generation. We accosted her, and found her communicative. She was seventy-six years of age; her husband, seventy-seven. They inhabited the time-worn building we had just passed, and had done so for forty years. Their rent was eighteenpence per week. If the mines which had some time been worked under the surface here had turned out more productive, her house would have been thrown down; but now she expected to die in it. She could not read. Though her father was "a good scholar," he never taught her. She had taken care to give her children "schooling," however; and now they read for her. She was accustomed to pray. During the last twenty years affliction had made her more frequent and earnest in this duty. What must she have done, if God had not been good to her! But how did she and her husband live, and pay their rent? O! they had *good children*. Her daughters took care she wanted for nothing. "They doa' let me want for nothing," she thankfully reiterated. How pleasing is such a circumstance! Here is an aged couple verging upon four-score years, infirm and helpless. Their sole earthly dependence, "from youth to hoary age," was their strength to labour. This during the flower of their prime was cheerfully spent in feeding, clothing, and educating their children. But now a second childhood has become their lot. Their eyes are dim, their natural force is abated. Where shall they find help? Why, in their children. Nature says so. Reason says so. Religion decrees it to be so. And these children are neither unnatural nor ungrateful. They let their parents want for nothing. Happy parents! Ye are poor, but rich. Your children are better to you than thousands of gold and silver. Happy children! She that bare you rejoices over you. God will bless you. Good children, it is pleasing to record your devotion. Here are a few specimens from many.

William makes his mother a present of a right good black satin gown, the best by far she ever called her own.

James lays out thirty shillings of his wages in a plain warm plaid-shawl, to help his mother's shoulders against rheumatism; and she declares it to be "all woollen," the heaviest and warmest she ever wore.

Sarah is going to visit her parents, and cannot think of going without some token of affection to gladden their old hearts. So, after a month's reflection, she purchases a large Bible with such print as she thinks will suit their eyes. For she knows that the old, parchment-covered family Bible, which once belonged to her father's grandfather, is awkward to read, on account of *s* and *f* being printed alike.

Samuel prospers in the world, and adorns his parlour with portraits. Some people tell him that though all the likenesses are uncommonly good ones, that of his father is the most striking and faithful by far; they would know it, if they met with it in California. The old man thinks Sam the best lad that ever was born; for he goes to all this expense, and has promised, moreover, that after death a stone shall tell where he (the father) lies.

Ann remembers that next Thursday is her mother's birthday, and wants to

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surprise her with a present. So, after a few schemes of affection have been thought on, she decides on laying out three half-crowns for a good Hymn-Book, getting her husband (for she has one, and loves him) to write a suitable inscription therein, and then depositing it where it will meet mother's eyes the first thing on birthday-morning. The plot succeeds; and mother weeps for very gladness again and again through the day, and thanks God for giving her such "good children."

Henry is quite a young man now; but he never seems to think of wooing and winning any of the lovely lasses on whom he might fairly calculate. Some of them wonder why, and throw the blame on the "old woman," his mother. Since our first visit, this mother has become a widow; and, but for Henry, she would be desolate. He gives her his wages; he goes with her to market; when the mornings are cold, he lights her the fire. It is even whispered that he occasionally washes the kitchen-floor. Never mind, Henry: let fools deride thee; it is like their ignorance. Thou makest the widow's heart sing for joy; and God will reward thee.

O! ye "good children," persevere in your labour of love. May the Father of mercies and God of all comfort lift the light of His countenance upon you, and give you peace. May it be well with you, and may you live long on the earth; and the Lord make you a thousand times as many more as ye are. Amen. L.

DIOGENES AND HIS LANTERN.

If Diogenes used a lantern in broad day solely and simply for the purpose of discovering an honest man, this proceeding was not consistent with his usual sagacity. A lantern would have been a more appropriate appendage, if he had been in search of a *rogue;* for such characters skulk about in holes and corners, and hate the light, because their deeds are evil. But I suspect this philosopher's real motive for using a lantern in mid-day, was to provoke inquiry, that he might have the cynical satisfaction of telling all that asked him what he was searching for, that none of them, at least, were the men to his mind, and that his search had hitherto been fruitless. It is with honesty in one particular, as with wealth: those that have the thing, care less about the credit of it, than those who have it not. No poor man can well afford to be thought so; and the less of honesty a finished rogue possesses, the less he can afford to be supposed to want it. Duke Chartres used to boast that no man could have less real value for character than himself, yet he would gladly give twenty thousand pounds for a good one, because he could immediately make double that sum by means of it. I once heard a gentleman make a very witty reply to one who asserted that he did not believe there was a truly honest man in the whole world. "Sir," said he, "it is quite impossible that any one man should know all the world; but it is very possible that some one man—*may know himself.*"—*Colton.*

HYPOCRITES.

If the devil ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites: they are the greatest dupes he has; they serve him better than any others, and receive no wages; nay, what is still more extraordinary, they submit to greater mortifications to go to hell, than the sincerest Christian to go to heaven.—*Colton.*

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Narrative Pieces.

THE WIDOW'S TALE.

When I was quite a child, old Mary Wilson was my mother's charwoman: she was a cheerful, blithe, old woman, and a sincere Christian. Often after the labours of the day were over, she would take me on her knee, and tell me simple tales of Jesus, and of the good men whose history the Bible contains; and as she told me of the good Shunammite, I would picture to myself the image of Mary seated in the rocking-chair nursing my baby-brother, and almost expect to hear the Prophet Elisha come in and ask, "Is all well?" and then almost imperceptibly she would change the subject, and with winning words entreat me to give my heart to God in my youth; and I trust her entreaties were not in vain.

In my twelfth year, I left my home for the purpose of education. I saw no more of Mary until I left school, when I called upon her, in her sweet little cottage. I found her seated at a little table, on which lay her Bible and an open letter. Though her face was as placidly sweet as ever, yet there were traces of tears on her cheeks; and, as she rose and greeted me in her usually affectionate manner, I noticed that her voice was more tremulous than it was wont to be when I last saw her. She reached me a chair, then seated herself by my side, and, after gazing upon me in silence for a few seconds, she placed her hand upon my shoulder, and said, "God bless thee, my dear young lady, and may He lead thee in a smoother path than mine has been; though, blessed be His name for ever and ever, He has comforted me in all my sorrows; and now I am old He will never leave me nor forsake me."

Here the old woman paused, and wiped away the tears.

"Mary," said I, after a short interval of silence, "I have often thought I should like to hear your history. Can you tell it me now?"

"I will, my child," said Mary. "I was thinking of the events of my past life as you came in. But, first, you shall have one of the cakes you used to be so fond of. I have not forgotten how to make them; and while you are eating it, I will tell you what I can remember."

The old woman gazed into the fire for half a minute, and then began:—"I was born at Riston, a little village on the western coast. My father was a fisherman: he married my mother when they were both very young; and a year after their marriage my mother gave birth to twins, myself and a brother.

"My father was a man of very surly temper, and he used frequently to get intoxicated. At these times my brother Willie and myself would get under the table, or anywhere out of his sight, so great was our dread of him: his temper, always bad, was then terrific.

"My mother was a delicate woman, and a sweeter, kinder disposition than hers I never knew; though at that time she was a stranger to religion. She found no comfort in her husband; and though I believe she loved him, yet her children seemed to be her all. O! how she loved us! I can remember well many times waking and seeing her gaze upon us with such unutterable tenderness as none but a mother who has nothing besides her children can feel.

"When we were fourteen years old, Mr. Wesley came to preach at a place not very distant from Riston. My mother happened to be staying there with a sister. She, in company with her sister, went to hear that servant of God, and, during the sermon, the word came with power. She knew that her days were numbered; and she now saw that unless she obtained a new heart, she would soon be beyond the reach of mercy. She earnestly prayed for forgiveness; and at the prayer-meeting which followed, she was enabled to rejoice in the God of her salvation. She returned home the next day; and in the evening, when my father was gone as usual to the tavern, my mother told us of the happy change which she had experienced; and, kneeling down, she prayed that we might be made partakers of the same pardoning love.

"While we were still on our knees,

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my father burst open the door, and staggered in. With a fearful imprecation he vowed, if he ever found us on our knees again, he would turn us out of doors. My poor mother bore it all meekly; but I feared for Willie: he was high-spirited, and I knew he felt towards my father, and that only for our sakes he stayed with him, and endured his ill-treatment; for on Willie we principally depended for support, and he knew that if he left us, we should fare but badly. The next day my mother went again to hear Mr. Wesley. Willie left her in the morning with the assurance that he would fetch her home.

"While he was preparing to start, my father came in, and asked him where he was going: 'To fetch my mother home,' was Willie's reply.

"'O! fetch her home if you dare: let her stop with the canting hypocrites for ever,' cried my father; 'and if you go a step this night, you shall curse the day when you were born.'

"Willie's eyes flashed, and his cheeks crimsoned, as he said, 'I promised my mother I would fetch her; and I will, if you kill me for it.' Saying this, he dashed past my father, and was quickly out of sight. My father went out, and I was left alone. O, how I trembled! I knew well my father would shrink from doing no deed, however cruel, when he was enraged; and I saw by the paleness that overspread his countenance, at Willie's reply, that he was furious.

"Night came: it was intensely dark, and a tremendous storm came on; the wind howled, and the rain beat against the windows with a fearful force; and sadly did I think of those dear ones who were battling against the storm. My father came in: to my great surprise, he was sober; but there was in his eyes that which sent a thrill through my heart. At last the two got home: they were soaked with rain. Willie had taken his wet jacket off, when my father rushed out of the parlour, into which he had gone just before their return, and, seizing Willie by the arm, he pushed him out of the door, and closed it upon him. I ran to the door, and endeavoured to open it; but my father felled me to the ground with a blow that stunned me for some minutes.

"My mother raised me up, and then, turning to my father, in a voice of smothered anguish and despair, she said, 'Robert, you will not kill your son, our dear Willie. Let me go and seek him now.'

"My father moved sullenly from the door, and my mother passed out. O! never shall I forget her agonized cry when she found Willie was nowhere to be seen. All that long, long night, did we search for him, calling his name; but no answer was returned, save the dashing of the waves, and the roaring of the wind. At length, just as the morning dawned, we returned home, and at the door of our cabin my mother sunk on the ground, completely exhausted. I carried her in, and supported her until she regained her consciousness. She went to bed, and never rose again. She had long been in a declining state of health; and the fatigue she had undergone, and her exposure to the rough night-winds, while in her wet clothes, were too much for her feeble frame to bear. Fever set in, and for days she raved in delirium, constantly calling Willie to her, and asking, 'Why does he not come to me?' How anxiously did I watch for Willie, or tidings of him! Three days after that fearful night a letter came. I knew the hand-writing: my trembling fingers could scarcely break the seal. It was a letter from Willie. I will read it you. I always carry a copy with me.

"'My dear Mother and Sister,—I wonder when I shall see you again: it seems to me as if I had not seen you for a long life-time. I see a many beautiful things where I am now, but nothing would delight me half as much, as one glimpse of your old red shawl, mother; or of your green gingham bonnet, Mary. Captain Sele has engaged me as a cabin-boy. If I come back soon, it will be in about nine months' time; if not, I shall stay in America until I am able to support you. O, what a happy day it will be when we can all live together again! I mean us three; for I won't live with Aim again. I can forgive him for all the wrong he has done to me; but I never can forget his cruelty to you.

"'We are to set sail to-morrow. I shall soon be thousands of miles from you, from all I love; but I have hope.

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Mother, you must often pray for me. I shall write as soon as I get to America. With a many kisses, and much love, I am your loving 'WILLIAM GRAY.'

"O, what a blow was this to me! to think that I should not see him again for nine months at least! I could scarcely bear the idea. I threw myself into a chair, and burst into tears. I was aroused by my mother whispering, 'Mary.' I ran to her, and found that delirium had left her. I read Willie's letter: she was motionless until I had finished it; she then clasped her thin hands, and exclaimed, 'My darling boy, I shall never see thee again, never hear thy voice, nor ever feel thy soft lips upon my cheek. May the Lord preserve thee from evil! He will, I feel He will, my precious boy.' Then she said, 'Kiss me, Mary.' I bent down to kiss her; she put her arms round my neck. 'God bless thee, my child,' she said: 'I am going to leave thee; but fear not, my love, I leave thee in charge of One who has promised never to forsake those who put their trust in Him. Love God, my child; and He will love thee with far more than a mother's love.' She then repeated that beautiful hymn commencing with,—

'Jesu, Lover of my soul;'

until she got to—

'Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find.'

When she ceased, her eyes closed, and I thought she was dead; but in a few minutes she opened her eyes, and with a look which I can never forget, she said, 'My children! my Redeemer!' then all was over; the freed spirit had gone to Him who redeemed it, and nought was left of her I had loved so well, save her lifeless body. I could not shed a tear, my grief was too great. My mother dead, Willie far away, my father drinking at the tavern,—O, how dark did life seem then! My aunt came, and stayed with me until after the funeral: if it had not been for her kindness, my mother would have been buried in a pauper's grave.

"My father seemed to feel my mother's death very much; the more, as conscience whispered to him he had been cruel to her. She had been brought up respectably, and surrounded by the comforts of life. After she married him, he had become intemperate; and, one by one, he had deprived her of all the comforts to which she had been accustomed, to supply him with drink; and, last of all, he had driven away her darling son, when under the influence of that demon. No wonder, then, that he stood by her grave self-accused of her murder. Sadly did I return home that night, after the remains of my beloved mother had been committed to their narrow resting-place; and dark and desolate did that home appear.

"When my mother had been dead about two years, my father married again; and I went to live with my aunt. She was a pious woman, and she would often talk to me of the necessity of being decided. She often told me that it would spare me many trials if I would give my undivided heart to God: 'For,' said she, 'think not that the child of one who, when dying, believed her children would be saved, will find her path to hell easy.' But all was in vain. I cared not to seek the pearl of great price.

"Three years glided peacefully away. August came, and with it the joyous expectation of seeing my idolized Willie again. I was sitting in my aunt's parlour one day, when I heard footsteps; and, looking up, I caught a glimpse of the blue jacket and shining cap of a young sailor. In an ecstasy of joy, I sprang to the door, and found, not Willie, but a perfect stranger. I apologized to him for my singular behaviour, and told him I was expecting a brother, who was a sailor. He seemed embarrassed, and said, 'I regret that I am the bearer of sorrowful tidings to you.' I leaned against the wall for support. I hoped, and yet I feared the worst. 'Tell me,' I said, 'if you know anything of Willie. How is he? When will he be here?' 'I am grieved to be obliged to tell you your brother is dead.' One wild throb at my heart, and I knew no more: I fell senseless on the floor.

"For several days I lingered in a state of seeming unconsciousness; but how acute my sufferings were, none knew but God. O, how I longed to die! and yet I could not; and always the image of my darling Willie was before me. In my sleep, I

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could see his slight and graceful form, with his beautiful auburn hair, and those blue eyes, which to me were wont to appear as heaven's own light; and I could almost feel the warm breath of those parted lips upon my cheeks; and then, as I put out my arms to clasp him to my heart, I would awake, and find it but a dream.

"When I could bear to hear the particulars of his death, William Wilson (for that was the young sailor's name) told me he died during the voyage from America. He was Willie's constant companion; and to him Willie delivered his last message. 'Go to Polly,' said he, 'and give to her my dying love. Tell her it was a great disappointment to me that I might not see her once more on earth; but I shall expect to meet her in heaven.' And thus ended my bright dreams. Willie was gone, and I should never see him again. I became a prey to melancholy, and my once-cheerful spirits were exceedingly depressed. When my mother died, I had still Willie; but now all were gone I had to love. But I had the best of earthly comforters in my aunt and William Wilson. They endeavoured to lead me to the foot of the Cross, and there directed me to cast my burden, my sorrows, and my cares. Nor did they labour entirely in vain. A few glimmering rays of light penetrated the intense darkness of my soul: but I looked upon God more as a mighty Being to be feared, than as a Father to be loved as well as feared; and vainly tried to merit salvation by a blameless life, instead of humbly going to God through Christ.

"A year after Willie died, I became the wife of William Wilson; and once more did I idolize the creature, and place him before the Creator. My mother and Willie were in heaven, and my husband was all the world to me. Such sinfulness will never go unpunished: of this I had already had proof enough. Now was the happiest period of my life. I was blessed with one of the best of husbands, and two lovely children. Our temporal affairs were in a prosperous state, and not a cloud seemed to darken our skies. But these sunny days did not last for ever. No; as I look back upon my life, these days seem but as one gleam of sunshine in a dark and cloudy day. My beloved husband was seized with a dangerous illness. I hung over him day and night, in an agony of hope and fear; and then I could pray,—yes, then, and for what? Why, that my idol might be spared me to worship a little longer!

"But God, in His unerring wisdom and boundless mercy, saw fit to disregard my prayers. A change came over the features of my husband, and death, I saw, had fixed his impress there. He opened his eyes, and softly said, 'Mary!' That word, murmured by those dear lips, caused my tears to flow for the first time. I could not speak: at last I said, 'O, I *cannot* give you up!' 'Mary! Mary!' he said, 'you must not do *so*. I am going to leave you: perhaps it is better that I should. You have been leaning upon me too much, and loving God too little. When I am gone, you will feel your dependence upon Him more. You will have one tie less on earth, and another hope in heaven. Weep not for me: I am going to glory; yes, I shall soon see my Saviour. I wish I had served Him better here. But, Mary, before I leave you, I implore you once more to seek God with all your heart, and never rest until you have obtained His blessing. Bring up our dear children in the fear of the Lord. Pray with them, and for them; and may the Lord bless you all.' His voice got fainter, and still more faint. For some time after he gave over speaking, his lips moved in silent prayer. Then all was motionless, and I was left a widow.

"And now came the remembrance of my aunt's words. I saw the sinfulness of my conduct. I resolved to give myself entirely to God, and let no object, however dear, come between my soul and Jesus. I wrestled all that night with God: about daybreak He spoke peace unto my soul. I felt like a new creature; and indeed I was one: 'old things had passed away, and all things had become new.' Not that I loved my dear ones less; but I felt I loved God more than all these, and would willingly give up all things for Him. The poor widow had lost her husband, but she had found her Saviour. I pressed my lips to the cold face of him I had loved so well, murmuring, 'I shall meet thee in heaven, dearest, never, never

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to be parted from thee? My mother, and darling Willie, and, best of all, my God and my Saviour, will be there!' O, what a blissful thought! Was it not enough to sweeten my pilgrimage on earth, to think such happiness was reserved for me, 'a sinner saved by grace?' My God mercifully supported me during the whole of that trying week. I saw my husband laid in the cold grave, and then I returned to my desolate home; but God was with me, and He enabled me to say with sincerity, 'Thy will, my God, Thy will be done!'

"When our affairs were settled, it was found that the interest of the money which my husband had gained, together with that left me by Willie, would be sufficient to maintain comfortably myself and my dear children; so that, when deprived of our earthly protector, our heavenly Father took care that we should not want. I brought my little ones to this cottage, and devoted my time to their instruction. Beautiful to me they were; but I prayed that I might not love them too much, that I might not build my hopes upon them. Willie was very much like his dear father, both in appearance and in disposition. My little Alice, whom I had named after my mother, was a sweet, timid child. She always looked to Willie for protection from danger; and they were so attached to each other!

"As yet, my path to heaven had been smooth; but God, to try me, had prepared a bitter cup. Willie and Ally had gone out one day for a walk: when they returned, Willie said, 'Mother, Ally is poorly: I've had to carry her all the way home.' I took her on my knee, and she appeared to be getting worse. I sent for the doctor: he said it was croup, and he was afraid she would not get over it. It was with a bitter pang I heard these words. I prayed, saying, 'Father, if it be possible, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but Thine be done.' I was at peace then. I felt, if God spared my child, I would rejoice; and if He took her to Himself, I would praise Him. How amazing is the power of the grace of God! It had converted the proud idolatress into the submissive follower of the meek and lowly Jesus.

"For three days I watched over my little Ally. O, how changed she was! There she lay motionless on my knee: her little curls were as unruly as ever, but her busy feet and fingers were at rest. Her large blue eyes were languid and dull, and the flush upon her cheeks, too deep for that of health, was succeeded by a deadly paleness. Poor Willie in vain brought out the toys which were wont to please her best; for she did not notice them; and, disappointed and sad, the kind little fellow carried them back. In vain did he bring the choicest of the store of dainties: Ally only whispered, 'No hanks, Willie.' After three days of suffering, my baby was released. Her little spirit rejoined that Redeemer who, when on earth, said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

"I missed my little prattler very much. She would often waken me by saying, 'Morning come, mamma.' But she went to a realm where there was no night, no pain, no parting.

"Little Willie mourned after her sadly. It used to grieve me to see a look of such utter sadness on his youthful brow. He would sit for hours talking of Ally; and would often ask me if I thought he was good enough to go to heaven when he died.

"Time passed on. God had given me the happiness of seeing my son truly converted. He was placed as an apprentice to a pious tradesman, who resided in the town where I had passed the few years of my married life. He was allowed to spend his Sundays with me: this was to us a great pleasure, and truly a profitable one. I was delighted to see him grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord.

"When the term of Willie's apprenticeship was nearly expired, I was visited with another trial. The person in whose hands my money was placed failed, and I was left nearly penniless. But this trial was but small to me; for my home was in heaven, and my treasures were there. I was most afraid that I should have to leave this cottage; but I trusted in God, and He was true to His promise. He was a husband to the widow. He did not suffer me to want. He raised me up many kind friends; and your mother did then prove herself a friend indeed. I took in

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sewing, and went to several families as a charwoman. As soon as my dear boy was out of his time, he obtained a good situation; and he then insisted upon supporting me. Accordingly, I discontinued working for any one but your mother. I always felt it a privilege to be with her, and I could not give it up. My dear son has prospered: he is now a Local Preacher. He has a wife and seven children; and in them my youth seems to be renewed. I received a letter from him to-day, in which he tells me he has bought this cottage: so that I may hope to spend my last days here. It caused me to take a review of my past life; and before you came in, I was turning over in my memory the broken chains which linked me to the past; and I felt thankful I had so little to bind me to the earth. God has never forsaken me,—I can discern His guiding hand in all my wanderings; and I know He never will. 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.' My race will soon be run; and then I have heaven to look forward to. 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'"

The widow ceased speaking.

In less than a month her purified spirit passed into that better land, where were her Redeemer, and her treasures whom on earth she loved too well.

FANNY ORTON.

Our Schools and Children.

ARE YOU SAFE?

"TEACHER, is he safe? Was he happy?" Such were the questions put to me by my Sunday-scholars, when one of their companions had been suddenly snatched from amongst them by death. How I should have rejoiced to tell them he had witnessed a good confession in his last hours! but it was one of those cases which forbid us to speak with confidence, though we may entertain well-grounded hopes.

Poor Harry T—— was a quiet, inoffensive lad, connected with our Sunday-school at A——. In the midst of health and strength, he was smitten by severe illness, which, from the first, refused to yield to medical treatment, and proved fatal in a few days. During a short and painful affliction, he was visited by his Teacher and other friends, and always manifested a desire for prayer. He alluded to Divine things in a way which showed that the seed sown in the school had not altogether fallen on unfruitful ground; but violent pain generally precluded thought and conversation. Shortly before death he expressed himself as having no fear, because his trust was in Christ; and soon after his spirit passed away, to enter upon its unchanging state. I hoped he might be spared; for experience had taught me the uncertainty of a deathbed repentance; and the words, "He is gone!" fell heavily on my ear. Gone, beyond the reach of human prayer and counsel; gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns. While clinging to the hope that the dying lad had found mercy, the question, "Is he safe?" sometimes occurred to my mind with startling force. Sorrowfully and earnestly did my scholars listen, as I answered their inquiries about his spiritual welfare, solemnly warned them of the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of always living as they would wish to die.

To young readers, I say as I did to my children that quiet Sabbath-day, "Therefore be ye also ready." Often, when standing beside the dying, have I wished that the thoughtless and indifferent could realize the agony of watching the unconverted sink into the grave. At such an hour the value of the soul is more fully understood; the solemn realities of eternity seem nearer; the folly of neglecting salvation is more keenly felt.

Sunday-scholar, are *you* safe? Have you fled to the Ark of refuge, and laid hold on eternal life? Have you ever seriously thought of the advice given you, week after week, by your Teacher? O! pause, and consider the value of the soul you are neglecting; remember the mighty ransom that has been paid for you, even

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the blood of the only-begotten Son of God. Be assured that it is a fearful thing to stand on the shores of eternity,

"And fear to launch away;"

a fearful thing to feel you are numbered with those who might have had life, but would not. Far more tolerable will it be in the day of judgment for Sodom and Gomorrah, than for you, if you continue to despise the Lord of life and glory. Like Mary of old, seek the "one thing needful" now; and though health, and strength, and friends may fail you, *this* shall never be taken from you.

A. L. A.

Religion in Heart and Life.

WORLDLINESS A HINDRANCE TO CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

In the most zealous and active of our churches the work of God is carried on by comparatively a few. It is feared there are but few instances in which the formal, the feeble, and the dronish do not constitute the majority. There are amongst us many who are only nominal Christians. Instead of being a help, they are rather a hindrance to the progress of religion. They ought to be doing something for their own salvation, and that of others, impressing all within their sphere by the force of Christian example and earnestness of spirit. But no, it is far otherwise with them. They require constant care, and precious time and effort to be expended upon them, which ought to be directed towards a sinful world. And yet they are remarkably sensitive, exact more than their share of attention, and are ever more easily offended than entreated.

What strength there would be in the church, if it were only true to itself, its privileges, and its Head; and how numerous, rapid, and glorious would be its triumphs! A *consistent* church—consistent with its principles, profession, and calling—would be as the light of the world, and as a city set on a hill, which cannot be hid; elevated by its purity, and bright with the reflected glory of its Lord. The love of Christ constraining all, all would henceforth live not for themselves, but for Him who died for them, and rose again. St. Paul, in his description of Christian character, says, "None of us liveth unto himself, but unto the Lord." This is all that is required to make the church prosperous, and in all her enterprises successful. Let this become really and truly the character of every Christian; let the whole life be consecrated to Christ, and that *daily*, and nothing can resist the progress of Christ's kingdom.

But the misfortune, the weakness, shame, and sin of professing Christians is, that it is not so consecrated. Many are reversing this apostolic order, and living unto themselves, and not unto the Lord. They allow themselves to be overborne by the cares and labours of life. If they would only command time to sit down and reflect upon their life, its actual objects and aims, to what conclusion would they be obliged to come? Would it not in many cases be this, that they are really living for time, and not eternity? Spiritual duties are subordinated to temporal considerations; and it is thought quite enough to excuse them from many of these, during the six days of labour, that they either have, or contrive to have, a business engagement at the time they ought to be directly engaged in religious exercises. Or, perhaps, they continue so long at business, lest they should miss the smallest chance of gain, that they cannot reach in time the place for public worship, Christian fellowship, or social prayer. Thus they hesitate to make the smallest temporal sacrifice for their soul's welfare. And hence we fear it is but a small proportion of professors who ever worship God in public from Sabbath to Sabbath; and with many others their attendance is but rare and casual. We believe, among ourselves, as Methodists, that a great spiritual loss is sustained by the neglect of public and social worship *during the week;* and it is this suspension of religious duty which gives the world

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its power over the mind. We will adduce a few illustrations. Take, for example,—

1. Christian fellowship, as enjoyed in our class-meetings.

In *Methodism* CLASS-MEETINGS have been from the beginning one of the most effective means of stirring up the spirit of piety, and quickening the spiritual affections of our people. While the Methodists generally have valued them, having proved them of abundant service to their souls' welfare, they have been especially prized by the most devout and spiritually-minded among us. The weekly review of the mercies of God is calculated to fill the heart with gratitude, while the recollection of many omissions and failures tends to humiliation of heart before the Lord, and to produce a spirit of greater vigilance and prayerfulness for the future. For our own part, we do not hesitate to acknowledge that some of our happiest hours have been spent in the class-meeting. How often has our soul been bowed before God in tenderness and humility, while we have traced the work of the Holy Spirit in the experience of our fellow-Christians! and as we have listened to their simple testimony to the sufficiency of Divine grace to support in trouble, and to deliver out of temptation, our own mind has been greatly encouraged and strengthened. We have felt that in the struggles and sorrows of life we were not alone, nor in our aspirations and hopes; but that there were souls in sympathy with ours, and with the realised presence of Christ in the midst, our hearts have burned within us while He talked with us by the way. The same testimony we have heard from thousands; and tens of thousands at this day are ready to testify of the benefits they have received under this form of Christian fellowship.

It is always, therefore, a matter of regret to us when we meet with those who do not appreciate these privileges, and whose attendance is, therefore, only occasional, and in some sort constrained. We have heard from these parties many pleas in justification or palliation of their neglect; but, without intending to offend against Christian charity, we confess that in almost every case, we have heard no plea, and see no difficulty in their way, but what a more simple, earnest piety would at once neutralise and overcome. Many of the excuses have arisen from nothing else but a low state of grace, without any desire to improve upon it; and in most instances that state has been induced by *worldliness*, in one or other of its various forms. If a man makes gold, fashion, display, pleasure, or worldly company his idol, he may still be a Sunday worshipper, critical, captious, and ill to please, both in matter and manner; but certainly he will have no appetite for the weekly class; for, having no Christian experience himself, he will have but little relish for that of others, and will unresistingly allow the world to absorb his time and energies.

Yet there are none among us who need the class-meeting more than those who are the least frequently there. If they were hungering and thirsting after righteousness, they would avail themselves of every means by which their souls might be satisfied, just as in their business they are always on the alert for every opportunity of gain. After a man has been engaged all day in business, his weariness may plead for repose; but in seeking temporal things, men are often content to work when weary; and if rest be necessary, why should it be taken from the time religion claims, rather than from that which is supposed to be due to the world? Is it right that all a man's sacrifices should consist of sacred things, while he gives up nothing of the things that only appertain to this life? This worldly self-indulgence wins no prize; for an indolent career can never seize the crown.

That man is always the happiest who keeps closest to the Saviour's requirement, to take up his cross daily, and follow Him; while he who evades it may escape some difficulties, and appear to tread an easier path, but he does not realize nearly so much satisfaction in the end. We will suppose two cases for illustration. A man of business returns home somewhat jaded with the toils and anxieties of the day. He probably has met with disappointments and perplexities, and his mind is chafed and uneasy. It is the night on which his class meets. But such has been the deadening influence of the world upon his mind, that he is little disposed to attend. He concludes, after a brief hesitation, to

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remain at home, and forego the spiritual privilege; and perhaps one who ought to throw in a word on the other side, selfishly falls in with the conclusion. Indisposed for much mental exertion, he spends the evening over the newspapers, or in glancing at the pages of some popular fiction, that pleases for the moment, but fails to instruct and edify. Thus, half asleep and half awake, he dozes away the hour which he might have spent in the fellowship of saints, and in the exercises of self-examination, prayer, and praise. In the day he thought no vigilance, no exertion too great, for the gain of the world; but his energies are paralysed when there is no other object before him except that which ought ever to be the first, the salvation of his soul. He yields to self-indulgence, and consequently makes no progress either in holiness or happiness.

Another individual may have passed through similar circumstances of trial and perplexity, and be equally worn and weary. But he comes to another decision. The flesh with him pleads for indulgence; but he has learned to deny himself. He rather asks, "What have I been anxiously toiling for this day, until both mind and body are jaded? Is it not for those things which perish in the using? Is it not for the world, which passeth away? But there are other things of higher value: there is a better and enduring substance which is essential to the life and happiness of the soul. Shall I not be as earnest in seeking those things which are above, as I am diligent in pursuing after those things which are beneath, the skies? I want my spiritual affections quickening and elevating. The class-meeting has often had this effect. Duty and privilege unite to urge my attendance; and where the Lord has often met me, He will meet me again."

And he is not disappointed. He finds Christ in the midst of the few who are met in His name. He there learns again to cast his care upon the Lord; and his faith and hope are strengthened. He returns to his home and family refreshed and quickened. His worldly anxieties are relieved, and his spiritual powers are revived. He is cheerful and calm. His strength has been renewed. He is anew prepared to run the race which is set before him. Christian fellowship has again been made a blessing to his soul; and more and more his delight is in the saints of the Most High. With what feeling he approaches God at the family-altar, and how earnestly he pleads for those who worship with him at the throne of grace! He feels that the more earnestly he attends to spiritual things, the better he is prepared to discharge his duties as a husband, parent, and master. As it was of old, so is it still,—they who fear the Lord speak often one to another.

Bradford. D. H.

THE BIBLE A LIGHT IN TIMES OF DARKNESS.

It is the darkness which makes the lantern so welcome. And it is the darkness of the sick-room or the house of mourning, in which this "night-lamp" emits all its heavenliness. You will find it so. Fond as you are of books, there is only one that you will value at last; and with your head on the pillow, you will hardly care to be told that a new volume of the great history is published, or a marvellous epic outpeering all its predecessors. "No; read me the twenty-third Psalm. Let me hear the fourteenth of John." When your strength sinks yet lower, when your interest in all under the sun has faded away, and ebbing life affords not even a parting tear, it will for a moment rally the worn faculties to hear the whisper, "My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." And when all is over when to orphan children and desolate kindred the world is grown a great sepulchre, and the most tender friends are vain comforters; when letters of condolence lie unopened, and words of compassion fall like hailstones on the heart, the first thing that sends a warm ray into the gloom, and brings to the eye tears that are not bitter, is when Jesus Himself breaks the silence, and you hear, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." "What are these which are arrayed in white robes?

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and whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—*Hamilton's "Lamp and Lantern."*

Poetry.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

Father, I know that all my life
Is portion'd out for me,
And the changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching, wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will,
That hurries to and fro;
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side:
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit fill'd the more
With grateful love to Thee;
And careful less to please Thee much,
Than to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my secret heart is taught the truth,
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

The Portfolio.

SAYING PRAYERS IN BED:

OR, HOW DO WE PRAY?

It was once my lot to visit a sick woman who appeared, and I believe was, greatly concerned about her soul. She acknowledged that she had never bent her knee in prayer; that she never prayed at all, except when she had wickedly called upon God to destroy her soul!

Believing her convictions to be genuine, I exhorted her to look to the Lamb of God for mercy. She inquired whether she might pray in bed; as her weakness forbade her kneeling. I assured her she

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might do so. After her recovery I often called to see her, and reminded her of her sick-bed vows and earnestness; and inquired if she still prayed. She always replied in the affirmative. One day a suspicion arose in my mind that she did not really pray, and I questioned her closely on the matter. To the plain interrogation whether she ever *knelt down* in private, and heartily prayed to God, she replied, "Well, I don't want to tell a story: the truth is, I never do *kneel down with my bare knees on the floor;* but I thinks about Him when I lies in bed; and don't you think that'll do as well?"

"No, indeed, I do not," I replied: "but have you never once, since your illness, knelt down in your bedroom to pray?"

"Not on the *floor*," said she; "but what difference can it make? Can't God hear prayer as well from a bed as from the floor? And I don't see as it matters how the body is."

I told her what God had commanded, and spoke of the carelessness, and of the *insult* she was offering God: she would even rise from her seat to address a visiter, and yet lie down in bed to address the Almighty, and that when in health!

She seemed disposed to quibble and treat the matter very lightly: therefore I said, with great seriousness, "Answer me this one question, Mrs. B.: If you were quite positive that you should die exactly as the clock strikes five to night, what should you do?"

With arms uplifted: "What should I do? Why, I should begin to pray in a moment!"

"I believe so: and would you go and *lie down in bed* to pray?" said I.

With a look of astonishment at such a question, she exclaimed, "Bed, bed! why, Miss, I should go down on my blessed knees on these cold stones, and there I should cry for mercy till the Lord pardoned me. I should'nt care who saw me!"

I asked, "Then don't you see the sinfulness of your conduct?"

She could not reply: the words *die to-night* had entered as arrows into her soul, and time after time did she exclaim, with hands uplifted, and her eyes almost starting from her head, "*Die to-night! die to-night!* there'd be no tea for me; not a bit of bread should enter my mouth till I knew my sins were forgiven! Die to-night! away would go the bread, and the butter, and the cheese;" (pushing them to the farthest extremity of the table as she spoke;) "nothing would I care about but my poor soul, my neglected soul!"

All this was spoken with an earnest eloquence bordering on sublime. She was just looking at things in the light of eternity. Solemnly did she promise to begin to pray aright. May God help her!

I will not insult my readers by supposing that they are guilty of the solemn mockery of lying in bed to pray for mere idleness' sake; but I will ask, "How often do we engage in prayer as if for the *last time?* How often do we beaiege the throne of grace as we should do if we knew that sentence had passed in the courts above for us to "die to-night?"

We have not enough deathbed earnestness in our prayers; too much sleepiness and half-heartedness. Do not we ever pray as though the Lord were unwilling to impart blessings? as though He would be moved by our many sakings? Do we thus insult a liberal *earthly* friend, who has promised us help on application? No; we take him at his word. When the time of need comes, we go, feeling that he has promised, and that he is too honourable to break his word. Shall we then not rely on the oath of an almighty Jehovah? Shall we not go to Him, and "take *Him* at His word?" His own words declare that He cannot lie. He has said, "Ask, and it shall be given." "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Reader, how do *you* pray? Learn to pray with death and judgment in your view.

Kineton. E. A. G.

PRIDE AND VANITY.

PRIDE differs in many things from vanity, and by gradations that never blend, although they may be somewhat indistinguishable. Pride may be termed a too high opinion of ourselves, founded on the *overrating* of certain qualities that

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we do actually possess; whereas vanity is more easily satisfied, and can extract a feeling of self-complacency from qualifications that are *imaginary.* Vanity can also feed upon externals, but pride must have more or less of that which is intrinsic: the proud therefore do not set so high a value upon wealth as the vain, neither are they so much depressed by poverty. Vanity looks to the many, and to the moment; pride to the future, and the few: hence pride has more difficulties, and vanity more disappointments; neither does she bear them so well, for she at times distrusts herself, whereas pride despises others. For the vain man cannot always be certain of the validity of his pretensions, because they are often as empty as that very vanity that has created them; therefore it is necessary for his happiness, that they should be confirmed by the opinion of his neighbours, and his own vote in favour of himself he thinks of little weight, until it be backed by the suffrages of others. The vain man idolizes his own person, and here he is wrong; but he cannot bear his own company, and here he is right. But the proud man wants no such confirmations: his pretensions may be small, but they are something, and his error lies in overrating them. If others appreciate his merits less highly, he attributes it either to their envy or to their ignorance, and enjoys in prospect that period when time shall have removed the film from their eyes. Therefore the proud man can afford to wait, because he has no doubt of the strength of his capital, and can also live, by anticipation, on that fame which he has persuaded himself that he deserves. He often draws, indeed, too largely upon posterity: but even here he is safe; for should the bills be dishonoured, this cannot happen until *that debt,* which cancels all others, shall have been paid.—*Colton.*

THE WAR.

THE following powerful speech was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Croly, at a meeting in London, in promotion of the Patriotic Fund.

Dr. Croly rose, amid loud cheers, to propose the following resolution:—

"That this meeting, cordially assenting to the Royal Commission for raising a Patriotic Fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of our brave soldiers, sailors, and marines slain in the present war, resolve to appoint a Committee to collect subscriptions, from house to house, in aid of the fund."

He said: The subject of the resolution being perfectly known to you all, I shall trouble you with but a few observations. That war, in any case, is a calamity, we are all agreed; but still the world is one in which we must be prepared, as men and Christians, to bear calamities where they are suffered for a good cause. A war to which we are impelled by both justice and necessity, is a war in a good cause; and if ever hostilities were characterized by both, they are the hostilities in which we are now engaged. In the contrast of England with Russia, the old Eastern idea of the antagonist principles of light and darkness appears to be more distinctly realized than in any instance in the history of mankind. On the one side we see a country totally without the desire of aggression, labouring only for the intellectual progress of mankind, cultivating peace, regarding the quiet of nations as the great element of national prosperity, spreading by her commerce the benefits of civilization through the globe, constantly producing those great inventions and expedients which give man the mastery over nature and, even when compelled to force, using her gigantic powers only to defend the property and assert the common rights of human-kind. On the other hand, we see a power inflexibly tyrannical, opposed to all progress, extinguishing all liberty, holding its subjects in the condition of slaves, and extending its dominions only to extend ignorance, oppression, arbitrary power, and the degradation of mankind. If that power should succeed in its known objects, all the nobler aspirations of the human mind would be extinguished by the lash of the executioner or the lance of the Cossack. I demand, in what country under the sway of Russia has man advanced? Have the fruits of human genius flourished? Have the comforts of man been promoted? Has the sanctity of law been upheld? Has religion been anything but a superstition, society been anything but a ser-

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vitude, morality been anything but a licensed profligacy, and Government been anything but a rigid control of man by the lowest influences of his nature, his corruptions, and his fears? The whole working of the system is to make the subject a savage, that he may be the more submissive subject; and to make the soldier a machine, that he may be the more a soldier. But there are other characteristics of this Government. Its principle is perfidy. That other Governments have been crafty, we can easily acknowledge; but their craft was accidental, and arising from the nature of the Sovereign. In Russia, let whoever will be on the throne, the craft is persevering, perpetual, and progressive. It was the same in the bold enterprise of Peter, in the showy supremacy of Catherine II., in the brute vagaries of Paul, and in the diplomatic courtesies of Alexander. The present inheritor of the throne has not lost an atom of the inherited policy, and wily negotiation always accompanies ferocious violence. He has now negotiated, until Europe has flung back his diplomacy in disgust; yet, baffled as he has been, he is as ready to diplomatise as ever. It is observable that Russia never begins a war but for the "protection" of something or other. She has begun this war for the protection of the Greek Christians. She began the war which ended in the fall of Poland for protection. Poland had been disturbed with religious dissensions early in the last century. Russia interfered to protect Protestants. Nothing could be more pacific than her remonstrances, nothing more sensitive than her compassion, nothing more showily sincere than her sorrow for the dissensions of the illustrious country and "dearly-beloved neighbour." She formed a confederacy, bribed Austria and Prussia by a share in the promised plunder, and then burst in upon unhappy Poland.

Still crafty, she made treaties and broke them, made negotiations and dallied with diplomacy; still went on corrupting and cajoling; but the moment when the royal tigress was within reach of her prey, then the crouching was exchanged for the spring, and the hopes of Poland were buried in the blood of the 12,000 citizens of Warsaw, who died in the last trench of her independence. Exactly the same process was followed in the possession of that spot on which all eyes are now anxiously turned. Catherine II. longed for the possession of the Crimea (of course as a future means of seizing Constantinople): she entered into negotiations with the Tartars; she pensioned their chief or khan; she then proposed herself as the protectress of the Crimea; the next step was to pour an army into it, and slaughter its people. If, "Thou hast slain, and also taken possession," was the appeal to Divine vengeance on the murderer of the Israelites, what must be the voice against the murderer of thousands?

There is one circumstance which makes this war even more necessary than any other in our annals. All the brunt of the European wars has been on land; armies are limited by territory; but a naval war has no limit but the circumference of the globe. The Channel might defy the armies of the Continent, but the Channel itself would be the auxiliary of a fleet which had the command of the seas. No man in this country could lie down on his pillow without the musket by his side,—no man could hold his life, property, or liberty secure from one hour to the other,—if a Russian fleet could sweep the ocean. Imagine what a scene of ruin, what a complication of miseries, what a combination of bankruptcy, insults, and chains, are involved in the conception of naval ruin; and observe that the position of Russia, more than that of any other Government in existence, or that has ever existed, puts that tremendous evil in her power, unless the mercy of God shall check it by the arms of England. Russia is the only European power which has partially the command of two land-locked seas. If she had full possession of the Baltic, by the not-difficult seizure of Denmark, she might build fleets without number in the Baltic, and send them out to ravage Europe, like the pirate-fleets of the Danes, every year. If her fleets might be defeated, they could not be followed; and while the European fleets were forced into their harbours for repairs, the ravages would be renewed. In the Baltic Russia might equip a thousand ships a year. In the Black Sea the possession of the Dardanelles would

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put into her hands the key of the finest port, dockyard, exercising-ground, and arsenal in the world. We might fight her fleet at the mouth of the Dardanelles, but we could not follow it. Hundreds might issue from the Black Sea at the mouth, when we were forced to return to Malta or Portsmouth for repairs, and the sea would be her own. But can we doubt what would be the chief object of her overwhelming assaults; what the chief prize of her insatiable ambition; what, even, the chief necessity of her passion for the conquest of the globe? England, the great naval leader, the great example of political freedom, the great depository of human intelligence, the great security of nations; England, over whom the Czar never casts a glance, but, like Milton's Satan, takes care to tell it "how he hates its beams." The subject is of such vast extent that I shall allude to but one topic more. I have always thought, and always said in my obscure opportunities, that England had an especial mission among nations, and that her mission was to balance the irregularities of human thought, to rectify the understandings of Emperors, and to vindicate the ways of Providence. I am neither enthusiastic nor superstitious in this belief. I found it on the promises of God to nations, and on the palpable experience of history. At the close of the last century, democracy was the trial of the world. I am not now speaking of republicanism, which may have its uses, but of democracy,—the dominion of the desperate, the unprincipled, the carnal, and the bloody. England combated that democracy, fought against it in all its shapes of perfidy and fury, in the coils of the serpent and the rage of the tiger; and after a struggle of a quarter of a century, by the mercy of God, prevailed. We claim now to commence the encounter with the opposite of democracy. We have to fight the battle of the world with despotism, and despotism in the most savage, grim, and deformed shape that the world has ever seen. We are not now, like the Greek, encountering the gold and purple, the plumage, and painted shields of the Persians: we are to fight the uncouth, fierce, and rugged despotism of the desert; the Tartar principle, clothed in the European costume; the instincts of the wolf and the bear, in the form of the soldier; and we are to show the world the gentle and illustrious supremacy of limited monarchy over both as the model Government of the world. But are we to limit ourselves to defence? Are we to sit by the grave of Poland, and simply wring our hands when we have in those hands the trumpet of resurrection? Is not England entitled by her mission to say to Poland, and to every country absorbed by the ambition of Russia, that the day of restoration is at hand? Is not Germany in chains at this moment? Is not the chain held in the hands of Russia? Is not Greece in the chain? Is the Continent to be left like a whispering-gallery, in which the slightest accents of Russia are echoed like a thunder-clap? I must say little more; but I cannot refrain from saying that I look upon this war as a breaking of more than chains,—as something higher than the will or working of political counsels. Shall we not remember the illustrious men who trod the soil now trodden by the rough feet of battle: Asia Minor, the land of the Apostles; Palestine, the land of the Prophets; Jerusalem, the city of the Most High? These thoughts overwhelm me; but they do not bewilder. These splendours belong to the land of the Scriptures. Will not God again visit His people? I know the necessity for moderation in all language referring to the future; but I cannot repress my earnest conviction that a great, a saving, a magnificent, and a redeeming time is at hand. But, Mr. Alderman and gentlemen, we have now a personal duty to perform. I will not call it generosity, it is duty; not charity, but justice. The dead soldier has left living pledges and living claims on his country. England has never shrunk from the claims of justice; and she will not now shrink from the noblest claim of the most natural humanity, the most essential gratitude, the most patriotic necessity.

RULERS OF THE WORLD.

Perhaps the following table, recently met with in a foreign journal, may be thought of sufficient interest to make a note of. In these unsettled times, and in

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ence of a general war, how much might be changed! There are at present eighty-three empires, monarchies, republics, principalities, duchies, and electorates. There are six Emperors, including his sable Highness Faustin I., of St. Domingo; sixteen Kings, numbering among them Jamaco, King of all the Mosquitoes, and also those of Dahomey and the Sandwich Islands; five Queens, including Ranavala of Madagascar, and Pomare of the Society Islands; eighteen Presidents; ten reigning Princes; seven Grand Dukes; ten Dukes; one Pope; two Sultans, of Borneo and Turkey; two Governors, of Entre-Rios and Corrientes; one Viceroy, of Egypt; one Shah, of Persia; one Imaum, of Muscat; one Ameer, Cabul; one Bey, of Tunis; and, lastly, one Director, of Nicaragua.

CHOLERA IN BARBADOES.

Although the people generally attended their relatives in sickness, (and I have known a female to nurse her dying husband and children day and night, till in succession they had all been carried to the grave, and she was left alone exhausted and desolate,) there were, unhappily, especially at the outbreak of cholera, painful instances of callousness, desertion, and neglect.

One man, who had seen his wife and mother die, ran away from the house, leaving four small children with the corpses, being under the impression that the disease was more infectious after death than before.

Another man, employed in one of the country parishes to bury the dead, is said to have made upon his deathbed a startling confession. With others he was accustomed to receive one shilling and sixpence for the interment of each corpse; and so demoralised were some of these men, that they would contend for the propriety of the bodies. "This," one would say, "is my corpse." "No," another would defiantly reply, "I will have it: it belongs to me." On one occasion, when the man referred to was about to lower a coffin into the grave, he heard a noise inside, and knew that the tenant must be alive. He related how he then rested the coffin on the side of the grave, and reasoned with himself, addressing also his supposed auditor within the coffin: "If I open the coffin," said he, "it is night, and I cannot get any assistance for you, so that you will only live a short time, and I shall lose my shilling and a half." Cupidity at length prevailed; and, according to his dying confession, he buried alive the unfortunate victim of cholera and mammon!

As an Aide-de-Camp of the General was riding one morning, during the reign of the pestilence, along Bay-street, he saw a girl lying in the road, in the last stage of cholera, whom her connexions had turned out of doors as soon as she was attacked. The British officer, with proper humanity, had her removed to a place of shelter, where she shortly after expired.

These cases were, however, the exceptions, not the rule. "In my attendance lately on the sick," writes a gentleman, who went about during the epidemic, "doing good," "I have generally witnessed much tender affection in the members of families to each other." Some there were who perished in the work of mercy to the sick; and many a deed proving the dignity and beauty of man's original was quietly done in these days of trial.

When persons were drawing near to death, their attendants would secure a coffin from the contractor, as the cart was passing which contained them. In some instances the individuals considered in a hopeless state would strangely recover, and the coffin intended for them would receive the corpse of their relative or nurse.

One woman had lost several of her relatives; and at the time I now refer to, she was attending her dying daughter. Believing that she had breathed her last, she asked for a coffin. When the man carried it in, as he saw she was alone in the house, he promised that, on returning with his load of dead, he would assist her to put her daughter in the coffin. During his absence, as the mother stood looking sadly on her child, she fancied she saw a movement, first in one hand, then in the other; and, going close to her with a light, she discovered that her eyes were open. Uttering a scream, the poor woman immediately applied stimulants, and gradually she had the happiness of seeing her daughter recover.

The girl rehearses now the agony she

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endured when, unable either to speak or move, but perfectly conscious, she heard her mother and the undertaker speak about putting her in the coffin, and was sensible that it was laid close to her on the bed.

"Familiarity with dangers," it has been said, "disarms them of half their terrors." So it was in the time of cholera. As death became more familiar, the people grew more insensible of its solemnities.

"The first word," said a lady, "that reached my ears on opening my window in the morning, was the shrill voice of a woman hailing some one at a distance, 'Heigh! bring back your cart: there's DEAD here!'"

In some cases, every relative being dead or gone, the baby-child was left the solitary occupant of the house. A young woman was passing along the street with an infant in her arms, when she was accosted from a balcony by a lady who knew her, with, "How is this? I did not know that you had a child." "No, Ma'am," was the reply; "but I saw this one sitting on the floor in an empty house, and with the help of Master" (God) "I must care it."

Sometimes both parents died, and their children and property were alike at the mercy of the world.

"Your mother is dead of cholera," said a man (who had sacrificed the notice of respectable relatives through a *mésalliance*) to his children, and I have got the disease, and shall die also: what, my children, will become of you? Perhaps," (a ray of hope illuminating his dark horizon,) "perhaps your grandmother will do something for you."—"*Mordichim*," *by Rev. Thomas Butcher.*

"HOW MUCH DID HE LEAVE?"

THE question is asked concerning the property of every rich man who dies; and it was answered very happily by Cloots, who was executor upon the estate of the late Mr. Snodgrass. His neighbour, Mr Nailroad, was an exceedingly inquisitive man; and it was his pride that he knew as much, almost, of the affairs of people of his neighbourhood, as they did themselves. But Mr. Snodgrass had never been communicative, and all that he could glean of his circumstances was from the guesses and speculations of outsiders. The day after his neighbour had been put into the earth, Nailroad visited Cloots, and, with an inspecting face, began to question him. "Mr. Cloots," says he, "if it is not improper,—I wouldn't wish to ask the question if it is the least improper, nor expect you to answer it,—will you inform me how much my particular friend Snodgrass left?" "Certainly," said Cloots: "I don't see the least impropriety in your asking, and am perfectly willing to answer it. He left every cent he was worth in the world, and didn't take a copper with him." Nailroad felt as small as a pumptack, and went out.—*Boston Post.*

Memorials of the Departed.

OUR first record, this month, is of a Christian woman, removed in the full bloom of life; MRS. MARY JOHNSON, of Antrim, who died on the 26th of May, 1853, in the thirty-sixth year of her age. If natural amiableness and strict morality were religion, then did Mary Bennett (this was Mrs. Johnson's maiden name) possess religion from early childhood. But the Spirit of God convinced her, while yet young, of her sinfulness and guilt as a fallen creature, and made her feel the need of remission of sins and change of heart. She was thus awakened under the ministry of the Rev. J. Holmes, then stationed in Belfast; and, having sought mercy through the blood of Christ, soon obtained the Divine witness of acceptance. The sanctified energies of her youth were—with a brief intermission, arising from decline in experience in the earlier part of her career—devoted to the service of her Saviour; as she entered into those various engagements which serve as channels of usefulness and blessing to every earnest, sincere, and willing member of our church. After her marriage to Mr. William Johnson on the 31st of May, 1841, she was most exemplary as a wife, as the domestic head of an estab-

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lishment, and as a mother. The salvation of her three sons was the object of incessant care, with all the force of exhortations, prayers, and the example of undeviating perseverance in the discharge of her duties to her family, to the church of which she was a most valued member, and, in all, to God. After a sudden and short illness, but not without uttering the clearest expressions of confidence in God through His incarnate Son, Mrs. Johnson fell asleep in Jesus, surrounded by weeping friends, who committed her departing spirit to her Saviour and her God.

GEORGE DAVIES, of Haverford-West, born September 23d, 1839, was released from the sorrows of mortality on the 4th of June, 1853, a bright example of early piety. Dedicated by his parents, in infancy, to God, the influences of the Holy Spirit rested on him, as they believed, even then. Of a tender frame, and reserved disposition, he was meek, gentle, teachable, obedient, and a great lover of truth. He was much indebted to the religious instruction he received in the Sunday and daily schools, and while attending the Rev. John Morgan's catechumen class, "he became more serious, more spiritual in his conversation; his reading became more select, and he was observed to pay more marked attention to private devotion." Then came symptoms of mortal sickness; and calmly receiving intelligence that the medical men had no hope of his recovery, he answered an exhortation to "look to Jesus" by saying, "I have long been doing that." Nothing could exceed the distinctness of his declarations of joyous trust in God, and a bright hope of glory everlasting. His almost latest breath was spent in songs of praise; and without a shade of unbelief or doubt, this intelligent and devoted child—for he was but fourteen years of age—fell asleep in Jesus.

And next comes a report of the departure of an aged saint, MRS. ELIZABETH BURWELL, of the village of Wash, in the Bedale Circuit. She was a native of Sheriff-Hutton, and had been a Wesleyan Methodist for seventy-three years. She died on the 5th of July, aged fourscore years and ten. For many years she had to tread in a rough path, through domestic trials and afflictions; but was enabled to bear them all with Christian firmness and constancy. Persecutions, too, troubled her little village; and the members of a class which met there were obliged to go into a neighbouring parish to hear sermons where the ministration of the word of God was not prohibited by any of those rural powers which are sometimes strong enough to put the messengers of life to a brief silence. She ripened well for heaven. Her Ministers, and pious friends from neighbouring villages, often visited her; and at length she peacefully sank away into the arms of death, trusting in Christ alone for a triumphant immortality.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

Names.	Residences, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bockey, Charles,	Witney,	Witney,	43	Aug. 4th, 1854.
Booth, John,	The Hurst,	Glossop,	76	Dec. 28th, 1854.
Hodges, Wm. Kemble,	Witney,	Witney,	50	Jan. 3d, 1855.
Hunter, Elisabeth,	Thornton-le-Clay,	Easingwold,	50	Dec. 30th, 1854.
Johnson, Robert,	Thornton-le-Clay,	Easingwold,	55	Nov. 29th, 1854.
Jones, Mary,	Enstone,	Chipping-Norton,	82	Oct. 23d, 1854.
Smailes, Miss Jane,	Tantobie,	Shotley-Bridge,	29	Oct. 28th, 1854.
Smith, Mrs. Ann,	Wilsick,	Doncaster,	65	Jan. 4th, 1855.
Steel, Catherine,	Quarrington-Hill,	Durham,	26	May 9th, 1854.
Stones, Francis,	Thornton-le-Clay,	Easingwold,	55	Dec. 9th, 1854.
Warlow, Margaret,	Pembroke,	Pembroke,	30	Dec. 29th, 1854.
Willey, Rebecca,	East-Retford,	Retford,	36	Nov. 9th, 1854.
Winfield, Mary,	Witney,	Witney,	68	Dec. 31st, 1854.

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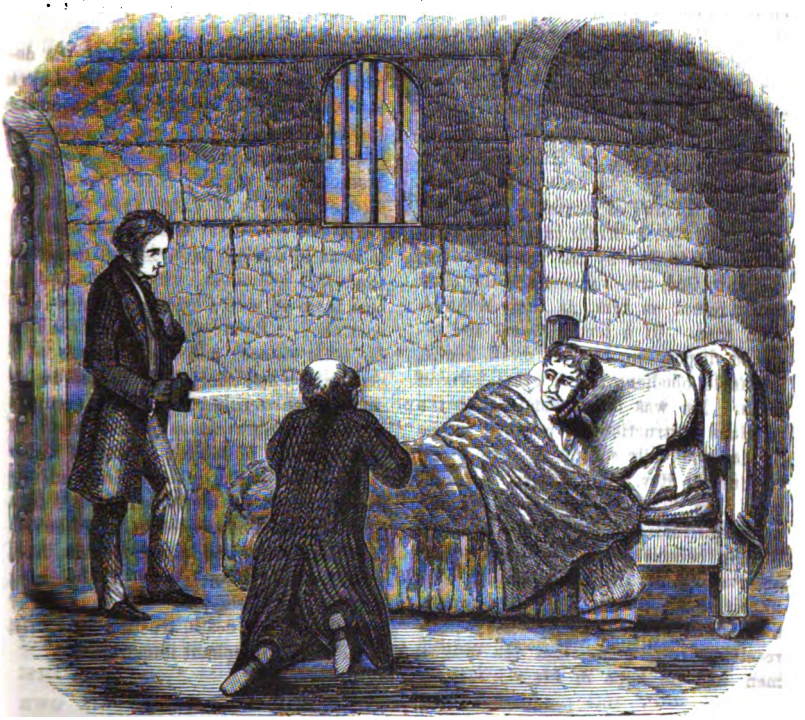
THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.



A PRISON-SCENE.

One day, in July, 1853, when the fields were whitening to the harvest, a farmer in one of the southern counties sent a lad into a barley-field to drive away the birds. The lad was about sixteen, son of one of his labourers. Furnished with a gun, and a little powder and shot, the poor fellow sauntered under the hedges without the slightest apprehension of any sort of danger near. He did not even think—as we may well suppose—of trespassers: he knew most people in the neighbourhood; and they were all friends, men that had known him from infancy, and would run to his help in case of accident. But why think of accidents? The only unwelcome visiters that crossed his thoughts were the birds; and to drive scores of them away, a few grains of powder would suffice, and a day spent in watch-

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ing them would be one of pastime rather than labour. But he had not been long on the ground before he saw a strange man enter the field at a place where there was no path, and make as though he would walk over it, trampling through the barley. "Halloo!" cried he, "there is no foot-path there: come here, and I will show you where there is one." The stranger came, indeed, but levelled him to the ground with one stroke of a heavy bludgeon, beat him on the head until sure that life was extinct, and then, like some beast of prey scared at the approach of hunters, crept away and hid himself, by lying down among the barley. A ploughman, at work in an adjacent field, had heard his young neighbour first call to the murderer, and a very few minutes after wail piteously, and then again give one fainter moan. Startled at the sounds, he left his plough, and ran to help. But it was too late. The corpse lay covered with its own blood, and surrounded with traces of a brief but hard struggle. A cry of alarm brought the gamekeeper to the spot; and redoubled cries attracted young Henry's father, who helped to take the murderer into custody, before he knew that it was his own son that had fallen victim.

The man who committed that wanton murder, without the slightest provocation, and even without any conceivable hope of getting anything afterwards by robbery, was a vagrant, a Spaniard, one who had roamed at large in some of the *sierras* of that half-deserted country, knowing only the impulses of a savage nature, and probably taught, from childhood, how to assault helpless travellers, and kill them with the greatest ease and expedition. When taken before the Magistrates of the neighbourhood, he seemed as unable to understand them as were they to understand him. The language he spoke directed them to the Spanish Consul, who took proper measures to provide the subject of Queen Isabel with legal assistance, and sent an interpreter to assist in taking his depositions.

There could be no attempt to deny the murder, for he was caught almost in the act, and assaulted his captors with the same bludgeon, wet with the poor boy's blood; but he pretended that the youth had first assaulted him, and pleaded a necessity of self-defence. In his own country, he said, such an affair would not be thought criminal: his Priest, too, would have absolved him; and, thus absolved, he would have gone boldly before any Judge, and feared no condemnation for justifiable homicide. It is not likely that an unbiassed or unbribed Judge, even in Spain, would have acquitted such a criminal; but it is certain that fear of being himself shot or stabbed, effectually prevents many a provincial Judge from passing a just sentence upon highwaymen; and it is indisputably certain that the Priest absolves the murderer as a matter of course. All sins are to be forgiven as soon as they are confessed, excepting certain cases reserved to the Bishop or the Pope; and all Confessors are to shield the criminals who make a confession, by keeping the crimes, "under seal" of that confession, secret. They profess to wash out the deepest stains of guilt; they control and thwart the judicature of their country; they darken and corrupt the conscience and the understanding of the people; they obliterate

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the last vestiges of morality; they let loose torrents of impurity upon society; and the case before us is but one out of a multitude that might be adduced in proof by those who are familiar with the state of things in Spain. And what Popery does in Spain, it does with equal success wherever it is dominant. Where it is not so, it debases the standard of morality just in proportion to the number of the Priests who both mingle in the society of Protestants, and by books, by sermons, and by the confessional, indoctrinate their own flocks in the arts of immorality peculiar to their sect.

This murderer, Miguel Yzquierdo, seemed to think himself wronged by being refused the benefit of his own tale, and an impunity like that allowed to murderers in Spain. He sullenly spurned the legal assistance provided for him by his Consul, and vowed that *he would never speak again*. Nor did he speak until brought into court to take his trial in March, 1854. There, for a moment, he broke the vow, but only to make another, declaring aloud that, if condemned, "there should be blood!" The humane consideration of Judge and Jury gave him respite until the next assizes, as the Judge then regarded him in an unfit state of mind to take his trial with the remote chance of acquittal which British laws mercifully allow to criminals, even through technical defect of evidence; but for four months longer he was not heard to breathe a syllable, nor could any one, by any means, draw the least utterance from him. Not even to a Priest, sent by his Consul to visit him, would he speak. At the assizes in July, therefore, he was again brought up for trial; and it being proved that his silence was voluntary, the witnesses were heard, and he was condemned to die. The array of justice, the entreaties of Englishmen who had pity on him, the pronouncing of the sentence, moved him not from hardened sullenness. Still, pity followed him; and those whom he regarded as his enemies mourned over the stranger who had shown himself to be so depraved by the influence that broods over the country whence he came. The Judge obtained a reversal of his own sentence, and death was commuted to transportation.

About five months had elapsed after the day of trial, when a Protestant Minister, who has resided much in Spain, had occasion to visit the town where Miguel Yzquierdo still remained in prison. The Governor of the prison, a gentleman of great humanity, and of decided Christian feeling, communicated the particulars of this extraordinary case; and, after stating that the Priest of the man's own religion had ceased to visit him, because it was impossible to induce him to speak, and there was no one in the neighbourhood able to address him in his own language, requested this Minister to endeavour to say, at least, a few words that might possibly touch his conscience, and awaken him to a sense of guilt in the sight of God. To such a request he could not but accede most gladly. There could be no choice of time, as the visiter was within half an hour of taking the last train for the night in return to London. He hastened to the prison. The Governor himself led him to the cell: only their footsteps and those

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of one attendant disturbed the silence of the place. He found the prisoner lying on a clean and sufficient bed, locked in a cell, indeed, but a cell bearing every mark of attention to the health, no less than the safe-keeping, of its occupant. The opening of the door, and sudden glare of the lantern, seemed only to act on one who, for anything shown to the contrary by glance or gesture, had stupefied himself by sullenness, and whose profound ignorance (he cannot read) had left the mind as devoid of humane affections or vigorous desires, as it was destitute of spiritual light. The Governor addressed him by name, but he stirred not. The Minister pronounced his name, kindly speaking in the man's own language; and he slightly, very slightly, raised his head to listen, but did not open his eyes to look. The address was necessarily very brief,—few sentences indeed. It told him that the speaker was his friend; British law strict; God's law also strict; the Lord Jesus Christ Saviour of transgressors of God's law, if they be penitent, and will commit their souls to Him. A few most earnest words of application and entreaty followed, and then the Minister asked if he might pray, but received no answer, even by the least gesture, nor could he discern the faintest movement of a feature. Not being denied, therefore, he knelt down, and offered supplication to the God of mercy through Jesus Christ, equally the Saviour of himself and of that poor condemned murderer. Whether compunction or impatience moved the man, he does not know; but at a passage of the prayer which might have moved him to either, he suddenly turned away on his side, and hid his face. Yet the prayer was continued in the assurance that the Father of mercy does not refuse the supplication of His most unworthy servant.

Thus the unexpected visiter left the cell, deeply interested in the prisoner, the secret of whose heart only God could penetrate, and at the same time thankful that the ministers of British justice are extensively influenced by the principles of Christianity that so effectually tempers justice with mercy, and raises them so frequently above the insensibility of heart which familiarity with the parade and penalties of justice cannot but produce, from Judge down to jailer, unless counteracted by the Spirit of Christ, which fills their bosoms with compassion, and constrains them to pray in secret for the culprits committed to their charge, "That it may please Thee to show Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives; *We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*"

THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.

"Bid the children of Israel, that they go forward."

Amid the busy scenes of daily life in the large seaport-towns of our country, how often has the footstep of the passer-by been arrested by the sound of martial music, the heavy tramp of armed men, and the crowds whose wild hurrahs would fain encourage the men that are leaving their native land,

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perhaps for ever. As they pass along, one of their number springs from the ranks, and clasps, in a last embrace, the partner of his former joys, his present anguish. 'Tis but a moment; the "God bless thee, dear!" fills the ear of her whose heart is almost bursting; and, as he rejoins his comrades, the dew-drop of affection moistens a cheek which will soon be weather-beaten in a foreign clime, or laid rigid in death on the field of battle.

The memory that is so feeble to retain pictures of the past called up this little image of affection, as the writer thought of the brilliant charges on the heights of Alma, and at Balaclava, or the determined resistance to a host of foes on the slopes of Inkermann, so vividly portrayed in the columns of the daily press; and under the excitement of the moment, the national feelings of an Englishman merged into the higher, holier, loftier aspirations of the Christian.

Dear reader, you have never, perhaps, been led seriously to inquire what enabled that man to overcome the mighty feeling of affection in his heart; what enabled these men to secure the victories we have referred to. The reply, however, is,—a steady obedience to the calls of duty. You admire this in the soldiers of your earthly Sovereign; and have you forgotten that the pages of sacred writ tell you your duties as a soldier of Immanuel?

Is it not to be feared that too many have neglected their calling's glorious hope, inward holiness, and allowed their spiritual foes either to keep them back, or to enter upon terms disparaging to their character as Christians? Have you not been found on the plains of the enemy when you should have been on the walls of Zion, manfully contesting the ground inch by inch, passion by passion, lust by lust, and securing victory at each struggle through "the blood of the Lamb?"

You were afraid to climb the heights of that "perfect love" which "casteth out fear." Your objections have been many. One was: "My circumstances are such, that it is not expedient for me to seek, or possible to enjoy, the blessing of 'perfect love.' Situated as I am, I cannot either obtain it; or, if I could do so, preserve it."

Another was: "In my calling I do not think it possible to be thus filled with love."

But you have never tested the *power* of sanctifying grace in keeping you from sinning at all times and in all places. And you are living miserably enough on the husks of an outer-court worship and profession. You are wrapping yourself in a mantle of carnal security, which cannot hide your misery as you endeavour to pass through the world with the form of godliness; and, by this very unbelief, denying its power. You must acknowledge, if honest, that you are a miserable, doubting—almost a merely nominal—Christian.

A mother cries, "I have the charge of a little household; and its cares are so great, that I do not discharge my duties to God as I ought now: how much less as one professing to enjoy this high state of grace!"

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But, dear reader, just look at this matter in the light of reason and revelation. Because a "little" grace will not enable you in affliction, and care, and trouble to be resigned, is it reasoning soundly to say, that the enjoyment of all the "fruit of the Spirit," having, as a consequence, "grace to help in time of need," would not keep you in *every* condition and circumstance resigned, peaceful, happy? Because you have *some* grace to do the will of God on earth, would the having "*more* grace" prevent your doing it more acceptably? "No," says your heart.

"But," says another, "my circumstances are so very peculiar; so different from others. I am a farmer,—a tradesman: how can I lead a life of holiness?" Now, does the Lord, in His providence, ever place a man in a position where he cannot serve Him acceptably? What says your heart? Does it not say, "No?"

Then appealing to you, brethren, as the soldiers of Immanuel, to you, I say, the path of duty is clear, plain, glorious. The call to you at this moment is, "Go forward."

When the Lord gave the first and second commandments on Sinai, did He not know that Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego would be thrown into a "burning, fiery furnace," if they refused to "worship the golden image?" And did He qualify the commands with, "If such be your circumstances?" No!

A state of grace has to do with your souls; and whilst it does not destroy your social relationship, will sanctify that position; so that you, amidst conflicting circumstances, may be *living* witnesses of His power "to save to the uttermost:" else where would be the glory of faith in those passages of sacred writ which herald the victory of the child of God, whatever be his position, if found steadfastly "looking unto Jesus?" They depict the majesty of a faith which makes everything contribute help to a closer alliance with God; and they sing, as their footsteps mark their onward course in the wilderness,—

"Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice."

You have been looking at this matter too much through the medium of self-indulgence; and you have forgotten that "BE YE HOLY" is a *command*, as well as a glorious privilege; calling us to the spiritual conflict, pointing to heights and depths of the love of God hitherto unattained. The state of the world, the word of God, the fulfilling of prophecy, "the cloud of witnesses," cry aloud to us, "Go forward!" And whilst we are passing through the exciting scenes of things temporal,

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let us not forget the mighty truths they bring before us to "war a good warfare;" knowing that Jesus gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil world. Then may it be said of our life, that,

"It is, beneath its guiding heavenly star,
An island floating towards the coast of heaven."

Truro. E. W.

A MEDITATION ON OUR LORD'S AGONY.

"Pardon and grace and heaven to buy,
My bleeding SACRIFICE expired,
But didst Thou not my PATTERN die?"

THAT our Lord's sufferings were expiatory, and that pardon and grace and heaven can be attained only through faith in His precious blood, is a truth not to be disputed. But it is to the Pattern we would for a few moments direct attention. He hath set us an example, that we should walk in His steps.

In the Garden of Gethsemane, the night before His crucifixion, when the fulness of time has come, and the promises, types, and predictions are about to receive their accomplishment, the Saviour has full in His view the mighty but unutterable sufferings by which the ruined and lost world is to be redeemed. He takes with him three of His disciples, Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, who witnessed His transfiguration; but He withdraws to a distance from them, that alone He may meet and pass through the terrible conflict. He trod the winepress alone, and of the people there was none with Him. (Isai. lxiii. 3.) The Redeemer, now about to effect the salvation of the world, was enduring sorrow of a depth and intensity that would admit of no partner. It was thus alone that Jacob, in his distress, wrestled with the angel. So Jeremiah longed for a lodging-place in the wilderness where he might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of his people; and even so our Lord Jesus Christ was alone in His agony.

The precise character and full extent of what our Lord underwent, cannot be comprehended by us, and consequently cannot be described. The powers of darkness were let loose: "This is your hour and the power of darkness." "It pleased" also "the Father to bruise Him, and put Him to grief." He suffered in His soul: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." He fell to the ground; He offered up prayers with strong cries and tears; the agony of His mind so wrought upon His bodily frame, that the blood, bursting its proper channels, mingled with the sweat, and fell in large drops to the ground. Here is a Man, thirty-three years of age, in the full vigour of life and health: no human hand is on Him; no visible enemy is near: why this agony? It was the cup He saw before him, the conflict He had to undergo in expiating sin, that filled His soul with anguish, and wrung from Him cries and tears, and sweat of

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blood. Before going to enter on His conflict, He directed His disciples to watch with Him. Thrice He returned to them, and thrice He found them asleep. St. Luke says, "He found them sleeping for sorrow." Sorrow, especially if long-continued, exhausts and sinks the spirits, till nature seeks relief in sleep. The gentle rebuke, immediately followed by an excuse for human weakness, discloses a beautiful trait in the character of our Lord. There is no irritated feeling at their disregard of His injunction, and apparent want of sympathy with Him in His great trial: on the contrary, His language only shows considerate kindness and condescension. "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." How often do we fail, through the feebleness of nature, to accomplish what we ardently desire, or feel to be our duty, and have then to write bitter things against ourselves! Purity of intention is, however, accepted of God, even when the purpose fails of its fulfilment; for "it is accepted according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not."

If the disciples failed to weep with Him who wept, and to watch and pray with Him when with strong cries and tears He poured out His soul to His Father; yet a messenger from another world, a pure spirit, appeared unto Him, an angel from heaven, strengthening Him. How deeply do angels seem to be interested in whatever relates to human salvation! These morning stars sang together at the creation, which was to be the theatre of our ruin or recovery. An angel foretold the incarnation of the Son of God. A multitude of the heavenly host ushered in His advent to our world, in this song of praise: "Glory to God in the Highest; and on earth peace, good-will toward men." At His temptation, when the devil left Him, "angels came and ministered unto Him;" and here again we see angelic agency in His hour of greatest extremity. We often speak of the temptations of Satan. That the fallen angels have great power and much skill, increased by long experience, in ruining souls, and are formed into a well-organized government, we believe; but let us never ascribe to them more power than to the blessed angels, who have kept their first estate. Whether each person has his guardian angel or not, we take not upon us to decide; but of children we read that their angels do always behold the face of their Father in heaven; and that angels are all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation. Their ministry is often apparent in the history of God's people in revealing the Divine will, and administering aid to them in trouble.

The words of the prayer are remarkable: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." The metaphor may perhaps be taken from an ancient mode of punishing criminals by poison.* Witness the death of Socrates, who

* We think not, and here take occasion to interpose a caution against the indiscriminate acceptance of passages *offered* for the illustration of holy Scripture. The metaphor of a *cup* is as various as the occasions on which it is employed; and examples almost without number, may be gathered both from the Old Testament and from profane writers. It is a universal figure. If our Lord made any allusion at all, but did, not rather employ his own language without even an implied reference to any custom whatever, He would scarcely have set before us one of the Heathen methods of putting

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drank the fatal cup, and, fearless of death, conversed with his friends with perfect composure. "Let this cup pass from Me?" Save Me from this terrific death now frowning on Me? But—

"Die He in justice must!"

Far be it from us to attempt to explain the resources of infinite love, or to say by what other means the purposes of God might have been answered, and mankind saved; but as the great God, in His government of the world, does not employ extraordinary means to effect what can be done in the ordinary course that He has established, and as He has, in order to effect our salvation, delivered up His only-begotten Son to death, we are justified in concluding that nothing else could have been available. But for His death, nothing would have remained but final ruin,

"And the dreadful wish,
Creation had been smother'd in her birth,
Darkness her curtain, and her bed the dust."

"If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me?" This was the language of His innocent humanity. Neither can we ever love suffering for its own sake. We may submit to it, for sometimes it is necessary to effect what is good; but pain will ever be dreaded: from it we cannot help shrinking, and we shall ever endeavour to avoid it. Nor is the outward manifestation of suffering, whether by word or action, sinful. Utterances of sorrow, and sorrow itself, may be, and sometimes are, carried to excess; but the wail of distress wrung from us by inward anguish, the heaving bosom, or the tear rolling down the cheek as one stands by the open grave wherein are laid the remains of the dearest friend he had on earth, are not to be considered signs of unlawful murmuring, or rebellion against the providence of God. The words of Jacob (Gen. xlii. 36, 38) are the natural language of a heart oppressed with sorrow: "Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me. . . Then shall ye bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." It was nature, too, when David, "much moved, went up to the chamber and wept," uttering this heart-rending lamentation, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom my son, my son!" And the Redeemer Himself, our *Pattern*, gave expression to His sufferings by falling prostrate to earth, and offering up "prayers and supplications with strong cries and tears."

(*To be continued.*)

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criminals to death. He was praying to God the Father, and acknowledging the Divine sovereignty in the dispensation of suffering and sorrow—the manifestation of anger—the infliction of wrath. A similar use of this figure occurs in the following passages: Psal. xi. 6; lxxv. 8; Isai. li. 17, 22. Others from Jeremiah and Ezekiel might be quoted, but they would be utterly inappropriate. No idea can be admitted here which would seem to imply, however remotely, the existence of sin in the spotless Lamb of God who then gave Himself to die for mankind.—Eds.

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THE CASTAWAY.

At noon, on Wednesday, the 27th of September last, as the steamship "Arctic" was sailing, amidst a dense fog, along the banks of Newfoundland, a shrill cry was heard from the officer of the deck, "Hard a-starboard!" "I rushed on deck," says the Captain, "and had just got out, when I felt a crash forward." It was the steamship "Vesta." She was under the "Arctic's" starboard bow; and the next moment she struck against her guards, and passed astern.

It was soon found that the "Arctic" was leaking fearfully. The engines were set to work; bilge-injections were put on; steam-pumps and the fore-deck pumps were worked by passengers and crew; and the ship was headed for land,—distant about fifty miles. But all was in vain. The leak gained on them every minute. The boats were lowered. A rush was made for such of them as reached the water; and in a few moments they were away, with the engineers and sailors, all the passengers being left on the sinking ship.

The only remaining alternative was to form a raft. Spars were hastily lashed together. "When it was finished," says a surviver, Peter M'Cabe, "we launched it on the larboard side; and, in a few minutes after, there were about seventy persons clinging to it. I remained on the vessel till she sank, when I went down with her. Down, down we sank into the bosom of the ocean. After about half a minute, I found myself rising to the surface. Being a good swimmer, and having on a life-preserver, I at length reached the raft."

"I shall never," says M'Cabe, "forget the awful scene. There we were in the midst of the ocean, with our living freight dropping, one by one, from sheer exhaustion, into their watery grave. Very few words were spoken by any. Nearly all were submerged to their armpits, while a few could with great difficulty keep their heads above the surface. The women were the first: they were unable to stand the exposure more than three or four hours. They all fell off the raft without a word, except one poor girl, who cried out in intense agony, 'O! my poor mother and sisters!' At last, after about eighteen hours, I was left on the raft alone."

His hope, he tells us, still continued strong. The night of the second day began to close upon him; and during the whole time he had not eaten a particle or drunk a drop. At length his strength seemed to be failing, and his sight became so dim, that he could not perceive objects a few feet off. Determining to make one more effort for life, he raised himself on his knees upon the raft, and, through the dusk of evening, he saw, or thought he saw, a vessel. His strength revived. In a few minutes he heard the voices of persons in a boat approaching him. "Ten minutes more," he says, "and I too should have been in a watery grave." One of the men in the boat caught hold of him by the collar, and dragged him into the bow, where he lay in the last stage of exhaustion till he was transferred on board the "Huron." He had been exposed on the raft for twenty-six hours.

Reader! are *you* saved? or are you still drifting on the raft, ready any moment to be engulfed in a lost eternity?

Poor castaway! there is One who "in nowise casts out." Man may have cast you out: like that castaway in Jerusalem, of whom we read in John ix. 34, you may not have a heart on earth which loves you; but He who "came to seek and to save that which was lost," is at this very moment seeking you. Like the man on the raft, you may be just ready to despair: but see! from

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that Life-boat a hand is stretched out to you; it is the hand of the God-man who died for you. Will you remain on the raft, and perish? Or will you grasp that friendly hand, and be saved?—*Pictorial Pages.*

A PENITENT THIEF.*

After so much that is harrowing to the feelings, it is refreshing now to turn to something more hopeful. The state of mind in which this miserable man had for some time been, may be gathered from what has preceded. Struggling against convictions; "knowing to do good, and doing it not;" continually promising reformation, and as often breaking his vows; returning like "the dog to his vomit and the sow to her mire;" with the consciousness of doing wrong, yet sinning against remonstrance and reproof; he could not but be wretched in the extreme. His alarm, too, was now great for his personal safety: he felt that he must die, yet for death he was not prepared. Under these circumstances, how happy for him that he met with one who could guide him in the right way! "In their affliction," says God, "they will seek Me early;" and he now began to seek. Like the mariner near to the rock, and threatened with instant destruction, he felt aroused to do something.

"On Wednesday I had to walk to the dispensary, Devonshire-square, but was obliged to return. The next day, (Thursday, 15th April—that day which will never be forgotten by me—the most eventful day of my life,) my wife, with much trouble, led me to the dispensary. The doctor who saw me said, 'You are like many more, who drink and get cold upon cold, and let it go too far. I can do nothing for you: you are past my skill. Don't come any more: let your wife come.' It was then I felt something like an arrow shoot through me. I felt I must die; and going back, I turned to my wife, and said, 'He as good as said, Go home and make your peace with God.' I felt alarmed for the first time. I knew I should die. I was now quite wretched; and when I got home and up the stairs, I looked down and said, 'I shall never go down again until I am carried feet first.' I went to bed, and thought I should not live an hour. My wife said, 'Would you like to see some one?' I said, 'Yes; send for him who was so kind to you when I was in prison.' This person was a Mr. Jackson, Missionary, of Old Gravel-lane. At one time he had some money to give away from the Needlewomen's Society School in Goodman's-yard, Minories: he gave my wife some coal-and-bread tickets. I once went with her to hear him, and it so happened that night he gave a lecture on drunkenness, which touched me home so much that I thought he knew all about me; so that when she asked me who I should like to see, I at once sent for him. She went to him, and he said I was out of his district, but as I had a particular wish to see him, he would come: he did so, and read and prayed with me, and told me to look to Jesus, and ask Him to pardon my sins. He then told me to pray, and believe Christ was crucified for me. I told him I could not pray. At that time I did not know the meaning of the word. He said, 'Ask God to give you His Holy Spirit to guide you.'"

D—— now appeared the subject of a great change; such a change as the Spirit of God alone can produce. Though as yet but partially enlightened, his mind appeared gradually opening, like the eyelids of the morning, "to the

* From "The Prison opened, and the Captive loosed." By Josiah Vincy. (Snow.)

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reception of the truth as it is in Jesus." That he was a great sinner, he knew and felt: he began now to perceive also that there was a great Saviour, one "able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him."

"After Mr. Jackson's visit, several persons came to see me. My wife one day asked me if she should read to me. I said, 'Yes; read that long-neglected book;' for I could not read myself. It was, I think, about the first Sunday in May, when two persons, hearing of my illness, came to see me. One said to me, 'I knew you, my friend, twenty years ago. I little thought I should see you here in this state.' I asked him his name: he told me, and I remembered him. He then told me that he had been one of the worst of men; a great swearer, a great gambler, a great drunkard, and everything almost you could name; 'but,' said he, 'by the grace of God, I am converted; I am born again.' He then left me, and came the following Sunday, when he read to me, and prayed. Every word of that prayer seemed to pierce my heart: this was the first prayer I had really felt, and it came home with power. After this they sung a hymn from Watts,—

'There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.'

When they sung, I could not help joining, it seemed so beautiful; and for days and nights did the chorus ring in my ears, 'Jesus died for me. Yes, I do believe, I will believe, that Jesus died for me.' I felt those words come home to my soul. I felt they were true, that even for *me* Jesus died. From that time I trust I have had faith in Christ, and know Him to be my Saviour."

How beautiful to perceive the influence of a Saviour's love for the first time apprehended by a penitent spirit! As after a lengthened frost, during which all nature has been bound in icy fetters and covered with chilling snow, the sun arises, the air becomes genial, and the winds blow softly, while at once the ice melts, the waters flow, and the landscape puts on its loveliness; so is it with the soul under the influence of the love of Christ. Before, all was cold, hard, deathlike; the storm beat, indeed, the tempest howled, the hurricane raged, but the frost yielded not. But now, the Sun of Righteousness shines with healing in His beams; the soft wind, which "bloweth where it listeth," breathes over the iron-bound spirit, and all is changed. Affections are unlocked, tears flow, warm vapours of holy aspirations ascend to heaven, and form themselves into a bow of peace; while the whole soul is melted into tenderness, and that which had been as adamant is transformed into love. Men may call this sentiment or cant; but it is such sentiment as is more powerful than philosophy,—such cant as constrains to holy deeds. Would that it were more realized, and that all felt its power!

D—— now began to pray. "As I lay on my bed on the Sunday, I felt I could pray; and I remember I said, 'Almighty God, my heavenly Father, Maker of heaven and earth, if it should please Thee to raise me once more, I will serve Thee in holiness and righteousness, and I will abstain from intoxicating drinks, and I will serve Thee until it shall please Thee to call me.'"

Prayer is the spirit's breath, the soul's heaving, and that which at once indicates and promotes the existence of spiritual life. Whatever difficulties reason or philosophy may start to this exercise, whether arising from the Divine immutability or the Divine greatness, certain it is that God's command

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makes it a duty, and man's experience a privilege. Without it there is no evidence of spiritual existence. It is the pulse of the new creature, and beats strongly or faintly, habitually or by spasmodic effort, in proportion as this life is vigorous or feeble.

The penitent man shortly after visited the sanctuary, and found there more than he sought.

"A few Sundays after, I got better. It was now about the middle of July. I dressed myself, and went over to the little chapel in Hart's-lane. I fell on my knees in the pew, with a heart full of thankfulness that I had been spared a little longer. I lifted up my heart, and offered a prayer to God that the word I might hear in His house might through His grace be grafted into my heart to 'bring forth fruit for repentance.' I think I never heard anything so beautiful as that service. That, indeed, was a happy day to me. When the Minister gave out the hymn, a person handed me her book. I shook my head, as much as to say I could not read. After the service was over, she asked me how long I had been afflicted. I told her, 'Between four and five months.' She said, 'Can you read?' I told her, 'No. I had thought of learning, but could not afford to pay for it.' She said, 'Do you think you could learn?' I said, 'Yes.' On which she put some money into my hand, and said she would pay for my schooling.

"When I went to school, my master put me to learn short words. I could not make it out. I do not think he thought me so ignorant as I was; for I could not tell the letters. I saw they were different shapes, but that was all I could tell. This very much puzzled me. I had to take my spelling-book home. Now my wife was a scholar, and I asked her what they were. I took a great deal of notice. I tried to learn; for I wished to read my Bible; and this was how I got on,—as my wife told me the letters, I kept repeating them over and over again; at last I knew them by heart. I went backwards and forwards to my school altogether twenty-two weeks. I shall never forget how happy I felt when I could read a chapter. I had been at school but six weeks, when I read to my kind friend the tenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. I also learned to write."

One of the first fruits of faith in Jesus Christ is humility and lowliness of mind. The Saviour was humble; and those who love Him will be like Him. How touching the indication of this spirit in the fact just recorded! See the strong man, who had worked at the treadmill, laboured in the quarry, sustained the iron fetters, and was proud as Lucifer, sitting like a child, and learning to read; the savage civilized, the brute transformed into a man, and this man gratefully accepting instruction in the alphabet at the cost of a female Christian! "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Though he made great progress in writing, and soon wrote well, his state of health did not permit him long to continue the effort. With "pillows behind him, and the bellows for his desk," he pursued the exercise as long as he was able, but was soon obliged to relinquish it; and then the Bible became his sole object of attention, and his great delight. From this treasury of Divine thought and instruction he gained much knowledge of spiritual things, and often spent hours in hearing its sacred contents.

"A short time after this I became much impressed from the twentieth of John, twenty-ninth verse: 'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.' I felt, though I could not see my Saviour, yet I believed. And again, John iii. 7: 'Marvel not that I say unto you, Ye must be born again.' I felt this was true, and I trusted I was born again.

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"My health gradually grew worse: but I felt happy in my new state of mind; and though my bodily strength grew weaker and weaker, I felt strong in faith. I was not able to go much to a place of worship: when I felt able, I went to Mr. Jackson's. I heard him once from Isaiah xxvi. 4: 'Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.' From this I was much comforted. The next time I heard him was from Isaiah xxx. 21: 'This is the way, walk ye in it.' I was also much benefited by the Rev. Hugh Allen's sermons being read to me; and I went to hear him, when he preached from the words, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth;' which sermon was blessed to my soul. I longed to hear him once again, and it was with great difficulty I got to his church (St. Jude's, Whitechapel) on the last evening in the old year. The text was from Zechariah iv. 6; 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.' I felt this sermon very much; for I knew it was God's Holy Spirit that had changed me from the vile wretch I was. I have not been able to go out much since that time, only to the little chapel in Hart's-lane. Once I managed to get to Mr. Jackson's meeting; but I was so weak and ill, I was not able to walk back. My dear wife carried me, and, by resting many times, at last got me home."

Remorse for the past, and an earnest desire to repair the evil he had perpetrated, were both striking features of his closing experience. He felt he had been 'the chief of sinners;' and though he had reason to believe the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed him from all sin, he did not lose the impression of his guilt.

"I often," says he, "as I lie here on my dying bed, think what a wretch I have been; what trouble I have been to my poor wife. But God has forgiven me. I feel I am a dying man, and shall not be here long. I don't fear death; I don't mind how soon I depart. My prayers have been heard. I have lived to speak of my past crimes; and, O, what a sinner I have been! I have lived to speak of God's mercy to *me*, though the vilest of the vile. I have no wish to live; but if it was the will of God to spare me a little longer, I should like to visit the sick, and go to my old companions, to tell them what a sinner I have been, and what God has done for me. 'It was good for me that I was afflicted; for before I was afflicted, I went astray.' My prayers have been heard; I have lived to see this work finished" (alluding to the narrative of his past life). "O that it may benefit my companions!" When completed, he said, "It is now finished: I have been spared to see it accomplished. I am now ready to die."

From this time he was unable to do more than speak occasionally to those who were about him. Having completed the narrative of his life from which the foregoing extracts have been taken, he seemed to feel that his work was done, and that he could die in peace.

ROMISH MUMMERIES IN LONDON.

In a late Number of the "Tablet" newspaper, there is a lengthened account of the Romish mummeries carried on in a mass-house in London, a few extracts from which, under headings of our own, may be edifying to our readers. We commence with a sketch of

THE MASS-HOUSE AND IMAGE.

"The church was very handsomely adorned for the occasion, especially the large statue of Our Blessed Lady (a copy of *Notre Dame des Victoires*, of Paris), which was surrounded by a profusion of (real) flowers and plants, *a crown being placed on the head of the statue.*"

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THE IMAGE-WORSHIP.

"Some of the girls of the school were dressed in white on the occasion, and *knelt before the newly-erected image* of the Immaculate Mary whilst the litany was sung; and at benediction every person in the chapel held a lighted candle."

THE BIBLE PERVERTED.

"The sermon at the high mass was preached by the Rev. Dr. Manning, who took for his text the words, (Gen. iii.,) '*She* shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for *her* heel.'"

PUSEYITE PROGRESS.

"During the Novena and Octave of this feast, a most gratifying 'sign of life' has been exhibited in the window of an Anglican bookseller at Brompton, a few doors from the Oratory, (Dr. Jorns's publisher,)—*some pictures of the immaculate conception*, representing Our Blessed Lady as described by St. John in the Apocalypse, 'clothed with the sun, and the moon beneath her feet,' and the bells of the Protestant church were ringing for service (at least I presume so) on the feast. I have myself known the (Roman) office for this festival to be recited by Anglicans, and even Protestant Clergymen, in private; the *Ave Maris Stella*, however, being slightly 'adapted to the use of the English Church,' as the phrase goes."

WAX CANDLES GRATIS.

"Wax candles were distributed gratis among the poor; and the effect, with the altars illuminated, and the body of the church dotted with lights, was *quite ravishing*. The zeal with which our people have responded to the invitation, and vied with each other in doing honour to Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, some offering candles, others flowers of the choicest kind, and (which is so far better) crowding round *Our Lady's image* with their *offerings and devotions*, has been really most encouraging and delightful."

THE IMAGE "MIRACULOUS."

"I must not forget the contributions of ecclesiastical 'haberdashery and millinery' towards the great occasion. The chapel of Our Blessed Lady was decorated *à merveille*, Mr. Kenelm Digby's new picture being duly honoured with a drapery of scarlet silk and gold, and lighted by four branches of Messrs. Burns and Lambert's most approved pattern. The beautiful (shall I not add *miraculous?*) image was *vested with a simple veil*, and before it were *the incense of the choicest green-house* flowers. *It was also brilliantly lighted.* The pillars of the arches were covered with scarlet silk and gold."

UNDER ROME'S THUMB.

"Without pay and without pressure, we have about forty boys and young men attached to the church, and always within call, who are completely under our eye, and, as I may say, *under our thumb*. They will bear *any amount of correction* without wincing; and form, with the 'spaniel, the wife, and the walnut-tree,' a fourth class, whose affections seem to grow with the amount of salutary control to which they are subjected."

Here is a bird's-eye view of Popish ceremonies and idol-worship, sufficient to convince any intelligent person that Popery is Paganism revived; and nothing more, except, perhaps, that its idolatry and cruelties are more hideous and revolting.

Where are the refined intellects and moral feelings of those who have abandoned the scriptural Church of England for the mummeries of Rome, when they can remain in a communion degraded by such grovelling superstition?—*The Constitution.*

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Narrative Pieces.

THE DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.

"THERE is more money made in the public line than in any other, unless it be pawn-broking," said Martha Hownley to her brother; "and I do not see why you should feel uncomfortable. You are a sober man: since I have kept your house, I never remember seeing you beside yourself; indeed, I know that weeks pass without your touching beer, much less wine or spirits. If you did not sell them, somebody else would; and were you to leave 'The Grapes' to-morrow, it might be taken by those who would not have your scruples. All the gentry say your house is the best conducted in the parish—"

"I wish I really deserved the compliment," interrupted Matthew, looking up from his day-book. "I ought not to content myself with avoiding beer, wine, and spirits: if I believe, as I do, that they are injurious alike to the character and health of man, I should, by every means in my power, lead others to avoid them."

"But we must live, Matthew; and your good education would not keep you: we must live!"

"Yes, Martha, we must live! but not the lives of vampires;" and he turned rapidly over the accounts, noting and comparing, and seemingly absorbed in calculation.

Martha's eyes became enlarged by curiosity, the small, low curiosity which has nothing in common with the noble spirit of inquiry. She believed her brother wise in most things; but in her heart of hearts she thought him foolish in worldly matters. Still, she was curious; and, yielding to what is considered a feminine infirmity, she said, "Matthew, what *is* vampires?"

Matthew made no reply: so Martha,—who had been "brought up to the bar" by her uncle, while her brother was dreaming over an unproductive farm,—troubled as usual about "much serving," and troubling all within her sphere by worn-out and shrivelled-up anxieties, as much as by the necessary duties of active life, looked at Matthew as if speculating on his sanity. Could he think of giving up his business, because of that which did not concern him!—but she would "manage him." It is strange how low and cunning persons do often manage higher and better natures than their own.

"Martha," he called at last in a loud voice, "I cannot afford to give longer credit to Peter Croft."

"I thought he was one of your best customers: he is an excellent workman; his wife has much to do as a clear-starcher; and I am sure he spends every penny he earns here." Such was Martha's answer.

"And more!" replied Matthew, "more! Why, last week the score was eighteen shillings, besides what he paid for."

"He's an honourable man, Matthew," persisted Martha. "It is not long since he brought me six tea-spoons and a sugar-tongs, when I refused him brandy. (He will have brandy.) They must have belonged to his wife; for they had not P. C. on them, but E.—something, I forget what."

Matthew waxed wroth. "Have I not told you," he said, "have I not told you that we must be content with the flesh and blood, without the bones and marrow of these poor drunkards? I am not a pawnbroker, to lend money upon a man's ruin. I sell, to be sure, what leads to it; but *that* is his fault, not mine."

"You said just now it was *yours*," said his sister, sulkily.

"Is it a devil or an angel that prompts your words, Martha?" exclaimed Matthew, impatiently: then, leaning his pale, thoughtful brow on his clasped hands, he added, "But, however much I sometimes try to get rid of them, it must be for my good to see facts as they are."

Martha would talk: she looked upon the last word as a victory. "He must have sold them whether or not, as he has done all his little household comforts, to pay for what he has honestly drunk; and I might as well have them as any one else. My money paid for them, and in the course of the evening went into your

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till. It's very hard if, with all my labour, I can't turn an honest penny in a bargain sometimes, without being chid, as if I were a baby."

"I am sorely beset," murmured Matthew, closing the book with hasty violence,—"sorely beset; the gain on one side, the sin on the other; and she goads me, and puts things in the worst light. Never was man so beset," he repeated helplessly. And he said truly, he was "beset" by *infirmity of purpose*, that mean, feeble, pitiful frustrator of so many good and glorious intentions.

It is at once a blessed and a wonderful thing how the little grain of "good seed" will spring up and increase, if the soil be at all productive; how it will fructify! A great stone may be placed right over it, and yet the shoot will come forth, *sideways*, perhaps, after a long, noiseless struggle amid the weight of earth,—a white, slender thing, like a bit of thread that falls from the clipping scissors of a little heedless maid,—creeps up, twists itself round the stone, a little, pale, meek thing, *tending upward;* becoming a delicate green in the wooing sunlight; strengthening in the morning, when birds are singing; at midday, when man is toiling; at night, while men are sleeping, *until it pushes away the stone*, and overshadows its inauspicious birthplace with strength and beauty!

Yes; where good seed has been sown, there is always hope that, one day or other, it will, despite snares and pitfalls, despite scorn and bitterness, despite evil report, despite temptations, despite those wearying backslidings which give the wicked and the idle scoffers ground for rejoicing, sooner or later it will fructify.

All homage to the good seed! all homage to the good sower!

And who sowed the good seed in the heart of Matthew Hownley? Truly, it would be hard to tell. Perhaps some sower intent on doing his Master's business; perhaps some hand unconscious of the wealth it dropped; perhaps a young child, brimful of love, and faith, and trust in the bright world around; perhaps some gentle woman, whose knowledge was an inspiration rather than an acquirement; perhaps a bold, true Preacher of THE WORD, stripping the sinner of the robe that covered his deformity, and holding up his cherished sins as warnings to the world; perhaps it was one of Watts's hymns, learned at his nurse's knee; (for Matthew and Martha had endured the sympathizing neglect of a motherless childhood;) a little line, never to be forgotten; a whisper, soft, low, enduring; a comfort in trouble, a stronghold in danger, a refuge from despair. O, what a world's wealth is there in a simple line of childhood's poetry! Martha herself often quoted the "Busy Bee:" but her bee had no wings; it could muck in the wax, but not fly for the honey. As to Matthew, wherever the seed had come from, there, at all events, it was; struggling, but existing; biding its time to burst forth, to bud, to blossom, and to bear fruit.

The exposure concerning the spoons and sugar-tongs made Matthew so angry that Martha wished she had never had anything to do with them: but instead of avoiding the fault, she simply resolved in her own mind never again to let Matthew know any of her little transactions in the way of buying or barter; that was all.

Matthew, all that day, continued more thoughtful and silent than usual, which his sister considered a bad sign: he was reserved to his customers; nay, worse, he told a woman she should not give gin to her infant at his bar; and positively refused, the following Sunday, to open his house at all. Martha asked him if he was mad. He replied, "No;" he was "regaining his senses." Then Martha thought it best to let him alone: he had been "worse," that is, according to her reading of the word "worse," before; taken the "dumps" in the same way, but recovered, and gone back to his business "like a man."

Peter Croft, unable to pay up his score, managed, nevertheless, to pay for what he drank. For a whole week, Martha would not listen to his proposals for payment "in kind;" even his wife's *last* shawl could not tempt her, though Martha confessed it was a beauty, and what possible use could Mrs. Peter have for it now? it was so out of character with her destitution. She heard no more of it; so probably the wretched husband disposed of it elsewhere: this disappointed her. She

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might as well have had it; she would not be such a fool again; Matthew was so seldom in the bar, that he could not know what she did! Time passed on: Martha thought she saw one or two symptoms of what she considered amendment in her brother. "Of course," she argued, "he will come to himself in due time."

In the twilight which followed that day, Peter Croft, pale, bent, and dirty, the drunkard's redness in his eyes, the drunkard's fever on his lips, tapped at the door of the room off the bar, which was more particularly Martha's room: it was in fact her watch-tower; the door half glazed, and the green curtain about an inch from the middle division; over this, the sharp observant woman might see whatever occurred, and no one could go in or out without her knowledge.

She did not say, "Come in," at once: she longed to know what new temptation he had brought her; for she felt assured that he had neither money nor credit left.

And yet she feared; "Matthew made such a worry out of every little thing." The next time he tapped at the window of the door, her eyes met his over the curtain, and then she said, "Come in," in a penetrating sharp voice, which was anything but an invitation.

"I have brought you something now, Miss Hownley, that I know you won't refuse to *lend* me a trifle on," said the ruined tradesman; "I am sure you won't refuse, Miss Hownley. Bad as I want the money, I could not take it to a pawnbroker; and if the woman asks for it, I can say I lent it, Miss Hownley; you know I can say that."

Peter Croft laid a BIBLE on the table, and, folding back the pages with his trembling fingers, showed that it was abundantly illustrated by fine engravings. Martha loved "pictures:" she had taken to pieces a "Pilgrim's Progress," and varying the devotional engravings it had contained with abundant cuttings out from illustrated newspapers, and a few coloured caricatures, had covered one side of a screen, which, when finished, she considered would be at once the comfort and amusement of her old age. After the drunkard had partially exhibited its contents, he stood by with stolid indifference, while she measured the engravings with her eye, looking ever and anon toward the screen. "Very well," she said, uttering a deliberate untruth with her lips, while her mind was made up what to do,—"very well: what did you say you wanted for it?" He repeated the sum: she took out exactly half, and laid the shining temptation before him.

"Have you the heart, Miss Hownley," he said, while fingering, rather than counting, the money; "have you the heart to offer me such a little for such a great deal?"

"If you have the heart to sell it, I may have the heart to offer such a price," she answered, with a light laugh; "and it is only a DRUNKARD'S BIBLE."

Peter Croft dashed the money from him with a bitter oath.

"O, very well," she said: "take it, or leave it."

She resumed her work.

The only purpose to which a drunkard is firm, is to his own ruin. Peter went to the door, returned, took up the money. "Another shilling, Miss? *it will be in the till again before morning.*"

Martha gave him the other shilling; and after he was fairly out of the room, grappled the book, commenced looking at the pictures in right earnest, and congratulated herself on her good bargain. In due time the house was cleared, and she went to bed, placing the Bible on the top of her table, among a miscellaneous collection of worn-out dusters and tattered glass-cloths "waiting to be mended."

That night the master of "The Grapes" could not sleep: more than once he fancied he smelt fire; and after going into the unoccupied rooms, and peeping through the keyholes and under the doors of those that were occupied, he descended to the bar; and, finally entering the little bar-parlour, took his day-book from a shelf, and placing the candle, sat down, listlessly turning over its leaves; but the top of the table would not shut, and raising it to remove the obstruction, Matthew saw a large family Bible: pushing away the day-book, he opened the sacred volume.

It opened at the 23d chapter of Proverbs; and, as if guided by a sacred light,

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his eyes fell upon the 29th verse, and he read:—

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

"They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder!"

He dashed over the leaves in fierce displeasure; and, as if of themselves, they folded back at the 5th chapter of Galatians:—"Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall NOT INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

"New and Old, New and Old," murmured Matthew to himself: "I am condemned alike by the Old and the New Testament." He had regarded intoxication and its consequences heretofore as a great social evil; the flattering rags and the fleshless bones of the drunkard and his family, the broils, the contentions, the ill-feeling, the violence, the murders wrought by the dread spirits of alcohol, had stood in array before him as *social* crimes, as *social* dangers; but he did not call to mind, if he really knew, that the word of God exposed alike its destruction and its sinfulness. He was one of the many who, however good and moral in themselves, shut their ears against the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely; and though he often found wisdom and consolation in a line of Watts's hymns, he rarely went to the Fountain of living waters for the strengthening and refreshing of his soul. He turned over the chapter, and found on the next page a collection of texts, written upon a strip of paper, in the careful hand of one to whom writing was evidently not a frequent occupation.

Proverbs, the twenty-third chapter: "For the *drunkard* and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags." 1 Corinthians, sixth chapter, tenth verse: "Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor *drunkards*, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

"Again that awful threat!" murmured Matthew; "and have I been the means of bringing so many of my fellow-creatures under its ban?"

1 Samuel, the first chapter: "And Eli said unto her, How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from thee." Luke twenty-first: "And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so *that day* come upon you unawares."

"Ay, THAT DAY," repeated the landlord; "*that day*, the day that *must* come."

Ephesians, fifth chapter: "And be not *drunk* with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." Proverbs, twentieth chapter: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." "Woe to thee who sellest wine to thy neighbour, and minglest strong drink to his destruction."

He rose from the table, and paced up and down the little room; no eye but His who seeth all things looked upon the earnestness and agitation of that man; no ear but the all-hearing heard his sighs, his half-muttered prayers to be strengthened for good. He said within himself: "*Who* will counsel me in this matter? to whom shall I fly for sympathy? who will tell me what I ought to do; how remedy the evils I have brought on others while in this business, even when my heart was alive to its wickedness?" He had no friend to advise with, none who would do aught but laugh at and ridicule the idea of giving up a good business for conscience' sake; but so it was that it occurred to him: "You have an Immortal Friend: take counsel of Him; pray to Him, learn of Him, trust Him, make His Book your guide;" and opening the Bible, he read one other passage: "Keep innocency, and *take heed to the thing that is right*, for *that* shall bring a man peace at the last."—*National Magazine, New-York.*

(To be continued.)

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Biography.

THE REV. WILLIAM FERGUSON, OF DUBLIN.

BY A MEMBER OF THE IRISH CONFERENCE.

THE readers of the "Christian Miscellany" are aware that the honoured name of WILLIAM FERGUSON is added to the roll of the dead. Rarely has the grave received into its bosom one who in life was more beloved, or in death more truly lamented. Although he came "to the grave in full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season," and in the nature of things could not be left much longer with us, his removal has fallen with saddening power upon the hearts of many, while the Irish Methodists feel as when a standard-bearer fainteth. Many circumstances unite to explain this feeling. The lamented deceased had received some rare qualities of mind from the hand of God. The native wealth of his intellect had been enriched by careful study and thought for considerably more than half a century. The qualities of his heart were in beautiful harmony with those of his mind. He threw the entire energies of that noble nature into the service of the church which he loved, and to which his name was a tower of strength. Hence his removal has been painfully felt. The family-circle mourns. Its head and ornament is gone. The affectionate father, the kind, benignant master, is no more. The chair which he was accustomed to occupy is for ever vacant. No more will his smile irradiate that happy family. The circle of private friendship mourns. The affectionate friend, the pleasant companion, the wise counsellor, has passed away: we shall see him no more till our Master's coronation-day. The communion to which he gave his light, and for which he lived, mourns. In committing him to the grave, we feel that we have lost one of the wisest heads, and one of the warmest hearts, which were ever numbered amongst the servants of Irish Methodism. But more than this: our late departed friend was the last representative of the Methodist Preachers of the early day. He was placed by the Rev. William Myles, in his "Chronological History of Methodism," amongst the second race of Methodist Preachers, and had grasped hands with the men who laid the foundations of our system in Ireland. He saw those who were in their prime when he became a Methodist sink one by one beneath the flood of death. He saw his own contemporaries, William Smith, Samuel Steele, James Bell, Charles Graham, and others, some of whom were truly remarkable men, also pass away. He saw the great majority of the companions of his early ministry, as Matthew Tobias, Charles Mayne, Andrew Hamilton, Gideon Ouseley, Samuel Wood, John Hadden, Henry Deery, William Stewart, with many of less note, and a host of briefer date, also swallowed up in the mighty swelling flood. Meanwhile he was spared, like a stately cedar, magnificent in the growth of years, beneath the broad shade of which our fathers gambolled in the days of sunny childhood, and were screened from the heat of the day in maturer life, which had seen all its early companions in the glory of the forest, one by one, laid low in the iron track of Time,—which seemed but to strike its roots deeper into the earth, the fiercer was the storm,—and which proudly lingered upon the mountain-brow down to our own day, at once the ornament and beauty of the present, and the evergreen memorial of the past. And when *it* also fell,—the last relic of the past,—lonely looked the spot where so long it stood in solitary grandeur: thoughtful men drooped their heads as they passed by, and were reminded of the words of the Prophet, "Howl, fir-tree; for the cedar is fallen!"

But your readers naturally ask, What was the history of this remarkable man? And what were those qualities by which he laid so deep and firm a hold upon the affection and respect of all who knew him? We shall attempt a brief reply to these questions; albeit, we could most heartily have wished that such a task had been executed by an abler hand. However, such as this inadequate tribute is, we throw it upon his grave, as a little re-

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membrancer of one whose name Irish Methodism will not willingly let die.

He was born in the year 1769,—a year which gave birth to some whose names figure conspicuously in the history of Europe in the first half of the present century,—and was introduced to the ranks of our ministry by the Rev. John Wesley, during his last visit to Ireland. Beyond this fact, we have no means of ascertaining Mr. Wesley's opinion of him; but doubtless that keen discerner of character saw in him, as in William Thompson, Adam Clarke, Henry Moore, and others, a "young man of mark and likelihood," who could never be lost in the crowd. His subsequent history abundantly vindicated the sagacity of our venerated founder.

His first Circuit was Ballyconnell, in the county of Cavan; and his first Superintendent the Rev. William Wilson, sen., upon whom the grave has closed now nearly fifty years. He subsequently travelled in Brookborough, Cavan, Ballyshannon, Enniskillen, Coleraine, Londonderry, Belfast, Newry, Waterford, Limerick, and, at the Conference of 1812, was appointed to Dublin. This proved a final appointment. Towards the close of his third year, if we mistake not, he was taken suddenly ill, whilst preaching in Whitefriar-street chapel, one Sunday morning; and was carried out, to all appearance, dying. His conduct, when thus suddenly placed in such a solemn position, most strikingly reveals the man. He was alike free from agitation and fear. With calm, unwavering faith, he committed his soul into the hands of Christ; and with a feeling allied to triumph, repeated the words bequeathed to us from the deathbed of Charles Wesley:—

"Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart:
O, could I catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity!"

But his work was not yet done. Although his ministrations in the pulpit may then be said to have closed, and that thenceforth he was the child of languor and disease, yet even in these circumstances he proved a distinguished blessing to the church. In a brief sketch, such as this, we cannot be expected to follow him into his various paths of usefulness during a protracted Supernumerary life: suffice it to say, that year after year, by the suffrages of his brethren, he filled many most important offices, was connected with all the principal Committees, wrote innumerable letters on public business, and was identified with every question of general interest to Methodism, in addition to scattering many blessings in a more private way, the number and value of which eternity alone will reveal. Thus life gently glided away; while every revolving year seemed to bring him new honours and new friends, as the lapse of time seemed only to prove how worthy he was of both.

At the last Conference, feeling that the time of his departure was at hand, and fearing that his growing infirmities might interfere with the interests committed to his care, he addressed a farewell letter to his beloved brethren, and suggested the propriety of their releasing him from all official responsibility. The Conference met the case by appointing him a colleague in office, in the person of his long-tried friend, the Rev. Robert Masaroon. And thus our venerated father remained to serve us, "till the western sun gave him an honourable discharge," and he "ceased at once to work and live."

(*To be continued.*)

The Letter-Carrier.

LETTER TO MILL-GIRLS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS OF THE FACTORY,

I FEEL a degree of friendship towards you, wherever you are, or in whatever quarter of the globe your lot may be cast. I have been a mill-girl. Ten years of my short life have been spent surrounded by the trials and temptations of the mill; yet I have never had to regret, though there I learned more of the depravity of the human heart than I could otherwise have done. I have spent many happy

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hours in the mill. Often when standing by the side of my loom, I have been enabled to hold sweet communion with my Saviour. Amidst the din of the machinery, I have been enabled to sit calm in tumult, "'midst busy multitudes alone."

Some people have a very bad opinion of factory-girls; but it may be said of them,

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

My dear young friends, let me ask you to try to raise the tone of public feeling towards you by your own endeavours. Much depends upon yourselves. You are not the creatures of a day. You are beings born to live for ever, either in happiness or woe. Ere long, you will have to fill the responsible situations of wives and mothers: you will have precious and immortal souls committed to your care: you will have to train and give to the world men who will have to hold important and responsible situations in religious and civilized society: perhaps some of you will be the honoured mothers of those who shall carry the glad tidings of salvation to the perishing Heathen. Much depends upon yourselves. You will, by example and precept, "teach the young idea how to shoot;" and the words which fall from a mother's lips, while standing by a mother's knee, are never forgotten by the man of hoary head. Can too much pains be taken to prepare you for filling such situations? You have time, and most of you have opportunity, if you will take it. While you are at your work, you have many spare moments in which you might improve your minds. When your loom is out of repair, if you have some good book at hand, you might read a few lines: it would improve your mind, and give you something to think about. When all is going on right, your work is at your finger-ends; it does not require much thought: therefore, get your minds stored with good, and there is no room for evil. In household duties do the same: buy up every little opportunity. If there is anything which you do not know, and ought to know, do not be too proud to ask: it is the inquiring mind that gains knowledge. I would say last, but not least, "seek the kingdom of heaven, and its righteousness; and all other things shall be added unto you." By so doing, you will receive grace which will enable you to withstand the temptations to which you are exposed. You will find grace to help in time of need. It will fit you up for every situation of life, and ensure your eternal happiness. I hope this will be received in good part. From

A SINCERE WELL-WISHER.

Bradford.

[We hope many factory-girls will read this simple letter. They belong to a class in whose welfare we feel much interested, and we should be glad of more contributions from persons of experience, such as would aid in promoting vital godliness among the masses of working people in the manufacturing districts.—EDS.

Natural History.

INSTINCT AND REASON.

PERHAPS this is the proper place to remark that many animals possess senses greatly superior in delicacy or in acuteness to those of man; and in some the power of exercising them is not dependent on experience, as in man, but is enjoyed from birth. This superiority does not, however, appear to be accompanied by any appreciation of the beauty so bountifully diffused over the physical creation. To man alone does the fair face of the external world present itself under the guise described by the poet:—

"Earth, in her rich attire,
Consummate lovely, smiled."

Dr. Darwin, in his "Zoonomia," mentions a remarkable example of something like reasoning in animals. Walking one day in his garden, he perceived a wasp on the gravel-walk, with a large fly nearly as big as itself, which it had

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taught. Kneeling down, he distinctly saw it cut off the head and abdomen, and then, taking up with its feet the trunk, or middle portion of the body to which the wings remained attached, fly away. But a breeze of wind acting on the wings of the fly, turned round the wasp with its burden, and impeded its progress. Upon this it alighted again upon the gravel-walk, deliberately sawed off one wing, and then the other; and, having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with its booty.

Not only do animals in many instances evince an adaptation of means to accomplish a certain end, but oftentimes they modify their habits and modes of life in accordance to the circumstances in which they are placed. Thus, we learn from Darwin's "Journal," that where the biscacha, an animal resembling a large rabbit, and common on the pampas of South America, lives and makes its burrows, the agouti, an animal representing our hare, uses them; but where, as at Bahia Blanca, the biscacha is not found, the agouti burrows for itself. "The same thing occurs with the little owl of the pampas, which has so often been described as standing like a sentinel at the mouth of the burrows; for in Banda Oriental, owing to the absence of the biscacha, it is obliged to hollow out its own habitation."

A similar circumstance has been observed of the common hare in Erris, a sandy district in the county Mayo, in the west of Ireland, exposed to the storms of the Atlantic. Instead of remaining content with a "form," as elsewhere, poor puss is compelled to excavate a burrow, and makes it with two entrances; so that, when threatened with danger by the shifting sands, she commands a mode of escape. But, among animals, we have instances not only of a conformity to circumstances, and an adaptation of means to an end, indicative of a power of reasoning, limited in extent, yet analogous to that exercised by man, but we notice in their actions the outward indications of emotions and passions similar to those by which he is actuated. We see the strongest manifestations of love and anger, of fear and triumph, of joy and of sorrow, &c.; so that there is here a wide range of mental phenomena, to some extent common to man and to the inferior animals. This may be best proved by some well-authenticated examples.

The wish to be caressed, or desire of approval, was evinced very decidedly at the Zoological Gardens, in London, by a she-wolf, "which," says Professor Bell, "would always come to the front bars of her den to be caressed, as soon as I, or any other person whom she knew, approached. She had pups, too, and used to bring them in her mouth to be also noticed; and so eager, in fact, was she that her little ones should share with her in the notice of her friends, that she killed all of them in succession by rubbing them against the bars of her den, as she brought them forward to be fondled." Animals appear at times very conscious of their misconduct. Mr. W. Thompson, in his "Natural History of Ireland," relates that a sea-eagle killed four pet birds, his constant companions in the same enclosure, and mentions that "the eagle had partly plucked the falcon, preparatory to eating it, just as his master appeared in view, when he instantly sprang from the body of his victim, and further evinced the consciousness of his misdeed, by allowing it to be carried off, though any food given in the ordinary manner, he would not permit to be removed."

Perhaps, however, an anecdote, which I give on the authority of my valued friend, Dr. Ball, the indefatigable Secretary of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland, will serve better than anything else to exemplify the mingled motives, or feelings, by which some of the brute creation are occasionally actuated.

A few years since a large chacma baboon was presented to the Royal Zoological Society of Dublin. He was an ugly, surly, unhealthy beast. Placed in an open cage, he recovered health and strength, and became ferocious, and not unfrequently tore the clothes of persons who incautiously approached him. The Secretary of the Society constantly visited him, and experimented on his disposition by speaking to and looking kindly at him: the chacma appreciated this probably rare conduct towards him, and manifested such kindliness of feeling in return, that this gentleman soon entrusted his hand to him,

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and shortly after his head. The chacma appeared delighted at being permitted to arrange his friend's hair. Dr. B. studiously avoided giving the animal apples, nuts, &c., desiring that his influence should be solely derived from kindness of deportment. At this time it was a source of great amusement to the Council and visiters to feign an assault on the Secretary: on such occasions, the rage of chacma was quite beyond description: he screamed loudly, shook his cage with fearful violence, and by his fierce and vengeful looks, directed steadily at the offender, indicated such ferocity that, could he have got out, it is not to be doubted that the life of his enemy would have been lost. So great was his attachment, that he at length became conscious of the time his friend was likely to visit the garden, and for an hour or more before, he would seat himself at the top of his tree on the look-out. From this place it was not easy for a stranger to tempt him down. On the approach of Dr. B., he chattered a little, came down, and shook hands, looking quite happy; always preferring such communion to dainties offered him by others, which he rudely snapped from them.

However, it happened one day that a much-lamented member of the Society, having some grievance at heart, chose to confide his woes to the Secretary, and took his arm as he entered the garden. The chacma was as usual on the top of his tree, and, on approaching the cage, he descended; but the Secretary, unwilling to interrupt his friend's story, took no notice, and passed several times close before the cage. Chacma seemed to feel hurt at this, and sought to attract attention by calling out loudly. The Secretary thought to himself that poor chacma would be offended, but at the same time did not feel justified in appearing unmindful of his friend. A day or two after, on his approaching the cage, the chacma in the most marked manner turned his back upon him, and repeated this procedure on every side of the cage. For several weeks he persevered in this conduct; his face bearing a singularly sullen but not ferocious aspect. He appeared most anxious, as it were, that he should not seem to see Dr. B.; in fact, to cut his acquaintance; and looked as if he would not acknowledge his existence. After he had thus continued for some time, he took a new course, and the moment the Secretary appeared, he went into his sleeping-place, from whence he must have closely watched; for the instant that gentleman was out of sight he again appeared. After some three months, he ventured to look occasionally at the Secretary, with an unmistakable expression of countenance, which plainly said, "I should be glad to make up the quarrel, but my pride won't let me." Dr. B. offered him the food he liked best, but he would not receive it.

On one occasion a lady offered him a flower of laburnum, of which he was particularly fond, and when he reached out his hand for it, she drew the flower back, and gave it to the Secretary. The rage of the chacma, which was solely directed to the lady, was most intense; evidently not at the loss of the laburnum, but at its being so disposed of. He would not accept it from Dr. Ball, but after awhile rudely snatched and tore it to pieces. Here we have a quarrel with a friend for an imaginary offence, growing more serious when brooded over; then the feeling manifested of being mistaken, and the desire evinced of a wish to make it up, but the courage wanted to come forward to do so. Could anything have been more like human conduct? It is right to say that, during the whole transaction, the chacma never displayed any desire to injure the Secretary, though his hand was against every other individual, whenever he had opportunity, and he increased in fierceness to the last: his death was probably the result of a blow from some one, whose clothes he had torn.

It must be obvious, from what has now been advanced, that all the actions of animals must not be referred to instinct, but that many of them must be attributed to emotions and passions similar to those of man; and others can only be explained by conceding to many of the inferior creatures a power of reasoning to a certain limited extent.

"And yet," says Archbishop Whately, "the difference between man and brute, in respect of intelligence, appears plainly to be not a difference in mere *degree*, but in *kind*. An intelligent brute is not like a

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stupid man. The intelligence and sagacity shown by the elephant, monkey, and dog, are something very different from the lowest and most stupid of human beings. It is a difference in kind, not merely in degree." What, then, is the difference between the reason of man and the instinct of animals? or how are actions which are properly the result of reason to be distinguished from those which are instinctive? To this it may be answered:—

1st. That animals do by instinct what no reason could teach them. The young swallow does not by reason forsake its "pendant bed and procreant cradle," to wing its way to the coast of Africa, nor by reason return with the ensuing spring to the place of its birth. It is not by reason that the common white butterfly makes choice of the cabbage. "Cabbage is no food for her; yet in the cabbage, not by chance, but studiously and elective-ly, she lays her eggs." Lord Brougham puts the matter very clearly, thus:—"The *animal* works positively without knowledge, and in the dark. She also works without designing anything, and yet she works to a certain defined and important purpose. Lastly, she works to perfection in her way, and yet she works without any teaching or experience. Now, in all this she differs entirely from *man*, who only works well, perhaps at all, after being taught; who works with knowledge of what he is about, and who works intending and meaning, and, in a word, designing to do, what he accomplishes. To all which may be added, though it is perhaps rather the consequence of this difference, than a separate and subtantive head of diversity, the animal works always uniformly and alike, and all his kind work alike; whereas no two men work alike, nor any man always, nay, any two times, alike."

2d. Animals acting under the impulse of instinct occasionally make mistakes, which reason would have taught them to avoid. Thus the flesh-fly has been known to mistake the blossom of the carrion plant (*stapelia hirsuta*) for a piece of flesh, and lay her eggs upon it, where the young grubs, when disclosed, must of course perish for want of food.

"Birds," says White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," "in general are wise in their choice of situation; but in this neighbourhood, every summer, is seen a strong proof to the contrary, at a house without eaves, in an exposed district, where some martins build year by year in the corners of the windows. But as the corners of the windows (which face the south-east and south-west) are too shallow, the nests are washed down every hard rain; and yet these birds drudge on to no purpose, from summer to summer, without changing their aspect or house."

The martins are not, however, the only birds on which the lessons of experience are thrown away. Darwin, in his Journal, speaks in the following terms of one met with by him in North Patagonia:—"The casarita builds its nest at the bottom of a cylindrical hole, which is said to extend horizontally to nearly six feet underground. Several of the country people told me, that, when boys, they had attempted to dig out the nest, but had hardly ever succeeded in getting to the end of the passage. The bird chooses any low bank of firm sandy soil by the side of a road or stream. Here (at Bahia Blanca) the walls round the houses are built of hardened mud, and I noticed that one, which enclosed a court-yard where I lodged, was bored through by round holes in a score of places. On asking the owner the cause of this, he bitterly complained of the little casarita, several of which I afterwards observed at work. It is rather curious to find how incapable these birds must be of acquiring any notions of thickness; for although they were constantly flitting over the low wall, they continued vainly to bore through it, thinking it an excellent bank for their nests. I do not doubt that each bird, as often as it came to daylight on the opposite side, was greatly surprised at the marvellous fact."

3d. Man is distinguished from the inferior animals by the power of forming abstract ideas, and rising to a comprehension of the laws which the Divine Governor of the universe has fixed upon His works.

"E'en the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind,"

has notions, dim and confused though they may be, of a Creator, to whom all things, both in heaven and on earth, are subject. But we have no indication of

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any such ideas existing in the minds of animals.

In now bringing this article to a close, it seems desirable to sum up the results or conclusions. They may be stated thus:—

1st. That animals (man included) are endowed with a number of distinct impulses or instincts, tending to the welfare of each individual, and to the production, nurture, and protection of their young.

2d. That the external senses are less perfect in man than in some of the lower animals; and that the latter exercise them in many cases from birth; whilst in man, time and experience are required for their development.

3d. That some of the lower animals exhibit several emotions and passions similar to those of man, evince a high degree of intelligence, and possess the power of adapting means to a definite end; but man is the only one capable of forming abstract ideas, of reasoning thereon, and of rising to the contemplation or discovery of the great laws of the universe.

4th. That we should not be warranted, in the present state of our knowledge, in attempting to draw a *rigid* line of demarcation between the province of reason and that of instinct: we must admit that there yet exists a debatable ground, analogous to the border-territory which connects the animal and vegetable kingdoms.—*Robert Patterson.*

Poetry.

HOME.

How sweet the home
  Where love is found
To cast her smile
  On all around!
Our sacred rest,
  Earth's charm most sweet,
The bliss of life,
  Where true hearts meet.

She forms her wreath,
  Her garland fair,
Of amaranth gems,
  Which fadeless are:
Our holiest light,
  Whose fairest ray
More brightly burns
  In life's decay.

How sweet thy charms,
  How holy still!
Where hope is firm,
  Grows brighter still.
This spirit-link
  Must sweetly prove
How glorious that
  Bright home above.

THE WANDERER.

Macclesfield.

The Portfolio.

SIZE, FORM, AND POWER OF SHIPS.

THE immense steam-ship "Himalaya," lately completed by the Peninsula and Oriental Company, is forty feet longer than the leviathan war-steamer, the 'Duke of Wellington." Nine immense boats hang over her sides: the engine-room looks like a large manufactory: the tunnel for the shaft of the screw, in ordinary vessels about big enough for a man to crawl along, is almost as large as a railway-tunnel. The ship is as long and wide *as a London street;* and a person at one end of her cannot, with the utmost powers of his voice, make another hear at the other end. Calshot Castle, the ancient defence of Southampton harbour, might be stowed away in her hold. The fittings of this vessel are superb: the

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curtains for the saloon costing three guineas, and the damask five guineas, a yard. The engines give immense speed, enabling her to take two thousand passengers to America in a week, or two thousand soldiers to the Cape in three weeks. She is prepared, in case of war, to carry guns for her defence; but these, it is thought, would be quite unnecessary, as she would run down any man-of-war, and a vessel would be only too glad to get away from her. The "Himalaya" cost £160,000.

The Queen's new yacht will be built of solid mahogany, upon the diagonal planking system. The principal dimensions are:—Length over all, 315 feet; length of keel, 300 feet; breadth, 40 feet; and depth of hold, 22 feet. A high rate of speed is anticipated from her form in combination with Penn's oscillating engines, with 28 evolutions, giving a speed of 16 or 17 miles an hour. The tonnage of this yacht is estimated at 2,400.

The sails of the "Great Republic," spreading twenty-eight thousand yards of a suit, were completed by the sewing-machine in six days; by the old process of hand-sewing, it would have taken one thousand two hundred days for the same work.—*Year-Book of Facts*, 1855.

EXETER-HALL.

The stupendous undertaking of bringing all the races and nations of the globe under the dominion of one faith, is one of the principal features of Exeter-Hall activity by which the satirical giggle of the "wise and prudent," who never go there, is provoked. Now, I am not going to enter into any of the questions which such a vast enterprise may very fairly suggest. The ethnologist, the physiologist, the historian, and even the theologian, may have objections to the design, may doubt its feasibility, or may perceive wiser methods of pursuing it. And when such objections are temperately stated, such doubts respectfully expressed, and such suggestions sincerely made, it is the duty of Missionary advocates and managers gravely and carefully to consider them. But rude laughter, at the supposed blunders made by those who know nothing of these questions, or who have come to their own conclusions in respect to them, shows but a shallow conceit or a contracted soul. The perpetrators of the Missionary follies have, at least, done this,—they have carried religion to the extremities of the earth as a Divine motive to human culture; and this is better than if they had carried a mere human culture as the means to a true religion: but their defamers have not even done this. They have stayed at home, and amused themselves at the expense of the generous and faithful, who have left houses and lands for His sake who did the same work on an infinite scale in His day.

The objections to evangelical enterprise are generally associated with a professed solicitude for the interests of civilization. It is argued that the great achievement of human redemption must begin with the understanding, and that, in time, the heart will right itself. If you would have men pure, teach them cleanliness; if you would see them devout in worship, give them half a dozen lessons in etiquette. When they ask, "What must I do to be saved?" hire them to work in a cotton-factory. Are they dull? Let them have a game at cricket. Do they burn their wives, or throw their children in the sea? Read to them a page or two of Elliotson. Are their habits unhealthy, degrading, suicidal? Blessed are those who shall lay hold of a copy of Combe's "Constitution of Man!" In short, as a universal panacea for all their ills, there is no specific like Cocker's "Arithmetic!" The multiplication-table is infinitely to be preferred to the table of ten commandments. Only make a man perceive how two and two make four, and he will cast his idols to the moles and the bats forthwith. Tell him that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, and his countenance will radiate with ecstasy; he will cast off all old prejudices; he will devote himself instanter to the problems of his origin and of his destiny; and his hopes will bloom with immortality and eternal life.

Now supposing, for the sake of a personal application of the argument, we grant all this, will the Rev. Mr. Punch, or the venerable Chaplain of Printing-House Square, or even the soberer and more consistent disciples of Harriet Mar-

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tineau or of M. Comte, go to the South-Sea Islands, to China, to Western and Eastern India,—will they go even to Ireland, or to St. Giles's, to teach their glorious gospel? Will they form a society to give a copy of their vaunted "Constitution of Man," or their infallible "Euclid," to every denizen of this unhappy world? Have they their organizations of practical science, and of educational philanthropy? Can they find a single individual generous enough to carry out the theory they so perseveringly defend? It may be very atrocious to give a man a stone when he asks for an egg; and when he asks for a "copper," to insult his poverty with a "tract:" but is it not worse, when they groan in bondage, to mock them with your ethnological hypotheses? and when they ask for salvation, to mystify them by your present of a phrenological bust? But you will not even do this. You tuck the figured crockery-ware under your arm, and say to the poor suppliant, in whose civilization you have so supreme an interest, "No! if you want one of these saviours, go to my shop and buy one. Here is my card."

The fact is, nothing but a profound religious zeal will enable a man to seek out and to save his fellow-man. We hear how much commerce has done for religion: cannot somebody tell us how much religion has done for commerce? Until you feel that you are responsible to the great God for doing your duty to others, you have no adequate motive to restrain you from a supreme consultation of your own personal interest. Believe a book to be the veritable revelation of the Divine will, able to make wise unto salvation, and you have then a strong inducement to give it to every man; yea, and to teach every man to read, that he may understand it when he has got it. Draw two pictures in two moments! Here is a simple child of the Holy One,—untrembling in his faith, uncorrupted in his happiness. He embarks on the wide ocean; travels to a far-off country, with his Bible in his hand; he sits down, on his arrival, patiently to learn the language of his new home; he laboriously translates his book into the tongue of the natives around him; and then, with unaffected love, he calls them, one by one, saying unto them, "Learn to read; for I have here a book which will teach thee how to live without sin, how to die without dread, how to hope without presumption, how to worship without idolatry." Here is another man: he sets out on the same journey, undertakes the same hardships, and says to the objects of his grand solicitude, "Learn to read this book; for it will instruct you how to cast accounts; what to eat, and what to avoid; how to work without fatigue; how to play without degradation; how to get rich without dishonesty; how to be selfish, and, at the same time, just; it will refine your manners, polish your wit, enlarge your information; in short, it will make you good men of business, sharp at a bargain, and elegant in prosperity!" Who is the fool? Luckily for the sneerers at the former character, no man has ever been fool enough to afford the fun of a comparison.

"Ah! but in your picture, you have given too much credit to your client: the Missionary preaches first, and teaches his savage auditor to read afterwards." Just so; and why? Because a *religious* interest is as necessary to secure his attention, as it is to lead his teacher to invite it. If the civilized cannot acquire the necessary disinterestedness to appeal to the population of the antipodes apart from his profound sense of religious obligation, how can he expect that population to listen to his appeal until the same sense is awakened? He, the intelligent and the refined, will only hazard so much to *save* his brother: is it likely then that his brother, ignorant, bigoted, and proud, will submit to so much but to be *saved*? The religious motive is necessary to the undertaking of the experiment; in even greater degree, it is necessary to its success.

Civilization is the fruit of great religious or national revolutions. The entire history of the world might be cited in confirmation of this hypothesis. And when international conflicts have preceded new developments of civilization, those conflicts have, most frequently, been directly or indirectly incited by religious agitation. A nation can only be stirred from within or from without by deep religious inspirations. Wars may rage; but if faith be not an element of the strife, it will end with the shedding of blood; and its monuments

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will be confided to the fame of its heroes, and the traditions of its barbaric glory. Religious corruptions can only be cured by religious purity. A base superstition will in time destroy itself; but its ruins will be dismal, poisonous, disgraceful. If it be removed by the introduction of a more exalted and transparent economy, its abolition will be an era of progress, and a consummation of blessing. The gross abominations of the Papacy in the French Revolution, found their natural, self-wrought explosion. Subsequent political misfortunes may be attributed to the absence of a new and a higher faith to engage the conscience and control the passions of the people. In China, and in India, (we trust it will by and by prove so in Turkey,) the abuses and miseries of the ancient hierarchies are being gradually supplanted by the expanding germs of purer and more humane (because Divine) institutions; and we have in these vast lands the spectacle of revolution without insanity, and of dissolution without death. The consequence is, that with the prosperity of the Church the general culture of society improves. As the inhabitants are taught a clearer knowledge of God, they intuitively recognise the more sacred claims of their fellows. Reading the Bible, they are prepared to read other books. Having mastered the ten commandments they pass naturally enough to the multiplication-table. Now that they are familiar with the Sermon on the Mount, it is competent for them to proceed to the study of mathematics. The heroes of Exeter-Hall having imbued them with the hallowed atmosphere of Calvary, they can sustain galvanic shocks, and physiological disquisitions.

"But," say the sneerers, "if these good people are so interested in the redemption and elevation of mankind, it is a pity they will not bestow a little compassion on the miserable sinners of their own country." And are not Ragged Schools, Sunday Schools, City Missions, Sailors' Friend Societies, Orphan Charities, Reformatory Institutions, Female Protection Societies, Humane Associations, Temperance Leagues, and a thousand other domestic philanthropies, advocated at Exeter-Hall? Is it not the resort of the friends of England, as well as the friends of India? Yea, and are not the ambassadors of both classes of enterprise, almost without exception, the same men? Our sneering scribblers and cavilling devotees of science are not there even when the poor "unfortunate" is being cared for. True, some improvement in the method and the enthusiasm of these departments is possible; and, in time, it will be made, but not by the worldly-wise men, or the "positive" philosophers of our day.

Of what, then, is Exeter-Hall truly the type and the centre? Of liberality without stint. Of enthusiasm in the service of God, and of untiring perseverance in the service of man. Whatever of official and organic disinterestedness our times have witnessed, has been associated with this renowned and consecrated edifice. Mammon-worship is the crime of our age. Here, at any rate, an altar to the true God has been erected, and on it have been deposited the sacrifices of innumerable benevolent and consistent devotees.—*American.*

FROM A CHAPLAIN.

Heights above Sebastopol.

It is not from forgetfulness of your kindness to me when I was in London that I have so long delayed writing to you. But I have neither had time nor opportunity before. Even now my knees form my writing-desk. I have lived a life since I saw you. I have been appointed to the fourth division, which you will know ere this suffered the most severely in the action of Inkermann. Last Tuesday was a painful day here. The noble ship in which I came out ("The Prince") has gone to the bottom, with many others; and there has been an immense sacrifice of life. I was roused from dreams of my dear native land by my tent falling on me, and was completely drenched before I could get on my clothes. Even then no fires could be lighted; no tea, or anything else, could be procured; dry biscuit, and glad to get it, was the state of affairs. But all this mattered little to us who were in good health. When I got to my hospitals, a sight was before me which would have moved a heart of stone. The hospital-marquees were all down, and the poor fellows, suffering from cholera,

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fever, and dysentery, were lying exposed to that merciless storm, aggravated by the most piercing sleet I ever felt, benumbing all the faculties like paralysis. I saw more than one of our men stretch themselves on that day, under that sleet, to die! God grant that I may never witness such a scene again. And yet I feel thankful that I was here. Many a rough soldier welcomed me to his side; and, as I spoke to him of the love of a crucified Redeemer, his hard hand grasped mine, and the big tear stood in his eye; and as I rolled him up in his blanket, and tried to get him as high as I could out of the slush and the dirt, I felt thankful to God who made me, unworthy sinner though I be, the Minister of such a glorious Gospel. I need scarcely tell you that my work in the burial-ground was very heavy after such a night. The weather has been much finer since, and the health of all the regiments in the division is improved, with the exception of the 46th. Cholera, of a particularly virulent character, has broken out among them; and I have buried more than thirty of them within the last few days. The scenes I have witnessed in their hospital beggar all description. I spend a portion of every day in it; for the poor fellows (as we came out together) imagine that I belong altogether to them; and when I enter the door of the marquee, "Come here, Sir," resounds on every side; and then you have to make your way over the floor of the tent, strewn with dying men, and as each lies in the tent, you lean on your elbow by his side, and speak into his ear the hopes of another and a better world. You can easily understand now why my promise has been delayed. Indeed, I have time for nothing but the pressing duties of my post. It is truly an arduous one; but I have no desire to change it for any other, while God grants me strength to work. We had a very large attendance at Divine worship yesterday, and the attention of officers and men was most marked. I have several hospital-tents under my charge. I visit three each day, and have a short service once a week in each of them, besides impressing on the hospital-orderlies that if any man wishes to see me, either night or day, I am to be immediately called. The burial of the dead has been particularly heavy; but I have proposed an arrangement, which the General of the division and the commanding officers highly approve of. I attend on the burial-ground twice on each day, at eleven and three o'clock, and the dead from all the regiments are to be brought at those hours. God bless and keep you!

Memorials of the Departed.

JULY 16th, 1853, at Woodhouse, in the Belper Circuit, aged sixty-six, HANNAH, the beloved wife of Mr. Christopher WOODHOUSE. In early life she was brought to a knowledge of the truth through the instrumentality of the Rev. Hugh Beech, who was then labouring in the Belper Circuit. She was highly respected by her neighbours, and greatly beloved by her family. In all her domestic relations her conduct was most exemplary. To Wesleyan Methodism she was ardently attached, and supported it according to her ability. In her profession of religion she was truly unassuming, having put on "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." The character of her experience may be briefly described. It was "the soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy." The affliction which terminated her life was protracted, and sometimes extremely painful; but with Christian resignation she meekly endured all her sufferings. The day before her death, one of her children, with affectionate solicitude, inquired, if Jesus was still precious. She replied, "Precious! precious!" and immediately after whispered, "Praise Him! praise Him!"

August 9th, at Mastspring, in the Dungannon Circuit, Ireland, aged seventy-two, MR. ROBERT CONIGAN. In early life he was converted to God, and became a Wesleyan Methodist. He passed through a life of active business in such a manner as to reflect credit on the cause of religion.

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and honour on his family, all of whom continue to maintain the same principles as their honoured father. The Ministers found a home under his roof for no less than forty years; and were witnesses of his Christian deportment as a husband, a father, and a Methodist. The Rev. John Armstrong writes: "He was a rare man; but his death to him is certain gain." "Like a tall watch-tower, shedding brightness o'er the deep," one of the most conspicuous features of his character was humility. When speaking in class, he used great caution; but, like many who are most remarkable for the same kind of diffident watchfulness, he triumphed signally over the last enemy.

September 29th, at Cullingworth, in the Bingley Circuit, WILLIAM PARKINSON WADDINGTON. He had just completed his twentieth year. His parents, who were Wesleyans, had bestowed great solicitude, from early childhood, in training him up in the way he should go; and in March, 1847, had the satisfaction of seeing him admitted on trial for membership in our church. But his piety was tested, not by demands for active service, so much as by suffering from spinal disease, with some of its most distressing symptoms. Amidst these, he manifested a devout and patient spirit, rejoicing much in the visit of his Ministers and pious Christian friends. On the Sunday before his death, he said to his mother, "Mother, tell the Superintendents that I was made happy in the Sabbath-school; and they must tell the children that I am going to glory, and do wish to meet them there." With his last breath he pronounced that precious life-giving name,—"Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

On Sunday, October 16th, at Birstwith, at the house of her son-in-law, Mr. John Bramley, MRS. ANN SKIRROW, of Hampsthwaite, in the Ripon Circuit. She was born in the year 1772, of pious parents. From a child she was visited by the strivings of the Holy Spirit of God: many a time she determined to be a Christian; but quenched those good resolutions till the twenty-first year of her age. She then began to seek for pardon, being deeply convinced of the sinfulness of sin and her need of pardon. After a long struggle, she found that peace that passeth understanding; and never lost that peace through a long and protracted life. She was united in marriage to Mr. John Skirrow, a man like-minded with herself, who, for some years, adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour in a holy life, and then, in the year 1814, went to join the church triumphant above. As a Wesleyan Methodist, Mrs. Skirrow was consistent; her walk was close with God; and her whole Christian career marked by active and burning zeal, and love to the souls of men. When she came to reside in the village of Hampsthwaite, Methodism had found no place there. She opened her house for preaching; and made it a home for the Ministers. As a Class-Leader, she was pointed and faithful, always aiming to lead the members on to higher depths of holiness. She could, in reality, say, "Follow me." Her conduct stood without a stain; for in godly sincerity she had her conversation in the world, and stood, through trials many and severe, as an iron pillar strong, and steadfast as a wall of brass. As a visiter of the sick and dying, instant in season and out of season, there was scarcely a house in the village but she had visited its inmates to pray and advise with them, and deservedly stood high in the esteem of all. When her time drew nigh to leave the world, on being asked by a friend if she then approved of Methodism, she replied, "I love it; and I believe it to be the best system under God to save a guilty world." This was her dying testimony, after being one of its consistent members sixty-one years. Fifty years she had been honourably employed as a Class-Leader. When the closing scene drew nigh, her soul was filled with holy joy. Hers was a lovely piety: religion truly shed its charms around her dying bed; the sting of death was gone for many years; she enjoyed the great blessing of sanctification; she could give directions respecting her funeral, and talk about dying, with Christian calmness.

And here we record the departure of a sister-in-law of the above. MRS. ANN SKIRROW, widow of the late Mr. Edward Skirrow, and sister of the late Rev. John Wheelhouse, Wesleyan Minister, died at

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Hampsthwaite, in the Ripon Circuit, May 2d, aged seventy-two years. From a child she was visited by the strivings of the Holy Spirit; but not until she was settled in life did she fully give her heart to God. After being very powerfully convinced of her state as a sinner, and deeply humbled before God, she was enabled to rest her guilty soul upon the merits of an all-sufficient Saviour. Having found the pearl of great price, she held on the even tenour of her way; and though struggling with the cares of a large rising family, still continued to grow in grace, setting before them an example worthy of imitation; and when called to give up her excellent and beloved husband to the cold embrace of death, she could rejoice in the prospect of meeting his sainted spirit in the realms of unclouded day. She, too, was a decided Wesleyan Methodist, loved the Ministers, and, like her revered relative, to the latest period of life, supported the institutions of Methodism. Her class she highly valued, attending it whenever health permitted: she was regularly found at the bed-sides of the sick and dying. A cheerful piety shed its lovely charms round her declining age; and when the time drew near that she must die, she went to reside with her eldest daughter, where every attention was paid to her; and she stated that she had all her heart could wish, and Christ in her heart the hope of glory. "Tell the members that meet in class with me," said she, "that I die in Jesus, and hope to meet them at God's right hand."

*** For ANN ALLEN, in the Number for February last, *read* MRS. ANNA GARRETT.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

Names.	Residences, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Armin, George,	Easingwold,	Easingwold,	71	Jan. 20th, 1855.
Barth, James,	St. Neots,	St. Neots,	60	Feb. 6th, 1855.
Bean, Mrs. C.,	Farlington,	Easingwold,	66	Oct. 29th, 1854.
Belt, Ann,	Sheriff-Hutton,	Easingwold,	62	Feb. 5th, 1855.
Bolland, Thomas,	Birstal,	Birstal,	83	Jan. 25th, 1855.
Cherry, Mrs.,	St. Neots,	St. Neots,	50	Feb. 15th, 1855.
Ellis, Ann,	Girdsome-street,	Birstal,	74	Jan. 26th, 1855.
Firth, Mary,	Birstal,	Birstal,	61	Jan. 17th, 1855.
George, Susannah,	Kineton,*	Kineton,	56	Dec. 2d, 1854.
Green, John,	Shelbrook,	Pontefract,	95	Feb. 15th, 1855.
Hicks, Mr. John,	Lerrin,	Liskeard,	71	Dec. 26th, 1854.
Hickson, Mr. Edward,	Tickhill,	Doncaster,	71	Jan. 26th, 1855.
Hirst, Elizabeth,	Castleford,	Pontefract,	21	Feb. 10th, 1855.
Hocken, Mrs. Mary,	Polperro,	Liskeard,	63	Dec. 11th, 1854.
Jones, Mary,	Enstone,	Chipping-Norton,	82	Oct. 23d, 1854.
Lomas, Mr. George,	Camberwell,	Fifth London,	71	Feb. 8th, 1855.
Norrish, Mrs. Sarah,	Hasleigh,	South-Moulton,	73	Feb. 1st, 1855.
Rippengale, Mrs. Ann B.,	Newark,	Newark,	56	Dec. 1st, 1854.
Sanderson, Ann,	Malkinboor,	Easingwold,	74	Dec. 22d, 1854.
Shute, William Henry,	Leeds,	Leeds, Third,	30	May 18th, 1854.
Squires, Ann,	Birstal,	Birstal,	83	Jan. 30th, 1855.
Staines, Mr.,	Eynesbury,	St. Neots,	54	Jan. 26th, 1855.
Thomas, Mr. James,	Haverfordwest,	Haverfordwest,	77	Jan. 22d, 1855.

* Late of Welford, Evesham Circuit.

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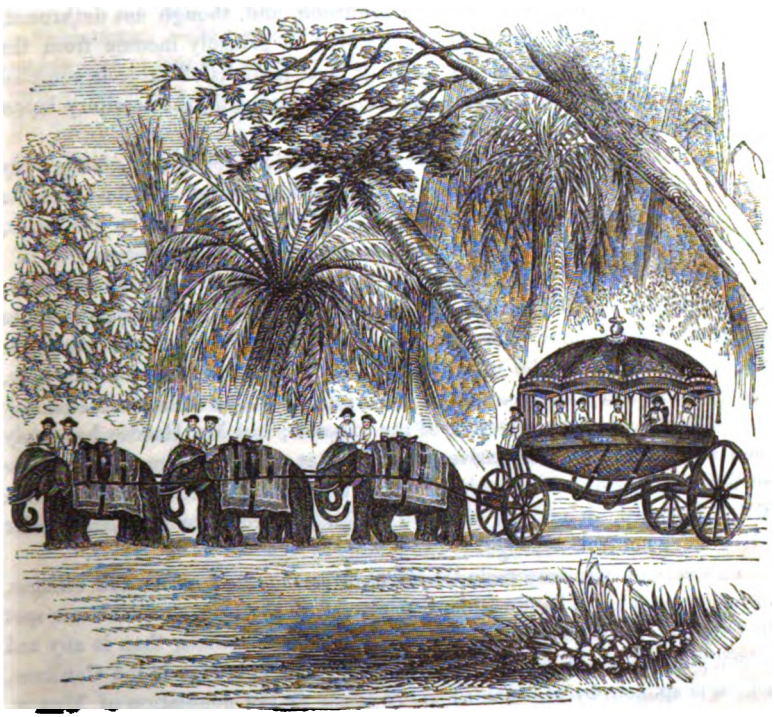
THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.



THE RAJAH OF MYSORE.

At the present moment the name "Mysore" has no terror and no excitement for a British public; but many yet living remember when it represented a scene of sanguinary and doubtful struggle. The ancient race of Kings, of whose heir, and his carriage of state, our engraving gives a view, had fallen from their throne by the hand of Hydur Ali, a man who rose from the lowest ranks, and never could even write his own name. Yet such was his talent, both as a soldier and a ruler, that he not only subverted the throne of his master, but subdued several neighbouring States, administered the whole of his vast territories with a vigour which made his command irresistible in the remotest village, and assailed the English, then rising to power, with such daring and ability, that he all but drove them into the sea. Under his hand, and that of his son, Tipu Sahib, many thousands of our soldiers fell, and many languished in fearful

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captivity in the dungeons of his capital, Seringapatam. After long and costly struggles, this vast citadel was at length stormed by British troops, under Sir David Baird and Colonel Arthur Wellesley, who there first became known to that fame, of which he was afterwards so large a heritor.

On the overthrow of the usurper's son, the British Government, instead of taking into their own hand the territory of Mysore, sought for the heir of its ancient Kings. In an obscure village was found a little boy, the present Rajah, whom they raised to the throne. For more than thirty years he ruled; but affairs fell into confusion, and, though not dethroned, he was deprived of active power, secured a princely income from the revenue, and the charge of his three or four millions of subjects confided to a Commission of English gentlemen. At his death, the territory lapses to the British, as he has no legitimate heir.

The Rajah is of a gentle and liberal disposition; profusely giving away large sums for trivial flatteries, or upon sudden whim. State-affairs he chiefly left to his Ministers, when he had power; and since he has lost it, has submitted without resistance to the necessities of his position.

When a Mission was established in the city of Mysore by the Rev. Thomas Hodson, the Rajah received him with favour, gave large sums to support a school, under his direction, and, when Mr. Hodson returned to England, ordered a gold watch and chain to be purchased for him here, and presented as a token of the Rajah's regard. The school subsequently passed from under the direction of the Mission; but Mr. Hardey has lately held a public meeting of native gentlemen, at which they made admirable speeches in favour of education, and on the spot subscribed, in sums from £10 downward, an amount of £160, to build a school to be placed under Missionary control.

The Mysore territory includes *thirty-three thousand towns and villages*, of which only *three* have resident Ministers of the Gospel. Not one spot in England is more open to the labours of evangelists, than is any and every place in the whole of that kingdom. The language is the Canarese, which is spoken by at least as many again as the population of Mysore, living in adjacent British territory. The word of God is translated, many good books and tracts are printed, and all the materials supplied for the use of Christian agents, were they on the ground. The Rev. Daniel Sanderson, a man of great attainments as a Canarese scholar, has just completed the preparation of no less than three fonts of Canarese type in this country. From the immense extent of the alphabet, it takes, instead of our few pieces of type, about *eight hundred separate castings to complete each alphabet*. Mr. Sanderson is returning with this new machinery, but without any increase of agents. Not a single Missionary is to accompany him! When will Christians take up the cause of our fellow-subjects in India, so as to send messengers to proclaim to them all the good tidings of great joy?

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A REVIVAL IN THE CHURCH.

DESCRIBED AND ANTICIPATED.

A REVIVAL of religion. *Where shall we look for it?* It must be either human or Divine. Man can do much, but he cannot make a revival of religion. It must, therefore, be Divine. Hence the old Hebrew Prophet, who saw "the Holy One come from Paran," on hearing His voice, trembled, and cried, "O Lord, revive Thy work!" Yes, it is the work of the Lord: it bears the Divine finger-marks and foot-prints.

"*Mystery!*"—Say you, Mystery? If you walk amidst the works and wonders of creation, you everywhere see this mark inscribed with God's own finger,—upon the globe and the globule, on the ponderous orb, and the minutest grain. Do you turn to Providence? you are constrained to sing, with Cowper,—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

Think of redemption; and, as its sublime and glorious truths pass before you, you confess, "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory."

This distinguishing mark of a work of God is stamped upon the revival of religion in a neighbourhood: in the agents employed, in the persons benefited, in the course it takes, in the means it favours. There may be some things in it irreconcilable with your sense of order. But will you deny its divinity on this account?

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

Variety is a footprint of Deity. Amongst the myriads of stars that cluster over your head, or swim beneath your feet, try to discover two that are in all respects counterparts of each other; and if you succeed, you will astonish all astronomers. Or search for two flowers exactly alike; and, finding them, you will surprise the botanist. Or, examine the features of the myriads of countenances around you, for the purpose of descrying a perfect duplicate of your own; and if success crown your effort, you will confound all philosophers. But perfect uniformity is not characteristic of the works of God. And in a revival there is endless diversity. There is Lydia, sitting by the river-side. It is the Sabbath-day, and the hour of prayer. The dew descends gently upon her heart, as upon the brow of Hermon. There is no storm nor tempest, but the dew of heaven is effectual. Lydia is converted. There is the jailer. He has examined the bolts and bars of his castle, gone his last round, and secured the prisoners. He is startled at midnight; the gates tremble, the chains rattle, the very foundations of the prison groan; alarm is depicted

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on all faces, and fear fills all hearts, save two. The jailer is won to Christ. There is the eunuch. He is returning from Jerusalem in his chariot. He is reading Isaiah. Philip joins himself to the chariot, is courteously invited into it, preaches Jesus, and the eunuch becomes a believer in Him. Then there is Saul of Tarsus, pouring forth floods of malice, as Etna or Vesuvius belches liquid flame. A light above meridian splendour blinds the eyes of his body, and opens the eyes of his soul; and with the light a voice,—"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou ME?" And, lo! "Saul is among the Prophets." Let not Lydia complain of the jailer, though he is more excited than she. Let not the jailer complain of Lydia, although she is more quiet. God is alike in the dew and in the earthquake, in Isaiah's rapture and in the vision of Saul.

Benevolence, too, marks the works of God. "His tender mercies are over all His works." You have seen the face of nature after a long drought. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth. The ground yawns beneath your feet. The air is red and fiery. The trees of the field are drooping, and the universal stillness is intolerable. But, lo! a cloud arises; then the drops descend, and finally the teeming shower; and then the barren mountain puts on its green mantle, "the valleys are covered over with corn," and the very "trees of the field clap their hands" for joy. So the church during a drought. There is no dew upon Hermon, nor upon Gilboa. The garden of the Lord is waste. The men of Zion look wistfully and complainingly at each other. The field of the church is barren, and its atmosphere, instead of being genial and fruitful, is dry and lurid. But, lo! waters break out "in the wilderness, and streams in the desert; and the parched ground" becomes "a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water." Then does "the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose;" it blossoms abundantly, and rejoices "even with joy and singing." Then to the church is given the glory of Lebanon, and the excellency of Carmel and Sharon.

A revival is beneficial to society. Legislation, rightly directed, has relieved this kingdom of many burdens, while education has contributed to the happiness of the community; but a revival of religion does more than either the one or the other in promoting the general weal. It brings Lazarus out of the grave, and his restoration fills the family with joy. Our Marthas and Marys rejoice over Lazarus revived. The mists of infidelity are dispelled. The specious pretences of formalism are exploded. Intense worldliness becomes intenser spirituality. The frozen charities of the heart are thawed, and gush forth freely. Public attention, which before was devoted wholly to trade, commerce, and politics, to the detriment of religion, is now recalled, and directed to the momentous questions of eternity. Listen to Jonathan Edwards's account of a revival. "A great and earnest concern about the things of God ran through all parts of the town, and the noise amongst the dry bones waxed louder and louder. All talk but of eternal things was laid aside. The conversation in all companies (unless so far as was necessary for the carrying on of worldly

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business) was wholly upon religion. The minds of the people were strangely taken off from the world; it was *treated as a thing of very little importance.*" "The town seemed to be full of the presence of God. It never was so full of love and joy, nor yet of distress, as it was then. Our public assemblies were beautiful." Surely "this is the finger of God."

A revival of religion,—*can we promote it?* Can such worms promote the work of Omnipotence? We answer, that they can. It was to the "son of man" that God said, "I have set thee a watchman to the house of Israel." The great commission was entrusted to men; and to men it was said, "Ye are the light of the world,—ye are the salt of the earth." There is a sense in which the salvation of our fellow-men is put into our hands. There is nothing strictly miraculous in a revival of religion, because it is in the order of Divine government. Within our reach are all the light, all the means, and all the power necessary to promote it; and we have only, by prayer and faith, to bring this light into the proper focus, and claim the power which will act on the means employed, and move the world.

Once again we ask, *Have we fostered a revival of religion?* Have we the true revival spirit which breathes in Habakkuk's prayer, moves Nehemiah's trowel, weeps in Jeremiah's plaint, lifts up its voice in John the Baptist's preaching; which was the source and the glory of the greatness of a Luther, a Wesley, a Bramwell, and a Smith? Without it, the sun's clearness, the moon's fairness, the terror of the bannered army, are wanting in the church. Without it, we are dwarfish, not gigantic; cowardly, not courageous; mean, not manly; fickle, not firm; transient, not steady; powerless, not mighty. The chariot-wheels have been impeded by envy, strife, debate, covetousness, sloth, worldliness, cold formality, and worldly conformity. The spirit of the world has triumphed over the spirit of religion. While men debated, they thought less about the salvation of souls than about trade, commerce, politics, and the war. But is the arm of the Lord shortened, that it cannot save? Is His ear heavy, that it cannot hear? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Just as well might we ask, Has Omnipotence ceased to be omnipotent, or Immutability become mutable? Ah, no! God can save, and waits to save. He can hear, and He waits to hear. He can be gracious, and He waits to be gracious. Then rejoice, ye dispirited Ministers! shout for joy, ye downcast lovers of Zion! for the Lord will turn back the captivity of Zion; Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

A voice has called us to revival-work. Thousands of sermons have been preached, and tens of thousands of prayers have ascended to heaven. The breath from the four winds is passing over the bones. "There is the sound of abundance of rain," and there shall be "showers of blessing."

The flame is just enkindled. Come and fan it! Christian merchants on the exchange, manufacturers in your mills, tradesmen in your shops, working men at the spindle and the loom and the plough, come and fan

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the flame! To win a soul is a nobler exploit than to win a victory on the battle-field, or to make a fortune in the shop, or to gain a name in the scientific or literary world. "He that winneth souls is wise." Come and fan the flame. Love to souls demands it, for they are perishing by thousands; love to Zion demands it, for she is languishing and humbled; love to Christ demands it, that He may see the travail of His soul, and be satisfied.

And Christian patriotism pleads for it. Think of the land of your birth, the land of the Reformers, winking, bending, crouching to the murderers of your Ridleys and Latimers; the land of Baxter, and Howe, and Stillingfleet, and Wesley, succumbing to infidelity! Think of our colonies, and of our Missions. If Protestantism and England should quail before their enemies, what is to become of the world? O, then, we say to every lover of souls, of Zion, of Christ, of his country, of the world, Come and fan the flame that is just now enkindled; for in that flame lives the salvation of the church, and the salvation of the world. "Forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." No! no! it cannot be in vain. We shall succeed. The world is Christ's. "He shall have dominion from sea to sea." "The Kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the Kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts. Yea, *all Kings shall fall down before Him.*" What a glorious promise, and what a scene shall be unfolded in its fulfilment! When a Czar of Russia shall join hands with an Emperor of Austria, and when Prussia and France shall help to bring in the Sultan to the obedience of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to unseat the Pope, and when all the lesser Princes of Europe shall unite with our own Sovereign in doing homage to the "Prince of the Kings of the earth," then shall "all nations serve Him."

Your labour is not in vain. For "the word of the Lord liveth and abideth for ever." Lord Lindsay states that in the course of his wanderings in the pyramids of Egypt, he stumbled on a mummy proved by its hieroglyphics to be two thousand years old. In examining the mummy, he found in one of its closed hands a tuberous or bulbous root. He was interested in the question how long vegetable life could last; and he therefore took that tuberous root from the mummy's hand, planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the rains and dews of heaven to descend upon it, and, in the course of a week, to his astonishment and joy, the root burst forth, and it soon bloomed into a beautiful dahlia. The word of the Lord liveth. It possesses a vitality surpassing that of vegetation. "The grass withereth;" but "the word of the Lord abideth for ever." And the seed which has been sown broadcast, and fallen into thousands of hearts, only waits the meridian rays of God's favour and influence, and a glorious harvest will spring up. "The hatchet may cleave the iceberg, the sun only can melt it." "Paul may plant, Apollos water; God only can give the increase."

Once again, we repeat, your labour is not in vain. *Come and fan the flame.*

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"There is a fount about to stream,
There is a light about to beam,
There is a warmth about to glow,
There is a flower about to blow;
There is a midnight darkness changing into grey:
Men of thought and men of action, *clear the way.*

"Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of pious men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe:
Our earnest vigour must not slacken into play:
Men of prayer and men of action, *lead the way.*"

Wantage. E. S.

A MEDITATION ON OUR LORD'S AGONY.

(*Concluded from page* 105.)

In this we may follow His example. Thus it is written, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." (Psal. l. 15.) The evils under which we groan are often removed, in answer to fervent persevering prayer; but if not removed, sufficient grace is imparted to support us under them, and this promise is verified: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." (Isai. xliii. 2.) It was concerning the agony of our Redeemer that the Apostle speaks, (Heb. v. 7,) "Who in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that He feared." But how do we understand the expression, "and was heard in that He feared?" His prayer was addressed to Him that was *able* to save Him from death; and it was, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me!" The cup did not pass: He drank it to the dregs. This was predetermined; nor could He in any other way than this have been made a perfect Saviour, and become the Author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him; yet "He was heard in that He feared;" for He received from the Father strength and power to sustain the fierceness of Almighty wrath kindled by human transgression,—to bear our curse, to pass the fiery ordeal, and by His sacrificial death satisfy the demands of justice, manifest the holiness of God in His infinite hatred to sin, and open the door of mercy to our ruined race, whereby "God can be just, and the Justifier of him that believeth on Jesus." Sustained by this almighty energy, with meek but majestic calmness, He unresistingly yields to be apprehended, led to judgment, scourged, crowned with thorns, spit upon and derided; He takes His cross, and bears it till exhausted nature sinks beneath its weight, and still willingly proceeds to finish His mighty work between two thieves on Calvary,—

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"Thou didst the meek example leave,
That I might in Thy footsteps tread."

Afflictions may be sent by the wisdom and goodness of God; and their continuance may be necessary to answer our heavenly Father's will in our salvation. From such we cannot expect deliverance in this life. Still is it our privilege to pray, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" Grace shall in answer to prayer be imparted; and God will so overrule the trial, that "the light afflictions which are but for a moment shall work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." The Apostle was caught up into the third heavens, "and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful" (possible) "for man to utter;" but, lest he should be exalted above measure, through the abundance of revelations, there was given him a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet him. For this thing he "besought the Lord thrice,"—a definite number probably put for an indefinite, and indicating earnest and persevering supplication,—"that it might depart from him." Was it removed? No; the thorn remained to rankle in the flesh, and the messenger to buffet; but his prayer was answered thus: "My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness." He then subjoins: "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." His suffering and support manifested the abounding grace and power of the blessed Redeemer.

In the words of our suffering Lord, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt," we have a beautiful manifestation of the power of Divine grace over the most intense but innocent desire of suffering human nature. In this, too, He is to be regarded as our example. Our sufferings may be severe; our desire for deliverance intense; our prayers earnest and persevering; but the language of the Lord Jesus Christ should ever qualify our petitions: "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." God is an absolute Sovereign. His will is the law to the universe. It is specially the rule of prayer, both as to the subject of the petitions, and the manner in which we offer them. He is love; He created us in love. All His dispensations towards us spring from the same source. Our sufferings are from love: they are chastisements, not judgments. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth; and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth,"—that is, visits with heavier strokes the son on whom he intends to bestow special favours. Not one stroke of His rod is unnecessary; for "He does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men:" but if you are in "heaviness through manifold temptation," bowed down beneath the pressure of your numerous trials, it is because there is a necessity for them. As His love leads Him to will our salvation, and as the same love makes it our "Father's good pleasure to give us the kingdom," His infinite knowledge cannot mistake, and His infallible wisdom chooses for us the best means to accomplish this purpose. He could have made us otherwise, and prepared for us a different lot, had He seen that it would be better for us. His infinite power, exerted in boundless love, and

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unerring wisdom, secures the end. Heaven, earth, and hell, things visible and invisible, material or spiritual, move and act by His ever-present energy: so that "all things work together for good to them that love God; to them who are the called according to His purpose." "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

Two ideas present themselves on reviewing this subject. First, that sufferings and afflictions of the present life do not prove anything as to moral and religious character. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is an established rule of Divine government. Not a few even here reap the fruit of their sin in the misery induced by it; but then, "many are the afflictions of the righteous." And the blessed above have passed "through great tribulation" in their way to glory. "What son is he that the Father chasteneth not?" "Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord." The incarnate Son of God "learned obedience by the things which He suffered." And "it is enough for the servant that he be as his Lord."

The second idea suggested is, that the perfection of Christian experience consists in an entire conformity to the will of God. In health and vigour, our duty is active service; in sickness and infirmity, patience should have its "perfect work;" but in every condition there should be full resignation to serve or to be laid aside, to suffer or to enjoy, just as it shall please our heavenly Father to appoint. We sometimes measure religious attainments by the proportion of joy that is experienced. This is a fallible standard. It is granted that when resignation is perfect, there will be, amidst the heaviest storms, an inward peace, the peace of God, the legacy of Christ to His suffering followers; but where was the spiritual joy of our Redeemer, when He cried, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even to death?" yet the perfection of His character consisted in immovable and entire submission to the will of His Father.

How many seem heroes, girded for service in the field, and ready to brave every danger, who prove themselves but children in grace when laid on the bed of affliction! In active duties the mind is carried out, and often forgets, or partially loses sight of, its real attainments in Divine life, and fellowship with God; but when secluded and alone, cut off from external excitement, and conversing only with God and conscience in the light of eternity, it is made to feel its weakness, and want of a fuller baptism of the Holy Spirit to mortify the unsubdued will and bring it into a state of entire resignation. Let us then thirst rather for conformity to the will of God, than for comfort and unbroken enjoyment.

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A CHINESE CHRISTIAN CHILD.

[The following account is in the language of Mrs. Bridgman, the wife of an American Missionary at Shanghae:—]

The Mission-school has within a few days been bereaved of one of the pupils, who has been under instruction about two years. During the greater part of this period he has been afflicted with a disease of the heart, and at one time his mother took him home, and was unwilling that he should return to the school; but, by the persevering efforts of his teachers, she yielded to their wishes, and he resumed his place under their instruction. His disease made such progress that study was relinquished, and each day gave sure and certain evidence that the little invalid was fast passing away.

The name of the little boy was Quachung. He was about eight years old. No pains were spared by his teachers to make him as comfortable as circumstances would allow; but it was the interests of his soul that caused them the greatest solicitude, and they did not conceal from him that his sickness would probably terminate in early death. He beheld his own little frame wasting away from day to day. His sufferings were such that he required the most untiring sympathy. But this little boy was happy. And why? What was the secret of his happiness? Let him solve the problem in his own words:—"I do not believe in the worship of idols, but I love Jesus; and because He has been so good to me, I am not afraid to die."

A few days ago he asked to be baptized. His friends being satisfied that he was a proper subject for that ordinance, we accepted an invitation, and, with the members of the Mission, assembled in his teacher's private parlour, to join in the services of the occasion. As many of the boys of the school, also, as could be accommodated, were with us. Quachung, pale and emaciated, was supported by Miss Jones, while Bishop Boone, in Chinese, performed the baptismal service, and afterwards addressed the boys present. The countenance of the little sufferer was so composed, his behaviour so like a Christian, and he apparently so near death, that none could witness it and not be moved. Even manly cheeks were suffused with tears. It broke up the deep fountain of human sympathy. Doubtless the angels, those "ministering spirits," ever on the wing, were witnesses of the scene, and desired to understand the nature of that faith that can support a Heathen child in such an hour.

One morning after the baptism, I went in to inquire after Quachung. He was sitting in a chair, attentively listening to the instructions of Bishop Boone, while he read, in Chinese, the twenty-third Psalm, and repeated the precious promise, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." The countenance of little Quachung was calm and peaceful; his glossy eye was intently fixed upon the Bishop while he was conversing; and one could read the inward support of his soul from the promise: he was receiving "the kingdom of God as a little child." He had been sitting quietly in Miss Jones's lap for some time without speaking: at length, raising his eyes, and looking directly in her face, he said, "My heart rejoices." "Why," said she, "does your heart rejoice?" "Because I am not afraid to die. I love Jesus; I am going to Jesus."

My services were requested in the duty of watching: it was the night when the summons came. He was very restless, wishing to be taken up and laid down at very short intervals; and to have his mouth moistened constantly with tea, while he tried to converse. I listened attentively to understand

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and, as he turned his eyes upward, with a composed and pleasant expression, I distinguished *tien kwang*, meaning "heaven's light." I asked Quachung, "Do you see light?" He answered, *Tien*, "Heaven." I was satisfied that he was conscious that his departure was near.

His teachers were much fatigued, and I forbore to call them: but they, awaking, perceived a change in his voice, and were instantly by his side. They thought it best to call his mother. She came to his bedside, but there was no recognition by the boy. She immediately commenced a dreadful wailing, according to Chinese custom, calling the spirit to come back to her again. But that spirit was on heavenly wing, plumed for the skies: he heeded not; but, after a few more hours of difficult breathing, sweetly passed away like the setting of the summer's sun.

Such are the flowers that, under Gospel culture, are watered in Heathen soil, and then transplanted to the paradise of God.—*Wesleyan Juvenile Offering.*

THE UNWELCOME PREACHER.

In the fall of 1823, the Methodists of a certain town in Kentucky concluded that they were able, though but twenty-two in number, to support a Preacher by themselves. Accordingly, they wrote to the Conference, requesting the Bishop to make a *station* of their village. But, considering their want of numerical and financial strength, it was deemed all-important that the Minister sent them should be a man of popular talents; because, unless he could command the admiration and conciliate the favour of the people, there was danger of failing to support him.

They, therefore, asked for a brother Johnson, at that time one of the most popular and effective Ministers in the State, and made the getting of that particular man the condition upon which they wished to become a station. To them it was clear that the destinies of Methodism, if not of Christianity itself, in that particular region, depended upon their having the man they wanted that very year. It was thought advisable, however, to station brother Johnson elsewhere.

There was in the Conference at the time a young man who had just been received into full connexion, without experience or reputation as a Preacher, and by nature singularly disqualified for any position where his sensibilities were likely to be tried. Tender-hearted and addicted to gloom; exposure to rude treatment, or, what would be worse, a cold reception from those to whom he might be sent, would dishearten him at once. Some such treatment most probably awaited any man, save brother Johnson, who might be sent to the town of which we speak; yet this young man was selected to go. Fortunately, however, the Bishop was to accompany him.

It is known to as many as were acquainted with Bishop George, that his most noticeable characteristic was *prayerfulness*. The frequency, fervour, and singular power with which he addressed the throne of grace, are mentioned as often as a reminiscence of him is made. During their journey, of some two hundred miles, on horseback, the young Preacher had abundant opportunity to observe and imbibe the spirit of this excellent man. Whenever they stopped for meals, rest, lodging, or to see and encourage some pious family, whose residence by the way was known to them, they had a season of prayer.

When about twelve miles from the place of the young man's destination, at the house of a brother S., the Bishop was attacked with asthma, a disease to

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which he was very liable. The remedies which usually relieved him were tried without effect; the man of God got no better. At length he sent for the young Preacher, and directing his attention to the sublime description of the New Jerusalem, contained in the book of Revelation, desired him to take his Bible into the grove, meditate upon that passage for a season, and then come in and preach to him about it: "For," said he, "I want to get happy. If my soul was powerfully blessed, I think it would cure my body."

The young man, ever distrustful of his own powers, was alarmed at the idea. He begged to be excused; and, prompted as much perhaps by fear as by faith, recommended to the Bishop his never-failing expedient for "getting happy"—prayer.

"Well," said the sick man, "go out, my son, and shut the door: let me be left alone."

His wish was complied with. In another moment he was composing his mind to its favourite employment: Elijah, wrapped in the mantle of prayer, was alone with God.

For a moment all was silent; but at length loud and repeated praises issued from the sick room. The family gathered round to rejoice with the man of prayer; and the immediate effect of the excitement was a cure of the malady so effectual that the travellers proceeded on their journey in the morning.

But before they started, the good brother with whom they were sojourning, broke to the unsuspecting young Preacher the shocking intelligence, already in the reader's possession, that he would be an unwelcome arrival at the place of his appointment. Of course, he was sunk at once in the deepest dejection. Possessed of keen perceptions of the painful, nervously sensitive to any unkindness, he was the very man to be overwhelmed in such a situation. Personal danger, trial, toil, would not have daunted him; but to be coldly pushed off as not welcome, to feel that he was imposed upon a people who did not want him, was what he could not bear. Instantly resolving, therefore, not to submit to such a mortification, he hastened to communicate his discovery and his purpose to the Superintendent. The Bishop, aware of the feeling of revolt with which his *protégé* was liable to be met, exhorted him, nevertheless, to determine upon nothing rashly; to wait till he saw the place and the people, and in the meanwhile give himself to prayer: adding, that he had felt persuaded all the while that the appointment was "right," and in the end would prove providential. This advice was reluctantly taken.

Arrived at the new station, they were guests of a prominent member of the church, known for many years afterward as the usual host and fast friend of the Preachers. The next morning, as the Bishop was preparing to pursue his journey, he and the good brother of the house were conversing together in the parlour, while, unknown to them and without design, the young Preacher was sitting on the porch near the window, with nothing but a thin curtain between him and them; so that what passed within was distinctly audible to him.

"Well, brother," said the Bishop, "how will the young man do?"

"Not at all, he will not do at all, Sir: we might as well be left without a Preacher altogether," was the emphatic reply.

"O, I hope you will like him better after awhile," rejoined the old man. "Treat him kindly, and I am persuaded he will do you good."

"I have no objection," returned the host, "to his staying at my house for a few weeks, if you desire it; but it will be useless: he is not the one we wanted."

The poor young man could hear no more: he crept from the porch almost

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blind with mortification. The thought that he was to remain with a people who considered him a tolerated burden; that every mouthful he ate was to be a charity; that he was to be a young and healthy mendicant; sickened him!

He was lying in wait as the Bishop sallied forth, and, drawing him to a spot where they were sheltered from observation, he burst into tears, exclaiming, "O, Bishop, I cannot stay: I heard what passed in the room; and indeed you must release me."

"Can you get your horse and ride a little way with me?"

This he did with alacrity; glad of even an hour's respite from his painful position.

After riding a few miles, they turned off into the woods, and, dismounting by a fallen tree, engaged in solemn and importunate prayer; prayer for light and help in that dark and trying hour. Then, taking the hand of his companion, the Bishop turned upon him a look of love, which none but a strong, stern heart can feel—so deep and genuine was it—so full of serious concern and earnest sympathy.

There is a smile too bright to be deep; it is born, and it dies, on the surface. Not such was the expression of this good man's face: it shined clear up from a heart constrained by the love of Christ. It did not glitter; but its glow seemed to pervade and warm its object. A truly pious, stern man is always gentle; and he only can impart that look which, like the remembered smile of a mother, will sometimes soothe us into delicious tears twenty years after the face that wore it has perished.

He concluded an address fraught with parental feeling and sound wisdom, with, "Now, my son, I will make you a proposition: see if you can fulfil the conditions of it:—Go back to town: if you find a cross there, bear it; diligently and lovingly perform every part of your duty; 'do the work of an Evangelist;' fast once a week, and spend one hour of each day in special prayer, that God may open your way in that community. Do this for one month; and if at the end of that term you do not feel willing to stay, consider yourself released from the appointment. Can you do this?"

He thought he could: upon which they took an affectionate leave of each other, and Enoch George—what signifies a title to such a man?—turned toward the south-west, and resumed his pilgrimage of hardships. The young man sat upon his horse, watching the receding form till it sank out of sight below the horizon. Not till that moment had he fairly tasted the exquisite bitterness of his cup. The "man-angel," upon whom he had leaned, was gone, and he was left to grapple with his trial alone. He could have sobbed like any boy.

Faithfully did he comply with the conditions of his promise, through all the tedious month, without discerning any material change in his own feelings, or in the bearing of his people toward him; albeit one wicked man and his wife had from the beginning endeavoured to encourage him.

Finally, the last Sabbath arrived of the month during which he had promised to stay. The glad village-bells were pealing their summons to the house of God, as our hero—was he not a hero?—arose from the struggle of the last covenanted hour of prayer. He walked toward the little attic-window, which commanded a view of most of the streets, wiping his eyes, and thinking of the few reluctant hearers who awaited him, when, lo! what a sight met his gaze! Group after group of citizens were flocking toward the Methodist church. At first a sense of awe came over him, and then a class of mingled feelings, as if

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confidence, and strength, and joy were storming the heart, while fear, and weakness, and mortification still disputed the right of possession.

He hastened to his pulpit; and as he arose from the first silent prayer, the thought of victory thrilled through him like the voice of a clarion. His text was Isai. vi. 4: "And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried." The attention of the audience was arrested by the announcement; for the voice that had been wont to tremble with embarrassment now rang clear with a tone of authority; his eye, hitherto confused and unsteady, now kindled with "a light that never shined on sea or shore." Fresh from the chamber, where he had just accomplished his thirtieth hour of special prayer, the live coal had touched his lips; he was, with a witness, "a man sent from God," and gloriously baptized with the Holy Ghost.

He referred his text back to the point at which Christ first interposed for man's salvation; the voice that cried, "Lo! I come to do Thy will." He applied it to the sacrificial offering of Jesus; the voice that cried, "It is finished." He carried forth the application to "the right hand of the Majesty on high," where the Intercessor makes His dying words immortal, crying, with infinite iteration, "Father, forgive them;" to the day when sound shall make its next impression upon "the dull, cold ear of death;" when, at the "voice of the Son of God, the dead, small and great, shall rise."

The power of the Highest was manifestly upon the audience, and the presence of an ambassador of Christ was attested by sobs and groans from every part of the house. The Preacher descended from the pulpit, without pausing in his discourse: he invited to the place of prayer those who desired to flee the wrath to come. With loud cries for mercy, sinners came streaming down the aisle, and before the congregation were dismissed seven souls professed to find peace in believing.

When the meeting broke up, the Pastor hastened back to his closet. Many a time had he entered it disheartened and sad, never before in triumph. He thought of good Bishop George, and his steady persuasion that the appointment was "right;" of the fastings and prayers,—all the way down to the last hour's experience,—and his faith in God and in the efficacy of prayer, then and there settled down into a substance upon which time has made no impression. Thirty-one years of toil and change have passed over him since that sweet Sabbath; the vicissitudes of an Itinerant's life have led him, through heat and cold, by night and day, from one end of Kentucky to the other, till

> "He is known to every star,
> And every wind that blows."

Forms then unknown, afterward became dear as life, and then perished from his sight; "sickness and sorrow, pain and death," have left their scars upon his form and heart; but nothing has ever shaken his confidence in the God that answers prayer. The memory of that bright morning is as fresh beneath his grey hairs as it was beneath his locks of jet. Like trampled chamomile, the virtues of his spirit took deeper root for being bruised, and shed a perfume that has sweetened life's atmosphere ever since.

For four weeks very little else was attended to but the revival. Stores and shops were closed during the hours of worship, which occurred twice, and often three times, a day. At one of the meetings, held in a private house, where the venerable John Littlejohn was present, a call was made for those who wished to join the church; and *one hundred and eleven* persons presented themselves for admission.

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Thus the permanent establishment of Methodism in Russelville, Kentucky, was effected, under God, through the instrumentality of—THE UNWELCOME PREACHER.

It will, doubtless, add to the interest of the foregoing narrative, for the reader to know that the subject of it is now our worthy senior Book-Agent, the Rev. E. Stevenson, D.D.—*American Southern Lady's Companion.*

SOWING AND REAPING.

THE late Rev. Joseph Entwisle was once walking down one of the streets of Liverpool when a tall gentleman placed his hand upon his shoulder, and said, "Do you know me, Mr. Entwisle?" "No, Sir; I don't remember ever seeing you before." "Don't you recollect walking many years ago upon the terrace of Kingswood School, teaching a little boy these lines:—

'Whate'er thy age would reap, thy youth must sow,
For the great seed-time of thy life is now.'"

"O, yes!" said Mr. Entwisle, "I remember it well." "I am that little boy," replied the gentleman: "those lines were blessed to me; they led to my conversion, and I am now a Minister of the Gospel."

All are engaged in spiritual agriculture. Youth is life's seed-time. Those seeds of knowledge, especially of that which makes "wise unto salvation," should be sown at this season, which shall produce an abundant harvest in riper years. Indolence in youth indicates ignorance and barrenness in old age. The most eminent Christians have been those who have been converted in early life. We say to the young, Be studious, diligent, and decided for God. Life is the seed-time for eternity. Whatsoever you sow during this brief and uncertain life, you shall reap in another world. Solemn thought! It should stimulate your zeal. The harvest is hastening.

"For soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels about the harvest-home."

Let all who are engaged in sowing precious seed, either as School-Teachers, Tract-Distributers, Local Preachers, or Ministers at home or abroad, persevere. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." W. H.

Stockport.

A WORD IN SEASON.

A FEW years ago, as Mr. I. M——, of D——, was on a visit to the neighbourhood of Easingwold, he met a labouring man of herculean proportions, on whose shoulder he laid his hand, saying, "What a pity that the devil should get this great big body of yours!" Nothing further occurred till about two years afterwards. Mr. M., having preached one evening in the neighbourhood, was followed from the chapel by the same man, who exclaimed, "I's Sam; I can ne'er forget ya;" and then informed him that the above remark made him so uneasy, that he never rested till his soul was saved through faith in Christ; and that through him his wife also was led to the Saviour. Feeling his ignorance, he had purchased a primer, and, beginning at the a, b, c, was learning to read the Bible, and was then a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist church, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. P. S.

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Narrative Pieces.

THE DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.

(*Concluded from page* 115.)

Pondering on this blessed rule of life, so simple and so comprehensive, he turned back the pages, repeating it over and over again, until he came to the first fly-leaf, wherein were written the births, marriages, and deaths of the humble family to whom the Bible had belonged; and therein, second on the list, he saw, in a stiff, half-printed hand, the name,—Emma Hanby, only daughter of James and Mary Jane Hanby, born so-and-so, married at such a date to Peter Croft!

"Emma Hanby,"—born in his native village; the little Emma Hanby whom he had loved to carry over the brook to school; by whose side in boy-love he had sat in the meadows; for whom he had gathered flowers; whose milk-pail he had so often lifted over the church-stile; whom he had loved as he never could or did love woman since; whom he would have married, if she, light-hearted girl that she was, could have loved the tall, yellow, awkward youth whom it was her pastime to laugh at, and her delight to call "Daddy;" was she then the wife—the torn, soiled, tattered, worn-out, insulted, broken-spirited wife—of the drunkard Peter Croft? It seemed impossible: her memory had been such a sunbeam from boyhood up; the refiner of his nature; the dream that often came to him by day and night. While passing the parochial school, when the full tide of girls rushed from its heat into the thick city air, his heart had often beat if the ringing laugh of a merry child sounded like the laugh he once thought music; and he would watch to see if the girl resembled the voice that recalled his early love.

"And I have helped to bring her to this," he repeated over and over to himself; "even I have done this: this has been my doing." He might have consoled himself by the argument, that if Peter Croft had not drunk at "the Grapes," he would have drunk somewhere else; but his scared conscience neither admitted nor sought an excuse; and after an hour or more of earnest prayer, with sealed lips, but a soul bowed down, at one moment by contempt for his infirmity of purpose, and at another elevated by strong resolves of great sacrifice, Matthew, carrying with him the "drunkard's Bible," sought his bed. He slept the feverish, unrefreshing sleep which so frequently succeeds strong emotion. He saw troops of drunkards—blear-eyed, trembling, ghastly spectres—pointing at him with their shaking fingers, while, with pestilential breath, they demanded "who had sold them poison." Women, too,—drunkards, or drunkards' wives,—in either case, starved, wretched creatures, with scores of ghastly children, hooted him as he passed through caverns reeking of gin, and hot with the steam of all poisonous drinks! He awoke just as the dawn was crowning the hills of his childhood with glory, and while its munificent beams were penetrating the thick atmosphere which hung as a veil before his bedroom-window.

To Matthew the sunbeams came like heavenly messengers, winging their way through the darkness and chaos of the world for the world's light and life. He had never thought of that before; but he thought of and felt it then; and much good it did him, strengthening his good intent. A positive flood of light poured in through a pane of glass which had been cleaned the previous morning, and played upon the cover of the poor drunkard's Bible. Matthew bent his knees to the ground, his heart full of emotions,—the emotions of his early and better nature,—and he bowed his head upon his hands, and prayed in honest resolve and earnest zeal. The burden of that prayer, which escaped from between his lips in murmurs sweet as the murmurs of living waters, was, that God would have mercy upon him, and keep him in the right path, and make him, unworthy as he was, the means of grace to others; to be God's instrument for good to his fellow-creatures; to minister to the prosperity, the regeneration of his own kind. O, if God would but mend the broken vessel; if He would but heal the bruised reed; if He would but

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receive him into His flock! O, how often he repeated, "God, give me strength! Lord, strengthen me!"

And he arose, as all arise after steadfast prayer, strengthened, and prepared to set about his work. I now quote his own account of what followed.

"I had," he said, "fixed in my mind the duty I was called upon to perform: I saw it bright before me. It was now clear to me, whether I turned to the right or to the left; there it was, written in letters of light. I went down stairs, I unlocked the street-door, I brought a ladder from the back of my house to the front, and with my own hands, in the grey, soft haze of morning, I tore down the sign of my disloyalty to a good cause. 'The Grapes' lay in the kennel, and my first triumph was achieved. I then descended to my cellar, locked myself in, turned all the taps, and broke the bottles into the torrents of pale ale and brown stout which foamed around me. Never once did my determination even waver. I vowed to devote the remainder of my life to the destruction of alcohol, and to give my power and my means to reclaim and succour those who had wasted their substance and debased their characters beneath my roof. I felt as a freed man, from whom fetters have been suddenly struck off: a sense of manly independence thrilled through my frame. Through the black and reeking arch of the beer-vault, I looked up to heaven. I asked God again and again for the strength of purpose and perseverance which I had hitherto wanted all my later life. While called a 'respectable man,' and an 'honest publican,' I knew that I was acting a falsehood, and dealing in the moral, perhaps the eternal, deaths of many of those careless drinkers who had 'sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds, without cause,' even while I, who sold the incentives to sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds, without cause, knew that they 'bit like serpents and stung like adders.' What a knave I had been; erecting a temple to my own respectability on the ruins of respectability in my fellow-creatures! talking of honesty, when I was inducing sinners to augment their sin by every temptation that the fragrant rum, the white-faced gin, the brown bouncing brandy, could offer; all adulterated, all untrue as myself, all made even worse than their original natures by downright and positive fraud; talking of honesty, as if I had been honest; going to church, as if I were a practical Christian; and passing by those I had helped to make sinners with contempt upon my lip, and a 'Stand by, I am holier than thou!' in my proud heart, even at the time I was inducing men to become accessories to their own shame and sin, and the ruin of their families.

"Bitter but happy tears of penitence gushed from my eyes as the ocean of intoxicating and baneful drinks swelled, and rolled, and seethed around me. I opened the drain, and they rushed forth to add to the impurity of the river. 'Away they go!' I said: 'their power is past: they will never more turn the staggering workman into the streets, or nerve his arm to strike down the wife or child he is bound by the law of God and man to protect; never more send the self-inflicted fever of *delirium tremens* through the swelling veins; never drag the last shilling from the drunkard's hand; never more quench the fire on the cottage-hearth, or send the pale, overworked artisan's children to a supperless bed; never more blister the lips of woman, or poison the blood of childhood; never again inflict the Saturday's headache, which induced the prayerless Sunday. Away,—away! would that I had the power to so set adrift all the so perverted produce of the malt, the barley, and the grape of the world!' As my excitement subsided, I felt still more resolved; the more I calmed down, the firmer I became. I was as a paralytic recovering the use of his limbs; as a blind man restored to sight. The regrets and doubts that had so often disturbed my mind, gathered themselves into a mighty power, not to be subdued by earthly motives or earthly reasoning. I felt the dignity of a mission: I would be a Temperance Missionary to the end of my days. I would seek out the worst among those who had frequented 'The Grapes,' and pour counsel and advice —the earnest counsel and the earnest advice of a purely disinterested man—into ears so long deaf to the voice of the charmer. I was a free man, no longer

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filling my purse with the purchase-money of sorrow, sin, and death. I owed the sinners, confirmed to lead the old life of sin in my house,—I owed them atonement. But what did I not long to do for that poor Emma? When I thought of her,—of her once cheerfulness, her once innocence, her once beauty,—I could have cursed myself. Suddenly my sister shook the door. She entreated me to come forth, for some one had torn down our sign, and flung it in the kennel. When I showed her the dripping taps and the broken bottles, she called me, and believed me, mad: she never understood me, but less than ever then. I had, of course, more than one scene with her; and when I told her that, instead of ale, I should sell coffee, and substitute tea for brandy, she, like too many others, attaching an idea of feebleness and duplicity, and want of respectability, to temperance, resolved to find another home. We passed a stormy hour together: and, among other things, she claimed the 'drunkard's Bible;' but that I would not part with.

"I lost no time in finding the dwelling of Peter Croft. Poor Emma! If I had met her in the broad sunshine of a June day, I should not have known her: if I had heard her speak, I should have recognised her voice among a thousand. Misery for her had done its worst. She upbraided me as I deserved. 'You,' she said, 'and such as you, content with your own safety, never think of the safety of others. You take care to avoid the tarnish and wretchedness of drunkenness yourselves, while you entice others to sin. Moderation is your safeguard; but when did you think it a virtue in your customers?'

"I told her what I had done; that in future mine would be strictly a temperance house; that I would, by every means in my power, undo the evil I had done.

"'Will that,' she answered in low deep tones of anguish, 'will that restore what I have lost? will it restore my husband's character? will it save him, even if converted, from self-reproach? will it open the grave, and give me back the child, my first-born, who, delicate from its cradle, could not endure the want of heat and food, which the others have still to bear? will it give us back the means squandered in your house? will it efface the memory of the drunkard's songs, and the impurity of the drunkard's acts? O, Matthew! that you should thrive and live, and grow rich and respectable, by what debased and debauched your fellow-creatures. Look!' she added, and her words pierced my heart; 'look! had I my young days over again, I would rather,—supposing that love had nothing to do with my choice,—I would rather appear with my poor degraded husband, bad as he has been, and is, at the bar of God, than kneel there as your wife! You, cool-headed and moderate by nature, knowing right from wrong, well-educated, yet tempting, tempting others to the destruction which gave you food and plenishing; your comfortable rooms, your intoxicating drinks, the pleasant company, all, all, wiling the tradesman from his home, from his wife, from his children, and sending him back when the stars are fading in the daylight. O, to what a home! O, in what a state!

"'I do think, as you stand there, Matthew Hownley, well dressed, and well fed, and respectable,—yes, that is the word, *respectable!*—that you are, at this moment, in the eyes of the Almighty, a greater criminal than my poor husband, who is lying upon straw with madness in his brain, trembling in every limb, without even a *Bible* to tell him of the mercy which Christ's death procured for the penitent sinner at the eleventh hour!'

"I laid her own Bible before her. I did not ask her to spare me: every word was true; I deserved it all. I went forth; I sent coal, and food, and clothing into that wretched room. I sent a physician: I prayed by the bedside of Peter Croft, as if he had been a dear brother. I found him truly penitent; and, with all the resolves for amendment which so often fade in the sunshine of health and strength, he wailed over his lost time, his lost means, his lost character—all lost; all God had given—health, strength, happiness, all gone; all but the love of his ill-used and neglected wife, that had never died! 'And remember,' she said to me, 'there are hundreds—thousands—of cases as sad as his in the Christian land we live in. Strong drink

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fills our jails and hospitals with sin, with crime, with disease, with death: its mission is sin and sorrow to man, woman, and child. Under the cloak of good-fellowship it draws men together, and the good-fellowship poisons heart and mind. Men become mad under its influence. Would any man not mad squander his money, his character, and bring himself and all he is bound to cherish, to the verge of the pauper's grave; nay, into it? Of five families in this wretched house, the mothers of three, and the fathers of four, never go to their ragged beds sober; yet they tell me good men, wise men, great men, refuse to promote temperance. O, they have never seen how the half-pint grows to the pint; the pint to the quart; the quart to the gallon! They have never watched for the drunkard's return, or experienced his neglect or ill-usage; never had the last penny for their children's bread turned into spirits; never woke to the knowledge, that though the snow of December be a foot on the ground, there is neither food nor fire to strengthen for the day's toil!'

"Poor Emma! she spoke like one inspired; and though her spirit was sustained neither by flesh nor blood, she seemed to find relief in words.

"When I spoke to her of the future with hope, she would not listen. 'No,' she said, 'my hope for him and for myself is beyond the grave. He cannot rally: those fierce drinks have branded his vitals, burned into them. Life is not for either of us. I wish his fate, and mine, could warn those around us; but the drunkard, day after day, sees the drunkard laid in his grave, and before the last earth is thrown upon the coffin, the quick is following the example set by the dead,—of another, and another glass!'

"She was right. Peter's days were numbered; and when she knelt beside his coffin, she thanked God for his penitence, and offered up a prayer that she might be spared a little longer for her children's sake. That prayer gave me hope: she had not spoken then of hope, except of that beyond the grave." —*National Magazine, New-York.*

Biography.

THE REV. WILLIAM FERGUSON, OF DUBLIN.

BY A MEMBER OF THE IRISH CONFERENCE.

(*Concluded from page* 117.)

He owed his position and influence in the church to the force of character, to the qualities of his mind and heart. When endeavouring to state what those qualities were, we sensibly feel the difficulty of the task. It has been said, in reference to an eminent poet, that when nature made him, she threw the mould away. Again and again we have been reminded of this sentiment, when thinking upon our late departed friend. In many respects he was alone. We know no one with whom we could compare him. In some important points he resembled Mr. Wesley; whom, by the way, he greatly admired. There was the same loyalty to duty, the same love for employment, the same simplicity and transparency of character, the same calm enthusiasm and quiet power, and the same simple, direct, laconic style in speaking and writing. It is probable that the resemblance would have been still more striking, if he had been blessed with similarly vigorous health.

Those who knew him best, will, we think, agree with us in the statement, that his mind was not distinguished by any splendid or showy attributes. The daring in imagination, the abstruse in reasoning, the novel and startling in theory, were not his. But his mind, if not distinguished by breadth and brilliancy, had other attributes of great practical value. To a general view, its salient points were strength, rather than elegance; substance, rather than beauty; the conservative, rather than the progressive, element. In looking more closely into its peculiar features, amongst many fine qualities, we

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might name as *specially* characteristic, a keen, intuitive power, which, whatever was the subject that claimed his attention, or however entangled and complicated, went right through to its centre, without the slightest apparent effort; and a memory of singular tenacity and readiness, which seemed to have forgotten nothing that he had ever heard, or known, or experienced, and which could in a moment call up any illustrative fact, bearing upon a particular case, albeit dating back prior to the birth of the present generation. With these were associated an exquisite transparency of mind, which seemed to know nothing of shadow or mist,—a rich fund of what Locke calls "large, sound, round-about sense,"—and a judgment of transcendent power, many of the conclusions of which were perfect gems.

And the furniture of his mind was in harmony with its native wealth. He was eminently a well-informed man. With theology as a science he had a most accurate acquaintance; while with regard to our own communion, its theology history, and polity, he was "a master in Israel." Moreover, he was intimately conversant with the world of men and things, which imparted great practical sagacity in dealing with many peculiar cases which from time to time claimed his attention.

Remarkable as was the mental character which he received from God, his moral nature was not less striking. Time would fail us to speak of his love of truthfulness and simplicity, in opposition to everything hollow, deceptive, or artificial; of that love of right, which with him was literally a passion; of that gentleness, so rare in union with such robustness of character, like the tender ivy, enwreathing and ornamenting the massive and sturdy oak; of that amiability of temper which diffused sunshine all around him; and of that charming sociability of disposition, which made the spending of an evening with him, when he was in tolerable health, one of the most imperishable of all your recollections.

Where there was so much moral beauty, it is difficult to be particular. Still, we shall be forgiven if we advert to two points worthy of special notice. One of these was his exquisite sympathy with the children of sorrow. He knew full well what affliction was, and he rejoiced to bind up the broken in heart. It might truthfully be said of him,—

> "The hand that wiped away the tears of want,
> The heart that melted at another's woe,
> Were his: and blessings follow'd him."

But while this sympathy was more or less manifested towards every case of distress which came before him, it seemed to take a concentrated form towards those to whom, as in his own case, a peculiarly bitter cup was appointed; whose plans for extensive usefulness were defeated by the strong hand of disease. Thus when the late lamented Dr. Olin—a name of which our transatlantic brethren may well be proud—visited Ireland, during his travels for the improvement of his shattered health, our venerated friend repeatedly met with him, warmly sympathized with his peculiar suffering, and scarcely knew which to admire more, his superb intellect, or the not less noble faith which taught him to gaze without a murmuring thought upon the wreck of so many of his plans and hopes.

We cannot more than glance at the other point to which we have referred, and on which much might be said,—his unbending loyalty and true-heartedness to the principles of his chosen denomination. Throughout a protracted life, through evil report and good report, through sunshine and storm, William Ferguson was the undeviating friend of Wesleyan Methodism. From buoyant youth to venerable age, he knew no change in this respect, except "from strength to strength:" his course was like that of "the sun, when he goeth forth in his might."

Protracted as these remarks have been, it would be unpardonable to close without adding a word or two relative to his soul's secret life. Strong and beautiful as he was in a mental and moral aspect, as he came from the forming hand of God,—and he was both, as we have seen,—still there was something hidden from mortal eye, which underlay the varied excellencies of his character; which gave strength to strength, and beauty to beauty; which, in a word, made him what he was,—HE WAS A MAN OF GOD. His religion was

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not the religion of form, or of sentiment, or of feeling merely, but of Christian principle. That principle was seen throughout his whole life; it gave character to all that he did. Hence everything was well done; for it was done to Christ. So that with confidence we may appropriate the words of Tennyson, when speaking of our late illustrious Duke,—

"Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed."

But the time arrived when each varied excellence must be translated. He had been declining for some months, and felt that the period was at hand when he must die. We shall never forget our last interview with him. His body seemed perfect weakness; but his fine intellect was all but unimpaired, and his heart strong in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. He conversed freely relative to his early ministry, and the goodness of God toward him; and made some touching remarks upon the death of his beloved friend, the Rev. Dr. Newton. He thought that he should, ere long, overtake his honoured friend in the sky, but did not seem to think that the messenger would arrive so soon. Subsequently he requested Mr. Masaroon to set apart a portion of time in which they might converse together on the deep things of God, and once more unite in receiving the memorials of the Lord's death. We have heard Mr. Masaroon refer to this as a season never to be forgotten. The veteran warrior was about to lay aside his well-tried armour for ever, and was hastening to receive his crown. He was no longer "in a strait betwixt two." "The magnet had ceased to tremble." He had "a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which was far better."

From this period he declined rapidly; and the next intelligence that reached us was that he was numbered with the dead. He is no longer ours. He has joined "the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven." We shall look upon that calm, thoughtful brow, catch the inspiration of that speaking eye, grasp that friendly hand, no more. On Wednesday, the 26th of July, 1854, he entered into rest. On the following Monday morning the Rev. Messrs. Thomas Waugh and Robert Masaroon—who came from the British Conference to attend the funeral—performed the last offices of Christian friendship over his remains; and then all that *could* die of this distinguished man was laid in the grave, there, as seed, to ripen for God's harvest.

"Beneath the banner of the Crucified
He bravely fought and nobly died;
And, more than conqueror now,
All that to victory belong,—
The wreath, the palm, the song,—
Fill his triumphal soul,
Bind his immortal brow."

Religion in Heart and Life.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

WORLDLINESS IN RELATION TO THE SPIRIT OF DEVOTION.

How precious and exalted are the privileges of public worship! The altar of God is not less the joy of the Christian than of the Israelite of old with whom God communed from above the mercy-seat. We also have God's house of prayer in the midst of us, and the Lord is in His holy temple. We are called, as Christians, to ascend the hill of the Lord, and to abide in His tabernacle; to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple. How sacred is the spot where He resides! It is the scene of Divine visions, and the place where heavenly instruction is communicated to the ignorant and erring sons of men. In this world of shadowy hope, real disappointment, and bitter sorrow, the Lord satisfies His people with the fatness of His house, and makes them drink of the river of His pleasures. They, therefore, love the habitation of His house, and the place where His honour dwelleth.

And if these feelings do not predominate in the hearts of professing Chris-

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tians, it is because they lack the Christian spirit. The public worship of God is the first of duties and highest of privileges. There are many around us who never enter the house of God, and others only *occasionally;* while even Christian society greatly needs improvement, both in principle and practice. Even on the Lord's day there is a great tendency to reduce their attendance on the public services of religion to the lowest possible amount. The working-classes do not avail themselves, as frequently as they might, of the *morning* of the Lord's day. It would not be difficult to offer an apology, though not a justification, in all instances, for their absence. Yet, in their case, improved domestic arrangements would often greatly help them in securing the advantages of a morning service. Late ere they retire to rest, it is late before they rise, and the best part of the day passes unimproved. If the poor deprive themselves of the *morning* service, there is as great a tendency on the part of the rich to deprive themselves of the *evening* service. There is a fashion in the world, and the same spirit introduces a fashion into religion. It is quite fashionable to appear at church on the morning of the Lord's day. No one is suspected of being righteous over-much in our cities and large towns who merely attends a morning service. The same parties who have met during the week at the dance or at the opera, will exchange their smiles of recognition at the morning service, not apparently aware of any inconsistency. And though there may be few in our Methodist congregations who go to these lengths in worldly conformity, yet there are those, in many instances, who go, alas! too far, and who would feel that to expect them to attend the evening service would be asking them to become really religious. This is, at least, the case with the younger branches of some families. In the evening the parents appear alone, or perhaps the family-pew is entirely empty. And if this be not always so, it requires nothing more than a few drops of rain, or a threatening cloud, or the call of a friend, to detain all at home. And that, too, perhaps, in a family that during the week is remarkable for its regularity and attention to worldly affairs; in which neither friend, nor weather, nor any thing of that sort, is allowed to interfere with business or pleasure.

Nor do we find fault with punctuality and order in prosecuting the daily business of life. But we do not like to see members of the church all earnestness, devotedness, and attention where this world's profit is concerned, and all languor and indifference where the interests of religion and the honour of God are involved. How is it that they who would not miss an opportunity of worldly gain or pleasure on any account, can so easily let pass precious opportunities of spiritual profit? To every Christian man surely the house of God should be as attractive as his counting-house, manufactory, or shop; but it is notorious that with thousands it is not so. How much more animated are his looks and feelings in his counting-house, in the presence of a promising customer, than in the house of God, in the presence of the Lord's servant, who, anxious for his salvation, has come to proclaim to him the blessings of that kingdom which cannot be moved. Men do not know how worldly they have become, until they test themselves by the true standard. They look too much at the Christianity of those who, like themselves, are engaged in the world, and imitate them in eagerness for the world, and coldness to Christ. Let them measure themselves not by themselves, but by the New Testament. Let them remember that the poor in spirit shall have the kingdom of heaven, and the pure in heart shall see God; that those who hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled, and those who meet in the Saviour's name shall have Him in the midst.

It would be well for our Christian men of business to test themselves by such questions as the following:—"Am I as anxious to obtain spiritual treasures as I am to secure the treasures of the world? Do I mourn as sincerely over a lost opportunity for obtaining religious blessings as I regret the loss of temporal gain?" Men intent upon the world do not lie in bed on the market-day; they do not stay at home to nurse every little ailment when profitable bargains are to

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be made: if they did, they would be considered fools and madmen by the world. But this is just what some men will do on the Sabbath-day: men, too, who are called by Christ's name, and profess to be seeking an inheritance in the skies! The Lord spreads out His heavenly treasures in His sanctuaries; but they allow the opportunity of carrying on sacred commerce with heaven, whereby their souls might be enriched, to pass unimproved. If more than ordinary rest is required to recruit their exhausted energies of body and mind, the Lord's day is chosen as the day they can best afford for that purpose. If they need to resort to medicine, that is the day selected for bodily healing, because then their business-occupations are suspended.

Nor is it unlawful to seek rest and healing on the Sabbath-day. But the Lord of the Sabbath gave that day for higher objects; and He knows who simply values and uses it as a day for renewing his strength for the battle of life, and who employs it, in the use of its sacred ordinances, for renewing his strength for fighting the battle of faith, and winning the crown of righteousness. As a rule, a Christian can afford to be absent from any place, rather than from the sanctuary on this blessed day. For in that case he not only loses the benefit of the enlivening songs of the temple, the prayers which are offered, and the word which is spoken, (which might have proved to him a word in season,) but, above all, that which neglecters of Sabbath-worship do not always think of, *the manifestation of God's presence to His people, and the influence of God's Spirit upon the heart.* They try to make it out, for the relief of their conscience, that it is only a sermon they have lost, and that perhaps the sermon of no favourite Preacher; but they have lost something more,—an opportunity of glorifying God, of hearing the Gospel of Christ, of feeling and enjoying the saving power of His grace, and of enriching themselves with those treasures which are imperishable.

But why should we have to complain of this partial neglect of the public services of religion by those who call themselves Christians? What is the cause of this apathy in those who ought to regard one day in the house of the Lord as better than a thousand? Why, indeed, should they not be glad to go up to the house of the Lord? Why? Is not this, in most cases, the answer? Men who give themselves up to worldliness during the six days, find themselves unable to throw off the load on the seventh, and clothe themselves in the spiritual robes of Sabbatic sacredness and joy. They cannot so easily lay aside the spirit of heaviness, (if we may so apply the passage,) and put on the garments of praise. Alas! for them. They feel painfully (would that it were penitently!) that they have been living in another atmosphere, and pursuing other objects than those which pertain to religion and the soul. Material things have vanished; and, behold, a blank! The Sabbath has displaced the world; and to a worldly mind the treasures of God's house are a poor substitute. Let him who reads, ask himself, whether in this he can discover the picture of himself. With the true Christian, the Lord's day and His worship are a delight.

Christian men ought to know that it is a difficult thing to keep the world in its place, subject to them, and not a lord over them. It is always encroaching on the territory of sacred things. It not only claims six days of the seven in a sense which in no wise belongs to it, but it has dared to lay its polluted and sacrilegious hand upon the first, and its holy services. Take care how you yield up your treasures at its demand. Resist, fight, and overcome it.

D. H.

Our Servants.

TO YOUNG FEMALE SERVANTS.

One who sincerely wishes you well, has written these few lines for the special use of young female servants. He has been much grieved to find that many who were once useful and respectable servants

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have been found in haunts of vice, and homes of wretchedness. They have exchanged their happiness, their standing in society, and all their prospects as regards the future, for oaths, dirt, blows, pollution, drunkenness; for the cold street, the biting frost, the slippery door-step, where many have been seen huddled together, and then probably the consumptive cough, the miserable dying bed, and "after death the judgment."

Ladies'-maids, house-maids, nurse-maids, some of the most trim and attractive of our female servants, have been found overwhelmed with all this wretchedness. This is not fiction, but fact. May this never be your case! Listen!

Beware of the love of dress.—Be neat and modest in your appearance, and do not aim to be showy and fine. No servant will gain, but rather lose, respect by dressing above her station. A passion for fine clothes has frequently been the first step to ruin.*

Avoid all places of sinful amusement.—Fairs, theatres, tea-gardens, music and dancing rooms, &c. Many a young woman has been taken to such places, and ruined for ever.

Take care what friendships you form even with your own sex.—There are some vile themselves, who labour to make others so. It is well known that fallen women are employed as decoys, and that they have their eyes especially on persons of your class. Form no intimacy, therefore, with a person of whose character you are ignorant.

Repel all attentions from those of the other sex who are above you in station.—Your vanity may be flattered, but your virtue aimed at. Regard all such attentions with suspicion. Indeed, accept attentions from no man, though of your own standing, until you have ascertained if his character is sound. Is he industrious? Is he sober? An idler, or a drunkard, you need not be told, will make a wretched husband, and will probably drag you down to his own level. Many a once cleanly and sober servant has become a slovenly and sometimes a drunken wife, by a thoughtless and imprudent marriage.

In conclusion, above all, *pray to God to give you a new heart and a right spirit: this will be your best preservative. Seek for His pardoning mercy through Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners. Pray to Him to keep, and guide, and bless you in the present life, and when you die, to receive you into heaven, where temptation, sin, or sorrow will never reach you.*

* A Loan Tract-Distributer recently heard a dying young woman thus address a companion: "Sarah, beware of the love of dress; that has been one of my sins."

Popery.

CHILD-STEALING.

In corroboration of the assertion that even in the present day children are kidnapped for proselyting purposes, I hereby append some *certified* cases of child-robbery by Popish Priests and their abettors, which show the continuance of the practice in 1854.

The document from which I quote bears date Hoxter, (in Westphalia,) May 20th, 1854, and is signed by two Clergymen and an Elder, who are the Commissioners appointed by the Synod to superintend a recently-established educational asylum, designed to supply the want of Protestant schools to those of their Confessionalists who live in exclusively Roman Catholic neighbourhoods.

"Two sisters, Caroline and Ernestine, ten and twelve years of age, and whose parents were both Protestants, were inscribed by their father (a widower) as inmates of the Hoxter Seminary. But the poor father arrived alone, with the announcement that both girls had disappeared the evening before that designed for their journey. Learning that they were in the Romish Priest's house, he hastened thither; but the Priest peremptorily refused to give them up, in proof of which the unhappy man showed us a letter in which the Priest *warned* him

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against summoning him into court. At the expiry of six weeks they were at last given up to the father, who brought them to the Seminary in a complete state of rags and corporeal neglect, on the 17th of December, 1850. In the autumn of 1851 their brother, who is a Roman convert, came to solicit permission for their spending three of the Michaelmas holidays at home, as he had not seen his sisters for years, and was now on a visit at his father's. The request, made with apparent simplicity, was the more readily granted, as he stated Theis Arnet (a Protestant) would bring them back. But, instead of the children, a letter arrived from the father, stating, that having gone out as usual to labour, on Michaelmas-day, he found, to his terror, on his return in the evening, that both girls had been carried off by their brother; and he implored our Committee to adopt in his name the most stringent measures for their recovery. Pastor L——, in B——, took up the matter. The youngest was found, and restored to us: the elder, a gentle girl, of whom we had good hopes, was removed by the police from the house of a Romish Priest, and delivered to her father; but when he next morning wished to bring her to Hoxter, she had been again kidnapped! Once again recovered through magisterial interference, she was again got hold of by the Papists; and the father, wearied out, and smarting under the severe loss of time all these searches occasioned him, gave up the contest; and, on attaining her fourteenth year, the poor child was carried in triumph before a Magistrate, read her recantation of Protestantism, and was forthwith restored, with much *éclat* and musical parade, to the bosom of *the only true Church*.

"Margaret, the orphan child of Protestant parents, but whose stepfather is a Catholic, was, after a long struggle, given up to Protestant education by a decision of the Court of Appeals, and brought by her guardian to our Seminary on the 30th of September, 1852. Early on the morning of the 24th of November, a stranger-woman was observed hanging about the garden-gate, and soon after the child was missed. Our Colporteur was immediately sent in quest, and soon discovered the female above alluded to, *with the little girl's clothes in her possession;* but the child was already placed elsewhere. Her guardian, having discovered that she was in the Roman Catholic school of the place, applied for a Magistrate's order for her delivery; but when he returned with it, the child had been already conveyed out of the village, and has never since been found!

"Johanna, of the village of Brackel, is the child of Lutheran parents; but, on her mother's death, her father married a Roman Catholic. His parish Clergyman's expostulations induced the father to bring his girl to us for education; but two days after he returned to reclaim her. The poor little creature, a miserable, sickly child, was so unwilling to return home, that the father's heart melted, and he yielded to her entreaties, and returned alone; but in three days came back once more, *accompanied by the stepmother*, who, gnashing her teeth with passion, seized on and carried off the hopeless victim, before the Pastor, whom we sent for, could arrive to prevent it.

"Maria lived with her Lutheran father and Roman Catholic mother, in a village twelve English miles distant from any Protestant Clergyman's school. The *Catholic mother* implored us to receive this child, because her husband, who laboured under disease of the heart, never failed to undergo most dangerous paroxysms on occasion of any excitement; and, continued the wife, 'no week passes without such excitement, in consequence of the child reporting the tales she is told in the Popish school.' One of these may serve as a specimen, as it is spread far and wide in the Paderborn diocese; namely, that Vicar T—— possesses the *power to cite Luther to his presence, from hell, where he lies in chains;* and that when some one refused to credit this, the Vicar had caused him to repent his incredulity, by giving him ocular demonstration of the horrible fact!"—*Correspondent of Evangelical Christendom.*

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Anecdotes.

ALEXANDER PATERSON AND THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

ALEXANDER PATERSON was a Home-Missionary in Canongate, Edinburgh. He was rendered eminently useful in his work. Many of the basest and worst of characters were brought to the Lord Jesus Christ by his instrumentality. The following is an instance, taken from his Memoir by the Rev. John Baillie:—

"You're one o' the impudentest fellows ever I met with," said an old woman to Mr. Paterson, one Monday morning, abruptly seizing him by the arm, as he was going down the Canongate.

"In what respect?" inquired Mr. Paterson.

"In what respect? Such a nicht as you had last nicht! You made me out to be the greatest sinner in Canongate."

"My friend, I don't know you: I don't remember ever seeing you before."

"Never saw me before! Last nicht you never kept your eye off me a moment. I would have thought nothing o't, had you come and told me by myself; but to do it before a' yon folk, 'twas too bad."

"Where is your house?" said the Missionary, "and I'll go and see you;" for by this time a crowd had gathered on the pavement.

"Come awa', then," was her immediate reply; and taking him up to the top flat of a neighbouring "land," she ushered him into a dirty hovel, full of smoke.

"This," said she, the moment they entered, to her husband, who was sitting by the fire, "this is the man that gave me such a redding-up last nicht."

"But is what I said true?" asked Mr. Paterson, mildly, after they had sat down upon two rickety stools, which, with that on which the husband was sitting, composed the chief articles of furniture in the apartment.

"True! it was all true; and if you hadn't been going about among the neighbours, you never could have known what you said."

"Well, what was it I said that's given you so much offence?"

"Said? I'm sure all you said was meant for me."

"How do you think that? I never named you: as I said before, I didn't so much as know you."

"What! you never took your eyes off me a' the time you were speaking: so you just meant me."

"But tell me what struck you most."

"You said that I was a liar, and that I should be cast into hell."

"Well, then, are you a liar?"

"Yes, I am."

"What kind of life have you been living?"

"O!" she said, with a tone of deepened feeling, "I've been living a bad, bad life; I've for many years been a fortune-teller, and I may say I've made my bread by telling fortunes; and that's just telling lies, you know."

"Well, then, you needn't be angry that I said so. But let me tell you, it wasn't my words that I spoke to you: it was God's words; and He knows your every thought, and every word you speak."

He read to her Rev. xxi. 8. "But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death."

He next read Rev. xxii. 11. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still." "And, behold, I come quickly; and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be." "For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."—"Now it is the Lord Jesus," he added, "who says all this, and not I."

"I see you are right," replied the woman, in a tone more subdued: "I'm no less a sinner than you said I was. But what is to become of me?"

"There's nothing for you but to go to Jesus."

"But will He take such a wretch as

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me? O! I am a great sinner. And, O, James!" she added, turning to her husband, in evident concern, "you're no better than me: I doubt we'll both be cast down into hell."

"It really doesn't look well," said the husband, shaking his head significantly, as if himself beginning to be alarmed also.

"But, Sir, do you think," asked the woman, "that Jesus would take such sinners?"

"Yes," said the Missionary opening his Bible: "it is written in this book, that whosoever confesseth and forsaketh his sin, shall find mercy. Have you a Bible in the house?"

"O, no! we have none."

"Do you ever go to church?"

"Never; I haven't had my foot within a church-door for sixteen years, till last night that I heard you; but I'll come and hear you again. Have you any other meetings?"

He told her he had four meetings during the week, and where she might find them each night.

From that day the woman gave up her fortune-telling. Along with her husband she attended every meeting. They got a Bible, and read it, and prayed over it. A great change came over their whole life.

The husband lived for some years, giving marked evidence of his interest in Christ.

"O! had you not come to my house that day with my wife," he used often to say to the Missionary, "and had she not gone to that meeting where she thought you exposed her so much, I'm sure we should both have gone down into hell; for, O, we lived a sad life of sin! but since that, we have had great peace and comfort, even when we had little to eat; for that little had God's blessing with it." He died in the faith of the Lord Jesus.

"The woman died on 23d of September, 1847," says Mr. Paterson, "a manifest trophy of sovereign grace."

DARE TO BE HONEST.

A YOUNG man, the son of God-fearing parents, was solicited by his employer to pursue a certain dishonest course with the goods in which he dealt, assuring him, that it would be a capital thing for him! Shocked with the proposal, he refused. Instead of the master prizing such a servant, he treated him so meanly and unkindly, that, unable to endure it, he determined to give up his situation. On making known the affair to a brother who feared God, and felt a deep interest in his welfare, the answer was, "By all means leave him immediately; for you cannot be in your providential path in such a situation. Providence will, I hope, open another door when this is closed." Under a feeling of mingled indignation and sorrow, the brother mentioned the matter to a friend. In less than half an hour a gentleman called to inquire if this friend knew of a trustworthy clerk. The injured young man was at once named; the brother was called, respectable references were given, and the inquiries proved quite satisfactory. Two days after leaving his foolish employer, he entered upon his new situation, at an advance of twenty pounds on his former salary, with the promise of an advance annually, and with two hours less daily labour.

Here we have an illustration of the adage that "honesty is the best policy." How much better to suffer than to sin! "A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked." Among those called to bear testimony to the character of this young man, was the unprincipled employer, whose service he had left.

If employers exhibit not transparent truth and honesty before their servants, how can they expect to be honestly served? Who would not rather be honestly poor, than dishonestly rich? What a contrast of character have we presented in the above case. Let all be assured that Heaven will smile upon the honest, and frown upon the dishonest, man.

P. S.

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The Portfolio.

ON GOOD DEEDS.

It is said that on the overland passage across the desert to India, there is a tree covered with fragments of dress, and other articles, hung there by pilgrims and travellers, to show their gratitude for the protection and safety vouchsafed them; and in Romish countries it is a common thing for such as profess to have been cured by miracles, to leave behind them their crutches, or other manifestations of past infirmity, by way of thankfulness. Let us not, then, be outdone by Mohammedans and fanatics; but, as Christian people, show our thankfulness in a Christian manner.

In one of my walks in the Hackney-Fields, London, before my illness, I found a poor beetle in my pathway, on his back, vainly struggling and striving to recover his feet. "Friend Sablecoat," said I, playfully, "the proverb has it, that 'a friend in need is a friend indeed,' and I have arrived just in time, it seems, to verify the adage; but as thou art really down, there will be no harm in my profiting by thy fall." So, taking out my glass, I attentively examined his curious formation; after which I gently laid across him a blade of grass, which enabled him once more to get on his legs, and hide himself in a hole in the ground. Whether he thanked me, or not, I cannot say, not knowing the way in which such creatures express their thanks; but I felt quite certain, whether I had increased his happiness or not, I had added some little to my own.

Now in every neighbourhood there are human beetles on their backs; or, in other words, cases of distress which need assistance. Gentle reader, let me beseech you to act upon my suggestion. I wish neither to apportion the stream of your benevolence, nor to direct the express channel through which it should flow, but only to urge you to do something, be it much or little, of a useful or charitable character; not ostentatiously, but modestly: and if your name remain unknown, so much the better. Should you be at a loss how to proceed, not knowing suitable objects for your sympathy, Ministers of the Gospel, as well as the conductors of newspapers, with other influential and well-known benevolent persons, would most, if not all of them, doubtless, willingly and faithfully assist in the disposal of your bounty.

While we offer to God thanksgiving for our abundant harvest, and pray that the sword may be scabbarded, and the pestilence stayed, let us be neither unmindful of our own particular blessings, nor ungrateful for them. In penning this paper, I have three objects in view. First, kindly to reprove a spirit of repining in which too many indulge; next, to call out thankfulness in the heart; and, lastly, to move the hand to gentle deeds of charity.

Having just forged a fable in my mental smithy, on the subject of discontent, I will with it close my present remarks.

A well-shaped horseshoe, as it hung against the wall in a blacksmith's shop, bitterly complained of the ill-usage to which it had been subjected. "No one," said the shoe, in a whining tone, "has endured the fiery trials through which I have passed, without any respite being allowed me. The hard-hearted sledge-hammer and anvil were my enemies, and between the two I was cruelly treated, and found no pity. I was beaten by them unmercifully, and the blows I received at their hands would have killed an ox: as I said before, no one has endured the fiery trials through which I have passed."

"Hold your foolish tongue," said a ploughshare, which had been sent to be repaired, "unless you can talk more wisely. Both you and I have been greatly benefited by the ordeal through which we have passed, and are valued highly by those who once might have despised us. Once we were useless pieces of iron; but now you are a useful horseshoe, and I am a respectable ploughshare."

Thus seasonably admonished, the horseshoe became silent, and was never afterwards heard to complain.

We seldom commit a greater error than that of repining at our trials and afflictions; for our heavenly Father often renders these the medium of His greatest mercies.

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"No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." The complaining horseshoe, though a fiction in the fable, is a fact when applied to mankind; for multitudes of repiners have become dumb, when experience has proved the value of their bitterest trials. Fear the Lord, love Him, and trust Him, and then,—

"If properly improved, thy grief, and pains,
And heaviest losses, all will turn to gains;
Hope, peace, and joy, from trouble will arise,
To bless thee, and prepare thee for the skies."

—*Old Humphrey's Portfolio.*

DO WHAT GOD WANTS YOU TO DO.

One morning last week, as I was preparing to attend a Dorcas society, a little girl, four years old, came running into my room, and asked, "Where are you going?" I replied, "To make nice warm clothes for poor people." Looking earnestly up in my face, she quickly rejoined, "*Going to do what God wants you to?*" This question went to my heart; and glad was I to be able to answer, "Yes."

What a delightful definition of the word *duty* was thus unwittingly given by this child! Duty seems a cold, harsh word, and generally indicates that the inclinations are moving in another direction; so that the very term becomes synonymous with self-denial. But when love is the motive power, we talk not of *duty:* in the words of inspiration, we exclaim, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God." Instead, then, of asking ourselves, "Is this my duty?" let us say, "Is this what God, my loving Father, *wants me to do?*"—*Christian Treasury.*

NEW SUBSTITUTE FOR THE POTATO.

In the garden of the Horticultural Society, at Chiswick, are growing two plants of a Chinese yam, which is expected to prove an excellent substitute for the potato. They have been obtained from the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, where they have been made the subject of experiments that leave no doubt that it will become a plant of real importance in cultivation. "If," says M. Decaisne, who has paid much attention to matters of this kind, "a new plant has a chance of becoming useful in rural economy, it must fulfil certain conditions, in the absence of which its cultivation cannot be profitable. In the first place, it must have been domesticated in some measure, and must suit the climate; moreover, it must in a few months go through all the stages of development, so as not to interfere with the ordinary and regular course of cropping; and, finally, its produce must have a market-value in one form or another. If the plant is intended for the food of man, it is also indispensable that it shall not offend the tastes or the culinary habits of the persons among whom it is introduced. To this may be added that almost all the old perennial plants of the kitchen-garden have been abandoned in favour of annuals, wherever the latter could be found with similar properties. Thus *lathyrus tuberosus, sedum telephium,* &c., have given way before potatoes, spinach, and the like. Now, the Chinese yam satisfies every one of these conditions. It has been domesticated from time immemorial, it is perfectly hardy in this climate (Paris), its root is bulky, rich in nutritive matter, eatable when raw, easily cooked, either by boiling or roasting, and then having no other taste than that of flour (*fécule*). It is as much a ready-made bread as the potato, and it is better than the *batatas* or sweet potato. Horticulturists should, therefore, provide themselves with the new arrival, and make experiments with it in the different climates and soils of France. If they bring to their task, which is of great public importance, the requisite amount of perseverance and intelligence, I have a firm belief that the potato yam (*igname betatas*) will, like its predecessor the potato, make many a fortune, and more especially alleviate the distress of the lower classes of the people." Such is M. Decaisne's account of this new food-plant, which is now in actual cultivation at Chiswick; and, judging from the size of the set from which one of the plants had sprung, it is evident that the tubers have all the

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requisites for profitable cultivation. One has been planted under glass, the other in the open air, and at present both appear to be thriving equally well. The species has been called *dioscorea batatas*, or the potato-yam. It is a climbing plant, bearing considerable resemblance to our common black bryony; and when it is considered how nearly that plant is related to the yams, the probability of our new-comer becoming naturalised among us receives support.—*From "Year-Book of Facts, 1855."*

Memorials of the Departed.

Of earlier date, although but lately received, is a notice of ALICE BROTHERTON, of Gloucester, who was born December 24th, 1835, and died September 18th, 1851. When in her fifteenth year she was brought to feel her lost and depraved state by nature, earnestly sought pardon, and found it through faith in the Atonement. Soon after this she joined our church. Her enjoyment of the public means of grace was soon interrupted by sickness, but she gave evidence of sincere piety; and after several months of suffering, borne with great patience and meekness, she departed, in full assurance of eternal life.

MISS CHARLOTTE WILSON was born in Kingston, Jamaica, February 28th, 1838. She was of a cheerful and kind disposition, obedient and affectionate to her parents, diligent at school, and respectful to her teachers. The duties of religion attracted her more than the pleasures of youth. At the age of nine years she sought admission into the Wesleyan church, and joined class, without being invited by any one, or prompted by her parents.

Miss Wilson delighted in the public ordinances of the sanctuary, and highly valued, and punctually attended, her class-meeting. The Bible was her constant companion in retirement; and on its truths she delighted to meditate. She became a Teacher in the Sunday-school connected with the Wesley chapel, and earnestly strove to promote its prosperity. As touching the "law" she was blameless; yet she lacked the power of godliness, and the saving grace which is obtained "through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ," until the year 1853, in which year she died.

It pleased the "Great Head of the church" to remove the Rev. Mr. Wildish by death; and Miss Wilson was one among the thousands that followed the remains of the beloved and lamented Missionary to the grave. It was the first interment she had ever witnessed; and the Spirit of truth made use of the impressive event to awaken her to a sense of her real state. She returned from the grave, with the arrow of conviction in her soul, fearing that if she died before morning, hell would be her eternal portion. She cried earnestly to God for mercy; and on the night following, while pleading at the throne of grace for pardon, God, who is rich in mercy, for the sake of His Son Jesus Christ, shed His love abroad in her heart. She held fast the beginning of her confidence until mortality was swallowed up in life.

On Sunday, September 25th, 1853, she attended public worship; but before the service concluded, she felt so much indisposed, that she was obliged to retire. In the afternoon she returned to her duties in the Sunday-school; but this was the last time she left her father's house. Her affliction proved to be typhus fever.

One night as her anxious friends were anticipating her departure, she exclaimed, "O that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest!" and, waving her hand, cried,—

> "Palms in my hands I there shall bear,
> And a crown upon my head."

"I am coming! I am coming!" and then exhorted those around to meet her in heaven.

On another occasion, when asked if Christ was still precious to her, she replied, "My confidence is firm, and un-

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shaken. My anchor is within the veil;" and added, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?"

Her memory was well stored with portions of Scripture, and our inestimable hymns. She frequently repeated the twenty-third Psalm; and, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and,

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign."

And with a peculiar and strong emphasis she cried,—

"Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?"

Being sweetly sustained by Divine grace, she entered the "valley of the shadow of death" with exclamations of victory; and when her voice failed, she gave unmistakable evidences of the happiness of her departing spirit. She sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, on Wednesday, October 19th, 1853, in the sixteenth year of her age.

October 30th, MR. JOHN ELLIOTT, of Killaloe, aged twenty-three years. When young he went to business, at his brother's establishment, in Ennis. Though he was the subject of religious impressions from his youth, he did not submit to the Holy Spirit's influence, and repent, until, in that town, as one having a "desire to flee from the wrath to come," he joined a class newly formed. After returning to his native village, he believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and found peace with God. From that time he sought to be useful to others; assisted in prayer-meetings, visited the sick, and was appointed Class-Leader. His natural disposition was amiable, his manner obliging, and his whole department such as to commend personal religion to all who knew him. He was greatly beloved in his family; and the young, who were seeking the Lord, looked up to him as a counsellor and an example. His kindness to the Ministers of Christ endeared to them his memory. During his illness his soul was happy in God. His works follow him: his loss is a public one, as he was the agent of every charity in his native place; ever willing and active in whatever was for the benefit of his fellow-men.

MRS. MILICENT IBBOTSON was born at the Oaks, near Bradfield, Yorkshire, on April 9th, 1770; was a consistent Wesleyan for the long period of sixty-five years; and died November 11th, 1853, being upwards of eighty-three years old. She left seven children, and seventy-two grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She was a tall, noble, maternal-looking woman; and the graces of religion added new charms to her character.

When Mrs. Ibbotson was about seventeen years of age, she went to live at Manchester; and was soon after married to Mr. Joseph Ibbotson, whose residence was at Cow-Close Farm, near the beautiful valley of Hathersage, Derbyshire. Prior to her marriage she had religious impressions, which were deepened by a rumour that the Scotch rebels were coming to invade the land, believing that if she were slain her soul would be lost. Having joined the class of Mr. Samuel Ibbotson, of the Hearst, in the course of a few months she found peace with God, and rejoiced in the sweet assurance of forgiveness. The fear of death was now removed; the sting was extracted; and her heart filled with the love of God, while the Holy Spirit clearly attested to her soul that she was born of God.

As her children grew up around her, she felt the solemn responsibilities of her maternal relation, and had a deep concern that the Lord's day might be kept holy. She abstained from worldly company and conversation; restrained her children from frequenting wakes and other dissipating festivals, and felt it to be her imperative duty to take them regularly to the house of God on the holy Sabbath. Thus aiming to give them a right direction at the entrance of life, she felt she could then scripturally hope for the blessing of God. Two of them died happy in God, when grown up to womanhood. Seven remain; and their eyes fill with tears at the tender memories of their departed mother. O, may her last wishes be fully realized in their salvation, and ultimate admittance to life immortal!

Mrs. Ibbotson would often deeply

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deplore her imperfections, and ardently long for full conformity to the Divine will; but though she had very humbling views of herself, she never lost confidence in Christ, nor brought dishonour on His blessed cause.

In July, 1853, her health and strength began rapidly to fail, and she went to reside at Wadsley-Bridge with her son-in-law, Mr. B. Ward, and at the expiration of a week was confined to bed. Her faith was tested by a long and painful affliction; but He who had so graciously supported her through life, cheered the valley of death with His presence, and gave her unutterable consolations. Jesus was all in all to her. His name was constantly on her lips, and her song was,—

"'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,'
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
I'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come."

When talking of her warfare to a friend, she said, "I have nothing to boast of: Jesus is all my hope, and all my plea." As the prospect of the heavenly Canaan opened on her expanding vision, she would say,—

"On Jordan's stormy bank I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

One morning, when all was still around her, she lifted up her feeble hands, and exclaimed, "Thank the Lord Jesus; He has done all things well: all is well, all is well."

Conversing about her old friends and companions in tribulation, she said,—

"My dear Redeemer is above,
Him will I go to see;
And all my friends in Christ below,
They soon shall follow me."

On the morning of November 11th, at half-past ten o'clock, without a sigh or groan, she slumbered into life.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

Names.	Residences, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Beaumont, Miss Emma,	Robert-Town,	Cleckheaton,	44	June 30th, 1854.
Bower, Elizabeth,	Keelby,	Grimsby,	78	March 5th, 1855.
Edgar, Joseph,	Limestone-Brae,	Allendale-Town,	39	Oct. 4th, 1854.
Gricewith, Mrs. Jane,	Tholthorpe,	Easingwold,	60	Feb. 18th, 1855.
Hall, Sarah,	Loddon,	Bungay,	59	Feb. 11th, 1855.
Hayes, Lawrence,	Rufforth,	York,	84	Feb. 2d, 1855.
Kaye, Mr. Matthew, sen.,	Staincliffe,	Birstal,	84	Feb. 23d, 1855.
Keenlyside, John,	Spartywell,	Allendale-Town,	36	Feb. 25th, 1855.
Kemp, Mr. W.,	Gunthorpe,	Bingham,	80	Feb. 4th, 1855.
Mold, Sarah,	Hetton-le-Hole,	Houghton-le-Spring,	51	Jan. 13th, 1855.
Nichilson, Mrs. A. M.,	Gell-street,	Sheffield, West,	57	March 14th, 1855.
Reddish, Mrs.,	East-Bridgford,	Bingham,	68	Feb. 19th, 1855.
Richardson, Mrs. Mary,	Tollerton,	Easingwold,	55	Feb. 18th, 1855.
Wallace, Thomas,	Portland,	Weymouth,	47	Feb. 27th, 1855.
Watson, Mr. Thomas,	Dearrington,	Bingham,	87	Oct. 2d, 1854.
Wedlock, Mary Ann,	Portland,	Weymouth,	15	Jan. 28th, 1855.
Williamson, Ann,	Keelby,	Grimsby,	77	Feb. 4th, 1855.
Wright, John,	Keyingham,	Patrington,	76	Feb. 10th, 1855.

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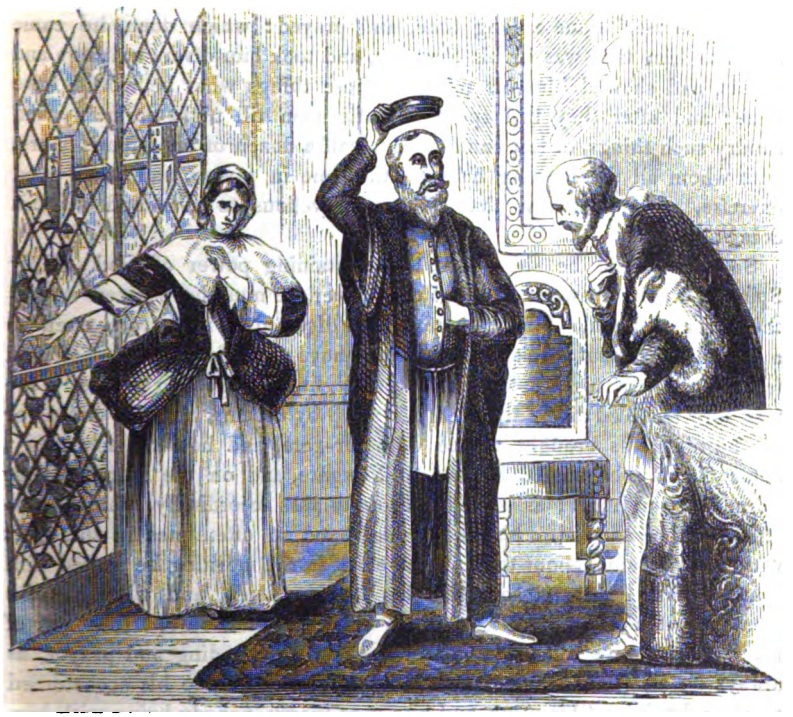
THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.



BRADFORD, MARTYR.

On the last day of June, 1555,—just three hundred years ago,—that being Trinity Sunday, in the afternoon, came tidings of a speedy release from persecution and prison to Master John Bradford, Prebendary of St. Paul's, and of the blessed martyrs who testified their faith and love to Christ, under the cruel hand of Mary, Queen of England, and slave of Rome. The learned and pious John Foxe thus describes the incident represented in our engraving :—

"In the afternoon they two"—Bradford and a fellow-prisoner, and confessor of the Lord Jesus Christ—"walking together in the Keeper's chamber," (of the Compter, in the Poultry, London,) "suddenly the Keeper's wife came up, as one half amazed, and seeming much troubled, being

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almost windless, said, 'O Master Bradford, I come to bring you heavy news.' 'What is that?' said he. 'Marry,' quoth she, 'to-morrow you must be burned; and your chain is now a buying, and soon you must go to Newgate.' With that Master Bradford put off his cap, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, 'I thank God for it: I have looked for the same a long time, and therefore it cometh not now to me suddenly, but as a thing waited for every day and hour. The Lord make me worthy thereof!' And so, thanking her for her gentleness, he departed up into his chamber, and called his friend with him, who when he came thither, he went secretly himself alone a long time, and prayed: which done, he came again to him that was in his chamber, and took him divers writings and papers, and showed him his mind in those things what he would have done; and after they had spent the afternoon till night in many and sundry such things, at last came to him half a dozen of his friends more, with whom all the evening he spent the time in prayer, and other good exercise, so wonderfully, that it was marvellous to hear and see his doings."

So sweetly did he show forth the sustaining power of God's Holy Spirit in a moment when, without that power, he must have given way to the terror of death. For death cannot be divested of its terrors, even to a good man, without special succour from above; and Bradford himself had felt this the very night before. For that night, as Foxe also relates, "He was sore troubled divers times in his sleep by dreams, how the chain for his burning was brought to the Compter-gate, and how the next day, being Sunday, he should be had to Newgate, and on the Monday after burned in Smithfield; as indeed it came to pass accordingly, which hereafter shall be showed. Now he, being vexed so oftentimes in this sort with these dreams, about three of the clock in the morning he waked him that lay with him, and told him his unquiet sleep, and what he was troubled withal. Then, after a little talk, Master Bradford rose out of the bed, and gave himself to his old exercise of reading and prayer, as always he had used before; and at dinner, according to his accustomed manner, he did eat his meat, and was very merry, nobody being with him from morning to night, but he that lay with him, with whom he had many times on that day communication of death, of the kingdom of heaven, and of the ripeness of sin in that time."

All things he now looks upon in light of near eternity. Surrounded by a company of prisoners, he offered prayer with such tenderness and fervour that they were all melted into tears. Then, according to custom, he shifted himself, to put on a large clean shirt, that, when stripped of his other clothing, he might appear thus before the crowd; and having put on the "martyr's shirt," made for him by a Christian woman, of the sort that was also customary for such women to make for those who were about to suffer, he knelt down, and made such a prayer of the wedding-garment, that some of those that were present were in such great admiration, that their eyes were as thoroughly occupied in looking on him as their ears

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gave place to hear his prayer. As he left the Compter he made prayer again, and "gave money to every servant and officer of the house, with exhortation to them to fear and serve God, continually labouring to eschew all manner of evil." This done, he paused, turned his face to the wall, held communion with God again, praying for them all, through the Lord Jesus Christ. The solemn farewell being finished, he went down stairs into the court; but the prisoners, unwilling to part with so holy and reverend a man, cried out to him a loud farewell, until sobs choked words, and good Master Bradford was taken into the street, leaving silent grief behind him.

"The time they carried him to Newgate, was about eleven or twelve o'clock in the night, when it was thought none would be stirring abroad: and yet, contrary to their expectation in that behalf, was there in Cheapside and other places, (between the Compter and Newgate,) a great multitude of people that came to see him, which most gently bade him farewell, praying for him with most lamentable and pitiful tears; and he again as gently bade them farewell, praying most heartily for them and their welfare. Now, whether it were a commandment from the Queen and her Council, or from Bonner and his adherents, or whether it were merely devised of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs of London, or no, I cannot tell; but a great noise there was overnight about the city by divers, that Bradford should be burnt the next day in Smithfield, by four of the clock in the morning, before it should be greatly known to any. In which rumour, many heads had divers minds; some thinking the fear of the people to be the cause thereof; others thought nay, that it was rather because the Papists judged his death would convert many to the truth, and give a great overthrow to their kingdom. So some thought one thing, and some another, that no just conjecture of the cause could be known that ever I heard yet. But this was certain, the people prevented the device suspected; for the next day, at the said hour of four a clock in the morning, there was in Smithfield such a multitude of men and women, that many being in admiration thereof, thought it was not possible that they could have warning of his death, being so great a number in so short a time, unless it were by the singular providence of Almighty God.

"Well, this took not effect as the people thought; for that morning it was nine a clock of the day before Master Bradford was brought into Smithfield; who, in going through Newgate thitherward, spied a friend of his whom he loved, standing on the one side of the way to the Keeper's housewards, unto whom he reached his hand over the people, and plucked him to him, and delivered to him from his head his velvet night-cap, and also his handkerchief, with other things besides. And after a little secret talk with him, and each of them parting from other, immediately came to him a brother-in-law of his, called Roger Beswick, who, as soon as he had taken the said Bradford by the hand, one of the Sheriffs of London, called Woodrofe, came with his staff, and brake the said Roger's head,

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that the blood ran about his shoulders; which sight Bradford beholding with grief, bade his brother farewell, willing him to commend him to his mother and the rest of his friends, and to get him to some surgeon betimes: so they, departing, had little or no talk at all together. Then was he led forth to Smithfield with a great company of weaponed men, to conduct him thither, as the like was not seen at any man's burning: for in every corner of Smithfield there were some, besides those that stood about the stake. Bradford, then, being come to the place, fell flat to the ground, secretly making his prayers to Almighty God. Then rising again, and putting off his clothes unto his shirt, he went to the stake, and there suffered with a young man of twenty years of age, joyfully and constantly, whose name was John Leaf."

Now let the reader be reminded that from the 4th day of February, 1555, when John Rogers was burnt in Smithfield, until the 10th day of November, 1558, when John Corneford of Wrotham, Christopher Brown of Maidstone, John Herst of Ashford, Alice Snoth, and Catherine Knight, were burnt in Canterbury, a stream of blood was flowing,—a noble army of martyrs was marching into paradise almost without intermission.

On that memorable day, last of the period, the martyrs prayed that *their* blood might be the last shed in these realms for Christ's sake. One of them, John Corneford, as if animated by a spirit of inspiration, pronounced a solemn excommunication of those blasphemers and heretics who maintained error against God's most holy word, condemned His truth for heresy, or maintained a false Church or feigned religion: "So that by this Thy just judgment, O most mighty God, against Thy adversaries, Thy true religion may be known to Thy great glory, and our comfort, and to the edifying of all our nation."

One week after, Mary died, and good Queen Elizabeth restored, as God's Minister, this Church and nation.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR JUNE, 1855.

"I AM THE TRUE VINE, AND MY FATHER IS THE HUSBANDMAN." (John xv. 1.)

There is a Christ personal and a Christ mystical; but they are never confounded together. Our Lord often speaks of the body of those sincere souls who believe in Him, as being in their unity a representation of Himself. So it is here. All true believers stand to represent a Christ mystical under the notion of a Vine; of which, however, while *they* are the branches, *He*, the Christ personal, is the root and stem. All life flows from Him to them; and their union with each other, as well as their life, depends upon their union with Him. Of this Vine the Father is the Husbandman, in that it was planted by His infinite wisdom, and for His glory. He sends upon it His dew and sunshine, and waits for its fruits. That is to say, there is given the Holy Spirit, first direct to the sinless and perfect humanity of His dear Son, in whom He is always well pleased, and then

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through Him, in varied measure, according to the prayer, faith, and fidelity of those concerned, to those who are joined to Him, in order to the production of all the fruits of righteousness.

If we lose our union with Him, we lose the Holy Ghost, and everything of Christianity but the name. If we are in danger of being severed from Him, through want of life and fruit, there comes the sharp pruning-knife of providential discipline, cutting through our temporal comforts, and still more through our pride, worldly-mindedness, and carnal security; making us start and groan, but yet removing hindrances to the life of faith, and leaving what is left to be made more vital through having freer communion with its source.

Now the contemplation of this beautiful simile seems to start such questions as these. Do we find that in our congregations, and religious meetings, and stated intercourse, we cherish an unutterable sympathy for each other, and a mutual interest? Do we feel that we have a deeper concern in the repentance, faith, and holiness of those about us, than we have in the contingencies of the war, or the politics of Europe? Do we feel a purer and stronger affection awakened towards fellow-members in Christ, notwithstanding all their infirmities, than to any earthly object? and thus prove our vitality; or are we like so many dry sticks in a bundle, only brought together by being tied round with the string of an external order, and falling asunder when it is slackened or removed? And as to the impression which we are making upon the world in our totality of character and operation; what is the figure or personification which would rightly set it forth? Are we a united company of living and loving sons of God; frowning on sin, jealous of God's glory, labouring and suffering for others, breathing blessings on earth, and showing the way to heaven? Are we Christ's vine, or the fruitless tree which He withered with His judicial blight? Those of us who would see whether we are fulfilling the purpose for which we were brought into the world, must speedily entertain these inquiries, and find an answer to them.

THE UPLIFTED HAND.

"And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed."—Exod. xvii. 11.

When the Amalekites came forth to fight against the children of Israel, Moses said unto Joshua, "Choose us out men, and go out, fight with Amalek: to-morrow I will stand on the top of the hill with the rod of God in mine hand." (Exod. xvii. 9.) When, therefore, he lifted up his hand, there can be no doubt that the rod of God was in it, held up as a signal to the warring hosts below, that it might excite their ardour, and sustain their courage in the day of battle. The sight of that wonder-working wand—which had wrought such mighty things in the field of Zoan, at the waters of the Red Sea, and now again at the rock in Rephidim—could not fail to nerve their arm with new vigour, whenever they saw it held up in the hand of Moses.

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Yet a moment's reflection would convince them that there was no inherent virtue in the rod itself to accomplish any great result. What was it more than any other staff of the wilderness? Originally it was but the shepherd's crook, with which Moses guided his flock, and sustained his own weary limbs in the wilderness of Horeb. But the Lord has laid His hand upon that rod. It is no longer the rod of Moses, but the rod of God. He has consecrated it to His own service. It thus became the visible symbol of that unseen succour and strength which the Lord was accustomed to minister to the Israelites as His militant servants, fighting His own battles, and maintaining His own cause. It derived all its efficacy from the Divine appointment.

But it was also necessary that, in order to secure the Divine help in overthrowing their enemies, fervent prayer should be united with external means. The uplifted rod was, no doubt, accompanied by devout supplications. Moses, Aaron, and Hur lifted up their hearts as well as their hands unto God, as they stood on that solitary hill, watching the great conflict of the day.

Here, then, we see grouped together in hallowed combination those agencies which ought never to be separated, and in the use of which safety and success will ever be found,—the acknowledgment of Heaven, and the employment of appointed means. In the Divine economy, the rod in the hand of Moses, and the sword in the hand of Joshua; the embattled hosts in the valley below, waging the deadly strife, and the praying band on the mount above, imploring help from the Lord of Hosts, were all necessary to secure the victory of that day. "In vain had Moses prayed, if Joshua had not fought; and in vain had Joshua fought, if Moses had not prayed."

Have we been sufficiently impressed with the importance of these truths, in relation to the circumstances of our country at the present time? Our hosts went forth to battle, contending with a numerous and stubborn foe. For months the strife has been waged, and the issue is as yet by no means certain. Our noble and valiant troops have done their duty in the field: have we done ours on the mount? Have we not been relying too much upon our wealth, or means of transport, the wisdom of our counsels, the prowess of our men? Has there not been too much forgetfulness of HIM who giveth the victory? The nation has indeed humbled itself once and again, in obedience to the rulers of the land; and the supplications thus offered to the God of battles will not be turned away. But have we as individual Christians REMAINED ON THE HILL, and poured forth our fervent prayers for the Lord's help. "The battle is not yours, but God's." (2 Chron. xx. 15.) Commit it, then, constantly to Him, and pray that He would "scatter the people that delight in war," and again bless Europe and the world with peace.

There is, also, another application of this incident which ought not to be overlooked. What could more beautifully illustrate the truth that the triumphs of the church depend upon the prayers, as well as upon the

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efforts, of its friends? Importance is justly attached to the faithful ministry of the word, to the zealous efforts of individual members of the church, in every department of Christian duty, and to the exercise of godly discipline; but unless frequent and fervent prayer be offered up, in connection with all these means, the church will make no aggressions upon the world. It is not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord, that the enemies of God and His church are subdued; and that this Holy Spirit descends in answer to prayer. If our hands grow weary, and hang down, Amalek will prevail; but if they are stretched out unto God, uplifted and sustained in earnest intercessions, the church must prevail against every combination of her foes.

The same principle holds good in reference to our personal experience and success in the Christian life. The lesson here taught is that which our Lord so earnestly impressed upon the mind of His disciples, in the parable of the importunate widow, "that men ought always to pray, and not to faint;" (Luke xviii. 1;) or, in the language of St. Paul, "that men pray everywhere, *lifting up holy hands*, without wrath and doubting." (1 Tim. ii. 8.) We may clothe ourselves from head to foot with the Divine panoply; we may go forth against the principalities and powers who oppose our advance, with the most determined ardour; we may take the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit; but if our attack upon the embattled enemy is to be resistless and crushing, we must *pray always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.* (Eph. vi. 13—18.) Our warfare will be attended with little or no success, unless it be determinately waged in the spirit and practice of effectual, fervent prayer. When we are called to front our foes, let us pour forth supplications in the language of Jehoshaphat: "O our God, wilt Thou not judge them? for we have no might against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon Thee." (2 Chron. xx. 12.)

And in this holy warfare, let us be cheered by the thought that we are not unassisted and alone. Our brethren, the faithful servants of God, have ascended the hill of prayer, and are imploring the Lord's blessing upon our efforts. And *He* who marshals the ranks of God's sacramental hosts, the Captain of our salvation who leads us on to battle, and fights on our behalf, also sustains another office equally important. "Here are two shadows of one substance: the same Christ in Joshua fights against our spiritual Amalek, and in Moses spreads out His arms on the hill; and in both He conquers."* He has ascended up on high, gone up to the summit of the everlasting hills, where His eye surveys the whole field of conflict, and marks every rising exigency of His chosen and called soldiers. A greater than Moses is mediating for us on the mount, and offering intercessions on our behalf. *His* hands never hang down, never grow weary and faint. Of Him it can never be said that, though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak. He ever liveth to make intercession for us.

* Bishop Hall.

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O, let this thought kindle our ardour, as we press to the charge! And while we mingle in the threatening fight, let us look to the holy mount, where the Saviour stands with the rod of God in His hand. Let us listen to the words of consolation which fall from His lips: "Behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but *I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.*" (Luke xxii. 31, 32.)

City-Road. J. K.

PITY FOR THE FALLEN.

From a Soldier's Letter, dated "Hango Roads, May 22d, 1854."

We dispersed at a few hundred yards' distance from the beach, to keep the coast clear whilst the boat's crew made prizes of the guns. The enemy had the advantage of the wood, and also knowing the country well, and a troop of them showed in advance. We were ordered to fire. I took steady aim, and fired on my man at about sixty yards. He fell like a stone. At the same time a broadside went in amongst the trees, and the enemy disappeared, we could scarcely tell how.

I felt as though I must go up to *him*, to see whether he was dead or alive. He lay quite still; and I was more afraid of him lying so, than when he stood facing me a few minutes before. It's a strange feeling to come over you all at once, that you have killed a man. He had unbuttoned his jacket, and was pressing his hand over the front of his chest where the wound was. He breathed hard, and the blood poured from the wound, and also from his mouth every breath he took. His face was white as death; and his eyes looked so big and bright, as he turned them, and stared at me, I shall never forget it. He was a fine young fellow, not more than five-and-twenty.

I went down on my knees beside him; and my breast felt so full, as though my own heart would burst. He had a real English face, and he did not look like an enemy. What I felt I never can tell; but if my life would have saved his, I believe I should have given it. I laid his head on my knee, and he grasped hold of my hand, and tried to speak, but his voice was gone. I could not tell a word he said; and every time he tried to speak, the blood poured out so, I knew it would soon be over. I am not ashamed to say, that I was worse than he; for he never shed a tear, and I could not help it.

His eyes were closing, when a gun was fired to order us aboard, and that roused him. He pointed to the beach, where the boat was just pushing off with the guns, which we had taken, and where our marines were waiting to man the second boat; and then he pointed to the wood, where the enemy was concealed. Poor fellow! he little thought how I had shot him down. I was wondering how I could leave him to die, and no one near him, when he had a something like a convulsion for a moment, and then his face rolled over, and without a sigh he was gone. I trust the Almighty has received his soul. I laid his head gently down on the grass, and left him.

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It seemed so strange when I looked at him for the last time: I somehow thought of everything I had heard about the Turks and the Russians, and the rest of them; but *all that* seemed so *far off*, and the dead man *so near*.

"NOT YET," AND "NOT QUITE."

"Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time."—Acts xxiv. 25. "Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts xxvi. 28.

In recording the effect of the two last discourses of Paul, the Holy Spirit has indicated with emphatic distinctness the usual state of mind of those who hear the Gospel, and are not saved. Felix said, *Not yet;* and Agrippa said, *Not quite.*

The judgment is convinced, the heart is touched, the knockings of the Holy Spirit are heard and recognised. Will the sinner absolutely refuse? No; he dares not. He can only say, *Not yet.* That is enough. The Spirit is grieved, and is gone. Man's extremity is God's opportunity; but man's convenient season is God's abhorrence.

Another says, "Good Master, I am ready to be a Christian now." The Saviour explains what it is to be a Christian; and the young man sorrowfully adds, "But *not quite.*" *Not yet!* and *Not quite!* Fatal words! They are Satan's equivocating synonyms for *never* and *not at all.* They look towards heaven, and take hold of hell.

Fellow-Christian, let us, in self examination, ponder these words. When the Master says, "Take up thy cross, and follow Me;" "Seek first the kingdom of God;" "Go, preach My Gospel;" "Love thine enemies;" "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off;" when the Holy Spirit shows us sins to be mortified, and duties to be done; when conscience awakes, and talks to us, let us listen, lest, perchance, in the recesses of our hearts may be heard the echo of these sinful words, *Not yet—Not quite.*—*Christian Treasury.*

A THOUGHT FOR THE MORNING.

On first awakening, what a common thing it is to consider what the business of the day is to be! and this often occupies the first thoughts, which ought to be devoted to God. Now, to-morrow morning think, as soon as consciousness returns, "My great business to-day is, to live to God!" Remember, Christian reader, that you may not live to see the *close* of the day, and no worldly business of any kind can be of equal importance to that of being prepared for death. Put religion first, and make everything else bend to it. Some people seem to put their religion quite away on a busy day: reader, don't you do so. That day or that hour that finds you wholly absorbed in temporal matters and forgetting God, may be the very one in which the messenger of death may be despatched from the courts above to close your eyes and stiffen your hands. Never give your whole heart to anything but God and His cause. E. A. G.

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ROBERT B——, A VICTIM OF PARENTAL NEGLIGENCE.

Robert's parents resided on a small farm: they were honest and industrious, but lovers of the world more than lovers of God. They had never been to a Sunday-school, and but seldom to the village-church. Sundays with them were spent generally in conversing about worldly matters. In that dwelling, on the day of rest, no voice was heard reading the sacred word, no sound of prayer, no song of praise; their enjoyment was the world, their god the world, their heaven the world. Robert himself had never been sent to any school: nevertheless, he was generally obedient to his parents, and willing to make himself useful. Whenever his father went to market or fair, he accompanied him; and of course became quite as familiar with his manner of drinking and smoking, as with his manner of buying and selling. No wonder, therefore, that he followed in his father's footsteps, or rather endeavoured to do so; for his father was not a confirmed drunkard, but in the habit of getting tipsy when he chanced to be more than commonly fortunate in his bargains. At other times, he was what might be considered a careful, selfish man. Time passed over, years fled past, and Robert became a young man. Not being of such a careful, calculating turn of mind as his father, his visits to the tap-room were more frequent, his hand went to his pocket often, the glass was handed round freely; and the more he could drink himself, and the more he could give to others, the greater, the better, and the happier he thought himself. His appetite for the cup increased, and his love for foolish and profane company grew stronger and stronger. No mischief or merriment could be made, but Robert was almost sure to be at the head of it; and a fair or horse-race Robert would not miss on any account. "Ah!" said he to himself, as he opened the door to look out one morning, "we shall have some fine sport to-day." It was a cold, frosty morning: the grass was withered, the flowers dead, and the wind came howling through the trees, scattering the sere leaves, and telling its winter's tale through the valley. Yet still there was a brief beauty in the landscape. The sun for a few minutes stole from his concealment; the village-church, with its tall spire, could be seen peeping through the trees; the icicles, as they hung down in long lengths reflecting the beautiful tints of the rainbow, appeared like a grotto of crystals; the frost, as it lay on the dead leaves and withered grass, sparkled like so many diamonds in the sunbeams; and the poor robins, delighted with the brightness and warmth imparted to the scene, hopped about from twig to twig, chirping their little notes of praise.

Robert was soon on his way to the fair; but had he thought that he might never see the cottage again, he would not have been hurrying as he now is across the fields yonder. Little does he think that he is passing the little daisy-hill for the last time; little does he think that he has reaped his last golden harvest at the farm; little does he think that he is now leaving home never to return: but so it is. That day, at the fair, he fell in with bad company, got intoxicated, and then enlisted for a soldier. The next day he was examined by a surgeon, and passed; then taken before a magistrate, sworn in, and sent to the depôt at Gosport. And after having been made fit for duty there, he was embarked with the rest of a detachment to join a regiment then stationed at Argostoli.* The change of climate not agreeing well with him, he got a letter written home to his parents, begging them to

* Argostoli is the principal town in the island of Cephalonia.

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purchase his discharge. Week after week, and month after month, passed away, but no answer came to his petition. Mail after mail came in, but brought no letters for Robert.

When on parade, one morning, he descried a vessel at a great distance. The words of command,—"Attention!" "Shoulder arms!" "Quick march!" —were given; but these he heard not. There he stood, his eyes riveted on the distant object. "There she comes! there she comes!" said he; for well did poor B—— know the ship that brought letters, and it was indeed the mail making her appearance, and right majestically did she ride over the blue waves. "What are you standing there for, you booby?" asked the Sergeant-Major. "There she comes! there she comes!" said the soldier again. "Go to your drill!" cried the Sergeant, shaking him by the shoulder; "and remember I shall not fail to bring you before the commanding officer to-morrow, for inattention, and disobedience of orders." That day bundles of papers and letters were brought from the mail, but none for Robert. Rather early the next morning he was called upon to go to the orderly-room, where he expected to receive punishment for his offence. His name was called, and in he went before the commanding officer. "Well, my man," said the Colonel, "I have sent for you." The prisoner, as he thought himself, stood trembling. "Your name is Robert B——." "Yes, Sir." "You came from near the village of ——." "Yes, Sir." "Your father is a farmer." "Yes, Sir." "You enlisted along with some more drinking companions." "Yes, Sir." "You had a good home and kind friends." "Yes, Sir." "And now you are a soldier." "Beg your pardon, Sir, for interrupting you," said the Sergeant-Major; "but he forgot about his being a soldier yesterday." "Silence, Sir!" said the Colonel: "you have proper times for bringing your complaints before me, and I am not here to listen to them at present. Well, my man," continued he, again addressing the soldier, "I received yesterday a letter from your parents, who seem anxious that you should return to them without delay, and they have remitted money for that purpose; but business of this kind cannot be managed so instantaneously as they desire. You shall certainly have your discharge, as soon as I can possibly make it convenient, which will at all events be in a few weeks; and when you do return, take my advice with you, and it is this,—keep from bad company, and let the beer-barrel alone. If you don't do it because I advise you, do it as a proof of gratitude to your parents." "I will, Sir, I promise you," was the reply. "Well, now I think I have said all that is necessary. Here is a note that was enclosed for you: take it, and go to your barracks." The soldier thanked him, and took his leave.

He now began to enjoy himself, to look on men and things around him with pleasure, to laugh and joke with his companions, and every now and then call up the scenes of home, and anticipate other scenes of bliss. Those days might indeed be numbered with his happy ones. A few weeks after this, he was again called to the orderly-room, and informed that, in the course of two or three days at farthest, he would receive his discharge. Delighted with this intelligence, he vowed that he would confirm his pleasure with a glass of wine. He had indeed no intention of getting intoxicated; for that he knew might be a hindrance to getting his liberty. So he took a stroll, firmly determined to drink no more than just one glass. "I could not think of doing otherwise," said he; "I feel so merry, so happy!" That evening he met with many associates, all of them both able and willing to drink his health and safe voyage

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back to England. One glass after another was speedily emptied, with healths, and songs, and cheers; all was noise, and mirth, and drunken glee. "Yonder is the last bugle sounding," shouted a soldier as he ran past. This acted like magic on the drinking-party, and away they all scampered to the barracks, to answer the roll-call. But Robert had broken his determination: he was drunk, and soon left hindermost. "Fall in the non-commissioned officers!" shouted the Sergeant-Major. This being done, the officer on duty went along the rank to ascertain if all were present. "I have one absent of No. 4 company," said the Sergeant. "And who is he?" "Robert B——." "What, the young man that's going to be discharged this week?" "Yes, Sir." "Send out a patrol in search for him, Sergeant-Major." The order was obeyed, and in a few minutes a Corporal and four privates went; but, after a strict and long search, had to return without the man. And well they might. The water in the harbour had found him; death had overtaken him. Poor Robert! He would answer no more roll-calls in barracks: he had gone to answer that last great roll-call! What! he who only two or three hours before was so happy, so overjoyed about seeing his parents and his home again? Yes; and two days after that he was buried in a strange land, without a friend to weep over him, save the few soldiers who carried him to his grave, and a lone willow that spreads its drooping form over it. No stone marks his resting-place; but those who carried him thither whispered, as they bent over the pit, "Alas, poor fellow!" And this served for an epitaph. Oft has the willow been pointed out by the soldiers; oft has the grave been visited, and the death related. And equally as often has sorrow found utterance in the sad ejaculation, "Alas, poor fellow!" But very few of them, I am afraid, received a check in their drunken career; for many died through the effects of intemperance after that, though not in the same manner. What must have been the feelings of Robert's parents, who, about the time they would expect him, received a letter with the money returned stating, that their son did not need a discharge now; that he had been drowned by accident, and was lying in the graveyard of Argostoli? What heart-rending news would this be! what anguish would fill their troubled souls! And, O, if they had ever thought of God, or of the judgment, what a dark future would be before them! On what a slender thread would hang their hopes of his safety at the great day of account! Dear young people, as you hope for future happiness, do you so live as to avoid the drunkard's grave.

Perhaps some of you would like to know how it was that Robert did not hear from his parents sooner; and I will tell you. Time came, when Robert's father thirsted for knowledge; for sincerely did he wish that he could read, when he received his son's first letter. With what haste and anxiety did he take it to his nearest neighbour, and ask him to read it for him! But the man declared that the writing was so bad, he could not read it. With a hurried step, and a slight hope, he went to the next, but succeeded no better. Then, with a heavy heart, and slower step, he went to the next, and the next, and the next; but wherever he went, heard the same unwelcome words, "The writing is so bad, we cannot read it." At length, with tired limbs, a despairing look, and an aching heart, he came home again, threw the letter upon the table, took his handkerchief from his hat to wipe the sweat from his brow, and the tear from his cheek, and, casting a sorrowful look upon his wife, said, "Mary, it's all to no purpose: I've been to the neighbours far and near, but none of them can read the letter for me. O, how I wish we had

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sent Robert to school!" They both sat them down, and wept together; and those were the first tears that they had ever shed on account of their ignorance, and neglect of duty towards their son. But they were not the last. Hours of bitter weeping came after that. The letter was put by carefully in a drawer, and remained there till about six months afterwards; when one day, as the poor dame was thinking of her boy far away, a thought struck her that perhaps the village-schoolmaster might be able to read it. To him, without any further delay, she went. Upon her arrival, she inquired where the schoolmaster lived. A little boy kindly took her to the house; and luckily the master was at home, and not particularly engaged. The poor woman told her errand, then handed him the letter, and begged him to be kind enough to read it for her. After pondering over it for a long time, he informed her that the writing was so bad, that he could not read the whole of it; "but what I can make out, amounts to this: your son, who it appears is a soldier abroad, sends his kind love to all at home, and wishes to be remembered among his friends; and if you would be kind enough to purchase his discharge, he would never forget the kindness." "O! I see: he wants to come home again, does he?" "Yes." "And so he shall; but how can we send the money, and where are we to send it to, and how much shall we have to send?" "If you will let me have the money, I will do the rest for you." "Will you really be so good? how kind you are, Sir! O, yes, you shall have the money: I'm so glad, *that* I am!" A short time after this, the answer that caused Robert's appearance at the orderly-room was written, and sent to Argostoli.

Had this answer been received sooner, it would probably have had less effect on the mind of Robert. It would have arrived during the long summer days, so that he could have seen where he was running; or, at least, some one might have seen him fall into the water, and helped him out again. Had he been sent to a day-school, and learned to write, he might have written the letter himself, and received an answer months before. Had he been sent to a Sunday-school, good impressions there received might have assisted him to control his feelings, in the day of trial, and in the hour of wild excitement. Had his father not set him the example of tippling, he might never have become a drunkard, nor found a drunkard's grave. And now let us review our own history, and see if we cannot remember many sorrowful occurrences that might have been avoided; and as we remember them, let us consider both the causes and the effects, treasure these up in our memory, and place them before us on the highway of the world, to be monitors of our future life. That this plain account of poor Robert B—— may help some one to reflect upon the errors of the past, and avoid the evils of the future, is the earnest wish of him who writes.

Lancaster. T. E.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

If you want anything worth having, the way to obtain it is to trust in the Lord. If you cannot get it in this way, you will not get it in any other. God denies to those who trust in Him nothing that is for their good. Make yourself easy, then; for if you truly trust in Him, all will be well. What He gives you will be in love, and what He withholds will be in wisdom.

Do you want health? Trust in the Lord; for none but He has it in His

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power to give it. The freshest breeze, the sunniest sky, the mildest clime, and the medicine of the most skilful physician, will all be in vain to bestow or preserve health, without God's blessing. Trust and "fear the Lord, and depart from evil. It shall be health to thy navel, and marrow to thy bones." (Prov. iii. 7, 8.)

Trust in the Lord; His power alone bestows
On pallid cheeks the colour of the rose.

Do you want riches? You must go where they are to be had. Now, "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." The gold and the silver are His, and the cattle on a thousand hills. To Him, then, you must apply. Trust in the Lord; and if riches will add to your happiness on earth, without hindering you on your way to heaven, rich you shall be.

Trust in the Lord; His righteous ways uphold,
And He will give thee better gifts than gold.

Do you want reputation? Trust in the Lord, and ask Him to enable you to deserve it. Reputation is very hard to get, and very easy to lose. Envy, hatred, malice, and slander's tongue may, in an unlooked-for moment, deprive you of it, unless God be your Protector. If He is your Friend, you are secure.

Trust in the Lord; and He will guard thy fame,
And in the book of life inscribe thy name.

Do you want wisdom? Trust in the Lord, and put up your petition to Him. Some travel to get wisdom; some read books to get wisdom; and some listen to the learned to get wisdom: but "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Fear Him, then, love Him, obey Him, trust Him, and praise Him. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." (James i. 5.)

Trust in the Lord; for He can make us wise
As angels, and prepare us for the skies.

Do you want peace? Trust in the Lord; for unless He bestows it, you will never have it. It is not to be had for love or money; and no one can beg, borrow, or steal it. "There is no peace to the wicked." God is its only giver; and from Him it must come, if it comes at all. "Let your requests be made known unto God: and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." (Phil. iv. 6, 7.)

Trust in the Lord, and care shall ne'er confound thee,
But thou shalt be at peace with trouble round thee.

Do you want a guide through the world? Trust in the Lord; for none other can you safely trust. Others, when you least expect it, will fail or deceive you. Some are ignorant, some ungodly, some unjust, and some false in all things; but God is wise, and holy, and just, and true: trust, then, in Him, and "the Lord shall guide thee continually." (Isai. lviii. 11.)

Trust in the Lord; and He, in truth and love,
Shall guide thee to the golden gates above.

Do you want a bright prospect of eternity,—a glance of the mansions of the

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blest? Trust in the Lord, and He will unfold to you things wondrous to behold; things hidden from the eyes of those who fear not God. He can give you a faith that shall sharpen your eyesight, and increase your love. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." (Heb. xi. 1.)

Trust in the Lord, and thou by faith shalt see
The heaven of glory that's prepared for thee.

Whether you want health, wealth, reputation, wisdom, or peace, a guide through this world, and a bright prospect of a better, trust in the Lord; and, if for your good, you shall have them all.—*Old Humphrey.*

DIRECTIONS AS TO DRESS.

1. As you pass along through the vanities of life, learn to feel, "I have no business with either dress, riches, or luxuries; they belong not to my situation in life."

2. When buying anything, ask yourself, "Am I spending a single halfpenny on what I could do without?"

3. When tempted to say, "It is only a penny," think that a mite well spent was a treasure in heaven.

4. Waste not your time in observing the dress of others, or in staring in at the shop-windows.

5. Often examine your thoughts, lest you indulge in vain and foolish thoughts.

6. Remember that cleanliness, neatness, and plainness, are all that is required of you in your dress.

7. Care not for ridicule: if a child of God, you *must* be different from the children of this world.

8. Remember constantly that you will have to give account for every farthing of money and every moment of time you waste.

9. When you find it hard to deny yourself what it is in your power to procure, only think that your Saviour's eye is upon you, and that the smallest effort you make for His sake will not lose its reward.

10. Learn of Him to be meek and lowly, and you will care little for the vanities of life.

11. Often think of eternity, and that you may die at any moment.

12. Remember it is your bounden duty to provide against future wants for yourself and family, and not be a burden to others.

13. Learn not to be ashamed of the situation in which it has pleased God to place you.

14. Bear in mind that the Bible bids you abide in the situation to which you are called; and that there may be many things suitable to others, but unsuitable to you.—*Poisonous Weed.*

MARTIN LUTHER'S WILL.

In the last will and testament of this eminent Reformer occurs the following remarkable passage:—"Lord God, *I thank Thee that Thou hast been pleased to make me a poor and indigent man upon earth.* I have neither house, nor land, nor money, to leave behind me. Thou hast given me wife and children, whom I now restore to Thee. Lord, nourish, teach, and preserve them, as Thou hast me."

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Narrative Pieces.

TRACEY, THE METHODIST GIPSY.

The gipsies, though generally a wicked and profligate race, are, nevertheless, in many respects, interesting. It is to be feared that their moral culture and spiritual improvement are too much overlooked by religious people. It should not be forgotten, however, that their souls are of equal value to those of others, and that they are capable of the same religious enjoyments. Of the truth of these observations, I have been forcibly reminded to-day, by the following case:—

About six miles from this town lives "Tracey, the Methodist gipsy," who has been for some time a consistent member of the Wesleyan church in the Kineton Circuit. To obtain a livelihood for herself and children, she travels through the neighbourhood with baskets, &c., &c. One morning she called at my door; and, having heard a favourable account of her, I invited her in, and gave her some refreshment. Feeling anxious to satisfy myself with regard to her moral and religious character, I entered into conversation with her. "How long," I inquired, "have you been in the good way?"

"If you please, Ma'am," she replied, "five years; and, O! blessed be Jesus for His mercies to me these five years."

"How were you brought in?" I asked.

"You ask for the truth, my dear lady, and I'll tell it you. I was a very bad woman, a fighting, swearing woman. At this time Mrs. S. frequently invited me to go to the prayer-meeting: for some time I refused, but at length I went. When there, I felt so strange. I tried to cry, but could not: my heart was too hard, my dear lady. I thought, 'Well, there must be something to do, or what do all these people meet together and pray so earnestly for.' I soon saw that I was a sinner, and began to pray to the Lord for forgiveness. If you please, Ma'am, I lost a daughter: she was cast away. When I went to her funeral, I was quite surprised to find that my bad temper was gone. I wondered that I did'nt feel passion and hatred towards those who had neglected my dear child. My dear lady, I did not know that it was the blessed Jesus that was at work in my heart by His good Spirit. When I returned home, I found I could cry at the prayer-meeting: my heart was softened, my dear lady. O! blessed be the dear Jesus, bless Him, my dear lady, bless Him! Mrs. S. saw me weeping, and tried to comfort me: she said she believed my dear child was gone to heaven; for she was a Sunday-scholar, and a very good girl. Well, I thought if she was gone to heaven, I would seek happiness in Jesus. I began to pray everywhere I went: I kept my heart lifted up in prayer. One day, when I was on the road between I——— and C———, a dream came into my mind which I had had some time before. If you please, Ma'am, it was this:—I thought I saw my sister who had been dead a long time. I said, 'My dear sister, I thought you were dead.' She replied, 'No, sister; where I am they never die: if you are good, and love Jesus, when you die, you will come to the place where they never die.' This made me pray more earnestly. The next day I was on the road again; praying all the time that the Lord would please to forgive me, and thinking of my dream, when all in a moment my load was gone: the blessed Jesus had taken it away. I looked round me, and, my dear lady, though I had gone that same road hundreds of times, I didn't know where I was; I didn't know which way to go. My eyes seemed fixed upwards, all looked so bright; and I was so happy that I began shouting the praises of Jesus. After some time, my little boy, who was with me, said, 'Why, mother, Jesus is in you.' Yes, Jesus was in me: I felt Him in me. O! bless Him, my dear lady, bless Him! I could do nothing but shout and bless Him all the way I went. The people soon said I was going out of my mind; but, bless His dear name, my lady, I was a *new creature*, that was it.

"Soon after this the Lord laid me on a bed of affliction: my children all sat crying round me, but I felt no tie. I was quite willing to leave them all to go

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to the dear Jesus; but I was raised up again, and since that time, my dear lady, I have had many trials from persecution, poverty, and pain, but I have never felt a murmur. If you please, Ma'am, a few Sundays back, the dear gentleman preached from, 'Be contented.' O, it was beautiful! for I felt all the time that I was right; I felt that I was contented: it had'nt used to be so, my dear lady, for the more I had, the more I wanted; but now, when I have got nothing but a bit of dry bread and a drop of water, I am contented. But, my lady, the dear gentleman preached again last Sunday, and his text was, 'Be thankful.' O! there I felt I was lacking; there I was wanting. O! I want to be more 'thankful.' I do love to hear the dear gentleman preach, my lady; he has got his Master sweet at heart: though I am no scholar, I can tell; for when it comes from the heart, it goes straight to the heart again. O! I do love to talk, Ma'am, about good things. I do love my blessed Jesus; and I love you, my dear lady, and all the world. I am determined, whether my days be many or few, they shall all be spent in the service of Jesus. O! this taste of Jesus. I would not lose it, my dear lady, for a million worlds. I am often asked if I can tell fortunes; but, my dear lady, I can tell something better now. Yes, I can tell what the dear Jesus has done for my soul."

I inquired if a certain near relative opposed her. "If you please, Ma'am, I do not like to tell things out of the family," she replied: "I never do." "Well, he does not prevent your attending chapel, does he?" I said. "No, my dear lady, he never stops me from going; but I have known what it is to have his big fist held up at me; but I always say, 'Now my dear ——, I can't be stopped; I must go to chapel, so it is of no use;' and on I go."

Reader, have you been made a partaker of that saving grace so richly enjoyed by "Tracey?" Can you refer to the time when your "load was taken away;" and to the spot that was "so bright," on which you were made "a new creature?" If so, happy are you; if not, take care lest this untaught gipsy rise in judgment to condemn you.

Kineton. MARTHA.

Biography.

"FATHER MANTLE."

It is the privilege of the church militant to render thanks to the King of saints for the grace that enabled its departed members to quit this life in His faith and fear. And it is especially needful that earnest supplication be made to God by the survivers, for grace so to follow His blessed saints, that they may come to those unspeakable joys which He has prepared for them that unfeignedly love Him. This privilege and this duty lately devolved on the Wesleyan church in Sheerness, in consequence of the death of one who had been most affectionately known as "Father Mantle."

For many years, as succeeding Ministers have glanced around on their audience for the first time, their eye has been arrested by the tall but bent and wasted form, and long-worn garments, of an aged man, whose whole appearance indicated early toil, present weakness, and lowliness of earthly estate; and, perchance, the Preacher may have said within himself, "Pilgrim, will it be light with thee at eventide?" If the first glance suggested the inquiry, the second answered it: that expressive, vivacious, happy face told most unmistakably that,

> "Not a cloud did arise
> To darken the skies,
> Or hide for one moment the Lord from his eyes."

His ever-bright vision was but the outward sign of a spiritual elevation that enabled him to lose sight of death and the grave; for he had long been standing before the gates of the Holy City, and a vigorous faith caused him to recognise many of his ancient comrades; so that when youthful saints passed in, while he stayed without to do his Lord's will on earth, he still exulted in the assurance that, ere long, he also would assume the

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royalties to which he was entitled as a King and Priest to God.

During a pilgrimage of fourscore years and three, "Father Mantle" had seen his old companions borne away by "the rush of years:" and as age had not rendered him garrulous, and the occupation of a shipwright is not favourable to the discovery of "literary remains," but little is known of the early years of either his inner or outer life; but it is believed that his parents were members of the Wesleyan church in Sheerness at its formation in 1770, and his father, doubtless, assisted in building, in 1786, the "new preaching-house," of which Mr. Wesley says that it was "a building undertaken a few months since by a little handful of men without any probable means of finishing it; but God so moved the hearts of the people in the Dock, that even those who did not pretend to any religion—carpenters, shipwrights, labourers—ran up at all their vacant hours, and worked with all their might, without any pay. By this means, a large square house was soon elegantly finished, both within and without." When toil-worn men will shorten their hours of rest to build a house for God, we may suppose that they set something like an adequate value upon the Gospel of which it is to be a fountain; and we are therefore prepared to hear from the same authority, that the Society "was of one heart and one mind, striving for the hope of the Gospel."

Traditionary evidence inclines us to believe that Richard Mantle, though he might have avoided the darker forms of vice, was allured by the frivolities of youth, and the gaieties of dress; appearing in yellow buckskin small-clothes, frilled shirt, cocked hat, and the more assuming and expensive luxury of powder. To this his later years presented a striking contrast; for age is conservative in matters of dress; and when, after the death of his sainted wife, Christian women wished to contribute to his comfort, he would thank them, and decline their kindly offices; saying, "It is not well for the old to change."

But the Eye that never slumbers followed the gaily-dressed youth; and it is thought that the burial of three relatives in one grave, on one day, forced on his affectionate heart the conviction that it would be well to turn his face towards the land where parting is unknown; and now the oldest members of the church, men who have themselves passed the allotted time of human life, can only tell that in their childhood Father Mantle was an approved soldier of Christ, and relate how, as boys, they would listen at the door of his house while he prayed in his family.

He married, in early life, one like-minded with himself; a woman who viewed this earth merely as the robing-room to her glorious home; and having, through boundless mercy, received a wedding-garment, she took care that it should be kept spotless. That was well; for the Bridegroom came in an hour that she knew not, and "in the twinkling of an eye" she was called to the joy of her Lord. To a Christian visiter, she had spoken, during the afternoon, of a severe mental conflict, a complete victory, and an assurance of hope: but Satan is ever on the alert to harass the sons of God; so he approached the bereaved husband, and said, "Your wife is eternally lost." For many days the old man was with his face in the dust; but in the extremity of his distress, help came from the Holy One who inhabiteth eternity, and who looks with a pitying eye on the lowly and contrite heart. In the greatness of His condescension, the Holy Spirit so assured the weeping pilgrim that his wife was then before the throne, that the evil one was never again able to disturb his peace on that point.

In the year 1807, he was appointed to the leadership of a class; and for that important office he had been richly endowed. He was profoundly versed in, and an entire believer of, the holy Scripture. This belief was not of that spurious kind which is general in a country and age not purified by persecution, and when gross irreligion is unfashionable; but such a firm conviction that every threatening and every promise would be fulfilled, that every caution was necessary, as compelled him to shape his whole life into a conformity with the requirements of the word of God. He was, therefore, ever watchful, and always praying; and when the Holy Spirit bore witness to his spirit that he was a child of God, he felt that as a peer of heaven he might claim audience of the

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King of Kings, and ask mercy for himself, his family, and a sin-laden church and country. Many prayers did he offer up for our suffering Crimean army, nor waited he for Lent that his intercession might be more heeded at the throne where "one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

He confessed Christ at the ship's side as openly as in the class-room, both before jeering equals and sneering superiors; and there is reason to believe that God honoured His own command and promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days;" and that in the "basest of kingdoms" are to be found some one or two who remember with grateful feeling the praying shipwright of Sheerness dockyard.

He always bore aloft "the banner with the strange device, *Excelsior;*" and, to the timid, halting, depressed children of God, he would perpetually say, "Press forward; look upward. Only believe the promises, and a crown of glory shall be yours." The members of his classes can reverentially say, that while he interceded in their behalf, seasons of special blessing were vouchsafed, and they felt,

"Lo! God is here, let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place."

A trait of character eminently conducive to his success as a Leader was the benevolence of his nature, and the warmth and largeness of his sympathy. His little pittance (for he had long been superannuated) was sadly inadequate to the wants of a frame often racked by extreme pain: but he gave so much to those more needy than himself, that he was thought to be above the pressure of want; and there are those who regretfully feel that they were not sufficiently aware of the self-denial he was constantly practising.

Convinced that Wesleyan Methodism is the happiest form of Christianity, he supported its local and general funds with an incalculable generosity: for the church has yet to learn the arithmetic of heaven; and who shall estimate the value affixed by the great Auditor to the pence and solitary shilling of a consecrated poverty?

He was anxious that the rent of his seat in the chapel should be paid to the last, though for some weeks before his death he had been unable to occupy it. He greatly valued the privilege of having a seat of his own in the earthly temple of his God; and would fear that the man who did not strive on such a point was scarcely fitted to enjoy the unpurchasable, priceless throne prepared for the redeemed in the temple not made with hands.

Eighty-three years is a long period of foreign service; and those who valued the old veteran most, began to hope, when they surveyed the tottering, crumbling hut of clay which constituted the dwelling of the ardent spirit, that his recall would soon arrive; and the exiled one himself longed to reach Immanuel's land, to be reunited to many loved ones; and, above all, he was eager to behold the great Captain of his salvation in all the glory of the Father.

In due time the summons arrived: but there was the final battle to be fought, the latest foe to be overcome; and how did the Christian hero comport himself? Did he find that his whole life had been one great mistake; that he had enlisted under the wrong banner? No; he was able to say, "I have fought a good fight." Had he any doubt as to the issue of the last conflict? No; he told his younger brethren in arms, that he had a full assurance of victory; and, girding on the whole armour of God, he uttered with his latest breath the all-prevalent cry, "None but Christ, none but Christ;" and passed through death triumphant home, on the 18th of February, 1855.

Religion in Heart and Life.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

WORLDLINESS IN RELATION TO WEEK-NIGHT RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

If a worldly spirit among even evangelical bodies of Christians has encroached upon the solemn services of God's house on the Lord's day, it cannot but extensively affect the attendance on public worship during the week. This is undoubtedly the case; and those Divine

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services which are held during the week, whether for preaching the word of God or for united prayer, are by many professing Christians entirely neglected. We have observed that there are very few casual worshippers on these occasions, the congregations being generally composed, week after week, of the same persons. How does this happen? Is it because the few who attend are wholly and always at leisure, and those who are absent are invariably so engaged that they cannot possibly be there? Doubtless there are some whose occupations are of such a nature as to preclude a regular attendance on week-night services; but this is not the case with a large portion of those who, though our fellow-worshippers on Sundays, are never, or only very occasionally, such during the week.

And who constitute the majority in most of our week-night congregations? Verily they are the *poor*. In many places, the smallness of the week-night attendance is just in proportion to the number of wealthy members in a congregation. Thus those who can command their time, and could be present if they were so disposed, are, with few happy exceptions, the most negligent and indifferent to these services. The crimson of the empty pew blazes before the face of the discouraged Preacher; for he looks in vain for the owner and his family. The fact is, that no account is made of the week-night service. It is not reckoned either among the privileges or duties of the Christian life. The night is not set apart for this purpose. It is at the call of gain, or pleasure, or indolence. Anything or anybody may have it,—*except the Lord*. Visits are paid, visits are received, and engagements made, irrespectively of the consideration that the sanctuary in which they worship is open, that the word of life is there preached, and that the two or three who are met in the Saviour's name realize His presence in their midst.

When a Minister preaches to a congregation on the Lord's day, consisting chiefly of the working classes, there he will find on the week-night a congregation proportionately large. The service is joyfully anticipated by the godly poor man at his toil. Few are his earthly pleasures; but the absence of these is more than compensated by the higher pleasures of the sanctuary. In order to secure this privilege, he hastens from his labour, quickly dispatches his frugal meal, and, with a glad heart, goes up to the house of the Lord. The sermon relates to one of the "exceeding great and precious promises," or to some Christian privilege, or to a Christian duty. It is a word in season to him. It furnishes matter for meditation. The family-prayer is full of it. Thus while he is strengthened in his faith, he is helped in his devotion. His strength is renewed. He speaks of it in his class, and tells how that sermon has been a comfort to him in his labour, helped him in his trials, and strengthened him in his conflicts with sin and Satan. What he has realized, many of his rich neighbours might have shared with him; for their spiritual wants and capacities are the same. But to them it is inconvenient: it interferes with other arrangements; and since they entered on a larger house, and have kept more company, they have not had opportunity. Indeed they have so many parties to attend, so many "readings in Shakspeare" to hear, and so many fashionable concerts to appear at, that they never think of hearing sermons, *except on the Sunday!* And all this since they got on in the world; since they became rich and elevated in society. So true is it, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of heaven!" And it is equally true that "unto the poor the Gospel is preached;" and in many week-night congregations they are the only parties present to hear it.

And some of those, whose absence from Divine worship on the week-night we deplore, are among the most irregular of Sabbath worshippers. Yes, there are members of Christian churches who are satisfied with *one* service a week! And this constitutes the greater portion of the spiritual aliment on which their souls have to live; for, depend upon it, this class of persons are not largely addicted either to the private study of the Scriptures or to secret prayer. And what must be the religious experience of such Christians? And what their enjoyments? Nay, have they any experience or enjoyment at all? And we do not make this inquiry simply on the ground that a

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week-night religious service is neglected: we take this in connection with other parts of their character, which indicate a worldly rather than a spiritual mind. Where self-denial is not practised, the cross is evaded, and the example and precepts of Christ are not followed, there can be neither Christian experience nor character. The spirit of Christ's religion is one of devotion; and in the absence of that it must droop and die.

Great as is the evil of which we complain, it would be less grievous if it were likely to be confined to the present generation. But, in our apprehension, there is no prospect, as things now exist, of any amendment. The habit is formed in the young; and when they, in turn, become parents and heads of families, the probability is that they will pursue the course in which they have been trained. If the power of a correct training be so great that, in spite of an evil nature, it is adhered to in future life, what may we not fear from an evil habit, early formed, on the side of sinful inclination and self-indulgence. We cannot see any good reason why the younger members of religious families may not be habituated to an attendance on these services. Why should "family-pews" be almost invariably empty on a week night? Parents should be careful to form religious tastes and habits at an early period. We regret the absence of children of a suitable age from our week-day services. If children are taught that Sunday is the only day on which they need to regard religion, parents must not be surprised if they learn the lesson only too well, and in course of time throw off its restraints on that day also. That is a very defective education in which a sacred regard for the house of God is not deeply impressed upon the mind of youth; and this can only be done by habituating them to attend upon its sacred services.

We know that among the Methodists their week-night congregations will bear a favourable comparison with those of other denominations; but if others are below the standard of Christian devotion, that is no reason why we should not endeavour to come up to it. Spiritual religion needs to be greatly revived in all churches, and among all classes. The leaven of worldliness has largely pervaded the mass of the Christian communions. It is difficult to find men to fill spiritual offices in the church, sufficiently spiritually-minded and willing to give the necessary time and attention to the fulfilment of their duties. And where is the remedy for this evil? In part, *in an increased regard for the Lord's house of prayer*. The world must not reign from Sabbath to Sabbath, as though it had an absolute right to seize on every intervening day and hour. The Hebrews had their daily worship. Peter and John went up to the temple at the hour of prayer. Has Christianity relaxed the spirit of these obligations to honour God in public worship? "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is," is a Christian precept. "Pray always," is the command of Christ; and surely they are not fulfilling it who neglect His house of prayer.

In some respects we may have improved upon our fathers. But have we improved in this? Were not the early Methodists much more conscientious and regular in their attendance on the public services of religion, than some of their descendants? With them it was no chance affair, but a regular and stated habit. They left the shop, the counting-house, or their humble calling, to hear the word of God, and join in the devotions of the Lord's people. They took their children by the hand, and led them to the temple of Christian worship. And many of them were rewarded by encouraging success in life, a religious household, spiritual prosperity, and a godly seed. Instead of the fathers were the children, following in their steps, and emulating their zeal in the cause of God. Will it be so with ours? Are the same means employed? Is a similar example set them? Have they been trained in the same habits? Have they been taught, as some who may read this paper were taught, to keep the Lord's Sabbaths, and to reverence His sanctuary?

Perhaps the reader has lived in negligence of this duty. He has often purposed amendment; but when the time came, he was engaged with other matters, or forgot the hour, (such is the power of habit,) so that the reformation is yet uneffected. It will require some

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resolution to begin a new course, and great determination to persevere in it. But the habit once established will become easy, and the fruit will be abundant and satisfying. Reader, do not stand in the way of your own happiness; and if you are a parent, have regard to the welfare of your own children and household, teaching them to love the habitation of God's house, and the place where His honour dwelleth.

Bradford. D. H.

[In the spirit of this article we entirely agree with its estimable writer, and commend every line of it to the prayerful consideration of those whom it concerns. On such a subject language too strong or too earnest can scarcely be employed. But we are sure that the writer does not intend to overlook the existence of a multitude of wealthy Methodists whose prosperity has not corrupted. For these, surrounded as they are by unfaithful brethren, we give God the praise. And their faithfulness proves that a rich man can be as devout as a poor one, and that the time has not come for placing one class in unfavourable opposition to another. "It is the same God which worketh all in all."—EDS.]

Poetry.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

"LOVEST thou Me?" the Saviour ask'd
Of Peter; who replied,
"Though knowest that I love Thee, Lord,
Though Thee I have denied."
If Christ, to whom all hearts are known,
Should thus appeal to me,
Could I reply as Peter did?
"Thou know'st that I love Thee."

Have I of Jesus felt my need
To cleanse my soul from sin?
Or do I hope by my good deeds
Eternal life to win?
If without Christ I hope to dwell
In that bright world above,
My hope is vain, and plainly proves
That Christ I do *not* love.

If I am still in love with sin,
Can I a lover be
Of Jesus Christ, whose blood was spilt
For sin on Calvary?
If sin is cherish'd in my heart,
It doth most plainly prove
That Christ, who did for sin atone,
I do *not* truly love.

Do I my Lord's commands obey,
And feel the burden light,
And daily strive to do His will,
With pleasure and delight?
But if I serve Him grudgingly,
Then this doth also prove
That Christ, who honour'd God's commands,
I do *not* truly love.

Do I in secret prayer delight,
And also love to meet
With those who offer prayer and praise
Around the mercy-seat?
And do I love God's word to read,
Which points to heaven above?
If I do not, it plainly proves
That Christ I do *not* love.

Do I the Saviour's cause profess
In hope of worldly gain;
Or fear to own Him, lest I should
Encounter shame and pain?
If I'm ashamed to own my Lord,
Then this doth also prove
That Jesus, who the shame despised,
I do *not* truly love.

Do I ill-will and malice bear
Towards my fellow-men?
And when they injure me, do I
Return the like again?
If I do not my foes forgive,
It doth most plainly prove
That Christ, who for His murd'rers pray'd,
I do *not* truly love.

Does it not grieve me when I see
Man walk the downward road?
And do I pray that they may turn
To serve and honour God?
That all on earth may serve the Lord
Like those in heaven above,
Will be my daily, fervent prayer
If Christ I truly love.

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If Jesu's love surpasses that
Of any earthly friend,
And I prefer a creature's love
Which very soon will end;
My love to Him is weak indeed,
And this doth plainly prove,
That Christ, my Lord, the best of friends,
I do *not* truly love.

Lord, help me from my heart to say,
"Thou art more dear to me
Than earthly friends; there's none in heaven
That I desire but Thee.
Now, Lord, I pray impart to me
Thine influence from above,
And henceforth let this heart of mine
Be fill'd with heavenly love."

Newport, Isle of Wight. J. D.

THE CHRISTIAN'S LOVE.

How true, how deep the Christian's love
To all below, to all above;
To all in earth, in sea, or sky,
To all his senses can descry!
He loves the reigning orb of day,
Which gilds the earth with golden ray;
He loves the "empress of the night,"
He loves the darkness and the light.
He loves old winter's frost and snow,
And summer's warm and cheerful glow,
Brown autumn, with her sheaf of wealth,
And spring, with all her stores of health.
He loves the hills, the grass, the trees,
He loves the zephyr's gentle breeze,
The smiling flowers, which deck the sod,
And point to their Creator—God.
He loves the land which gave him birth,
The loveliest spot on this wide earth:
He loves the home of infant years
Ere life had strewn his path with cares;
The smiling brook, the rippling rill,
The sunny landscape, wood, and hill;
The nightingale whose even-song
Is borne by scented breeze along.
He loves the bondmen and the free,
Where'er their home, where'er they be.
He loves the rich, he loves the poor,
The tatter'd beggar at his door;
The old, the young, the gay, the sad,
In velvet or in homespun clad;
His love to *man*, to all, is given,
To all on earth, to all in heaven:
Yet loves he *more than all* the "Paschal Lamb,"
The everlasting One, the great I AM.

T. H.

Hole-Bottom, Failesworth.

Anecdotes.

ANECDOTES OF DR. NEWTON.*

A scene which took place many years ago at Scarborough, on the Wesleyan Missionary platform, will show what manner of spirit he was of in respect of good men who differed from him in judgment. Upon that platform he found himself associated with the Rev. Samuel Bottomley, the Independent Minister, and the Rev. John Sykes, Pastor of the Baptist church, in that town. Mr. Bottomley addressed the meeting in a brief, sententious speech, full of meaning, "like apples of gold" in a silver basket. Mr. Sykes delivered an eloquent address, in which he represented such meetings as well adapted to unite together the various bodies of sincere Christians. Mr. Newton (for he did not then bear the title of Doctor) followed in the same strain; and then turning to the Baptist Minister, and stretching out his hand, he said, in his own inimitable manner, "Brother Sykes, if thy heart be as my heart, give me thy hand." Then, addressing the Independent Pastor in the same tone and spirit, he said, "Brother Bottomley, if thy heart be as my heart, give me thy hand." The three Ministers looked at each other and wept; the meeting instantly caught the flame; and all felt "how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Such was the prevalent feeling of his heart. A few days after this meeting, Mr. Bottomley said to one of his Methodist neighbours, he had hoped that such a time would come, and had often prayed for it, but hardly expected to see it himself. He added, "That was a right platform on which we stood the other day."

* The Life of the Rev. Robert Newton, D.D. By Thomas Jackson.

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Some years ago a woman in humble life, who was the principal support of a small Methodist cause in a village which is situated in one of the Midland counties, walked many miles to hear him preach, and asked him to pay a visit to her place of residence, that the people for whose salvation she was specially concerned might have an opportunity of hearing him. He looked at his interleaved almanack, where his appointments were entered, and told her that he had not a day at liberty before the Conference; but he took her address, and pledged himself that he would comply with her wishes as soon as it was possible. She returned, and reported to her neighbours that Dr. Newton would certainly visit them. They were incredulous, and especially one man, who laughed at what he deemed her folly. In a short time Dr. Newton received intelligence that an important meeting of a Bible Society, which he had engaged to attend, was postponed in consequence of the death of the gentleman who was expected to occupy the chair. He immediately wrote to the good woman, informing her of the event, and telling her that she might expect him on the day which to him had thus become vacant. She was overjoyed, and sent a child with a leaf of laurel to the man who had been the most forward in ridiculing her hope, leaving him to infer what the leaf was intended to signify. Her worth was duly appreciated by those who knew her; and a family of distinction, hearing that so eminent a man was coming to be her guest, sent two of their servants to wait upon him; so that while he partook of the plain dinner which she had provided for him, two men in livery, with their white gloves, stood behind his chair, anticipating his wants, but finding their duties not very onerous. To his mind the scene presented an amusing combination of humble hospitality and high life. After a temperate meal he preached to the people with his characteristic warmth and cordiality. One knows not which most to admire: the pious energy of the good woman in the cause of Christ, or the readiness with which the popular orator undertook a long journey to strengthen her hands, and to advance the cause which was dear to both their hearts. This was one of the numerous adventures which he delighted to recollect, and to repeat in the circle of his friends.

As an example of his pious zeal, even in social intercourse, it may be stated that, when he went to a place in the neighbourhood of Otley, to attend a Missionary meeting, he joined a considerable company at the house of a common friend; and when they left the house to repair to the chapel, he offered his arm to a young lady who was in a delicate state of health. Her father overtook them on the way, and proposed to release the Doctor from his charge, so that he might hasten forward to the meeting with greater speed than she was able to put forth. He declined the offer, saying that he should be at the meeting as soon as he was wanted. At a subsequent visit he found her recovered; and then confessed that the reason which induced him to walk with her, and to decline the offer of her father, arose from a desire to converse with her concerning the salvation of her soul; judging, from her appearance, that her abode upon the earth would be of only short continuance.

He was equally observant of every passing opportunity for defending the truth, and recommending the practical adoption of it to strangers, when he was placed in their company. Once, when travelling in a railway-carriage, he found himself in the presence of an infidel, who soon began to obtrude his opinions upon his fellow-passengers, declaring his contempt for the Bible, adding that he needed it not; the book of nature affording him all the information that he required on religious and moral subjects. Dr. Newton observed a young man in the company, who might receive injury from these remarks, and therefore deemed it his duty to interfere. Looking at the infidel, he said, "The book of nature, Sir, that you have mentioned, is a large volume; and he is a very learned man that is acquainted with all its contents; yet there is one subject on which I think it gives no information." "Indeed!" said the infidel: "what is that?" "What is that?" rejoined Dr. Newton: "it is salvation." "Salvation!" answered the infidel. "Ay, salvation," responded the Doctor. "Every man is sensible, from

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what passes in his own conscience, that he has done wrong; and that which all people confess to be morally wrong everywhere meets our sight. To do wrong renders us liable to punishment; and therefore we need salvation. But where do you find anything about salvation in the book of nature? Do you read it in the grass of the field, either when it grows, or when it fades away? Do you find it in the ever-varying surface of the sea, or in the clouds, as they pass over your head? The book that you exclusively admire was written too soon for the purpose of instructing men with respect to the nature and method of salvation. It was written before there was sin in the world, and therefore before salvation was needed." The infidel stared aghast, but said not a word. An opportunity was thus afforded for calling attention to the value of the holy Scriptures, which are inspired by God, and are able to make men "wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

"ALL COMES BY CHANCE."

An English lady, who had forsaken her God and the Bible for the gloom and darkness of infidelity, was crossing the Atlantic, and asked a pious sailor one morning how long they should be out. "In fourteen days, if it is God's will, we shall be in Liverpool," answered the sailor. "If it is God's will!" said the lady: "what a senseless expression! Don't you know that all comes by chance?" In a few days a terrible storm arose, and the lady stood clinging to the side of the cabin-door in an agony of terror, when the sailor passed her. "What do you think?" said she: "will the storm soon be over?" "It seems likely to last for some time, Ma'am." "O," she cried, "pray that we may not be lost." His only and calm reply was, "Shall I pray to chance?"—*American Messenger.*

PROFANE LANGUAGE.

It is related by Dr. Scudder, that on his return from his mission in India, after a long absence, he was standing on the deck of a steamer, with his son, a youth, when he heard a gentleman using loud and profane language. "See, friend," said the Doctor, accosting the swearer, "this boy, my son, was born and brought up in a Heathen country, and a land of Pagan idolatry; but in all his life, he never heard a man blaspheme his Maker until now." The man coloured, blurted out an apology, and looked not a little ashamed of himself.

Our Schools and Children.

FIRST SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN STAFFORD.

(*From the Address of Mr. Jones, Chairman of the late Jubilee Meeting in that Town.*)

"What hath God wrought!" I assure you, my friends, I feel grateful to that kind Providence which has thus watched over the labours of Sunday-school Teachers in this my native town, for half a century. I am thankful that I am spared to hear of such blessed results from beginnings so humble and unpretending as those with which I was identified fifty years ago. The grain of mustard-seed then sown by these hands has indeed been watered by an influence from above, until it has grown a mighty tree; for God has blessed those feeble efforts more than I had any reason to expect or believe. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be all the praise."

There are a few little matters connected with the formation of the first Sunday-school in Stafford which I may be allowed, perhaps, on the present occasion to mention. In the summer of 1804, I remember spending a Sabbath-day in the town of Burslem, when I was very much interested in what I had never before witnessed, namely, a Sunday-school. This was in connexion with the Wesleyan chapel of that town. I was about twenty years of age, and I thought what a good thing it would be for Stafford, where I had been born and then resided, if such an insti-

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tution could be introduced. The impression made upon me by this school caused the subject to recur frequently to my mind; but I saw no way how to bring it about. In the Methodist Magazine for January, 1805, I read a very interesting account, by Mr. Peter Haslam, of one having been begun at Bolton, in Lancashire, and the good it had produced. This fired my zeal, revived all my former desires on the subject, and I felt determined, God being my helper, to go and do likewise. I say this with all humility, and can, with a good conscience, declare this day, (for all the circumstances are clear to my recollection,) that my motives were pure, and my eye was single. The first Sunday-school in Stafford was begun in the manner you heard described at the beginning of this meeting.* Connected with its early days there is a name mentioned, which I may be pardoned for alluding to for a few moments, inasmuch as I feel something is due to the memory of that excellent lady: I allude to Miss Ferneyhough, who afterwards became Lady Robinson, the wife of General Robinson, Governor of Barbadoes. She left this town about the year 1810. It is impossible for me on this occasion to do justice to the piety and virtues of that amiable and noble-minded woman. Not only did she interest herself in the school soon after it was commenced, but she promoted, as far as lay in her power, every good work, and was deeply concerned for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the poor and afflicted, the widow and the fatherless. Fifty years ago, when the Methodists were few in number, she came forward and procured for them the use of the old Presbyterian chapel for public worship, herself becoming responsible for the rent. She attended the ministry, and hospitably entertained the Ministers who came from a distance to preach the word of life. When some of the early Methodist Preachers had experienced molestation at Gnosall, in this county, she presented herself to the Chairman of the General Quarter Sessions, and complained of what had been done; and, in the most handsome manner, her statement was listened to, and she received an assurance that such improper conduct should not be repeated. To the honour of the Magistrates of that day be it spoken, they immediately interfered, and the Methodists never had to complain of open persecution or annoyance again in that quarter. The audience will, I trust, pardon this digression; but I feel that Sunday-schools and the friends of evangelical religion in this town have great cause to revere the memory of Lady Robinson; as they have also the memory of the late Miss Williamsons, who, about that time, and for many subsequent years, did much to promote the cause of Christ, and the moral and spiritual benefit of the town, when comparatively few, in influential positions, were like-minded with themselves. But I must draw my remarks to a close. I cannot, however, do this without congratulating this assembly, and the town generally, upon the great improvement which has taken place in its religious advantages during the last fifty years.

* Namely, on April 7th, 1805, when the first gathering of children took place. A room was procured, and the children, thirty in number, were furnished with books at the Chairman's expense. The number rapidly increased to two hundred and fifty.

The Portfolio.

THE FATAL MISTAKE.

"Come, my little Patty, eat your bread and butter: you are not getting on this morning," said John Armstrong, the painter, to his little girl of five summers. "No, father," replied the child, "I am so tired, and my leg aches so bad, and it has been aching too in the night, it has; and I wish you would not make me walk so far on Sunday, that I do. I would rather be at school, that I would."

"Ah! you are a little, puny, delicate thing," said the mother; "but the fresh air will do you good." "What is delicate,

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mother? is it to die soon, like Mary Maybank? Teacher said she was always delicate. Shall I die soon, too, mother?" "Die, child! No. Who put such dark thoughts into your head, I wonder!" "Nobody, mother: they came there. But don't you think, mother, heaven is a prettier place than earth? Grandmother told me so one day, before she went there to live; and she said that aunt Sarah and baby were singing up there all the time. I should like to go there! Won't my leg ache when I get there? Grandmother said she should leave all her pains and sorrows here, when she went to live there." "Do eat some breakfast, my child," urged Mrs. Armstrong, while a tear stole unbidden down her cheek, at the mention of her good mother.

"Well, Mary, I am something about the same as Patty; for I count I am more tired now, a fit deal, than I was on Saturday night, and I don't feel up to my Monday's work. I think I shall go to church next Sunday, for the sake of getting a rest. I don't know how I shall stand all day at my job up at the Hall." "Shall I go to church, too, father? and I? and I?" asked Patty, and Tommy, and Annie. "Ay, ay; all of you, if you like; but you will be tired, I am thinking, before it is half over." "No, I shall not, father. I was never tired when I used to go with poor grandmother," said Patty.

"Now, my dear," said the mother, "jump down, if you don't want any more breakfast. I think your grandmother left her cloak upon you when she died; for you seem to think more about things that she liked, than about childish play." "Her *cloak*, mother! What, the nice warm red one: shall I have it next winter?" "Run away, my dear: I did not just mean a real cloak, but her ways and sayings." "O, mother, how very funny! How can ways and sayings be a cloak? O! O! funny mother!" "Come away, Tommy: we shall be late for school." "Ay, ay, run away, children: I am very busy."

"Well," said the father, "I suppose I must run away too; but, depend upon it, I am as tired as a dog: my Sunday pleasure don't agree with me. I could go to sleep this very minute, and no mistake." "Mother! mother! where is my school-wrap?" "Well, I declare, John Armstrong, if I don't believe we left that nice wrap upon the bench in the park. O, how very silly we all were!" "Silly, sure enough, wife, in more ways than one, I am thinking; for we shall find our Sunday pleasure cost strength and money too. So Sam Maybank's ways are best after all, for the body and the pocket; and may be, as he says, better to think about afterwards." "O, I don't know about that," replied the wife, tartly; "I have nothing to trouble me about it but the child's wrap." "Well, well, Mary, don't be twisted about the matter. Good morning."—*Mother's Friend.*

DESERTERS IN THE CRIMEA.

"THERE is no accounting for tastes," writes one from before Sebastopol; "but it cannot be doubted that two or three men have gone over to the enemy." Poor fellows! they are much to be pitied. If they had a hard time of it on our side, they will have a much harder among their adopted people. What could have tempted them to desert? Perhaps the hope of enriching themselves, or the expectation of escaping hard times and half rations. But these are poor reasons certainly for deserting their comrades, betraying their countrymen by divulging their condition, and sacrificing good conscience, honour, and the hope of military glory. Were we sent out to fight our country's battles, none of us would act so contemptible a part as desert the cause of our nation and of European freedom, and go over to that of a despotic and oppressive autocrat, even were the act to place us in the highest offices that could be bestowed on us by "the Emperor of all the Russias." No, no. We are freemen, and with the free we would live, fight, conquer, or die. We could not be guilty of forsaking the standard of our country. We would stand to the last by those brave, patient, heroic men who have kept their ground against the rigour of a Crimean winter, and all the legions of the terrible Nicholas; and we would defend our liberties, our friends, hearths, and homes, and protect our free country from the despotism of the unprincipled northern.

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invader. We desert "the good cause!" Never! Our patriotism is offended at the very thought. Deserting is despicable. Deserters are the very basest of characters. A man of noble nature and patriotic soul would rather "die by inches" than do such a dishonourable deed. And if to desert the ranks of an earthly Sovereign be universally regarded as base, criminal, and contemptible, how much more so desertion from the ranks of our heavenly King! There I have you, Mr. Demas. You are a deserter! An officer writes of you, "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and is gone!" Well, well, you have deserted, Mr. Demas; and everybody pities you, or looks upon you with utter loathing and supreme contempt. Even those very Russians—the unprincipled hordes of worldlings, pleasurists, scoffers, debauchees, "and such like"—to whom you have gone over, receive you with sovereign scorn, and regard you as unworthy even of them. They will raise a fiendish cheer on your "falling away;" but mistake it not for a compliment to you, for it is simply the expression of their enmity to the Sovereign whose cause you have deserted. These characters will certainly make the most of you: they will take what they can out of you, and then laugh at you, and put you on the "black bread" of prisoners of war, and give you "water of gall" to drink; while they will employ you to fight against your old friends. Despicable conduct: well, well, and so you have deserted! We expect to hear of your doings then, by and by; for deserters become the most violent enemies of those with whom they were wont to be associated, and especially of those who endeavoured to instil into their minds the pure and lofty principles which pervade the souls of those who are "good soldiers of Jesus Christ." There is Mr. Joseph Ribald, for example. He is a deserter from the camp of Christ. He was once a Methodist; and now he perambulates the country lecturing against the Bible, and denouncing the glorious constitution established by the King of Kings. There, again, is Mr. George Atheos. He, too, is a deserter from Christ. He enjoyed the advantages of Sunday-school instruction, and was taught "the fear of the Lord" by "a master in Israel;" and for years he has been "reasoning," by press and voice, that "there is no God," and blaspheming the Minister of his youth. We cannot enter fully into this matter; but we must say that infidelity and Romanism would have both become extinct long ago in this country, had it not been for deserters from the Protestant churches. Nearly all the leading infidels and rampant Romanists of our day have been Ministers, Teachers, Ministers' sons or connected with Ministers' families in one way or other. They are mostly all deserters: hence their deadly hatred, and the war of extermination they are now waging.

And, O! it is heart-rending to consider how many of the most hopeful young men and women are monthly "falling away" from the Christian standard, and joining that of the world. Well, well: I cannot repress the tears of commiseration when I think of you. You remember how you were impressed under the preaching of the word; how you were convinced of sin; and how you longed to be pardoned and accepted in the Beloved. How tender was your conscience, how soft your heart! You pleaded the merits of Jesus at the throne of grace. Your soul seemed elevated to heaven's gate. You wept in secret over the dying love of the Saviour of sinners, as you read of it from the sacred page. You delighted in the Sabbath; and all its holy services were considered by you as "wells of salvation;" and you loved the holy "communion of the saints;" and never tired of being directed to "the Lamb of God." O! how earnestly you vowed to serve Him, and be faithful unto death! You opened your mind to your Minister or some Christian friend; you entertained a hope that you were saved, and were enrolled among the soldiers of the Cross. Ah, me! And after all you are found among the Russians, miserable deserters. O, shocking! Shameful! How could you perpetrate the guilty deed? Ah! like the deserters in the Crimea, you found that soldiery was no parade: you were called on to "endure hardness," and you could not stand it: a temptation came, and off you went to the world, as they did to Sebastopol. These men had a heavy cross to bear, and they fled from it to the enemy. Rather than go in tatters, lie on

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the wet ground, watch and work, wade ankle-deep in mud and mire, be ever out in the dreary rain, and have scarce enough to eat, they tried their fortune by deserting. And when *you* found out that you had a heavy cross to bear, and much to suffer for Christ and the cause of spiritual freedom, you did the same thing. And are you not ashamed? do you not blush? Are you not tired of your sojourn among the Russians? Are you not afraid of the wrath of the Lamb?

I do not know how these deserters would be treated were they now to return to their first allegiance. I fear it would run very hard with them; but I rejoice to be able to say distinctly, and upon the authority of the Lord of Hosts, that if you who have deserted the ranks of the King Emmanuel will but return, He will receive you graciously, forgive your heinous offence, and love you freely. Hear, then, His own paternal declaration, and return unto Him "with all your heart:"—"I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Hear His gracious voice: "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings;" and let your souls respond, "Behold, we come unto Thee: Thou art the Lord our God."—*British Messenger.*

DUTY AND PRIVILEGE.

A Minister of Christ, a few months ago, paid a visit to some of the congregations on the continent of Europe; and visiting one where there had been a great revival of religion, he asked this question, "Do your members consider it their duty to seek the conversion of sinners around them?" and he received this striking reply, "I know not whether they think of it as a duty; but they all esteem it a privilege to be allowed to do so." This is just what we want. Here is the secret of success. How could a Minister help succeeding in leading souls to the Saviour, if every member of his church felt it to be a privilege to seek the conversion of the sinners around him? Here is the proof of the presence of the Holy Spirit; for the Holy Spirit must be present with a people who thus feel, and thus act. This state of things was the effect of much prayer; prayer in private; prayer in union with like-minded believers; the prayer of the heart. It was the evidence of soul-prosperity. Such souls must be healthy. They breathe a pure atmosphere. They feed on heavenly manna. They walk with God. It was the result of nearness to God. O, if we could but get near to God! If we did but live near to God, then we should feel as He felt, when He said, "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." This is just what is needed in all our congregations. We shall never get on as we wish; we shall never mould the masses; we shall never be full of life, love, and joy, until we feel it to be a privilege, and an inestimable privilege, to endeavour to bring sinners, the sinners immediately around us, to Jesus. This is just what we should seek for ourselves, and inculcate in others. Souls are perishing. Hell is filling. Satan is triumphing. Time is flying. We are the salt that is to season others. We are the light that is to enlighten others. Shall the salt lie unused until it lose its savour? Shall we put our light under a bushel, or in a dark lantern? Or, shall we let our light shine, and spread our savour abroad? There are souls who, if they do not hear of Jesus from us, will perhaps be never spoken to respecting Him. If we do not seek their salvation, perhaps no one will. O that the Holy Spirit would so come down upon us, that we may feel as if we could not rest, could not live, but as we seek the salvation of souls! May His word be as a fire in our bones, that we may be weary with withholding, and unable longer to delay the work! It is our duty; but may we feel it to be our privilege. Brethren, there are believers who feel it to be a privilege to bring others to Jesus: why should not you? Why do not you? Ah! why? Is it not distance from God that makes you cold? Is it not alienation from Jesus that makes you careless? *Careless!* Is that word correct? Are you, can you be, careless about the eternal happiness or

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eternal misery of the souls around you? Can it be said of any near you, "They perish for ever without my regarding it?" Where, O where, is the love of Christ? Where, O where, is zeal for God? Where, O where, is pity for poor perishing sinners? What would not a church soon become, if only one-half of its members felt it to be their privilege to seek the salvation of all around them? Surely it would soon look "forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." This, yes, this is just what is needed in our church, that every member should prove, by his daily conduct, that he esteems it a privilege to seek the salvation of sinners around him.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S "STILL."

A DEAR little child, belonging to a Quaker family, was on a visit to a friend of her mother, where the servant who attended on her had no objection to retire without prayer. When the little girl was ready to go into bed, instead of doing so, she sat down quietly in the chair,* closed her eyes, clasped her hands, and remained a few moments in mental prayer. "Do get into bed, Miss," said Sally: "why do you sit there so mopish?" The dear child burst into tears, saying, "Naughty Sally, not to let me have my still before I go to sleep. I may die in the night, Sally; and if I do, I want God to take me to heaven." Mother! do you teach your little ones the importance of committing themselves to God ere they retire to rest? Would you find yourself in heaven, think you, if you should die in your sleep this night?

A MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY.

'TIS mine! bound to me by a tie that death itself cannot sever. That little heart shall never thrill with pleasure, nor throb with pain, without a quick response from mine. I am the centre of its little world; its very life depends upon my faithful care. It is my sweet duty to deck those dimpled limbs, to poise that tiny, trembling foot.

Yet stay; my duty ends not here! A soul looks forth from those blue eyes; an undying spirit, that shall plume its wing for a ceaseless flight, guided by my erring hand. The hot blood of anger may not poison the fount whence it draws its life, or the nasty word escape my lip in that presence. Wayward, passionate, impulsive, how shall I approach it, but with a hush upon my spirit and a silent prayer! O careless sentinel! slumber not at thy post over its trusting innocence! O reckless "sower of the seed!" let not "the tares" spring up! O unskilful helmsman! how shalt thou pilot that little bark o'er life's tempestuous sea, safely to the eternal shore? "'Tis ours!" A father bends proudly over the cradle! A father's love how strong, how true! But, O! not so warm, not so tender, as hers whose heart that babe hath lain beneath! Fit me for the holy trust, O good Shepherd! or fold it early to Thy loving bosom! —*Fanny Fern.*

SIDE WINDS.

I HAVE heard that a full wind behind the ship drives her not so fast forward as a side wind, that seems almost as much against her as with her; and the reason, they say, is because a full wind fills but some of her sails, which keep it from the rest, that they are empty; when a side wind fills all her sails, and sets her speedily forward. Whichever way we go in this world, our affections are our sails; and according as they are spread and filled, so we pass on swifter, or slower, whither we are steering. Now, if the Lord should give us a full wind and continued gale of mercies, it would fill but some of our sails; some of our affections,—joy, delight, and the like. But when He comes with a side wind,—a dispensation that seems almost as much against us as for us,—then He fills our sails, takes up all our affections, making His works wide and broad enough to entertain every one; then we are carried fully and freely towards the haven where we would be. —*Owen.*

* If the child had *knelt*, the servant would have known that she was at prayer.—ED.

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Memorials of the Departed.

On the 1st of December, 1853, Mrs. Tashford, of Garnddyris, in the Abergavenny Circuit. She was born in Sproxton, Leicestershire, August 2d, 1780. Her parents were members of the Church of England; and her mother taught her to reverence the word of God, and to keep the Lord's day holy. But she had no conception of experimental religion until after going to live at Stourport, in the year 1806, where she began to attend the Wesleyan ministry, and act as a Sunday-school Teacher, and became convinced that, instead of being a good Christian, she was a guilty sinner. This conviction was wrought while hearing a sermon from the Rev. Theophilus Lessey, on a passage in the Book of Proverbs: "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hope in his death." From this time every stage of her spiritual progress was distinctly marked; and, in calm and triumphant consciousness of approaching death, she committed each member of her family to God, and then fell asleep in Jesus.

At Apeley, in the Newport-Pagnell Circuit, December 3d, aged twenty-two years, George Arnold. His pious parents brought him up from infancy in the fear of God. His early habits were all religious, and the power of godliness early attended him, together with its forms. Long and severe suffering was the precursor of his death; but throughout the whole the grace of his heavenly Father cheered him. He was generally very happy. He placed all his hope where God had placed all his help, and his end was eminently peaceful.

At Pilton, in the Shepton-Mallet Circuit, December 27th, died Mr. William Haine, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. This hoary patriarch ended his life under circumstances deeply afflicting to his numerous surviving family of children and children's children. In the enjoyment of his wonted state of health, he had walked a considerable distance for the purpose of visiting a sick member of his class. His own advanced age, and the rapidly failing health of his friend, led them to an exchange of solemn thoughts on the nearness of eternity, and to mutual congratulation on the blessedness of possessing a meetness for their swiftly-approaching change. Having engaged in prayer, they took an affectionate and, as it proved, a last farewell of each other. While wending his way homeward through a lonely lane, Mr. Haine suddenly fell to the ground; and, in a moment, breathed his last. For about seventy years he had maintained an unbroken union with the Wesleyan church; and by his steady unblemished piety, and unwavering attachment to the cause and people of God during this protracted period, had afforded an instructive and encouraging example of the blessedness resulting from early and persevering devotedness to God. For nearly sixty years he sustained the office of Class-Leader; and at the advanced age of eighty-four had abated nothing of his characteristic constancy in discharging its important duties. There were several points in his character, as a Christian, well deserving special notice, and in which "he, being dead, yet speaketh." One only of these shall be mentioned; namely, his firm and conscientious discountenance of the too prevalent and pernicious practice of "speaking evil of Ministers." It is truly painful to reflect on the moral mischief, in many instances, done to the youth of Wesleyan families by this indulgence of the spirit of detraction within the domestic circle. Through its poisonous influence, children, who otherwise might have proved an honour and a solace to their parents in declining years, and a blessing to the church and the world, have grown up triflers with sacred things, and have come to despise the ordinances of Christianity. The honoured subject of this sketch, from the commencement of his married life, adopted and pursued an opposite course; and he did not lose his reward. Few families have realized a larger share of "fireside enjoyments and home-born happiness" than that of Westholm Farm. All his children

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were brought to God, and united to Wesleyan Methodism in early life: one devotedly pious daughter, wife of the Rev. J. Edney, now in Western Africa, died in the Mission field; and his only son, who from his youth, as "a wise son, made a glad father," still survives to devise liberal things for the cause of God, a blessing to his neighbourhood and to the church.

ELIZABETH CURTICE was born of pious parents at Frosterley, in the county of Durham, on the 7th of July, 1808. Early in life she became a partaker of that peace which passeth understanding; and for nearly thirty years was a member of our communion, and for some part of that time was a zealous and efficient Class-Leader. Admired and beloved by all who knew her, she has left a large circle of friends and relatives to mourn their loss, which was her infinite gain. After a painful and protracted illness, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, on the 31st of December, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

At Swanage, in the Poole Circuit, January 5th, 1854, MRS. BURT. For forty-eight years she had been a consistent Methodist, and for thirty years had discharged the important duties of a Class-Leader. Her piety was humble and unassuming, and it seemed to be her desire

> "To live little and unknown,
> Prized and loved by God alone."

For many years, during the Lord's day, she regularly travelled four miles to attend the house of God. She "loved the habitation of God's house, and the place where His honour dwelleth." To all the institutions of Methodism she was warmly attached; and, out of a small income, for many years contributed to its funds. Death did not take her by surprise: it had long been expected, and her desire expressed "to depart and be with Christ." Her last words were, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?"

ISABELLA, the beloved wife of Mr. Andrew BELL, of Appleby, Westmoreland, died on the 10th of January, in the thirty-seventh year of her age. She was born in the village of Craigshield, near Alston, in Cumberland; and from the instruction and example of her pious mother received an early conviction of the necessity of personal religion. When about nineteen years of age, under the ministry of the Rev. Joseph Moorhouse, she was converted to God. Before her conversion, Mrs. Bell was excessively fond of novels; but after tasting the grace of God, she laid aside the works of fiction, and meditated day and night on the glorious realities revealed in holy Scripture, prizing the Bible as the gift of God's infallible truth to erring man. Her mind, however, long suffered the taint of novel-reading; but she strove, by diligence in the exercises and duties of Christian life, to attain conformity to the mind of Christ; and up to the time of her marriage, in 1842, was remarkable for devotedness to the spiritual welfare of her class as a Sunday-school Teacher. In the relations of wife and mother, she gave continual evidence of Christian principle; and the Ministers who, in visiting the Circuit, were entertained under her roof, were witnesses of her piety, as well as partakers of her generous hospitality. In her last sickness, notwithstanding her unspeakably strong attachment to her husband and family, she evidenced a calmness, in prospect of departure, which nothing but the grace of God could have produced. When the physician intimated that she could not be long in this world, she said, "I am not anxious. The Lord reigneth." From this time she looked forward with joy to the time of her departure; often expressed this joy to her sister and other friends; and, in describing the state of her mind, said to her husband, "I have been very much tempted, but I find the promises sweet; and when I cannot think of one, I pray, and look to Jesus; and this beholding the Lamb of God is a precious sight." On the morning of Christmas-day, 1853, she exclaimed, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men. This is my theme for to-day; and I cannot have a better." Prayer for her entire sanctification was manifestly answered, and she bore witness to the power of the blood of Christ to cleanse from all sin.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

SPANISH REFORMERS OF THIS DAY.

THERE is a precious promise that the word of the Lord shall not return unto Him void, but, like the gentle dew and copious rain, shall accomplish that whereunto He sendeth it. And, barren as any soil may seem to be, —hard as rock, inaccessible as thicket, frozen as an Arctic solitude,—a time comes when even the flinty rock relents, for the unseen hand of God has cleared away the wild growth of ages, the Sun of Righteousness arises on the dreariest of desolations, and the seed of truth, imperishable and immortal, springs up all around. And it springs up so gently, and spreads afar so vigorously, that the very savage who sees his haunt supplanted by the harvest-field, and would gladly stamp it all down under

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foot, cannot speed his toil fast enough to overtake the growth, but, perforce, must leave the ground and its fruits to reward the industrious husbandmen of generations of a more noble race. And that race multiplies to supersede his own.

Even so it is likely to come to pass in Spain. Once there was a Wesleyan Minister in that country, who for some years used the golden opportunity afforded by a gracious Providence to preach and teach the truth of the ever-blessed Gospel to the Spaniards without encountering any effectual hindrance. In schools and in congregations, by the press, by correspondence, and by extensive intercourse with people of all ranks, he was enabled to direct the rays of revealed truth into many dark minds; and some powerful minds, to a greater extent than he could then venture to expect, applied themselves to inquiry, and even to diligent and prayerful study of the Gospel.

Persecution consequently arose. It poured down in a flood upon the Preacher from the throne of Spain itself. He was treated as a state-criminal, convicted of attempting to change the religion of the country, and compelled to leave the Spanish dominions. Yet even then his hopes were not utterly extinguished. His correspondence with a strongly-attached although deserted flock continued with greater or less activity as circumstances might allow; and he heard, from time to time, that he was not forgotten, and that the vestiges of his labour were not quite obliterated. The Spanish nation underwent many changes. The Queen-Dowager, who expelled him, was herself compelled to flee, to escape the vengeance provoked by her own misdeeds. Espartero, the brave General who had saved her throne from overthrow, was exalted to the Regency. He, in turn, became an exile in England, where any wanderer may find refuge. Then a child, a Princess, was acknowledged as hereditary Sovereign, but made contemptible to her subjects by the corrupting influences of the same Queen-Mother, when that mother was again brought back by the old faction, once more risen to ascendency. Revolutions, war, banishments, deaths, and the long train of miseries that ever follow bad government, and ever attend false religions, were all that could be heard of poor afflicted Spain. People sometimes gave the country a passing glance, said something sad about "an unsettled people," passed on, and thought of them no more. Darker and darker, the land seemed overcast with gloom as deep as could have rested on the most miserable part of Europe five centuries ago; and even the friends of Spain almost gave up all for desperate.

All, however, is not hopeless. Many thousands of persons in Spain read the word of God in private, possessing copies of the sacred volume that have been largely circulated by agents of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Wesleyan Missionaries in Gibraltar and Cadiz, and, in smaller numbers, by many Christian people visiting the seaports and chief cities. Many Spaniards have sojourned in England as refugees, and returned to their native land enlightened as to sacred truths, and animated with new desires. Some who received their first instructions from the Missionary whom

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priestly and royal bigotry drove out of the kingdom, not only retain the good that was then imparted, but are actively labouring to impart the blessing to others, and to raise their country from the pit of dishonour into which idolatry, ignorance, and slavery have sunk it. There is, even now, a choice company of Spaniards, whose daily care it is to spend their united labours on this object, and they meet together in the confidence of brethren to devise methods for ameliorating the law on religious matters, for circulating the Holy Scriptures in their own language, for employing the press for the propagation of evangelical principles, and for encouraging such as are like-minded with themselves. These are gentlemen of influence in the legislature, in the pulpit, and in the literary world. There are also, in one, at least, of the chief towns in Spain, companies of persons who meet in private for prayer, and for hearing the word of life, sanctifying the Lord's day, which is profaned by all around, and earnestly hoping for the time when the act they are compelled to perform in secret shall be declared lawful to be done in public. At present, every such act of united worship is forbidden by a law very recently passed in the Cortes. According to that law, Protestant worship is a "public act contrary to religion;" and the printing of the Bible in Spanish, which was lately begun in Madrid by the Rev. Mr. Alton, has been stopped by Sagasti, Governor of Madrid, as a "public act contrary to religion."

The conflict between the powers of light and those of darkness is thus begun in Spain. On one hand, the influences of God's Holy Spirit are silently yet profoundly acting upon many minds; but, on the other, the efforts of intolerance to silence every voice that would bear witness to Gospel truth have lately been renewed. Yet Satan's kingdom is again visibly threatened by the manifestation of a better spirit among Spaniards than at any previous period in their history; and it is a fact not to be mentioned without devout acknowledgment of the goodness of God, that in a debate in Cortes, in the beginning of the present year, on a proposal for freedom of Protestant worship, ninety-nine members voted for, and only one hundred and three against it, making a majority of no more than four for intolerance.

Let not Spain, then, be forgotten by those who pray for the extension of the kingdom of God, and who feel that while endeavouring to evangelize remote countries, not more truly Heathen than others nearer home, Continental Europe is not to be overlooked, and that thousands of inquiring brethren in nominally Christian countries earnestly desire to be taught the way of God more perfectly.

THE WAY OF SALVATION POINTED OUT.

It was in July, 1853, I became first introduced to Mr. William Jones. He was a young man of prepossessing appearance; tall, and well pro-

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portioned, with dark silken locks, a high and noble forehead, features symmetrical, and eyes black and sparkling with intelligence. His manners were equally fascinating; which, together with a store of useful information and good address, rendered his society at once pleasing and instructive. But even then it was evident that the fatal shaft had been hurled, and that, thus early, death had marked him for his own. According to medical advice, he had spent the preceding winter at Queen's-Town, hoping that, being saved from the evil effects consequent upon spending the colder months in the more rigid climate of the north, its milder temperature might aid in restoring his health. But it appeared evident that the hoped-for benefit was not secured, and that his visit to the south served only to stretch the silken thread of life a few fragile yards, and thus place the evil hour a few days distant.

In the months of November and December, 1854, disease assumed a more decided form, confining him to his chamber the greater part of each day. On Christmas-day he sat for the last time at the family dinner-table; after which he left not his room again. From my first introduction I had frequent opportunities of conversing with him upon the necessity of a change of heart; but seeing his end approaching, on Saturday, December 2d, I sought a special interview, when we entered more at large upon the subject of preparation for death, and he opened his mind fully. His desires were after God, and the things relating to his peace. Upon hearing the plan of salvation described, he expressed surprise at the easiness of the way; and, being urged to venture his soul by faith upon the merits of a crucified Redeemer, he said, "The simplicity of faith is that which now makes it seem difficult." He expressed himself encouraged to persevere; and determined to wrestle on until he should experience the blessing for which he so much longed.

I had frequent opportunities of seeing him during this and the following month. Disease seemed to be making dreadful ravages upon his frame, while his soul was not yet happy in God. Upon these occasions he inquired as to the possibility of knowing our sins forgiven; and as to the manner in which the Holy Spirit bears witness to the heart of our being born of God. On these subjects his mind seemed to be for a period at rest. He was now anxious for the pious conversation and prayers of the good, whom he ever rejoiced to see visiting him.

My most interesting interview was on Saturday, January 13th, 1855; one which cannot easily be forgotten. When I entered his room, and beheld the dying youth as he lay upon his couch, I at once became aware of his state of mind; for in his countenance could be read deep distress, bordering on despair. I had scarcely taken my seat beside him, when he exclaimed, "Mr. B., I fear you are too positive as to this instantaneous justification, and the necessity of a knowledge of sins forgiven. Is it not possible to die safe, and not experience it?" I said, "If the word of God be true, I believe I am not too positive." He replied, "A friend was seeing me the other day,

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who said there were very few who enjoyed that blessing, and that the few were extraordinary good people; that he had known many pious persons die who had not that inward testimony." "Well," said I, "Mr. Jones, I would not take their chance of heaven for ten thousand worlds. But now, my dear friend, do not vex your mind with this controverted question. I would not enter upon it, lest you might think I wished to maintain my opinion in opposition to your friend's; but your immortal soul is concerned, and I cannot leave you in doubt. Did not your friend admit that *some* enjoyed this assurance?" "Yes." "Well, so may you; for God is no respecter of persons. Do you believe God ever spoke what was not true?" "No." "And do you not believe the Apostle spake the word of God?" "I do." "Well, he said, 'The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God.' The Apostle has likewise said, for your encouragement, 'He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think.' Now, you desire to know that your sins are forgiven, and that you are a child of God: He is not only able and willing to grant you this, but He is also able and willing to do yet more abundantly for you than all you can ask or think beside. And God says, 'Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation!' Then ask *now*, expecting to receive; and He will graciously manifest Himself to you." "How," said he, "can I expect when I have so often asked, and have not received?" "It may be," I replied, "because of your unbelief; for you have doubted as to whether it were possible you could enjoy it: or, perhaps, there is some loved object you are not willing to forego; or God may be tarrying to try whether you are really sincere. You must be importunate, and wrestle on until you obtain the blessing. Jacob wrestled all night, and obtained the blessing in the morning. Elijah prayed long for rain, and received not an answer immediately, but the rain was at length given. Now, do you so likewise: plead on, and the answer will come. But take care that you are not looking for too much, and expecting something extraordinary or miraculous. It is a clear conviction wrought within the mind by the Spirit of God, that God is reconciled. With some it is an *ecstasy of joy;* with others, *a calm and settled peace.*" "Indeed," he replied, "perhaps I have been expecting too much. You remember the conversation we had on Tuesday last. I was that night lying awake, and thinking over what you had been saying; and I began to try if I could love the Saviour, and I felt that I could love Him; and immediately a little glow of happiness sprang up within; but I then said I was deceiving myself, and I felt it no more." "That," I said, "my dear friend, was for the moment the witness of the Spirit; but your doubting banished it. Now, had you rather tried to love that Saviour more and more, and praised God for what you did enjoy, that happiness and peace would have continued and increased. Jesus is now present, and God waits to bless, to save you *this* moment. Just try as you *then* did, if you can love that Saviour now; and the same heavenly consolation you

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shall receive." He turned his head quietly upon the pillow; calmly closed his eyes, and silently pleaded with God. While he lay thus engaged, I quoted a few appropriate sentences of Scripture, and repeated this verse from Watts's hymn :—

"See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

After a few minutes, he exclaimed, with emphasis most emphatic, and in the presence of his brother and sister, "I love Jesus! I do love Him! I do love Him! I do love my Saviour!" And thus continued for some minutes, with tears of joy trickling down his cheeks, while we praised God aloud. He at length expressed himself thus: "I am loving Him more and more every minute. But, ah! I can never love Him enough. I now know He is taking me to Himself. I hope He will not leave me at the last hour." I encouraged him by many gracious promises, by which I assured him He would never leave nor forsake His most feeble follower: I also informed him that the Christian lives by the moment, and thus expelled fears as to the future; that it was his duty to keep his soul every moment stayed upon Christ, and thus, when the final moment came, he would find it not difficult to endure. "I see," he responded: "it is all looking to Jesus." Having prayed with him, and commended him to the care of his heavenly Father, I left, promising soon to see him again.

I called on Monday. It is unnecessary to say with what different feelings I now entered his chamber, and approached his bed, as I beheld his countenance beaming with heavenly peace, and his eyes sparkling with joy. Stretching forth his hand, and seizing mine, he at once exclaimed, "Well, Mr. B., I have a good hope of heaven still:" and then entered at large upon his experience. His soul was happy in God his Saviour. He requested me again to repeat that verse which since he last heard it had not left his mind, but proved a great source of blessing to him :—

"See, from His head, His hands, His feet," &c.

I then said, "I feel satisfied the language of the following verse is the sentiment of your heart :—

'Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.'"

"My all," he replied; "my all! more, more than my all! O that I could love Him enough! It often distresses me that I cannot." "Let not this distress you," I said: "even the glorified cannot love God enough, and their great happiness consists in loving Him more and more for ever. It is your privilege to increase in love to God each moment; but you will never be able to feel that you love Him enough."

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His open and candid mind was ever willing to know the worst of itself; nor did he conceal it from others. Hence, he said to me, on this occasion, "Is there not such a statement in Scripture as, 'If any man love the world, the love of the Father cannot be in him?'" Upon being informed that the Apostle John used that expression, "Well," he said, "I fear I love some of it yet."

He was much perplexed with the fear of not being able to retain his peace and confidence steadfast to the end. This, while he still rejoiced in hope of glory, is what preyed much upon his mind when on Thursday, January 18th, I saw him for the last time. Notwithstanding my having repeated many promises, and praying, commended him to the care of his heavenly Father, he said, as I was about leaving, and expressed my hope of meeting him in glory, "I hope there is no fear of my losing my confidence." I immediately opened the Bible, and read Romans viii. 35—39, and said, "Now can you any longer fear?" "O! no," said he: "I will fear no more. I do believe He will bring me off more than conqueror. Please mark that place for me."

I saw him no more. Our next meeting will be on the happy morning of the resurrection. But his faith remained strong, his love increasing, and his hope full of immortality. He again and again requested his sister to read to him the above-named passage in Romans; each time giving expression to his confidence in Christ. His closing moments were indeed peaceful and joyous. The evening before his decease, while his brother was reading a hymn, he attempted to sing it; but, his voice failing, he was forbidden to obey the heavenly impulse. A short time after, he thought he heard Zion's song chanted by seraph lips; and, raising his head that he might hear those strains more distinctly, he said to his brother, "Listen, listen! delightful music!" The last two days of his life he thought he beheld the heavenly visitants hovering about his bed, and, pointing to where he believed they were, would tell his friends to behold "the angels."

Though he retained his sensibility to the last, the powers of speech failed him on the day in which he died. In reply to a friend who asked him how he was, his last words were, "Happy! happy! happy!"

He closed his eyes for ever to all the woes of earth, and calmly fell asleep in Jesus, on Sunday evening, February 4th, at seven o'clock. He closed his last Sabbath upon earth, and entered upon a Sabbath that shall never end. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" J. W. B.

Ireland.

CHRISTIAN HOPES AND CHRISTIAN MOTIVES.

An attentive reader of St. Paul's Epistles will not fail to observe a careful adaptation of the arguments and illustrations adduced, to the ideas and trains of thought familiar to those addressed. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, the converted Jew had his mind directed to the one Mediator, as

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foreshadowed in the rites of his own hereditary faith. His feelings and prejudices were not shocked by an abrupt demolition of the ancient fabric which he had been wont to revere as the embodiment of all that was true and holy; but the Gospel system is presented to him, not in hostility to, but rather as the full development and open exhibition of, Divine truths, which under the old dispensation might have been discerned, though but dimly, beneath a veil of external observances. On the other hand, in the Epistles addressed to the Gentile converts, there may be traced allusions to their national institutions, public festivals, and social habits, and to their mythology, and the writings of their sages and poets; while their past licentiousness and ignorance as Heathens, is put in opposition to their subsequent purity and light through the Gospel; and a contrast is drawn between their former debased and hopeless condition, and the dignity, security, and eternal life of which they had become partakers, through the knowledge of the true God, and of Jesus Christ whom He had sent.

A peculiar and beautiful example of this adaptation of argument and illustration may, it is thought, be found in the Epistle to the Romans. (Chap. xiii. 12.) St. Paul, after inculcating upon the Roman church various branches of Christian duty, sums up his admonitions in the comprehensive precept of evangelical morality, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." He then proceeds to enforce his exhortations by a motive drawn from the near and certain termination of their probationary state, and of the consequent realization of their eternal hopes: "And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. *The night is far spent, the day is at hand:* let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light." The peculiarity of the expression above indicated, consists, it is thought, in the striking contrast which it suggests between the aspects in which Heathenism and Christianity respectively regard this world and the world to come; and between the views which those systems afford us of man's present and his future condition, and of the relation which they bear to one another.

All the sources of our knowledge of ancient Paganism combine to prove that its adherents, being without God in the world, had no hope. Indeed the systems of classic mythology do not seem to have professed a regard to anything beyond the present life. Their claims and pretensions were essentially worldly and temporal. They were closely identified with, indeed, were essential elements of, the political systems of the countries where they prevailed. The King, or supreme Magistrate of a state, was generally the High Priest of its religion. The gods of ancient Greece and Rome disclaimed all title to a spiritual and universal homage, and admitted the divinities of other nations to a footing of equality with themselves. Themselves the creatures of man's own debased and corrupt imagination, they could never command the intelligent assent of his

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reason, and the reverent and confiding trust of his heart. He would see in them only a reproduction of his own imperfection and impotency, and would yearn, with a deep though scarcely understood longing, for a religion that could assert its claims by a wisdom and purity manifestly of higher origin than himself.

So, then, these false systems, while they would, to some extent, satisfy the cravings of man's spiritual nature, would afford him no relief from those vague apprehensions of futurity which his guilt-stricken conscience would frequently suggest. The rites of superstition would avail, for the time being, to allay their present and immediate terrors; and, with the exception of the observance of these rites, the masses would live without cherishing a thought or care beyond the present life; while the philosophers —the men whose leisure and culture would give scope to wide and varied speculation—would attain to no sure and certain hope, no joyful anticipation, of future bliss; at best they could only quell their alternating fears and aspirations into a dull and stolid insensibility. The Elysian abodes and the shades of Tartarus would be apprehended by none of them as more than a vague presentiment; while with most they would be like vapours raised by the poetic heats of fancy, only to be condensed by cooler reason into the chilling snows of scepticism. Such minds would of necessity lack the highest incentive to moral duty,—a firm and practical belief in eternal retributions. Wanting this, they would be left with no other principle of morals than the unstable and flexible rule of worldly expediency. Indeed, an avowed deism was prevalent among the more literate classes: with them the doctrines of Epicurus found a ready reception. From the literature of the age in question, abundant testimony might be adduced to this fact, and its influence upon men's moral sense, and their course of conduct. Lucretius, a Roman philosopher and poet, who wrote about the year 50 B.C., and who in his youth had studied at Athens, under Epicurus and his disciples, has left us a poem, setting forth some of the principles of the philosophy he had embraced; in which, after enunciating the cheerless dogma that the Deity is utterly abstracted from human concerns, and wrapt in a supreme and eternal indifference and impassibility, he speaks of mankind as being like children, afraid of the dark. "*Nam veluti pueri trepidant*," &c.,* which may be rendered,—

> "As children fear the dark, so men take fright
> At death, though walking in *life's cheerful light;*
> Yet what they dread unreal is, and vain
> As phantom shapes which childhood's fancies feign."

And, as a remedy for these terrors, and a means to firmness of mind, he recommends the consideration, "*Nil igitur mors est*," &c.;† that death is the complete oblivion of all past joys and sorrows, and the introduction to a state of perpetual unconsciousness.

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* Eclogæ Lucretii, iii., 87. † Ibid., iii., 842.

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The sentiment of Lucretius here quoted seems a fair representation of the feelings with which the Pagan world in general, about the period of the birth of Christianity, regarded this life and the future. With them the present would be fitly compared to the security and cheerfulness of day, in which they would walk with confidence and certainty; while the future would be overhung with a gloom which they would shudder at the thought of having to invade. It would be to them a profound abyss, illumined, if at all, only by some feeble rays of traditionary truth, making the darkness visible, and therefore more terrible to their sin-oppressed minds.

How different was the condition of those who had embraced the Gospel! To them life and immortality had been brought to light; and their views of their present and future existence had undergone a complete revolution. The great questions of man's temporal and eternal relationships had become entirely reversed in their aspects. The future, which before had been so dark and mysterious, was now lighted up with a radiance full of cheerful and assuring certainty; a radiance so clear, that its glories beamed back even upon their earthly pathway, and gladdened it with a new and heaven-sent brightness; a radiance which, like the light which shone only in the dwellings of ancient Israel, was unseen by the world around them, beclouded as it was by the Egyptian gloom of Heathenism; but which to the eye of their faith was so strong and pure, that, after gazing upon it, this life would seem, apart from those reflected beams, all covered in the repelling mists of a cold and comfortless night. Insomuch, that so far from casting a longing, lingering look upon life as being the warm precincts of the cheerful day, they would rather be ready to exclaim,—

> "Fain would I leave this weary world,
> Of sin and pain the dark abode;"

and would anticipate the full glories of that day which was at hand, when their friends, and all that was substantial amidst earthly good, should be inalienably restored to them. Being in this sense no longer children of the night nor of darkness, their feelings would be aptly expressed in the language of the poet:—

> "Now darkness and doubt have all vanish'd away;
> No longer we rove in conjecture forlorn:
> So bursts on the traveller, faint and astray,
> The bright and the glorious effulgence of morn.
> See Truth, Love, and Mercy in triumph descending,
> And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
> On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
> And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

Happy for us that we, if we are Christ's, may exult in the assurance that "the day is at hand." Happier if we fully apprehend the motive which that assurance supplies, to "cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light." J.

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WHAT A LITTLE LIGHT WILL DO.

Not long since we were travelling on one of the great railways towards the metropolis. We had chosen a third-class carriage for our conveyance. It was eventide, in the month of March. The carriage was well filled with passengers of different occupations in society. For the most part, they appeared to be men in a small way of business, with a few agriculturists, and one or two mechanics. As we proceeded up the line, and darkness had set in, a sudden flash of light, and then the well-known odour arising from fumes of tobacco, too certainly informed us that some one of our fellow-travellers was about to enjoy his "short pipe." Example is influential, as very shortly the repetition of the sharp crack of the lucifer, with its accompanying flash of light, in several parts of the carriage, fully proved. We found, in fact, that we had fallen in with a company of weed-worshippers, and were likely to be well-fumigated before the journey's end. With rather an anxious eye we looked about for the provision made for the ventilation of the carriage, which consisted only of some small Venetian-blind-looking apertures at the four corners. We were soon enveloped in smoke, for the exhaustion of which, unfortunately, no patent apparatus was at hand. Yet there was exhaustion, but it was in the patience of a serious, middle-aged gentleman seated on our right; who, raising his voice, said, "Smoking is not allowed." A brief silence ensued, which was broken by a coarse joke from one of the parties to whom the remark applied. As is commonly the case, loud laughter followed the joke; which was also designed to be the signal for a series of gibes, not of the purest, thrown off at the expense of the gentleman who had so unceremoniously reminded the smokers of railway-law.

"Put out that pipe," said one. "I say there, you mustn't smoke," said a second. "Are you troubled with asthma, Sir?" asked a third. "He's just come from the diggins." "Gentlemen don't travel in third-class." "The old gent does not like sulphur, but he'll get plenty of it by and by," said a peevish, ill-tempered fellow opposite us: while a pale-faced young man on our right remarked, "There always are some selfish people who won't let others enjoy themselves;" the speaker seeming to forget that all the selfishness might possibly be on his own side.

These, and many others too impure and insulting to be repeated, were the witticisms which assailed our ears.

Time rolled on, and the train rolled on until it reached a station. Our friend on the right immediately called the guard, and informed him of the circumstance, requesting that the transgressors might be removed. A profession of ignorance, in the words, "I didn't see him smoke, Sir;" followed by an admonition, given in a tone which seemed to say, "You may smoke on, if you please;" was all that that official deigned to reply. The door was shut. The train started. The smokers, evidently encouraged, rather than dismayed, by the mild warning of the guard, became yet more boisterous in their laughter, more vulgar in their speeches, and more voluminous were the issues from their pipes.

But a period was suddenly put to their bliss in a way we scarcely anticipated. A simple cause produced a happy result. There were seated in the carriage two respectably-dressed young females, to whom, it is needless to say, what had passed must have been excessively annoying. They were evidently sisters, and looked like some farmer's daughters. The elder of them took from a small basket an ornamental candlestick, and fixing therein a wax-

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taper, lighted it by the help of one of those little contrivances, which in other hands had been a source of vexation to us, and placed it on a vacant seat in front of her. The high priests of tobacco welcomed its appearance with a loud "Bravo!" Greatly surprised were we, however, to find an unexpected effect produced, such as almost led us involuntarily to say, "What will not a little light do!" To the best of our remembrance, we did not say so: but we thought so; for we found ourselves breathing a purer atmosphere; the assault on our nostrils became considerably less fierce, and our lungs attained a freer action. In a few minutes we saw the hands of the gentry finding their way to their pockets, therein depositing the six inches of pipe-clay, with its half-burnt contents. In our eyes it appeared very much like a smuggling transaction, such as a man would rather not do when anybody is looking at him. The process might be marked thus: there was the last puff; then the removal from the mouth; then the concealment of the bowl of the pipe in the hollow of the hand, and of the tube in the sleeve of the coat; and, lastly, the cramming of fist, pipe, and coat-sleeve to the bottom of the pocket. The unconscious wax-taper had done all this, contributing largely to the comfort of ourselves and others.

But this was not the only benefit for which we felt grateful. Simultaneously with the cessation of smoking, came a cessation of talking. The light influenced the tongue as well as the hand. We were plunged into a deep, unbroken silence. It seemed as though the fruitful brains of our witlings had not another creation to bring forth, and as though their fluent tongues had suddenly been held fast by a dumb spirit. "Ah!" thought we, "many a man will say a thing in the dark which he is ashamed to say in the light." With Solomon, we thought that light is both sweet and pleasant, and we found that it is profitable too. It had converted our boisterous, laughter-loving companions into most quiet, modest-looking men. If it had not tamed their tongues, it had stopped them. It had given them a lesson in manners. The wax-taper, as it shone brightly upon the bench of that railway-carriage, seemed to be whispering to each of them, "You can always afford to be civil." "Never be so selfish as to please yourself, to the unnecessary annoyance of others." "Vulgarity breeds contempt."

Judging from their looks and subsequent conduct, we were willing to believe that some, at least, were attentively listening to its silent voice. Nevertheless, we cannot help thinking that others who were loudest in their "Bravo!" when its light first burst upon them, were now secretly saying, "I wish that light was out." It seemed to be an impediment in the way of their vapoury blessedness.

As to ourselves, we inwardly thanked our female friend, and endeavoured to turn the whole circumstance to good account. We thought of the words of the Apostle Paul: "All things that are reproved are made manifest by the light: for whatsoever doth make manifest is light." The comparatively insignificant light of this taper had made manifest the disturbers of our peace. It had shown up their countenances and their deeds, and made known from whom came that nauseating torrent of unprofitable and disgusting talk. More than once, too, in the course of that journey, were we reminded of the words of the Lord Jesus: "Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved." We thought, how irksome to some, with whom for the first and perhaps for the last time, we had sat that evening, was the steady glare of the wax-taper. We saw more clearly into the meaning of "Men loved darkness rather than light, because

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their deeds were evil." Evil deeds and midnight shades are fit companions. What is true of the grosser forms of iniquity, is also true of each lesser departure from truth, justice, compassion, decency, and even courtesy: they covet darkness. As the adulterer waits for the twilight, and the thief for the night-season, so the man of licentious tongue, and of discourteous and insulting habits, prefers the darkness. He is checked and held in awe by the manifestation of the light.

Moreover, we did not fail to think, what both we and our companions might have been spared had we possessed the light from the commencement of the journey. They would probably have been saved from the guilt of falsehood and ribaldry; and we should have been spared the pain of hearing to what lengths men will go when they give the reins to their foul imagination and unbridled tongues. Our comfort would not have been interfered with, and theirs would have suffered no diminution, had there been no smoking, no jesting, and no insult. They would have had less to answer for, and we should have had less to regret on their account. For truly we did regret that, after all we hear about superior education, there could be, within the small compass of a railway-carriage, so great and so fearful destitution in this respect. A feeling of shame stole over us as we listened to their loose and worthless converse. No doubt they called it wit and fun; but, "O!" thought we, "if good old George Herbert were our fellow-traveller, how ready would he be to say,—

'Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness.
These are the scum, with which coarse wits abound:
The fine may spare these well, yet not go less.
All things are big with jest; nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.'"

Most of all, we mourned over the future of these men. There was something deeply affecting in the prospect that they would spend their lives in the love and indulgence of the same "foolish talking and jesting," and then suddenly be ushered into the presence of Him who has said, that "every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

The friendly taper continued its valuable services until we arrived at the London terminus, instructed in the importance of having "no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness." And there we also made up our minds that if it was ever again our lot to travel in a third-class carriage after dark, we would take the hint supplied us by the lady to whom we had been so much indebted; and, despairing of the Directors of the Company ever affording light,—unless compelled,—would provide ourselves with a wax-taper, to try again "what a little light will do" towards dispersing darkness, preventing annoyance, and adding to the comfort both of ourselves and others.

H. L. C.

THE ERRAND-BOY.

THE subject of Christian liberality has lately occupied much of the public attention; and the arguments adduced and illustrated by facts will, I trust, be instrumental in raising the free-will offerings of the Christian church much nearer to the scriptural standard. Many Wesleyans are still much below the New Testament rule, in their contributions for the support of their Ministers,

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and the extension of the Gospel. Many of these may be instructed by the following anecdote, communicated to me many years ago.

A tradesman, in a large commercial town in the centre of the kingdom, had occasion, on visiting London, to call upon the late Rev. Matthew Wilks. In the course of conversation, Mr. W. said, "So you are a Methodist." "Yes, Sir." "Pray what number of chapels and Preachers have you in your large town?" "Two, Sir, and two Preachers." "Well, and how are they supported?" "By our class and ticket money." "Indeed! how much do you give, Sir?" "I keep our rule, and pay one penny a week, and one shilling per quarter." "How many sermons do you hear from your Ministers each week?" "Three, Sir: two on the Sabbath, and one on the week-day evening." "Of course your family go with you?" "Yes, Sir." "Then you hear thirty-nine sermons every quarter, for which you pay two shillings and one penny, or about three farthings for each sermon. Cheap Gospel this, Sir. Permit me to inquire," continued Mr. Wilks, "if in your business you employ an errand-boy, who may clean knives, shoes, &c.?" "I do, Sir." "And what wages do you give him?" "Sixpence per day, and his food." "Perhaps the youngster has a pretty good appetite: what do you reckon the value of his keep weekly?" "Really, I cannot say: perhaps four shillings." "That is," said Mr. Wilks, "seven shillings a week for your shoeblack or errand-boy, and twopence a week for the support of your Minister! How is this?"

To the honour of this tradesman, be it known, that as he felt deeply ashamed under the searching interrogations of Mr. Wilks, he never forgot this conversation. Immediately upon his return home, he met the Stewards and Leaders, laid the subject of their shabby contributions before them, then raised his class-money to sixpence per week, and ten shillings and sixpence per quarter for his ticket. His wife and several children more than doubled their contributions. The example was followed by many of that Society; and the result was that while ample provision was made for their Ministers, instead of only two Ministers and two chapels in the town, seven Ministers are engaged in the Lord's work, and the two chapels are also increased to seven. Much as the liberality of the Wesleyans in many places has increased of late years, there are too many who do not come up to the scriptural standard. I have sometimes witnessed a poor Leader who only obtained twelve shillings a week, yet cheerfully pay his penny weekly, and one shilling for his ticket, and then a respectable tradesman or farmer who paid no more; but if some of such class paid twopence weekly and two shillings quarterly, they thought they did wonders. Let such persons seriously consider the case of the tradesman who paid for the wages and keep of his errand-boy seven shillings weekly, and for the support of his Minister two shillings and one penny per quarter, and then inquire if he can consider himself a faithful steward of the Lord's gifts.

T. H.

EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION.

THIS Association was formed in 1842.

It is estimated that at least 150,000 young men and young women are, more or less, directly interested—physically, morally, socially, and religiously—in the efforts of this Society. This is quite irrespective of the large measure of influence it is known to have exercised and is still exercising throughout the provinces, in originating, and in various ways assisting, Branch Associations.

Previous to its establishment, the hours of employment in nearly every

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department of industrial life were excessive; in many cases almost incredibly so. For instance: it was a very common practice for the linen-drapers to keep their shops open during a large portion of the year till eleven and twelve o'clock at night, it being often one and sometimes even two o'clock before the assistants were really free. On Sunday mornings they not unfrequently were kept at work till three, four, and even five o'clock; and numerous have been the instances of young men, instead of retiring to bed, preferring *going off to baths*, it being broad daylight when they left their respective shops.

Seven o'clock in winter and eight o'clock in summer, are the hours which it is desired should be adopted in the retail trade.

Through the agency of the "Early Closing Association," the hours of employment in many departments of business have already been materially curtailed.

Since a partial reduction in the period of employment has thus taken place, very many valuable institutions, for the special mental and religious benefit of young men, have been formed, which before were not so much as heard of, and, indeed, but for the success of the "Early Closing Association," could not possibly have existed. Reference is here made more particularly to the "Young Men's Christian Association;" the "Church of England Young Men's Society;" and the "Evening Classes for Young Men."

There are, notwithstanding, at the present time many thousands of young men, and also of young women, who are utterly cut off from the many privileges offered by these excellent institutions.

The "Early Closing Association" is the only organized agency in existence for extending to the over-worked population of the metropolis opportunity for healthful relaxation, and the culture of their mental and spiritual nature.

This Society, often in the face of much discouragement, continues steadfastly to labour in this cause of social progress and humanity.

Its efforts are designed to apply to EVERY *department of industrial occupation where the period of employment is unduly and unnecessarily protracted.*

Those efforts have recently been employed—and with considerable success—in promoting the Saturday half-holiday movement in connexion with the various wholesale trades.

The efforts of the Board are at the present time more particularly directed to the case of the *Assistant Chemists*, whose hours of employment extend, for the most part, from about seven o'clock in the morning till half-past ten and eleven o'clock at night, with a liability, moreover, to their being called up at any hour in the night, and without being able to call so much as the Sabbath their own.

It is proposed ere long to draw attention to the condition of that sadly-oppressed class,—the *Journeyman Bakers*.

The labours of this Association are essentially auxiliary to the efforts of all religious and benevolent institutions, as it seeks to furnish a very numerous and important class with the time and opportunity for aiding in such movements. This is a consideration which cannot but have much weight with Christian Ministers and the religious public generally.

The Association has sought to accomplish its object principally through the instrumentality of public meetings, lectures, sermons, and the press; ever striving, by confining its claims within the bounds of moderation, and by the exercise of a right and kindly spirit, so to melt down the prejudices of opposing employers, as in time to conciliate and win them over to the cause.

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Narrative Pieces.

REMINISCENCE.

Talk of your Providence, indeed! your pretended trust in Providence! talk of your hope and your faith! Why, you may sit on the highway of expectation long as the world stands, and never receive a morsel without the seeking.

Talk of your Providence, forsooth! Why, there never was one promise to idleness; there never was anything of the kind promised to sloth.

Talk of hope, indeed! Ah! it is a fine thing to feel it; but as for it wearing anything in the shape of promise, it never did, until you planted the right kind of seed; for hope must grow from the right foundation, or from a properly-prepared soil.

And as for your faith: why, can it build your barns? can it fill your garner? can it till your soil? can it make provision for the winter? No! no! If you feel that you want a Providence, you must seek it. Ay! you must make it. If the promise is to hold good, you must work!—work! Ay, and often very hard too; or there is nothing in this world for you but starvation and poverty. Depend upon it, we must make our Providence, or Providence will take the wings of hope and depart!

One morning, in the early part of May, I was wandering through the fields towards Bollington: the wind was rather cold and cutting, yet the sun blazed out anon; very capriciously it is true, as dark clouds were fitfully sailing across his disc at intervals.

Our thoughts were in a somewhat chaotic state until we came near to one of those old hedge-backings which seemed to belong to bygone generations. With ourself, there is in this kind of thing always something to provoke inquiry: a hole may-be, a loose fragment, a stray leaflet, or a broken stick; all, all seem to convey a lesson to our mind; for be assured that we think there is nothing in nature, however small or simple, but what can preach a sermon to our mind,—the language is peculiar, we must confess, and also acknowledge that its technicality is sometimes beyond our comprehension. However, let that be, since a fragment sticks in the corner of our memory, and we sometimes try to ferret it out, and make something of it.

Well: "by the way-side," we say, this hedge-backing exhibited sundry holes, and we were struck by their peculiar appearance. On examining, we found that many of them contained a certain kind of black fly: their curiously-shaped heads and hairy form seemed to say that they had scarcely as yet had time to shake themselves awake for their mission. Well, the sun was out, but the wind fierce; and those who had ventured out too far could scarcely maintain their footing. There seemed some, however, yet wiser, of the same family; and when your shadow passed by their locality, down went the insect, and, burying itself from sight in its subterranean habitation, was lost sight of in a moment.

But stay,—what have we here? Why, no less than a true and faithful representation of the toiling million. Ah! ah! see beside our feet what quantities of ants are busying themselves about something. One is running along this blade of grass, then on that; when at the top it delays not; up again, down again; see how it labours! seeking, trying, hoping on, as it fatigues itself by its diligence: but what meaneth it? O! O! we see now what it is after: it is for food—food—food. Ay, and here again we find a knot of some three or four, tugging with all their might at a beautiful little yellow fly that would in bulk make half a dozen of them, tug—tug—tugging for their very life. No matter, sunshine or storm; no matter, wind or rain; no matter, warm or cold, the poor despised little ant must work on, labour on, until it makes its own Providence, or perhaps untoward circumstances push it to the brink of the grave.

Yes; and so it is. Wealth alone can afford to keep within-doors if the weather prove unpropitious; wealth alone can sit

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in its own illuminated halls, defying alike the rough, rude blast of winter, and the dark, dread clouds of poverty. O! but we must not forget—we may not forget—that the helping hand is sometimes God's providence; we must not forget the weak; we must not forget that beautiful garment which hope puts in the hand of some of us, and that robe of charity which God lends in the form of wealth, to help those who have indeed no friend.

Such, then, were the simple ideas which crowded on our mind. There are, it is said, sermons in stones. Yes; and we may say instruction always, where the Master has been before us.

Macclesfield. THE WANDERER.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE TIME OF DANGER.

THE "Sheffield," a Liverpool vessel, was just coming to the end of a long and stormy passage across the Atlantic; it had on board one hundred and thirty passengers, who were eagerly anticipating the greetings of their friends, on their reaching port. The cry of "land!" was repeated from mouth to mouth, and each one almost fancied himself at home again, when all at once the ship, in the midst of the breakers, struck violently against a rock, and sprang a leak in its side.

"We passed," says Dr. Butler, of New-York, who was one of the passengers, "from a state of lively hope to one of intense anxiety. The water gained rapidly; the boats, had it been possible to lower them, could not contain half the persons on board; how, then, could a selection be made, or the order be maintained that would be indispensable for their safety? The night rapidly advanced, the storm increased in violence, and the vessel was tossed about tremendously. Our signals of distress had been observed; a steamboat tried in vain to get near us; and the darkness of the storm prevented our being seen.

"I was on deck when the vessel struck. I went down to my wife immediately, and was followed by the other passengers into the ladies' cabin. One of them asked me to pray. At that instant the vessel struck against the rock with increased violence, and our destruction seemed inevitable. We all prostrated ourselves before God; and one of us, in the name of the rest, poured out his heart in supplication. This prayer was followed by a second, a third, and a fourth.

"Under the soothing influence of these devotional exercises, our troubled hearts were in some measure restored to tranquillity. We first of all endeavoured to encourage one another. Some ventured to express hopes of deliverance; but the greater number remained silent and thoughtful, in preparation for the final catastrophe. The necessity of imploring the Divine aid was felt afresh; ardent supplications were offered, one after another, in a manner peculiarly solemn. A whole hour had thus passed, when the Captain tried to prevail upon us to take some food: a little refreshment was brought, but no one had the courage to taste it. The rolling of the vessel was so violent, that we had hard work to keep our places. The females lay on the sofas, the men sat on the floor, silent and motionless. We all felt ourselves on the borders of eternity. On leaving Liverpool, a Bible had been provided for each of the passengers who did not possess one. Divine service had been performed daily by the Captain, and the good seed bore fruit in this hour of trial.

"Whether Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, or Baptists, all our ecclesiastical shades of difference had vanished. It was made manifest that these differences of system and organization, the unavoidable results of liberty and of the varieties of mental constitution, are at such a season as nothing to those who possess in their hearts the one thing needful,—the great truths of salvation, through the love of the Father, and the blood of His Son Jesus Christ, and the influence of His Spirit. We gave one another the right hand of fellowship, and realized the accomplishment of our Saviour's prayer,—'That they also may be one in Us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.' (John xvii. 21.) Our visible union deeply affected some on board who were not believers, while the feeling of Christian communion soothed our own hearts in the hour of our common danger. Each seemed to think more about others than about himself; the

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same deep emotion penetrated all our hearts, but it was not fear; and those whose souls were strengthened by the faith of the Gospel endeavoured to encourage those who had not that support.

"At last, the water began to find its way into the cabin. Some bread and wine was offered us, of which we partook in silence, thinking it would be our last meal. The Captain then asked us to come on deck. A Minister had just been giving a beautiful and touching address, in which he urged us to resign ourselves entirely to the Saviour. He spoke on the text, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.' (John iii. 14, 15.) After that we prayed, and read in succession Psal. xlvi., cvii., and cxxx., and Acts xxvii. We then agreed to go on deck. It was affecting to see many of the females insisting on their companions being taken before them.

"It was almost midnight when, chilled by the cold and wet, we stood, wedged close to one another, the Captain came to me, and said there was nothing left for us, but to pray and commend ourselves to God's mercy. I raised my eyes, and was struck with the sublime scene of desolation around. The dismasted vessel was tossed to and fro, without being able to get off the rocks. Towards our right, the wind had dispersed the clouds, and the moon had risen clear and bright, like a torch designed to light us to our tomb. Nearly eight miles off, the coast, studded with twinkling lights, was visible; but it was impossible for us to reach it. For my part, I gave up all hopes of being saved. I sat down by the side of my beloved wife, that I might not be separated from her in our last moments. We tried to encourage each other to submit entirely to God's will; and never felt so vividly the strength of wedded love, sanctified by Christianity.

"This last hour was one of silent agony. We awaited our fate; we had already submitted to it; we no longer attempted social prayer; we felt that we must commune with our own hearts, though each showed affection and respect for his neighbour. One of us took out his watch; it had just stopped: he laid hold of the key to wind it up, but let it go in an instant, saying, 'I shall not want it where I shall be to-morrow morning.' This little incident, insignificant in itself, made us realize our situation in a very affecting manner.

"Suddenly one of the passengers exclaimed that he saw an object which seemed coming towards the vessel. All eyes were fixed in that direction. At first we perceived a slight movement on the water, but nothing more; this was repeated a second and a third time. At last the Captain declared that, through his glass, he thought that he saw a dark body approaching. A gleam of hope sprang up in our hearts. Very soon several small lights glimmered in the darkness: beyond a doubt a steamer is coming. It arrives! We are saved! It is impossible to describe our feelings. God grant that none of my readers may ever pass through such a trial!

"Parents and children, husbands and wives, and even strangers, embraced each other, pervaded by the same feelings. One of our number raised his voice, to remind us of our first duty, to praise and bless God; and immediately more than a hundred voices blessed the God of all mercy, and repeated a song of praise, which the winds wafted to a distance over the billows. Yes, we rendered all glory to God for our deliverance. Most appropriate were the words of the Psalmist, 'Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses. O, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.'

"Within six hours we reached our respective homes. Our agonizing trial had lasted eleven hours. Not one of us was lost; not a hair of our heads injured. No blame could be attached to the Captain. He had engaged a skilful pilot, and had acted all along with the most exemplary firmness and discretion. The passengers joined in presenting him with a family Bible, as a memorial of this fearful night, and of their miraculous deliverance. In acknowledging the gift, he said, 'This holy book is the best testimony you can offer, and, of course, the most valuable I

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can receive, of your approbation. From my earliest childhood I have been taught to love and receive it, to regard it as the ever-shining polar star which must guide my bark over the ocean of life; and is it not also the anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil?' (Heb. vi. 19.)

"One word in conclusion. If it had not been for the possession of vital Christianity, could we have looked with calmness on death, and that under a form so terrific? No; nothing but vital Christianity, nothing but a firm confidence in Jesus as a Saviour, could have calmed the agitation of our souls under such circumstances.

"I entreat you who read these lines to remember that death is perhaps at your door as it was at ours: rest your souls then on the Rock that nothing can shake; 'believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' (Acts xvi. 31.)"—*Tract Magazine.*

Biography.

JOSEPH BROWN, A WORKING MINER.

In reading the Journal of the venerable founder of Methodism, we are struck with the attention paid by that man of God to obscure and thinly-inhabited parts of the kingdom, as well as to its densely-peopled cities and towns. Amongst the former is to be noticed Weardale, in the county of Durham, and now comprised in the Wolsingham Circuit. To this dale Mr. Wesley paid fourteen visits; the first being on May 26th, 1752, and the last, June 10th, 1790. That the labours of the first race of Wesleyan Ministers and their helpers were not in vain in Weardale, is shown in the interesting record made of the work of God there, in the "Short History of the People called Methodists,"* where we read, "Surely such a work of God has not been seen before in any part of the three kingdoms." In proof that the good seed still bears fruit, it may be stated that at Christmas, 1854, the number of church members at High-house was two hundred and eleven.

Joseph Brown was born at Short-Thorneys, Weardale, September 22d, 1809. He was brought up in a public-house, and received no early religious instruction. The result of this neglect was, that in manhood he was much addicted to vice, and never went to a place of worship until he was thirty-one years of age, when, by the kind advice of his wife, he began occasionally to attend the Wesleyan chapel. From that time his morals improved.

Early in July, 1847, while listening to the faithful preaching of the Gospel of Christ, he was awakened to a sense of his guilt and danger as a sinner against God, and filled with deep concern for salvation. In this state of distress he continued till the end of the month, often suffering most acutely, and fearing to appear before God in judgment. About this time, coming home one day from the hay-field, he said to his wife, "I cannot live in this state;" when she, although at that time unconverted, replied, he might try to pray: whereupon he kneeled before the throne of grace, when the Holy Ghost applied to his heart the words of Paul and Silas to the jailer at Philippi: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He believed, and was saved, and arose from his knees, singing,—

> "My God is reconciled,
> His pardoning voice I hear," &c.

He now united himself to a class at High-house, and soon manifested strong desires for the salvation of others, especially of his wife. God heard his prayers on her behalf, and she soon received the Holy Ghost. Joseph presently became a Sunday-school Teacher, and was very useful in this department of the Lord's work. His attachment to those who preached the word was very strong, and his desire for their success very great. For this he prayed, as in an agony. Indeed, he loved prayer. The field, the

* See Wesley's Works, octavo edition, vol. xiii., pp. 335—339.

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highway, the lead-mine, was often to him "none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven."

When anything unpleasant occurred, he would by prayer and supplication make his request known unto God. He ever cultivated personal piety and vital godliness, so that his deportment won the esteem of the wise and good. At the time of his removal from us by death, he was the Steward of the Society at High-house. He greatly loved Wesleyan Methodism; and often said, "I intend to live and die a Methodist." His last affliction was of only six weeks' continuance, during which time he was frequently visited by his neighbour, Thomas Rumney; who always found him in a comfortable state of mind, waiting upon God, and suffering patiently. As a working man, he had saved a few pounds. Referring to this, he said to his wife, "Do not ask anything of the parish while you have any money left." The night previous to his death, while prayer was being made for him, he shouted, "Glory, glory!" and added, "Plead on: heaven is bending to earth to take me there." After this, he often said, "My faith is strong." At two in the morning, a fellow-workman going to his bedside, he said, "We have often been in the mine with the Old Grove cap on; but now I am going to get a crown of glory." To the above-named friend, who is a Local Preacher, he said, "Thomas, wherever you go to preach, tell the people that Joseph Brown has died happy."

He now for the last time prayed for his family, beginning with his wife, and going down to the youngest child. Then addressing his wife, he said, "Emma, I am going to heaven. Wipe away your tears; for God will be your Husband, and the children's Father." His six children were, at his request, brought to his bedside; when he said, "O Lord, I give them all to Thee. May the blessing of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost rest upon them. Amen." The children having retired, he said, "Angels fan my happy spirit. The Sun of Righteousness has been coming nearer all night, and is brightest now; yea, pours a flood of glory into my soul." Two hours after this he exchanged mortality for life, on December 28th, 1854; thus contributing to the fulfilment of the beautiful prophecy of Isaiah: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God." —*Rev. J. M. Joll.*

Our Schools and Children.

THE SHATTERED VASE.

It made me feel very sad when I heard that James had spoken an untruth. It was not about a very important subject; but the sin was just the same. There is nothing more to be condemned than a "lying tongue." Once upon a time a wise man was asked what anybody gained by telling a falsehood; and he replied, "Not to be believed when they shall speak the truth." One of England's wisest statesmen has remarked, "A liar is brave towards God, and a coward towards men. For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man." Lying is a crime which has been denounced by men of every age, and the sacred word of God declares that the liar shall not escape. "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." "He that speaketh lies shall perish." The eternal God with whom we have to do is "a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is He;—a God that cannot lie;—Faithful and True."

"Lie not, but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both.
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;
The stormy working soul speaks lies and froth.

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Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby."

Satan is the father of lies. Cain, the first murderer, was a liar; so was Gehazi, the Prophet's servant, who for his sin was smitten with Naaman's leprosy; so also were Ananias and his wife Sapphira, both of whom perished for their sin. All these things came into my mind when I heard about James having been guilty of a falsehood. It is now five or six years ago; but I do not think I can do better than tell you the story, as it shows us how much mischief and sorrow may ensue in consequence of an untruth having been spoken.

A wilful, reckless boy was James Drayton; not bad at heart, I think, but always getting into some difficulty by his carelessness and folly. If there was any mischief doing, James was sure to be in it; and, as you may imagine, a great deal that ought to have been attended to was quite neglected. One day James was at play in his father's shop, (it was an extensive glass and china warehouse,) full of merriment, and as reckless and careless as boy could be: there was nobody but himself and Harry in the place; so he had it all his own way. Harry was a quiet lad enough,—a poor boy whom Mr. Drayton employed to go of errands, and do any simple, plain work that might be required. Harry, having been left in charge of the shop, was anxious to make young James remain as still as he could, for fear of any accident; but all his efforts were fruitless, and the wilful boy went on with his play, laughing merrily at poor Harry's uneasiness. He had a walking-stick, which he was playing with; and to swing it round, so as just to escape a rich china vase, was a matter of great amusement to him; and at last, Harry, getting really frightened, determined to put an end to the matter. He therefore spoke seriously to James, and begged him to desist; but James would not listen to a word, and only laughed the merrier. Finding that it was useless attempting to reason with the wilful boy, Harry bade him sternly put down the stick, or go up-stairs: this produced angry words; James refused, and tauntingly alluded to Harry's poverty, telling him that if he said any more he would have him turned away. Harry's face flushed, and he walked quickly up to James, meaning to take the stick out of his grasp: I think he was wrong in this; but still that was his only purpose. James, seeing him advance, struck at him a violent, a vengeful blow; a blow which fell upon the China vase, and smashed it into pieces.

Seeing what he had done, James let fall the stick; and at that moment, Mr. Drayton himself entered the shop. He started in surprise when he saw the scattered fragments of the beautiful vase, and asked hurriedly who had committed the damage. Before Harry could reply, James, his face glowing like a fire, declared that it was Harry's doing; that he had struck it with a stick, and so broken it all to pieces. How James could tell so base a falsehood, I cannot think; but so he did, though his conscience told him the wickedness of the sin. He feared his father's anger; for he knew him to be a stern man, and that, if the whole truth was told, he would certainly be punished: besides, he felt so evil a passion towards Harry, the unconscious occasion of the accident, that he wanted to turn his father's anger upon him. Thus James feared his earthly father's anger more than his heavenly Father's wrath; and thus, to revenge himself upon Harry, he dared to commit a gross and shameful sin. It was all in vain that Harry protested his innocence, and told the true story of the accident, taking blame to himself for even having attempted to touch James at all; but James still denied it so positively, that Mr. Drayton believed him, and told Harry that if he would acknowledge the truth, he would forgive him, and keep him still in his employment. Of course the poor boy had nothing to confess: his statement was considered untrue, and his silence obstinacy. Mr. Drayton at last threatened to discharge him at once, if he did not tell the truth.

"Sir," said Harry, "I really did not break the vase: Master James broke it, and knows well enough that he did so."

"Do you dare to accuse my son of falsehood?"

"James knows his statement to be false, and will be sorry for it one day!"

"Insolent!" exclaimed Mr. Drayton:

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"I will have no more to do with one so hardened in crime. Go; never let me see your face again!"

So poor Harry was sent away without a character, and went home almost broken-hearted to his widowed mother. They were very poor. All Harry's efforts to obtain a situation failed. Mr. Drayton spoke so sternly, that everybody declared Harry to be a very bad boy indeed. All this while James kept his secret, and it stung him like a serpent. At last Harry determined to go to sea. It was a hard thing, but he could not wait: he must earn a living, and a chance offered which might never offer again. Very, very bitter was the parting between him and his mother; but they separated at last, and never met in the world again. James stood on the cliff, and saw the white sails of the ship spread to the wind; saw the great vessel bear away till it became a mere speck on the waters; and the secret burnt within him like fire.

Six months afterwards came the news of poor Harry's death: he had fallen from the rigging, and perished, in a storm. When James heard the news, he fainted. "Poor boy," some people said, "how he loved his old playmate!" It was not that: he knew and felt that he had been the occasion of his death. A violent fever attacked him; and, when he slightly recovered, he confessed, with deep contrition, the falsehood he had spoken. It was too late to save poor Harry. Let us hope that, for Christ's sake, God forgave James his sin.

I tell you this story, because I feel that we are all too careless in the words we utter; that we forget what serious consequences may follow from what seems but trifling in itself. Falsehood is like fire in stubble. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!—*Teachers' Magazine.*

Arts and Sciences.

HEARING FOR THE DEAF.

Why remain deaf? We ask the question advisedly; for the progress of surgical science has of late years been such, that all ordinary cases of deafness are now proved to be curable. The subject is one to which we the more willingly call attention, as the remedy is simple, and the number of those who need it great. It is a sad spectacle to see a person in good health otherwise, cut off from one of the most blessed means of social intercourse,—that of conversation. Want of hearing is, indeed, a more deplorable affliction than most people believe. No sounds of rustling trees, singing birds, or falling waters,—neither the voice of nature nor the voices of the household,—make any impression on the ear; and through the deprivation, many deaf persons are a weariness to themselves and their friends. An invention which makes the world around become audible to the greater number of them, is something not to be passed over without notice.

The cause of their infirmity is really a broken drum, and great reason have they to sorrow over it. We all know that a musical drum will not speak when the parchment is cracked: there is no reverberation; no return of sound. So it is with the drum of the ear. When it is a complete membrane, stretching across the whole interior passage of the ear, then we hear well; but let there be ever so slight an opening, and we are at once enrolled in the ranks of the deaf. Apparently there is not much mystery in the cause of deafness.

If it be asked, "In what does the cause originate?" the answer is, "Disease." A very small percentage of the population are born deaf; but in some of the numerous maladies which we have to go through at sundry periods of our terrestrial existence, the organization of the ears is so severely deranged, that deafness follows as the inevitable consequence. Many a mother will remember that when her child was recovering from an attack of scarlet fever, scarlatina, measles, or sometimes a common cold, the little patient showed signs of

deafness, which no after-treatment would remove. The mucous membrane of the drum of the ear had become thickened, and more or less inflamed, during the disease; and when this is the case, the result is, that mucus is secreted in greater quantity than usual, and of so viscid a quality, that it cannot be got rid of by the usual channel of escape, namely, the Eustachian tube. The accumulation of mucus goes on, therefore, until pressing on the tympanum, or drum, the latter begins to ulcerate, its substance is injured, it cracks, and the mischief is done. The opening is, in some instances, not larger than could be made with a pin; at times, a mere narrow slit; at others, the drum membrane is entirely eaten away, except a scanty margin left adhering to the passage of the ear. Then it is that the mucus finds its way outward as a disagreeable-looking discharge; and this being suspected as the cause of deafness, attempts are made to suppress it; but even should it cease, the power of hearing remains imperfect by reason of the broken drum. Such is the history of most ordinary cases of deafness. At times, however, there is no perforation of the tympanum, but the mucous membrane becomes either too dry or too moist, secreting too much mucus, or none at all; and in either case the hearing is impaired, and the person affected assumes that anxious, inquiring stare peculiar to the deaf. Other causes might be adduced; but what we have to do with on the present occasion is, the broken drum. We may mention, however, that there is no hope of cure for a person so deaf as to need to be shouted to close to his ear.

We come now to the remedy: and here we quote from a pamphlet recently published,* which contains the sum of all that is at present known on the subject. The author, Mr. Toynbee, after some years' study of the important branch of anatomy which comprehends the ear, has cleared away some of the errors in which it was involved, and thrown such additional light upon it, that henceforth the incurable cases of deafness will be greatly reduced in number.

In the course of his investigations, Mr. Toynbee was struck by the fact that, after syringing the ear with tepid water, the hearing of the patient was sensibly restored for some minutes, and then was suddenly lost again. Examining into the phenomenon, he found it to be due to the closing up of the perforation in the tympanum by a bubble of the water. While the bubble remained, the drum was, so to speak, unbroken, and the patient was able to hear; but as soon as it evaporated or broke, the membrane was again imperfect, and deafness returned. Taking the hint, he found it possible to effect temporary closure of the orifice by applying a solution of gum-acacia, and so to keep up for a time the improvement in hearing; and after this, as he relates, "I tried vulcanized India-rubber and gutta-percha, making use of the thinnest layers of them that were procurable. With both these substances I succeeded in making a rude kind of artificial *membrana tympani*, by cutting a portion about the size of the natural membrane, and passing through it a piece of thread, by means of which, and a fine tube, it could be passed down to its proper situation." There, that is the whole secret. Cover the broken drum with a sound artificial one, and the deaf will hear as well as their neighbours.

Improved by experience, the artificial drums are now made by Messrs. Weiss, London, with a fine silver wire substituted for the thread, attached to one of the two small, thin silver plates, between which the disk of India-rubber or gutta-percha is held. The latter is about three-quarters of an inch diameter, "which leaves sufficient margin for the surgeon to cut out a membrane of any shape that may seem to him desirable, and to leave the silver plate, either in the centre or toward the circumference, at his discretion. The silver wire is of sufficient length to admit of the membrane being introduced or withdrawn by the patient, but is not perceived externally, except upon especial observation." It is possible, by a slight change in attaching the wire, to give it an oblique direction, which in some instances is found more suitable to the ear than the other.

As to the mode of inserting the new

* On the Use of an Artificial Membrana Tympani, in Cases of Deafness dependent on Perforation or Destruction of the Natural Organ. By Joseph Toynbee, F.R.S.

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drum, we give Mr. Toynbee's own explanation. After stating that it is to be kept external to whatever remains of the natural drum, and recommending careful examination of the form of the passage, he proceeds:—"The operator should then cut the artificial membrane as nearly of the size and shape of the natural one as possible, taking care at the same time to keep the margin quite smooth and regular. The patient must then be placed with the head inclined to the opposite shoulder, while a strong light is thrown into the meatus; which, if liable to discharge, should have been previously syringed. The operator will now take the artificial membrane, and having moistened it with water, pass it, by means of the silver wire, gently inward, until it has reached what he considers the natural position. This he will ascertain by the occurrence of a faint bubbling sound, caused by the escape of the slightly compressed air beyond it: he will also feel a slight obstruction offered to its further passage by the remnant of the natural membrane. Should he attempt to pass the artificial membrane beyond this point, the patient will complain of pain; which, until then, had not been felt. The most certain test, however, of the artificial membrane having been properly placed, is the sensation of the patient; who discovers, by the sound of his own voice, or that of the surgeon, or by the movement of his tongue, that his hearing has been suddenly much improved."

The effect produced on some persons is almost magical: they not only hear sounds close to them, but those far off. Some find no inconvenience whatever from the new drum: others can only wear it for an hour or two every day, until by use they lose the uncomfortable feeling caused at first; and then it may be retained through the whole of the day. It should, however, in all cases be removed at night.

Were this the place to give details of cases that have been cured, we might fill a page or two with interesting facts; but for these we must refer the reader, whether lay or professional, to the pamphlet which has suggested our remarks.

There is something strange in the idea of being able to hear, or not to hear, at pleasure; and we doubt not that occasions will arise when the wearers of artificial drums will find it desirable to take them out. Nelson once found it convenient to put his telescope to his blind eye. At all events, suffering will be alleviated; and who shall say whether we are to stop with the cure of deafness? But a few weeks ago, a deaf and dumb boy was exhibited to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, who, by highly-skilful training, had been made not only to hear partially, but to speak so as to be understood.—*National Magazine.*

Anecdotes.

THOUGHT OF GOD.

A FRIEND once told me that, amongst other symptoms of high nervous excitement, he had been painfully harassed by the want of sleep. To such a degree had this proceeded, that if, in the course of the day, any occasion led him to his bedchamber, the sight of his bed made him shudder at the idea of the restless and wretched hours he had to pass upon it. In this case it was recommended to him to endeavour, when he lay down at night, to fix his thoughts on something at the same time vast and simple,—such as the wide expanse of ocean, or the cloudless vault of heaven,—that the little hurried and disturbed images that flitted before his mind might be charmed away, or hushed to rest, by the calming influences of one absorbing thought. Though not at all a religious man, at the time, this advice suggested to his mind, that if an object, at once vast and simple was to be selected, none could serve the purpose so well as that of God. He resolved then to make the trial, and to think of Him. The result exceeded his most sanguine hopes: in thinking of God he fell asleep. Night

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after night he resorted to the same expedient. The process became delightful: so much so, that he used to long for the usual hour of retiring, that he might fall asleep, as he termed it, in God. What began as a mere physical operation, grew, by imperceptible degrees, into a gracious influence. The same God who was his repose at night, was in all his thoughts by day. And at the time this person spoke to me, God, as revealed in the Gospel of His Son, was "all his salvation, and all his desire."—*Woodward.*

THE POWER OF PENCE.

A MANCHESTER calico-printer was, on his wedding-day, persuaded by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale a day as her share. He rather winced under the bargain; for though a drinker himself, he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard; and he, poor man, was seldom out of the public-house while the factory was closed. The wife and husband saw little of each other except at breakfast; but, as she kept things tidy about her, and made her stinted and even selfish allowance for housekeeping meet the demands upon her, he never complained. She had her daily pint, and he, perhaps, had his two or three quarts; and neither interfered with the other, except at odd times, when she succeeded, by dint of one little gentle artifice or another, to win him home an hour or two earlier at night; and, now and then, to spend an entire evening in his own house. But these were rare occasions. They had been married a year, and on the morning of their wedding anniversary, the husband looked askance at her neat and comely person with some shade of remorse, as he observed, "Mary, we'r had no holiday sin' we were wed; and only that I haven't a penny i' th' world, we'd take a jaunt to th' village to see thee mother!" "Would'st like to go, John?" asked she softly, between a smile and a tear, to hear him speak kindly as in old times. "If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat." "Thou stand treat!" said he, with half a sneer: "hast got a fortune, woman?" "Nay," said she; "but I've gotten the pint o' ale." "Gotten what?" said he. "The pint o' ale!" John still didn't understand her, till the faithful creature reached down an old stocking from under a loose brick up the chimney, and counting out her daily pint of ale in the shape of three hundred and sixty-five threepences, (that is, four pounds, eleven shillings and threepence,) put it into his hand, exclaiming, "Thee shall have the holiday, John." John was ashamed, astonished, conscience-smitten, charmed. He wouldn't touch't. "Hasn't thee had thy share? then I'll ha' no more," he said. They kept their wedding-day with the old dame; and the wife's little capital was the nucleus of a series of investments that ultimately swelled into shop, factory, warehouse, country-seat, and a carriage.—*Meliora.*

Poetry.

OUR LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

"I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and Morning Star."

THAT Star in the East,
Once beauteous and bright,
Is the Star of the morning,
Is the Star of the night;
Our beam in the valley,
Our light in the wave,
Our lamp up to heaven,
Our light from the grave.

That Star of the East
Is the Star of the West;
The guide of the pilgrim,
The safest, the best:
He knoweth its beam,
Where'er he be driven;
So perfect, so pure,
'Tis the glory of heaven.

That Star of the East
May be thine, may be mine;

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'Tis the radiance of hope,
Never ceasing to shine;
The guide of the wanderer
And the weary 'twill be,
A light to the faithful
To immortality.

Macclesfield. THE WANDERER.

SONG OF A DYING BELIEVER.

WERE this frail building to dissolve,
And melt in transient air,
A glorious mansion, firm and sure,
My Father doth prepare
For me; and soon my ransom'd soul
Heaven's ecstasy shall share.

Saved by a dying Saviour's love,
Wash'd in His cleansing blood,
I dip my feet in Jordan's stream,
Nor feel the thrilling flood;
Angelic spirits lead me on
To glory and to God.

"Arise, enfranchised one, arise!
Thy shackles cast away:"
'Tis Jesus speaks, my heart obeys,
And longs to flee away:
My soul triumphant spreads her wings,
And soars to realms of day!

Roscrea.

The Portfolio.

LOCUSTS IN RUSSIA.

OF all the plagues suffered by the inhabitants of the steppes of southern Russia, the most disastrous, and therefore the most dreaded, are the locust invasions. When the first German settlers came into the country, two varieties of this insect were known to exist: their increase was not rapid, and they had not been regarded as objects to be feared. In 1820, it was noticed that their numbers had multiplied alarmingly; and in some of the ensuing years they caused great devastation. In 1828, troop after troop of them invaded the country, in such dense masses, that they obscured the light of the sun; they destroyed the harvests; and, in several neighbourhoods, they left no traces of vegetation behind them. The poor terrified colonists thought the day of judgment had come. In their dismay, they took counsel of their Tartar and Russian neighbours, who were not less distressed than themselves. The oldest person among them had no recollection of similar depredations; but most of them remembered the tales which their fathers had told respecting these terrible invaders. The Germans, however, determined to adopt measures which should protect them from similar attacks; and for this purpose they established a kind of police. Whoever first perceived a cloud of locusts, gave information to the inhabitants by an understood signal: men, women, children, all who could walk, armed themselves with bells, kettles, drums, guns, anything in fact which would add to the racket, in order to frighten the invaders from the field. They were frequently successful; though it was generally found that smoke produced the most immediate effect, especially if thick and odorous. Sometimes, however, the winged enemy was able to extinguish the very flames which were kindled to exterminate him. The lower strata of insects were pressed into the fire in such numbers, by the masses above them, that the latter escaped uninjured, and were ready to return to the conflict. Not unfrequently similar escapes take place when they are driven into the lakes or the sea. The numberless swarms form floating islands upon the surface of the water, which are submerged if the wind is violent; but if the breeze is gentle, they are wafted in safety to the shores; where, after drying their wings, they ascend with unbroken spirit to scent out new fields for their ravages.

These insects show a decided preference for the gardens surrounding habitations. A village to the right or left of their direction never fails to attract them. It is impossible to describe the consternation of the inhabitants who have failed in their efforts to remove this plague of ancient times. The doomed field, orchard, or garden, where they alight, is covered by them to the depth of several inches;

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while waiting myriads above them intercept the very light of the sun. Windows, doors, and even chimneys, are carefully closed to prevent their entrance into the houses.

The most numerous swarms are seen in August. They seldom set forth on their marauding excursions earlier than eight or nine o'clock in the morning, and sometimes they stop only at midnight. An ordinary swarm is generally nearly a quarter of a mile in width, and a mile or two in length. It is more difficult to calculate its thickness; but this must be very considerable, as it obscures the sunlight, and causes a perceptible coolness. They make so much noise in their flight, that they may be heard at a great distance; and when they alight, it gives the impression of a shower of stones. In calm weather, they travel at about the rate of a mile an hour; in sunshine, at a height of some two hundred feet above the earth; but if it is cloudy, their flight is so low that a man must turn his back and take a firm position till they have passed.

These marauders seem to have their preferences for certain plants, though they devour indiscriminately whatever they meet; transforming an oäsis into a desert in a few hours. The Russians say of them, that they bite like horses, eat like wolves, and digest more speedily than any other animal.—*American National Magazine.*

"IN THE MORNING SOW THY SEED."

Some fifteen years ago, Mr. J. M., of D———, was travelling in Lincolnshire, and observing a boy, about eight years of age, under a hedge-row, accosted him, and asked him if he would allow him to teach him to pray. Both kneeled under the hedge by the way-side, and the boy repeated after Mr. M., "Lord, convert my soul, for Christ's sake." Mr. M. then prayed for him, and went on his way. Fourteen years rolled on, sweeping the above incident, with myriads more, into oblivion; when one lovely summer's evening, as the golden effulgence of the descending sun fell softly over the enchanting landscape, and its beauties were heightened by the warblings of the feathered tribes, whose joyous notes formed a sweet vesper hymn to their great and glorious Creator, Mr. M. was accosted by a genteel young man, who observed, "You will not know me, Sir:" the prompt answer was in the negative. Mr. M., perceiving his anxiety to enter into conversation, and having no time to spare, invited him to ride with him in the gig. He did so; and, on being seated, said, "I shall never forget you;" and calling the above incident to his recollection, assured him that he never could shake off the impression made till he was eventually led to the cross of Christ, where he found salvation; which salvation for some time he had been publishing to his fellow-sinners, in the capacity of a Local Preacher, in the B——— Circuit. Who can tell the ultimate fruit of the few minutes spent in prayer with that little boy by the way-side? If every disciple of the Saviour would be equally instant in season and out of season, would not many a precious gem be picked up to sparkle eternally in the Redeemer's crown? Reader, go and do thou likewise; and God shall bless thee, and make thee a blessing.

P. S.

FORBEARANCE.

Cottle relates the following anecdote of John Henderson, a famous student of Oxford:—During his residence at Oxford, a student of a neighbouring college, proud of his logical acquirements, was solicitous of a private disputation with the renowned Henderson. Some mutual friends introduced him, and, having chosen his subject, they conversed for some time with equal candour and moderation; but, at length, Henderson's antagonist, perceiving his confusion inevitable, in the height of passion threw a full glass of wine in John Henderson's face. The latter, without altering his features, or changing his position, gently wiped his face, and then coolly replied, "This, Sir, is a digression: now for the argument." A greater victory than success in any argument could have given him.

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A PARTING ADDRESS

To the Wesleyan-Methodist Class conducted by Mr. James Moulton, Islington; presented by a Member on the Occasion of his Separation from them, Friday, Nov. 7th, 1851.

My dear Brethren,

I have a word to say to you, and I beg you will give me a patient hearing. Since the month of March, 1849, I have met with, at least, some of you here present in this class. The Rev. Mr. Taylor was then our Leader, and you will remember how great and constant was his care for the spiritual welfare of each of us. From week to week, when we met together, whether in the school-room that stands at the back of this chapel, or in this room, I have felt a greater and still greater attachment to this class. And when I have been away from it, I have greatly felt my absence. Those separations were but of short duration; but now we are on the eve of a longer one. It is therefore that I wished to say a few words to you this evening. Could I graphically describe to you the dangers to which I shall be exposed, I know full well that my object in addressing you would be accomplished. Could I paint as in a picture the circumstances by which, for a time at least, I shall be surrounded, and bring that picture before you this evening, I would not need to add, "Brethren, pray for me!" You yourselves would see how requisite prayer offered up by others for me, as an auxiliary to prayer on my own behalf, would be in my case.

I am to be exposed, first, to the dangers of the seas. Pray for me, that the God who holds the seas and winds in the hollow of His hand may keep me in perfect peace, and continually confiding in Him. When our brother Bennett left us for New-Holland, prayer was made in this class for him. It is this I ask for myself, that you may pray for me while exposed to the perils of the great deep. I am going where Popery reigns; a land of darkness, because the Romish Priests hold the minds of the people in ignorance. Pray for me, that I may maintain the holy character of that religious profession which I have taken upon myself. How shall I be a Christian when I see ignorance and profanity raise their scoff at the holy religion of the glorious God, and not rebuke them? How shall I have a conscience void of offence toward God, unless I constantly rebuke Popery? How shall I do this without a sacrifice? It is not pleasant to flesh and blood to mortify itself, and suppress its desires. Pray for me, therefore, that utterance may be given to me to confound and put down the arguments of a spurious Christianity, and that I may never deviate from the path of duty in this respect, but continually show myself on the side of the Lord, though it be against the mighty.

And now, brethren, dearly beloved in the Lord, brethren in the best of senses, in the Gospel sense, farewell! Though we may never see each other's face in the flesh again, we are tending to the same goal; a similar course is held out to each; and when we shall have attained, we may spend an eternity together in the happiest exercise.

Be faithful unto the end, and a crown of life shall reward your good work. And as I speak, it is with earnest prayer that you and I, and our dear Leader, may be hereafter rewarded as "faithful servants," though it can be only "in a few things."

Pray for me! "The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous avails much." Let us remember this to our comfort. Farewell!

John Frederick Bellot.
Late of Dominica.

IRON CHURCHES.

Two iron churches have been completed in the building-yard of Robertson and Lister, Glasgow. They are similar in size and general appearance, with the exception that one has got two spires, one on each side, and the other one spire, springing from the centre of the pediment. The chief feature of the front elevation is an arcade of ornamental columns and arches, standing out in bold relief, supporting a pediment, and flanked at the sides by massive towers, in which are placed the stairs leading to the galleries. The lower series of columns is roofed by a balcony, forming an open porch, whence access is had to the church and to the stairs of the galleries. The dimensions of each church

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are seventy-three feet in length, and forty-five feet in breadth. The interior is lighted on each side by a series of circular-headed windows, each twenty feet in length; and at the back by two large stained-glass windows. The vaulted ceiling, supported on cast-iron arched girders springing from iron columns, rises to the height of forty feet. In the crown of the arched ceiling will be placed iron or zinc perforated gratings for the ventilation. The external roofing is formed of corrugated iron. These churches were preliminarily opened for Divine service, before they were shipped.

STORY OF A WILL.

One of the most opulent of the Amsterdam capitalists died a few months ago, one Mynheer Van der B. He was during his lifetime very careful not to disclose to any one the amount of his possessions. He would not even confide in his notary. Thus, when, a few years ago, this worthy Dutchman—a Roman Catholic—made his will, he resolved not to permit even his professional adviser to have anything to do in its composition. In the privacy of his own cabinet he made such a division of his almost fabulous wealth as he deemed right. The document—his last will and testament—he then placed in an envelope, sealed it with his own signet, and transferred it to the archives of his notary, by whom (and four witnesses, as the law requires) it was signed, registered, and only legalized as the will of the person whose signature it bore. On his death-bed he communicated to certain of his friends the fact that one of the items in his will was two hundred and fifty florins as a legacy for every Roman Catholic Priest residing in Amsterdam. This was no great tax upon the good man's heirs, and Mother Church required some proof of affection from her dying son. He died shortly after, and the will was opened. But the shrewdness of a Dutch capitalist had been deceived. The Roman Catholic "Priests" were not mentioned in the document; that word had, by some accident, escaped the writer's pen, and "I give and bequeath to every Roman Catholic" (Priests, of course, included) "residing in Amsterdam at the time of my decease, the sum of two hundred and fifty florins," or words to that effect, thrilled on the astonished ears of the late capitalist's children, as the notary read to them their father's will. Legal proceedings have been instituted by the family to obtain a rule against the enforcement of the will; but, as the error cannot be proved, the writer of it was never afflicted with an hour's insanity, and his profits will far more than meet all the claims resulting from this singular accident, it is not probable the plaintiffs will obtain a verdict. Several claims have already been made, and it will require about 12,000,000 florins to carry out the liberal conditions of the will. However, 40,000,000 or 50,000,000, it is said, will still be left as a consolation for this injured family. The "Times" reports the facts of the case. What confusion a single verbal mistake may occasion!

LOOK UP.

"Look up!" exclaimed the Captain of a vessel, as his boy grew dizzy while gazing from the topmast; "look up!" The boy looked up, and returned in safety. Young man, look up, and you will succeed. Never look down, and despair. Leave dangers uncared for, and push on. If you falter, you lose. Look up, do right, and trust in God.

TEMPERANCE

Is the very angel of health; and health is literally nothing but another name for the wholeness of the stuff and manner of our existence.

LETTER FROM THE REV. JOHN WESLEY TO MR. GEORGE CUSSONS.

London, Nov. 18th, 1768.

My dear Brother,

When you seek God with fasting added to prayer, you cannot seek His face in vain. This has been exceedingly blessed in various parts; and the revival of God's work has begun at the very time. You would do well to have several meetings of this kind, as well as frequent meetings

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for prayer. Undoubtedly the visits paid you by Dr. Conyers, by Mr. Venn, and Mr. King, were so many answers to prayer; and He will not withhold from you any manner of thing that is good.

It is by patient continuance in well doing, in using all the grace which is already given you, that you are to seek the whole gift of God,—the entire renewal of your soul; the full deliverance from sin. And do not think it is far off: this is the voice of unbelief. He is nigh that justifieth. He is nigh that sanctifieth. Only believe, and feel Him near. This is what you should continually insist on,—the nearness of the promise. And, indeed, if it is to be received by naked faith, by consequence, it may be received now.

I am, dear George,
Your affectionate Brother,
J. Wesley.

Memorials of the Departed.

Mary Cooper was born at Owlerton, in the year 1808. She was one of the first scholars in a Wesleyan Sunday-school, newly opened in her native village. When about sixteen years of age, she was received as domestic servant in the family of the late Mrs. France, of Western Bank. After Mrs. France's death, she remained with Mrs. Pearson, of the same family, until within a few months of that lady's death (a period of near thirty years). For many years Mary's affliction rendered her unfit for active services, and sometimes laid her aside altogether; when kindness was shown by the family, that will ever be gratefully remembered by Mary's friends. It was not, however, until the year 1840 that, under the ministry of the Rev. John Burton, she was led to make a full surrender of her heart to God; and found redemption in the blood of Christ, even forgiveness of sins. Time spent in private self-examination, in searching the Scriptures, and in prayer, eminently fitted her to adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour. Although she was willing, on every suitable occasion, to speak a word for her Master, and give a reason of the hope that was in her, she would seldom obtrude remarks; and those who were with her most frequently, had to judge of her piety rather from what they saw than from what they heard. She was warmly attached to the church in which she had received so much good. The character of its Ministers was dear to her; and it was always with grief that she heard them spoken of in any way but with respect. She believed Methodism to be God's cause; and with her it was matter of conscience to do what she could for its support and extension. When unhappy mi-understandings induced some to withhold their usual contributions, she remained firm and unshaken; and although long and expensive affliction had considerably narrowed her means, she felt it her duty to try to do something more for the cause of God. The frequent calls of her beloved Ministers, and the visits of her Leader, at the house of her friend, Mr. Yates, with whom she resided during the last five months of her life, were to her rich seasons of refreshing. As she was deprived of the more public means of grace, family-prayer became increasingly precious. For about three weeks before her death, the powers of darkness appeared combined for one last great assault; and the struggle was severe and long. But she would often say, "I have no doubt as to my ultimate safety; but I want to see my way. O, this dark, dark valley!" She would often beg us to intercede with God on her behalf. "Pray for light, and for strength; enduring strength." At length the time of deliverance came, and the victory was as signal and glorious as the conflict had been severe. On Sunday, August 14th, 1853, in the afternoon, she called her friend into her room, and said, "Now, brother, it is all right: light is beginning to shine. I can see my way. I thought I should. I am quite conscious; quite sensible."

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Her tongue was then cleaving to the roof of her mouth, the tone of her voice was altered, and her countenance was lit up with an extraordinary lustre. She said, "My voice is nearly lost in death;" and then, making an effort to get her tongue at liberty, "Let me praise God once more," and began to sing,—

"Cease, cease, my friends, to weep for me;
For all is well! all is well!
My sins are pardon'd, I am free:
All is well! all is well!

"There is not a cloud that does arise
To hide my Saviour from my eyes;
I soon shall mount the upper skies;
All is well! all is well!"

Turning to a niece, who sat weeping by her side, she said, "O Jane, get religion, get religion.

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.'"

Aware that her friend had to occupy the pulpit at the village-chapel that evening, and thinking his anxiety to remain with her might induce him to stay beyond the time at which the service should commence, she several times said, "Go, brother, go and preach the Gospel with all your might; and tell the people it is reality—reality."

She continued much in the same state of mind until the afternoon of the following day; when, as her eye was resting on a particular part of the room, and her countenance beaming, her sister said, "Do you see something?" She answered, "Yes; angels! angels! You can now sing,—

'Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, and in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home.'"

Here last words were, "Don't fret: all is well!"

Benjamin Crosland, born at Scholes, in the parish of Barwick-in-Elmett, near Leeds, January 27th, 1835, died January 11th, 1854. The instruction he received at the domestic hearth, and in the house of God, gradually wrought in his mind a conviction of the evil of sin, and the beauty of holiness; and the yearnings of his young heart found expression in earnest prayer that he might become a man of God.

He grew up thoughtful and serious; the gaieties of life and the pleasures of ungodly friendship seemed to have no attractions for him; the village-chapel was his dearest place of resort, and his parents the companions of his choice. Still he was not altogether a Christian.

In the spring of 1852, the sudden death of a friend quickened his desires after saving mercy; and circumstances favoured his decision. In July the village was visited by a terrific storm, which might have made one think of the strong wind that rent the Mount of Horeb in the days of Elijah. In this case, however, the Lord was in the wind; He rode upon the storm, and His voice was heard in the crushing roll of the thunder. Several of the inhabitants awoke from the guilty sleep of nature, and a somewhat general religious revival followed. Benjamin sought the Lord with deepened earnestness, and on the 1st of August received Christ as his Prince and Saviour, and at once was made a partaker of a peace which pain and sorrow never ruffled, and a joy which for eighteen months continued to gain in fulness and depth, and was then lost in "pleasures for evermore."

His disposition was cheerful, and his habits social; yet one of his highest pleasures was to retire into solitude for the purpose of searching the Scriptures. In superintending the business of his father's farm, he was a pattern of diligence; but he always turned with a keen relish to the house of prayer on the week-evening to hear the word, or to report upon his own spiritual state. He revered the healthy, consistent piety of his parents, yet followed in the footsteps of Christ with as much simplicity and unbroken attention as if he had had no earthly example.

Early in November, 1853, his health failed. Bright visions of life, and good prospects in the world, were suddenly darkened, and the active young man was laid aside to suffer; but he murmured not. He still felt himself in the hands of God; his will had been trained to submit to a higher; and now it cost him no painful struggle to commit all interests and hopes to his heavenly Father. He would rather have lived; but he was willing to die. He lingered two months

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in pain and weakness, ever patient, often rejoicing. He repeatedly testified of the power of Divine grace to sustain and cheer, and of his own trust in the Saviour. When he entered the valley, he feared no evil; all was very bright beyond; and, with the word of triumph on his lips, he passed through death to the enjoyment of the life everlasting.

On the 25th of the same month, at Maldon, in Essex, MISS MARY JANE STRATFORD, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, after six months' affliction. Being favoured with pious parents, she was brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and taught by example and precept the good and the right way. In the summer of 1845 she was powerfully awakened to a sense of her lost and undone state, and often could not eat nor sleep for fear of eternal misery. In September of that year, she was invited by the Rev. F. Moody, then stationed at Maldon, to meet in his class. She accepted the invitation, and her state of mind being discovered by her Leader, he directed her to Christ, the only and all-sufficient Saviour, and, being enabled by faith to rely on His atoning sacrifice, she obtained peace with God, and from that time, until the close of her earthly existence, could say, "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." During the protracted and painful affliction which terminated in her death, she was enabled to say,

"My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what He wills is best."

She never murmured, nor was in the least degree fretful, but cheerful, even in her greatest sufferings, and often said, "I certainly could not have endured these sufferings thus, if God had not supported me." A short time before her death she was asked how she then felt, and answered, "Happy. O, magnify the Lord!" "I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." Her last words were, "I am faint: I am dying." She then breathed her last breath, and the soul departed to its eternal rest, without a sigh or struggle.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

Names.	Residences, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Armitage, John,	Birstal,	Birstal,	20	April 24th, 1855.
Barras, Mr. Samuel,	Stainforth,	Doncaster,	62	March 20th, 1855.
Blythe, Samuel,	Skegby,	Mansfield,	64	Dec. 18th, 1854.
Brown, Samuel,	Hartley-Cleugh,	Allendale-Town,	24	March 12th, 1855.
Featherstone, Hannah,	Cockermouth,	Cockermouth,	72	April 14th, 1855.
Gilkes, Richard,	Sibford,	Chipping-Norton,	87	Feb., 1855.
Hall, Cuthbert,	High-House,	Allendale-Town,	62	March 31st, 1855.
Hargreaves, Joseph,	Westgate-Hill,	Birstal,	39	April 21st, 1855.
Hastings, Mrs. Olivia,	Stainforth-Lock,	Doncaster,	71	March 6th, 1855.
James, Edward,	Germs,	Marazion,	60	Oct. 11th, 1854.
Johnson, John William,	Thirsk,	Thirsk,	28	April 3d, 1855.
Martin, Jane,	Church-Lands,	Allendale-Town,	34	April 2d, 1855.
Pearce, Mary,	Ludgran,	Marazion,	74	March 1st, 1855.
Peat, Mary Ellen,	Thirsk,	Thirsk,	17	Jan. 26th, 1855.
Shield, Mrs. Isa,	Swalwell,	Gateshead,	55	March 26th, 1855.
Thomas, Augustus,	Marazion,	Marazion,	71	Jan. 31st, 1855.
Thomas, Eliza,	Marazion,	Marazion,	22	Feb. 22d, 1855.
Wilkinson, George,	Allendale-Town,	Allendale-Town,	41	Oct. 16th, 1854.
Wright, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Thorne-Quay,	Doncaster,	67	March 2d, 1855.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

GAMES AND PASTIMES.

A FEW FRIENDLY WORDS TO SOME RELIGIOUS PEOPLE.

I SHALL not address myself to *all* the religious people who may read these lines, because what I have to say is not necessary for a great part —certainly not for the *greatest* part—of them. There is here and there one, however, to whom admonition may be seasonable; and for such an one, trusting in his candour for a patient hearing, I would prayerfully and respectfully set down a few plain words.

You profess to be a Christian. Perhaps you even meet in class, and are an accredited Wesleyan Methodist. You have, again and again, in language the most unequivocal, made profession of willingness to bear the reproach of Christ. You have said, and perhaps you still presume to say, that you believe your sins are pardoned, that you have peace with God through faith in Jesus Christ our Lord. In the class-room, and perhaps also at the lovefeast, you have openly professed a resolution to live to God, and willingness to suffer any degree of reproach or shame rather than dishonour Him whose name you bear. With unquestionable sincerity, and humility that becomes a pardoned sinner, you have in times past knelt at the Lord's table, reiterated your confession, and renewed your vows. In your chamber, and in the midst of your family, now in secret, and again in the hearing of children, servants, and friends, you made entire dedication of yourself to God. And even more than this, if more can be, you presented yourself before God in His house, on the first Sunday in the year, and, with forms and circumstances of the utmost solemnity, renewed your covenant with Him. This covenant is not yet out of date, nor will it be out of date if we who made it live fifty years longer, nor will it be forgotten through eternity.

And many a time you have remonstrated with persons whom you found halting between two opinions, and have repeated the language of Joshua: "*As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.*" No doubt you honestly meant to do so. Suffer a Christian brother, who is under equal obligations with yourself, and whose duty it is to deal faithfully with every one, to lay aside all reserve, and advise you to review your conduct in a matter that intimately concerns yourself, your children, and your neighbourhood.

For some years past I have noted the customs and heard what people think of the class to which you belong; and it grieves my heart to know that neither their conduct nor their character answers to their profession,

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nor does it satisfy the expectation of the world. As for yourself, it is now pretty well understood that you may be invited into almost any company without the least apprehension that you will give offence by what they call unseasonable allusions to religion. You are no puritan, they say, not stiff, like those old Methodists whose discourse and bearing at once told what they were. I heard you called a "good fellow," and contrasted with steadfast brethren whose refusal to follow the multitude to do evil brings down torrents of scorn upon them. You manage to slip through society without observation; "the marks of the Lord Jesus" are not visibly impressed upon you, and therefore you are not troubled with the world's reproach. The morality you have, indeed, may bear comparison with that of most people; no one accuses you of being either a drunkard or a swindler; yet no one fancies that you are a Methodist, except he happens to have seen you go to chapel once or twice on Sundays. Your children are altogether free from suspicion of Methodism, or any other form of earnest Christianity; and it does not seem that their worldliness gives you much concern, or that you make any strenuous effort to save them from going in the downward road to hell.

You allow your family worldly amusements; and, of course, they contract worldliness of spirit. Your sons play at *chess*, and sometimes you join them. The Duke of Wellington, it seems, played at chess, and so did Buonaparte. It is a grand game,—an intellectual game! You infer that only clever persons are likely to excel at chess, and maintain that it is neither a vulgar pastime, nor does it lead to gambling. Perhaps not. Yet I would not venture to concede that it is harmless. The first Methodist in whose hand I saw a chess-board soon became a bankrupt; for he loved play better than work. His tastes were expensive, and his habits irregular. He was clever, but not wise. He quickly found himself checkmated by poverty, and had to sell off his goods and emigrate. Perhaps this coincidence of play and ruin in the case of a moderately religious man led me to a severe judgment of chess-playing by Methodists; but I am bound to tell you that I have not yet found any such persons remarkable for Christian zeal, or for a devotional spirit, or for extensive usefulness. Chess may be a very fine game, for aught that I know to the contrary; it may make a man sharp, it may drive away weariness, it may even stimulate thought. But there are other methods of sharpening, other cordials and other stimulants, that are perhaps more visibly effectual, because taken in stronger doses, operating more quickly, and leading to more undisguised effects. When English society was less moral, and when the clever men of this country were less practical, less industrious, and less affluent, there was a grosser consumption of sharpeners, fresheners, and quickeners, and in the higher and politer classes more wine was drunk and more fortunes lost. But what of all this? The snares of sin were not then laid so skilfully. Chess may be accounted better for others, but it is worse for you. You differ from others, because you have made high professions and large promises. Besides, this matter of playing is a doubtful one; and if a Chris-

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tian Minister were to pay you a friendly call, surely you would not be the man to say, "We will first get an hour or two at chess, and then the Bible, and then ring up the servants, and then the Rev. Mr. Gamble will conduct family-worship for us."

But you resent my freedom, and tell me that you are no gambler.

What you are, I shall not say: what you may come to be, I do not know.

You have a *bagatelle-table* in your hall, and it serves the young people for amusement after office-hours. Not a few of your friends are scandalized; but you laugh at their puritanical strait-lacedness, and defend yourself by saying that the apparatus that shocks them is not for billiards but only for bagatelle. That is to say, you wish them to believe that between the two games there is an essential difference, and that one does not prepare the player for the other. Just as if one were to say that shooting at a target were not an exercise preparatory to shooting at any other object, animate or inanimate; just as if the rocking-horse were not meant to prepare the child for mounting the live horse; or as if the swimming-belt were not intended to float the timorous until he learns to swim. You tell your son that he *may* play at *this* table, but *must not* play at *that*. You applaud his dexterity *here*, but you would deprecate the employment of it *there*. You assure him that *this* play is innocent, but that *that* is wicked. All which may be very good indeed in theory, but in practice is just as complete a mockery of common sense as if you were to dress up a mock man, put a handkerchief in his pocket and hang a bell under the skirt, teach little Johnny how to pick out the handkerchief without ringing the bell, instruct him as to the innocence of the amusement, praise his dexterity, and exhort him never to pick pockets when he goes into the street. Yet both operations are performed in precisely the same manner, and you cannot for a moment expect your little pocket-picker never to become a pick-pocket. Neither do you trust that the youth who strikes these balls will never meddle with those billiards. Tell us not that in the one case there is no playing for money, but that in the other there is: for, in the first place, the statement is not true; and if it were true, that gloss would not conceal the mischief. There is a vast deal of training before the horses race for the cup, and *then* comes the betting. So there is training at home over bagatelle before your son goes abroad to try skill, and then to try fortune over billiards; and I pray that he may not bring down your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Here we pause. It would be easy to enumerate other games, such as you admit or even recommend; but let me implore you to give the whole subject a careful and *prayerful* consideration; and before the long evenings return, and you resume your places around your fire-sides, and have suitable recreations or employments provided for your families and your friends, let me entreat you to ask yourself, with God's word before you, and with parental hopes and anxieties struggling within your bosom, what kind of bias those games have already exerted, or what habits, if admitted for the future, they are likely to produce.

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And yet a word more, as to your daughters.

Do they learn dancing? "O, yes!" O, yes? Pray tell me why. "Why! Why, to improve their bearing, to be sure: dancing is a necessary finish for a young lady."

Your daughter ought certainly to be so educated as to appear with credit in the circle of society to which she actually belongs; and if she were to go into the world clumsy and awkward, it would be disgraceful to yourself. But, after all, as the cowl does not make the monk, so dancing does not make the lady; and we must remember that some of the most refined and graceful women in the land were never exercised by dancing-masters. Much, very much, is to be said on this subject; and I incline to think that you have heard much already, and have had some striving with conscience before bringing yourself to send your daughter to a dancing-school; but I shall not go into any argument on this question. My present object is only to remind you, that as you train up your children, even so they will go. You are watching at the station whence they start on the journey of life. On you it now devolves to set them on the right line. You may keep the train on this line, or you may shunt it off. Murderous malice you cannot feel towards your own flesh and blood; but suffer a friend to tell you that with all your love you may make a deadly mistake, and that one false movement of your hand may dash the train which just now begins to move upon the *down* line instead of the *up*, or the contrary, and that instead of a safe run through, there may be a collision. Whither do you send your daughter?

To be plain. You have her taught to dance. She dances in company; she delights in the exercise; her young spirits dance within her. She grows up into womanhood; she multiplies acquaintanceships and friendships too. She cannot, she ought not to be restrained from the innocent enjoyments of society. Her connexions are almost imposed upon her; and yet you scarcely know of what sort they are, or soon will be. But you have her taught the dances, the etiquette, the manners of the ball-room; and you cannot possibly be so dull as to imagine that when you have initiated your child into the peculiar usages of worldly society, and provided her with the most subtle stimulant of worldliness that can be found, she will hand you back the charmed cup just when it is once tasted, and shake off the fascination just when it is once felt. Impossible! Impossible, unless God takes up the child whom you fling into the lap of worldliness, and in pity gives the daughter grace to resist the sin, because her father had not grace to withhold her from the temptation. I am not supposing the *worst* thing that might happen to your child. I am only supposing that after the dancing-school she enters the ball-room, and learns enough of the vain world to love it; and ask you whether any power of yours can snatch her from it then. And that surely is bad enough; quite as bad as even Satan himself could wish.

And *you* a Wesleyan Methodist? * * * * * Could we recall the shades of the blessed! Could the saints whose names you bear and

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whose memory you reverence come back to mingle in your amusement! Think of Wesley and Whitefield sitting down snugly over chess, while congregated thousands waited in Moorfields or at Gwennap Pit for a word of awakening to common sinners from their lips. Imagine Fletcher and Charles Wesley contending by the hour with those ivory balls. Think of Nelson and Haime tossing dice. Picture to yourself Lady Maxwell, and Mrs. Fletcher, and Lady Huntingdon gliding with clerical partners down the dance. O, no! *No.* If they could have done that, just as indeed their heartless contemporaries did, the world would never have known their honoured names; the nation would never have heard that soul-disturbing cry, echoed through every corner of the land, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." And in that case where would you, and I, and all these generations of Methodists, have been? But submit to hear that if you value the peace and love of God so little as to give up nothing for it, but are conformed to the world again, even in its emptiest follies, your memory will fade away, your offspring will be unblest, and if all of us were to follow your example, our church would sink into the dust.

You have not yet, I hope, begun to have dances in your house. Christmas dances, for example! If matters have come to that,—if you have so utterly abandoned the last vestige of Christian propriety,—I know not what to say. Lookers-on observe that there is dancing on both sides the way. Dancing at the Crown and Sceptre; dancing at the house of good Mr. Smart, the Methodist. The street-walkers who pass by glance up to the windows on either side, and perceive scarcely any difference. Nor can I see much difference. But I suppose you mean to end the night's entertainment piously after all. You must "have family-prayer," *of course.* You need it.

MONITOR.

A CORPORAL CLASS-LEADER IN CEPHALONIA.

IT is now several years since the thoughtless son of pious parents enlisted as a soldier, very much to their regret. Though poor, they were willing to make the requisite sacrifices to purchase his discharge, but he ungratefully refused their offer. He continued in the service for several months, when he grew tired of it, and deserted. That he might not be found, he went into one of the mining districts, and obtained employment, which kept him much under-ground. He lodged at first with a profligate family, with whom he was not comfortable, and consequently sought and found admission into a Methodist household, the head of which was a Class-Leader, and honoured God by building an altar, on which was offered the sacrifices of prayer and praise. These services powerfully reminded this prodigal son of the privileges and pleasures of home, and, with other considerations, induced him to attend with his pious host the worship of God and the class-meeting. By the Divine blessing on these

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services, the mind of this deserter became powerfully awakened to a sense of his guilt and danger: he sought for and found pardon through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; but could not long rejoice in this blessing, from the powerful recollection of the oaths and engagements of a soldier. He therefore resolved on giving himself up to the proper authorities; and accordingly took the journey, and did so. He was sentenced to a trivial punishment for a few weeks; but, in consequence of his good conduct, that was remitted to half the term. Soon afterwards, his regiment was ordered to a part of Ireland, where there were not any religious privileges to his mind. He sought for and obtained permission to go most Sundays a distance of several miles to class and preaching. About four years since he obtained a furlough for a month, when he visited his friends in his native village, who, with great delight, listened to his simple statements of the power of converting grace, and earnest exhortations to decide for God. They could not but exult in the great change which had passed upon him since he was an unruly Sunday-school boy, and a careless attendant on public worship, in the same place where he now conducted the service of God, to the delight and edification of many.

Soon after this his regiment was ordered on foreign service, where he was wholly deprived of Methodist advantages. His soul felt their need, and he longed for Christian fellowship, and to be an instrument of good. He frequently exhorted his comrades to forsake their sins, and seek the Saviour. To his delight and profit, several of them yielded. They had regular meetings for Christian converse, and, with the consent of their superior officer, hired a room for preaching and prayer: several attended, and some good was done. The returned deserter set before those who had been spiritually benefited the advantages of Christian fellowship. Six or seven availed themselves of this privilege, and, according to the recommendation of this pious Corporal, brought their weekly contributions towards the work of God. These gatherings amounted to nearly £5, and it became a subject for consideration how it was to be disposed of. The members of this class wished their Leader and teacher to accept it as an acknowledgment of the benefits they had received through him. He considered that this would be a mal-appropriation, as he was receiving his regular pay as a soldier, and incurring very little, if any, more expense than they. He therefore suggested that it should be given to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, to send the Gospel to those parts of the world where it was needed as much as by the people who surrounded them. To this they consented in part, but reserved a portion for his poor and afflicted relatives, of whom they had heard him speak. This decision was acted upon; and in the Missionary Report there appeared the entry, "Corporal Ward's Class, 1st Royals, Cephalonia, £2. 10s."

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MISSIONARY STATISTICS.

From the last Report of the Hinde-Street (London) Branch Wesleyan Missionary Society.

THERE are now worked by the agents of this Society 367 Circuits, or as many within 66 as we have in England: there are occupied every Sunday 3,116 chapels and preaching-places; and in these, 484 Ministers and 2,083 Local Preachers expound God's holy word. We have also 804 day-schools, in which 43,113 children are under instruction; and in these institutions the children are ever regarded as immortal and redeemed, and are trained with specific reference to both worlds. There are open on the Lord's day 879 schools for the exclusively religious education of the young, and 5,604 Teachers are diligently employed in scattering broadcast the incorruptible seed upon the mind and heart of nearly 55,000 children. The most striking feature in these statistics is, the large proportion of children attending our day-schools: out of every five Sunday-scholars, four are under our care on the week-day. Exclusive of these scholars and of regular members, we have on the Mission-ground about 190,000 regular hearers of the word; and out of this miscellaneous mass of youth and adults, there have been gathered into the church more than 110,000; and these are proving, by a blameless and consistent life, the power of Divine grace to renew and sanctify.

There has been a net increase on the year of rather more than 1,100. This may seem a trifling increase, a small per-centage on the gross number in communion: but in looking at our numerical report, both of the home and foreign work, we are apt to forget that "the body is dead because of sin;" that the church is wasting annually from natural causes; that after a few years of membership our people are drafted off to the church triumphant; and that it requires a constant accession of new converts even to keep up our numbers. Perhaps no one will be disposed to estimate the average term of Wesleyan membership at more than thirty years: this is a little beyond the actual average in our church at home; and, applying this principle abroad, we must calculate upon 3,600 deaths in the Mission-field during the last year. This fact, though solemn, tells of the power still resident in the Gospel as preached by our Missionaries, and is instinct with hope and encouragement for the supporters and friends of this Society. This is clear gain; *these* are the net increase; 3,600 in twelve months have died well, and gone home to God; and your Missionaries can point to these, as they grace the upper temple and join in the heavenly song, as the fruit of their labours and the seals of their apostleship; and we commend to our subscribers and collectors the fact, that as if in return for every £30 paid into this exchequer a soul has been glorified. Then there is yearly, both at home and abroad, a considerable loss from backslidings and removals. In changing residence, many slip out of the church; and the diminution arising from these causes and from deaths must

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be made up before any increase whatever can be reported. This has been met, and there remains a surplus in the shape of net increase amounting to more than 1,100. There must have been on the Mission stations last year at least 5,000 conversions; and this is evidence that the Lord is with us.

Ten Missionaries have been removed by death. Fowler, and Williams, and Bannister are no more,—but the Bible remains. They and others in the prime of life have fallen. "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever." And with the word of God abiding among us, and expounded by your Missionaries, we have no fear of the future: this Society will go on to new labours, to enlarged success, and more brilliant triumphs.

INTELLIGENCE OF SABBATH-KEEPERS.

The ground on which an argument may be raised, as to whether the Sabbath had better not be too religious, is certainly not that of revelation; but, if any, that to which a statesman ought undoubtedly to give much attention,—*experience*. Our working population are divided into three classes,—English, Irish, and Scotch. In Ireland, at least in the south and west, the labouring classes are not deeply impressed with the opinion that the day ought to be given to subjects "exclusively theological." Are they quite free from "that ignorance which we all lament?" Among the working people of England, the conviction that the whole day ought to be religiously kept is much more extensively diffused; and so are the advantages of education in about a corresponding degree. In Scotland this conviction is still more extensively diffused, and upon individuals more intense. In a degree corresponding, the people rise in education and intelligence above those of the other two countries; an intelligence which, in every field of mental activity, whether literature, commerce, or the public service, gives to Scotland an amount of power much beyond that due to her on the ground of the proportional amount of her population; and this in the face of the national vice of whisky-drinking, which sorely defaces the country, blunts the edge of every moral lesson that otherwise might be drawn from the case of Scotland, and, but for the powerful counteraction of religious teaching and a holy Sabbath, would have reduced her as low as ever Ireland fell. So far, therefore, as the aggregate experience of the three kingdoms goes, it may be very confidently asserted that it does not point to a non-"theological" Sabbath as an educational "remedy," in the "direction" of which our legislation ought for the future to tend.

Even in Scotland, however, your Lordship may find utterly uneducated individuals. From what families do they come? From families in which

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the "popular opinion," that the Sabbath should be devoted to subjects "exclusively theological," was very strongly and practically felt? Or from families in which that opinion was disregarded, and the day was spent according to the pleasure of the individual? Undoubtedly from the latter. In families of the former class, you will uniformly find the younger members rising up with the rudiments of intelligence, and a bent towards learning. In England, too, we find large classes who are ill-educated, or uneducated. From what families do the worst of them spring? From the families of those poor men to whom the Sabbath is indeed God's holy day? Or from the families of those to whom it is nothing more than a day of pastime? If you take the town-populations, it will prove that those of them who grow up without education, are the children of Sabbathless parents. In country parishes the same class are generally either children of those parents in whose parish a drowsy pulpit has lulled spiritual and intellectual life to sleep, or of those who, in spite of all the labours of faithful men, have continued to disregard the sacred uses to which the Sabbath should be turned. Look where you will, your Lordship will discover the proof, that they who reverence the Sabbath contribute to the intelligence of the country; whilst those who profane it, if of the lower classes, too often rear their offspring in utter ignorance.

It would be hard to conceive a reproach more undeserved, or more bitter, thrown on that portion of the working men of England—alas! far too small—who keep their Sabbath as Christians ought to keep it, than that they should be told from the high places of the country, that on their heads, and especially on their piety, lies the curse of the ignorance which afflicts the untaught children of their ungodly neighbours. It is my honour and my joy to be associated in church-fellowship with tens of thousands of the workers in some of the rudest labours of the country,—men who, in the darkness of Cornish mines or in the vapours of coal-pits, in the heats of Staffordshire forges or northern mills, toilsomely spend their week; yet, blessed by religion with a better life than that which the outward eye sees, once in seven days they can rise with the prospect of peace before them, and say, "This is the day the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it." Their children, my Lord, you will find at school, when a penny can be found to pay for the schooling, and at the Sabbath-school on the Sabbath-day, stimulated with many a word and many a wish to make themselves bright and wise; and from among their sons men are often given to the country whose intelligence and talent are of real value to all. One of the last things to have been expected was, that the religious portion of our working population should be rendered accountable for precisely that one evil which, so far as their influence has extended, they have done their utmost to reduce.—*The Rev. W. Arthur to Lord Stanley.*

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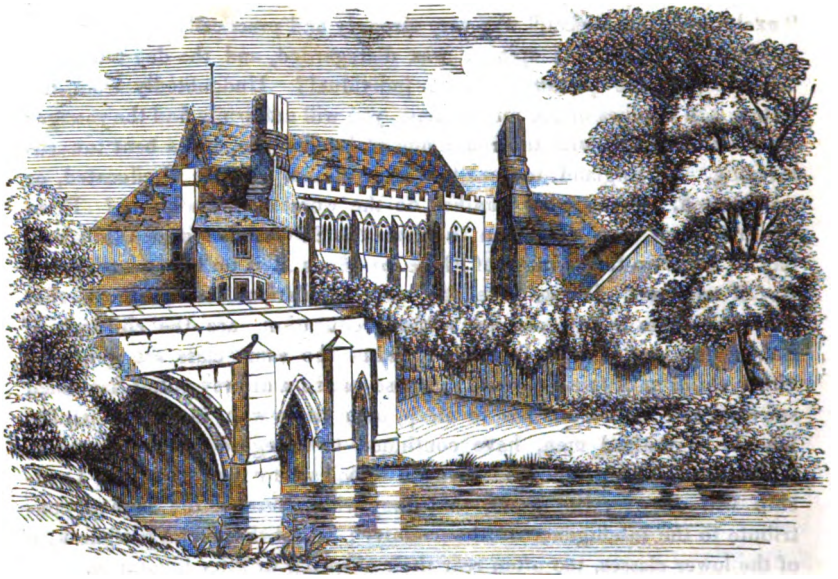

ELTHAM PALACE.

PARLIAMENTS met several times at Eltham in the reign of Edward III., who, with his heroic sons, here celebrated great feasts and festivals, for the solace of John, the captive King of France. Edward IV. almost entirely rebuilt the palace, of which the hall was the noblest part. In that hall he celebrated the Christmas of 1483, as Christmases of old were wont to be celebrated, with bountiful hospitality for high and low, and abundance of mirth and sport. The palace was much enlarged by Henry VII. In its finished state at that time, the structure was extensive and magnificent. The hall, chapel, and state apartments were the principal interior features. Such was the fine old palace of Eltham, before the rise of the new palace at Greenwich, which stole away all its lustre. Its decline was hastened by the Commonwealth. Subsequently it was turned into a quarry, and stones were carried away for any and every purpose; indeed the whole would have gone, most likely, but for the hall being converted into a barn,—a circumstance to which we owe the preservation of one of the most beautiful architectural specimens of the reign of Edward IV., whose symbol, the expanded rose, is visible in different parts of it. The timber roof is the great attraction of this valuable remain. "The main beams of the roof are full seventeen inches square, and twenty-eight feet long, perfectly straight, and sound throughout, and are the produce of trees of the most stately growth. A forest must have yielded the choicest timber for the supply of this building, and it is evident that the material has been wrought with incredible labour and admirable skill." Of late years this rich and noble roof has been restored by Mr. Smirke, at the expense of the Government.—*Abridged from "Old England."*

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HINDUS, AFRICANS, &c., IN LONDON.

THE following letter has been addressed to the newspapers by Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes:—

"The facts which have lately been brought to light respecting the great number of Asiatics, Africans, and others, who visit and reside in this great metropolis, their temporal destitution and sufferings, the wretched dwellings they are obliged to occupy, and the state in which they live and die, unattended and uncared for, have taken many by surprise; but I trust you will permit me, through your columns, to bring to notice their spiritual destitution, their willingness to listen to, and of some to be instructed in, the truths of the Gospel.

"At no distant period, a number of South-Sea Islanders, who had assisted in navigating different ships from the South Pacific, resided in England for several weeks, and were ascertained to be, not only converts to Christianity, but had been for some time communicants. Some of these poor fellows were found sleeping in the streets, where they had slept night after night, for two or three weeks; some who were taken by a gentleman to a workhouse were seen by him driven away with curses; and the only Christian sympathy or aid they met with whilst in England was from a City-Missionary, who lodged as many as he could, fed some as far as his little means and the assistance of his friends admitted, and had others provided for, and at length obtained for them a passage to their native land, for which their gratitude was unbounded. In the City-Missionary they found a brother in Christ; but what must have been their opinion of the English as a Christian nation? for, except at the house of this Samaritan, they neither heard nor saw anything in the shape of Christianity during their residence in England. What an account must they have given on their return home of all they witnessed, and the sufferings and privations they endured in the country of their Christian teachers! There cannot be a doubt that the efforts to spread the Gospel in Heathen lands have been, and still continue to be, hindered from such facts as these.

"What will your readers think when they hear, that in one lodging-house in Aldgate, there were last year upwards of sixty ayahs; (nurses or ladies'-maids;) that the lodging-house keeper informed me that at one time she had thirty-two in her house; and on my asking if any of them went to church, she told me the Roman Catholics, seven in number, went regularly to Moorfields chapel, and that the others went nowhere, nor had any of them, as far as she knew, ever been spoken to by a Clergyman, Scripture-Reader, or Missionary, on the one thing needful, whilst living in the house. Here, again, what must these poor Indian women think of the Christianity of England, or of the religion of their employers?

"There are about twenty or thirty natives of India who have for years resided in London, and other parts of England, and call themselves Christians; some have married English women; and I have often been told by several of this class, 'I am a Christian; I eat and drink the same as master. I was married by a Clergyman in such and such a church, and sometimes go there,' &c. But this is all: of the Gospel, and salvation through Jesus Christ, they know nothing. They are generally industrious, well-behaved men, and have told me they would be glad of instruction. One of this class was lately very ill, and taken to St. George's Hospital. On leaving it, he expressed to me his gratitude for the kind attention he had met with, and especially from a Clergyman who visited the patients, and understood his language, and had spoken many

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words of comfort from the Bible to him whilst he was lying sick in bed. Here, again, what cause for encouragement, and to be faithful when an opportunity offers!

"The British and Foreign Bible Society is in want of agents in India, China, and the South Pacific. Here we have on the spot numerous agents, who might take the Bible to those residing in countries and places at present inaccessible to European Missionaries and others: and the same equally applies to the Religious Tract Society.

"The various Missionary Societies are all in want of agents. Here are thousands, before whom the truths of the Gospel might be brought, and listened to; and many a devoted servant of Christ might be gathered out of the multitude to take back for distribution to his own countrymen the unsearchable riches of Christ.

"In conclusion, I would ask if we, as a professedly Christian nation, shall continue to allow thousands of the natives from Heathen and Mohammedan lands to visit our shores, without making an effort for their spiritual welfare? Shall we permit them to live in the midst of filth and vice, without attempting to raise their condition, either socially or morally? Shall we continue to allow hundreds to die, whilst residing amongst us, without endeavouring to point out to them, ere they pass into eternity, the Way, the Truth, and the Life? Shall we place ourselves in the position of those to whom it will be said at the judgment-day, 'I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not?' God forbid! Let us, then, be up and doing; let us strive to make up for lost opportunities, and give the newly-established institution, 'The Strangers' Home,' our prayers, our influence, our interest, and such pecuniary means as we can, that the effort about to be made for the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of those who visit our shores, may be carried into effect without delay."

TO THE AFFLICTED.

I WOULD particularly direct the eye of the sorrowing and afflicted Israel to these sweet words of inspiration, "*Fear not.*"

To *you*, tried and afflicted child of God, are the words of this salvation sent. Then fear not while you have such an arm on which to lean, such a Friend in whom to trust. Though your cup of sorrow may be full, and you should even be called to drink it to the dregs; though all may seem against you, and earth and hell oppose; though your path be so dark that you have not even one gleam of hope, still, "fear not." "Is there any among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."

Though the path through which you have to walk be so rough and thorny, and your mind, through earthly perplexities, be so distracted that you can scarcely distinguish which way you are to turn; yet still, amid all these cares, thy Father saith unto thee, "Fear not." These very trials and these very difficulties are among the "all things" which work together for thy good.

And why are you not to fear? Why? "For I have redeemed thee!"

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Why? Because "ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." Amidst every vexation, every affliction, and every pain, thou needest not to fear; for thy Father careth for thee, and even counteth the very hairs of thy head. Believest thou this?

If affliction be thy lot, and thou art called to suffer His will, and wearisome days and restless nights are appointed unto thee, O, "Fear not; for I have redeemed thee." In all thy affliction He is afflicted. He will make thy bed and smooth thy pillow, and thou shalt rest thy aching head on His bosom. Weep not, because through affliction thou art deprived of the blessed means of grace, which so many of thy fellow-Christians enjoy, and which thy heart yearns after. Weep not, because thou canst not now, as in former times, join with the great congregation in singing the praises of Him who hath called thee out of darkness into His marvellous light. Weep not, though thus deprived of the outward means; for thou mayest be always sure of a present Saviour, who will visit thee here in thy sick chamber, and cause thy lone room to be a Bethel, none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven! O, how sweet to know that He is ever near; that He careth for thee, and will Himself gently wipe away the falling tear of disappointment with the sweet promise of His love!

He who knoweth all things from the beginning, the great Jehovah, the God of heaven and earth,—He who spake this to the Israelites of old, now saith it unto thee, thou afflicted one. Yes; He who supplieth thy every want, who readeth the thoughts and desires, hopes and fears, of thy soul, saith, even unto thee, "Fear not; for I have redeemed thee." Though waves of sorrow go over thy head; though health, and wealth, and friends be gone; though thy very heart-strings be rudely broken, and thou hast to walk through this sorrowful vale alone, without one friend to cheer thee in thy sorrow, yet, "Fear not;" for I will be with thee; "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." O, lift up thy drooping head, and let the eye of thy faith pierce through these clouds of gloom, and soar on high into those regions, where

> "The' Invisible appears in sight,
> And God is seen by mortal eye!"

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." In love doth He chastise, and not for His pleasure. O, then, repine not at His dealings with you now; how dark or dreary soever your way may be, lie passive in His hands; resign yourself and all you have to His care and keeping; yea, "commit your way unto Him," and you shall reap, even in this life of grief and woe, sweet consoling peace. If in the world you have tribulation, "fear not;" for in Him you have peace. Who can tell but affliction was the only sure means of drawing thy soul to God? O, murmur not, but rejoice that He has in mercy thus afflicted you! Had He not done so in the special manner that He has in His all-wise providence seen fit, you might have been, even at the present moment, worse than a Heathen. How mysterious are the ways of God, and His dealings with His children! Sometimes, in the darkness that surrounds our path, and the difficulties that obstruct our way, He appears to frown upon us; but that frown is often nothing but the putting of this question, "Lovest thou Me?" O, think not that thy God hath forsaken thee; that thy way is hid from before Him! He knows the whole, every pang and every woe: yea, more, He directs the whole. Every stroke of His rod is a

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message of love. Then kiss the hand that smites you; bow beneath the rod; and in all things, the bitter as well as the sweet, the rough as well as the smooth, exclaim, "Good is the will of the Lord: the will of the Lord be done."

The children of God, says a pious writer, "are most triumphant when most tempted; most glorious when most afflicted; most in the favour of God when least in man's and least in their own esteem. As their conflicts, so their conquests: as their tribulations, so their triumphs. So that heavy afflictions, when sanctified by the grace of God, are the best benefactors to heavenly affections; and where afflictions hang heaviest, corruptions hang loosest; and grace that is hid in nature is then most fragrant, when the fire of affliction is put under to distil it out."

How many a disappointment has been feared on a wet and cloudy morning, when the rain fell fast, the woods howled beneath the storm, and nature herself groaned! Then did imagination rise. There was no hope: it was a stormy day. But, lo! even then the clouds break, the wind ceases, the sun bursts forth, and ere one short hour is past, nature is robed in her most beautiful garb, and the little birds are singing in cheerful strains the praises of their God. Thus it is with the Christian. He, too, has many a cloudy day as he goes forward on his pilgrimage; days when he laments, with Job, "All these things are against me." But the storm passes, the howling winds of fear cease, the bright Sun of Righteousness arises with more grandeur and beneficence than ever, and the mourner begins to think his way not quite so dark, and even ventures to hope that all things will eventually work together for his good, though all had seemed against him; and he endeavours, through faith in Christ, to take fresh hold of the atonement, and exclaims, "My Lord and my God."

"Fear not," my fellow-mourner, these wintry blasts, these cloudy days; for they will drive your frail bark more rapidly to the haven of eternal rest. Though wind and wave be against you, "fear not:" all will be well.

"Father, Thy kind design explain
In every scourge and cross:
What is the meaning of *this pain*,
This trouble, or *this loss*?

"O! might my heart distinctly hear
The language of Thy rod;
Answer Thy will, and always fear
And always love my God!"

God grant that it be so! for if sorrows are not sanctified by Him, they harden, instead of softening, our rebellious will.

And now, my Christian friend, let us breathe a little in this pure air of Divine love; and, if we belong to Christ, let us at once "renew our spiritual strength, mount up with wings as eagles, run and not be weary, walk and not faint." O, why should we distress ourselves? why repine and grieve when oppressed with difficulties or tried by affliction, as if there were no God?

"When all around to darkness turns,
Thy inward light more brightly burns."

When doubts intrude, and we yield to them, but for a moment, the prospect darkens, and all around looks drear. Instead of thus bewailing our state, let us

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burst through these clouds of despair, and hail the least speck of light which would lead us to hope that the cloud which now thickens is but for a moment. O, despair not because your way is dark and drear! Despair not because the chastening hand is stretched over you, and you are made to feel the rod. Despair not, though you tread this wearisome world alone! Despair not, though the cruel hand of death severs from you the sweetest bond of life. Despair not, though all be gone. And why? Because the Redeemer saith, "Fear not." O thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt? A rest, a sweet, a glorious rest, is preparing for thee yonder. Look forward, anticipate that rest; yea, more, enter in and possess it even here.

And now, fellow-sufferer, what more can I say unto you? "Fear not;" but take courage and press on. Be not faithless, but believing; and remember that "all the promises of God are yea and amen, through Christ Jesus our Lord." All are yours, if you belong to Christ. What need, then, have you to fear?

"If weeping, and fearing, you pass
Through changes in state and in frame;
Yet, constant in power and grace,
Thy Saviour is always the same."

That you may ever prove this to be the language of your soul, and the earnest desire of your heart, and that you may ever experience the sweetness of this promise, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee," is the sincere prayer of

A FELLOW SUFFERER.

QUESTIONS FOR SELF-EXAMINATION.

Do I believe that my body will soon die, but that my soul will live for ever?

Do I believe that my conduct here will fix my condition hereafter?

What are my prospects for eternity?

Do I daily seek the enlightening, guiding, and sanctifying influences of the Holy Ghost?

Do I trust in the atonement of Christ exclusively, for present and eternal salvation?

Do I now know my sins forgiven? if not, what is the cause or hindrance?

What induced me to join the Wesleyan church?

Do I value church-membership as a privilege?

Do I recommend or dishonour Christianity by my conduct?

Do I pray regularly for my Ministers, my Class-Leader, the members of the class, and the whole church of God?

Do I make every effort to attend both Sunday and week-day services, the table of the Lord, the class-meeting, and the prayer-meeting?

Do I show piety at home, by my solicitude for the welfare of all around me, delight in family and private prayer, searching the Scriptures, and religious conversation?

Do I support the cause of God as the Lord hath prospered me?

Am I anxious for a revival of religion?

Have I been the means of bringing one stranger to the house of God, recovering one backslider from the error of his ways, or adding one member to the classes during the present year?

Am I willing to give prayerful diligence to induce one or more persons to seek the salvation of their souls, and to unite themselves with us this quarter?

Hill-Top. J. H. N.

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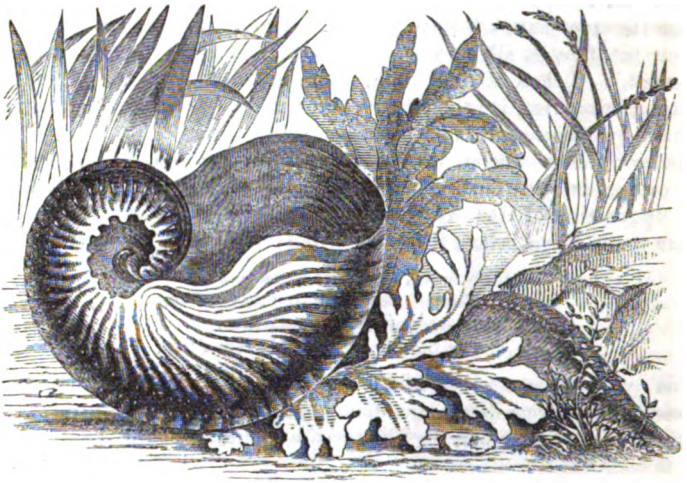
Natural History.



NAUTILUS SHELL.

In natural history the name of *nautilus* is given to "a genus of marine animals, whose shell is formed of one continued piece, rolled as it were into a spiral form, and having its cavity divided into a great number of cells, by transverse partitions, each of which has a perforation, and is continuous to the others by means of a pipe carried the whole length of the shell. One species, found in the Mediterranean and Atlantic Seas, is furnished with two arms united by a membrane, which it extends as a sail, and floats on the surface of the water, while with other arms it rows or steers." The nautilus has been therefore called "the natural sailor of the deep."

INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

One lovely evening in spring, my attention was called to the strange proceedings of some martins, (*hirundo urbica*,) who had taken possession under the eave of our lofty buildings. One was evidently a prisoner, caught by its leg in some fibrous matter, probably used as a bond to cement the clay which formed the outer structure of its airy dwelling. It hung outside the half-formed nest, head-downwards, darting, fluttering, struggling to get loose, but all in vain. Its mate skimmed rapidly to and fro, now eagerly seeking to assist, then flying off as if to induce a similar movement of the other; but, failing in this, instantly returned; and occasionally uttering a cry, sharp and shrill as that to which Homer compares the twanging of Ulysses' bow, when, returning unrecognised after an absence of twenty years, he so carefully examined it in the presence of the suitors, ere he sought to avenge his insults in their blood. The efforts of the martins, often renewed, were fruitless: the nest had become hard, the manacles were firm, and their little strength was apparently exhausted. After a time, a new feature appeared, evincing alike their instinct and communications: a number of martins now fluttered around; the captive was laid hold of by one, who in its turn was seized by another, who supported a fourth, and so on till (on the same principle as the monkeys' bridge) a chain of several swallows was formed, which dashed rapidly to and fro; but even the impulsive movements of so many

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wings failed to effect a release, though the same process was repeated at intervals. After a considerable time, I returned to the view; and, their continued efforts seeming more likely to injure the little creature than to effect its liberation, the evening guard were called, a ladder unlocked, and an active form sent to the rescue. As he ascended, the assistant birds fled, as hirelings flee; but the affection of the pair was evinced by the free bird actually suffering himself to be caught rather than desert his mate in such extremity. They were brought down safely; the matted hair and clay removed from the bleeding but, strange to say, not broken, leg of the sufferer; and, with a joyful scream, each regained its liberty.—*Tirshatha.*

MUSK MALLOW.

Malvaceæ, from a large order of plants; many of them herbaceous or annual, inhabiting all the milder parts of the world, but abounding most in hot countries. Often they are remarkable for large and beautiful but short-lived flowers. Some of the species are of great service to man. They are well known as emollients, in medical practice. *Gossypium* yields the raw cotton so important to our manufacturers. Other kinds furnish good cordage. One is used in the West Indies as a substitute for soap. Another contributes a mucilaginous ingredient to food in various hot countries. The seeds of *hibiscus abelmoschus* are warm and musky, and are used in perfumery as a substitute for musk.

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Narrative Pieces.

A VISIT TO MADELEY.

Among the honoured instruments of the revival of religion in the last century, we need but mention Fletcher of Madeley to recall the idea of one whose devotedness and holy fervour were only equalled by his remarkable humility, and singular simplicity of life. Madeley, the scene of the labours of this apostolic man, is a considerable parish in Shropshire, near the foot of the Wrekin, having a population of about nine thousand. Its scenery is characterized by diversities rarely to be met with in an equal space, nature and art holding controversy for the mastery. Here are mines of coal and iron with their attendant furnaces, which at night illuminate miles around; a beautiful meandering river, (the Severn,) with sylvan banks; founderies and potteries, rivalling any in the kingdom for magnitude; and, in the midst of all, romantic combinations of verdant hill and dale.

Here was opened the door of usefulness wherein Mr. Fletcher entered to labour for twenty-five years, leaving an impress which the lapse of time has by no means effaced even at this day. Different from his friends the Wesleys, his gift was not that of the evangelist spreading the good seed in a ceaseless itinerancy, but that of patient and untiring toil in one corner of the Lord's vineyard, presenting at first the rugged soil of a population notorious for ignorance and impiety, but eventually yielding abundant fruit of righteousness.

Nor must we forget his true "help meet," Mrs. Fletcher, who shared the work of his closing years, and for full thirty years after his decease (1785) remained a burning and a shining light in the village. Happily men like-minded have been raised up to enter into their labours, so that the spirit of bygone days still animates the hearts of many; may we not hope, of an unusual proportion of the people? Well do we remember going down one of the iron-mines, some three hundred feet deep, sitting in chain-slings with several men who, as we slowly descended, sang, not, as might be thought, ballad, but—

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride."

With thrilling interest we lately visited the house in which Fletcher dwelt, and the sanctuary in which he ministered; and we had contemplated, indeed, the narration of the feelings (not unprofitable, we trust) which we there experienced. But our task has been anticipated. A Canadian Minister, the Rev. Anson Green, has recently been on the spot, and in a transatlantic journal thus records what he witnessed.

"Our breakfast being over," he writes, "we hastened away to the point of deepest interest,—the churchyard. The parish-church stands in the centre of the village, about two hundred feet from the principal street, on a small eminence, with grounds sloping off from it in different directions. The churchyard is large, containing, I should think, two or three acres, well filled with graves and tombs, both in front and rear. On the left, as you pass up toward the church, is a walk leading to the rear, with many tombs on the lower side of it. Among them, just opposite the church, and but a few feet from it, is a very plain but rich and neat-looking tomb, about four feet wide, and five or six feet high, covered with an iron plate. This tomb contains all that is mortal of the memorable Fletcher and his excellent wife. On the lid of this tomb, in embossed letters, is a brief description of its illustrious inmates. We copied the following:—'The Rev. John William de la Flechere was born at Nyon, in Switzerland, September 12th, 1729, and died August 14th, 1785. Mrs. Fletcher was born September, 1739, and died 1815.' It will be seen that the orthography on this tomb is different from that in common use: the *t* is left out of his name, and the final *e* retained; but in his own signature in the church-records he has Anglicized the French; and in all places where I saw his name written by himself, it is spelt *Fletcher*.

"I lingered at this tomb, hallowed by

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so many pleasing recollections, long after my companions had left it; and even then I tore myself away, in violence to my feelings, deeply regretting that my time was so limited that I could not linger for hours in a place so suggestive of admonitory thoughts, and so replete with interest to a reflecting mind.

"After taking a brief survey of the yard, in which there are a goodly number of very respectable-looking tombs, we entered the church. This edifice has been rebuilt since Mr. Fletcher's day; but the steps leading both to the pulpit and the reading-desk were those used by Fletcher himself in the old sanctuary. I walked up these steps, narrow and awkward as they were, with deep emotions, picturing to myself the probable appearance and feelings of that eminent servant of God, as he ascended the same steps to deliver those powerful sermons which shook the village from centre to circumference, and kindled up a light in that benighted part of the kingdom which has never been extinguished. Behind this pulpit is a small vestry, in which are kept the church-records. On examination, I found all the entries made during his incumbency in his own handwriting, which is large, open, and legible, nor is the ink much faded. His last baptism was performed on the 29th of July, about a fortnight before his death. On the 5th of June, 1785, he baptized Charles Dyer, who is now living near the place, and who often refers to the fact with delight.

"The old barn, which was once used as a depository for the tithes, and subsequently for a chapel for Mrs. Fletcher, has long since been removed: a drawing of it, however, is retained.

"The parsonage is in a lovely spot, with beautiful grounds and gardens attached. I noticed many beautiful trees in the grounds; but none which I so much admired as a large shady medlar, venerable for age, but youthful in its loveliness. 'It stands but a few paces from the house, and spreads out its branches with so much majesty and attractiveness, as induced me, while standing in its shade, to believe that I stood where the man of God has often been to meditate, adore, and pray. The parsonage is a very respectable-looking building. We were shown into the library, where I suppose Fletcher wrote his powerful 'Appeal,' a masterpiece of logical reasoning and sound argument, which has carried conviction to the minds and hearts of thousands; his unanswerable 'Checks to Antinomianism,' which have turned many a giddy head from darkness to light; his 'Portrait of St. Paul,' so instructing in its fine and noble sentiments to the Minister of Christ; his 'Address,' 'Letters,' and many other valuable works, for which he has laid the Christian world under great obligations, and which will cause his name to be revered and his memory cherished with grateful emotions, so long as sound doctrine and deep piety are felt and valued in the church of God. This room is about nine feet by twelve feet in size, and ten feet in height. I looked for the wall which was said to be stained with his breath, where he kneeled to pray; but these marks of agonizing prayer, if they ever were in this room, are now effaced.

"From the parsonage we went to the Bible-class room, a small building erected near the spot where Mrs. Fletcher's chapel used to stand. Next to the tomb of the venerable Fletcher, this room forms the point of deepest interest. Here are carefully preserved the pulpit, with its cushion and lamps, the Prayer-Book and communion-table used by that holy man. The pulpit is small, with plain oaken panels, a velvet cushion, and brass lamps, made to slide up and down as occasion required. The Prayer-Book is a very small quarto, or an awkward octavo nearly square. On the margin of one of its pages are these words, written by himself in an open and bold hand: they are so expressive of the feelings which characterized the author from his conversion to his death, that I wrote them down on his pulpit, while I was kneeling in that holy place, and now give them to the reader, with the capitals and words precisely as they are in the original:—'Bless the lord O! my strength, and all that is within me; Bless him and praise him and magnify him forever! O! how good is the lord, and worthy to be praised for evermore.—Amen.' The communion-table is also made of oak, two and a half feet in size, with a plain strip nailed on each end to prevent warping. It was to this tab!

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he went after he had, with great effort and in much weakness, preached his last sermon on the 7th of August, the Sabbath before his decease, saying, 'I am going to throw myself under the wings of the cherubim, before the mercy-seat.' He administered the Lord's supper to his flock for the last time, while groans and sobs were heard in every part of the house for their beloved Pastor, whose exit was evidently near at hand. After several times sinking on the sacramental table, he still resumed his sacred work, and cheerfully distributed, with his dying hand, the loved memorials of his dying Lord. And then, having struggled through a service of near four hours' continuance, he was supported, with blessings in his mouth, from the altar to the chamber, where he lay some time in a swoon, and from whence he never walked into the world again."—*Sunday at Home.*

Popery.

IMAGE-BURNING.

A WORD TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CATHOLIC STANDARD."*

SIR,—I find that, according to W. S., Colchester is signalized as having been the scene of effigy-burning, November 5th, 1850. According to a leading article in your paper of April 7th, Blackheath also was enlightened by a bonfire, in which images were also seen burning. Allow me ask another question of you. What reasonable cause of displeasure is there in these doings? Do not images encourage superstition rather than devotion in the people? In Deut. vii. 5, you read, "Ye shall destroy their altars, and break down their images, and cut down their groves," (or, "female deity," as some translate,) "and burn their graven images with fire."

Idolatry is a sin so heinous, that the Patriarch Job declares that it is to be punished by the magistrate. (Ch. xxxi. 28.)

Henry VIII., in 1538, finding that such of the abbeys as were still left were nurseries of rebellion, and that plots against his crown and dignity were daily hatching in them, set on foot a second visitation, and the Commissioners were to make a minute inquiry into every particular relating to their estates, their duties, their manner of living, and their vices. They were to inquire what number of images they had, by what names they were called; how many pilgrims frequented their shrines annually, and what money they paid. They were further to make a faithful report of all the miracles said to have been wrought at the shrines of these images; and they were to be laid before the King in his council, that he might take a proper account of them, so that the subjects should not be imposed on as they had been in times past.

This produced a detection of an almost infinite number of impurities, besides holy cheats and pretended relics, made use of to encourage superstition rather than religion in the people, and to draw them to pilgrimages, where they might be fleeced of their money. The horrid crimes of Sodom and Gomorrah are said to have been committed at Battle Abbey, Christ's church, in Canterbury, and in several other convents. The visiters found innumerable instances of other crimes and enormities. With respect to monkish idolatry and deceit, history tells us that the Commissioners inquired minutely. At Reading was found the figure of an angel with one wing, which the Monks affirmed had been brought over from Palestine; the spear that pierced our Saviour's side; together with such a number of pretended relics as took four sheets of paper to contain their names. At St. Edmundsbury, some coals were showed, said to be the remains of those with which St. Lawrence was roasted; the parings of St. Edmund's toe-nails; the penknife and boots of Thomas Becket; a piece of the real cross on which Christ suffered; and a vast quantity of other relics. These were all sent up to London; and such as were of no manner of use were carried to Smith-

* Inserted in the "Bulwark."

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field, where they were made a bonfire of; and one Fount, a Friar, was burnt along with them, for denying the King's supremacy. This cruelty had been learned from Papist teaching.

One would naturally conclude, that, after the detection of such impostures, the people of England would not submit to a repetition of them. The Bible teaches them that true worshippers carry God in their hearts, who will not give His glory to another, nor His praise to graven images. The simplicity of the Gospel, and the worship of God in spirit, require not idols. What are they but toys, fitter by far for children to play with, than for men to worship? The friends of the editor of "The Catholic Standard" cannot abide to have the works of men's hands termed *idols;* but images set up, in and by them, to worship Christ and the saints. But in truth herein they *worship the devil;* for God will not be worshipped by images. Whatever is externally worshipped in a religious way, is an idol: and all *idol-worship* is paid, not unto God, but unto Satan. But what! have Christians ever worshipped devils? Yes, for so Rev. ix. 20, 21, asserts,—they worshipped devils, and *idols the works of their hands.* What works? Idols of gold and silver, and stone and wood, which neither can see, nor hear, nor walk. To *adore idols* is to worship and serve the devil, as the Apostle witnesses 1 Cor. x. 20. This overthrew the Eastern and Grecian churches, which maintained the worship of images, and established the same by the second General Council held at Nice; but soon after (the Greeks being thrust out) the Turks became masters of the town, making it the seat of their empire, against those of Constantinople. Certain it is, that the Christian Princes of the holy war expelled again Solyman the Turk out of the same place: but they kept it not long; for soon after he not only regained it, but vanquished the whole empire of the Greeks. Thus we see what those of the East suffered,—a remarkable judgment of God because of their idolatry. I recommend the editor of the "Catholic Standard" to add to his list of fulfilled prophecies, chapter ix. 20, 21, of the Apocalypse, wherein is a complaint of the impenitence of professing Christians after punishments inflicted. The commission which the Apocalyptic horseman had was against idolaters; and though multitudes of them were destroyed, yet the residue continued their senseless attachment to dumb idols, and therefore heavier judgments might be expected. Desolation was brought upon the Greek church and the Greek empire by the Ottomans. The church which was then remaining, namely, the *Latin* or Western church, was not at all corrected by the judgments which fell upon the Eastern church, but continued its senseless adoration of angels, saints, relics, &c., and does so at the present day. If, therefore, God's wrath be kindled against such, the Latin church has much to fear.

In conclusion, allow me to correct an unhappy impression which appears to haunt you; namely, that we, Protestants, "*insult*" the blessed mother of Jesus. We call her highly-favoured in being chosen, as the woman whose Seed should bruise the serpent's head. *No scriptural Christian dishonours her.* The charge of "*insult*" might be just, if brought against Dr. Wiseman, the propagator of the following "Lying Wonder:" (see "Glories of Mary," bearing the imprimatur of Nicolas Wiseman. Edit. 1852, page 515, Example 40:)—"A devout servant of Mary went one day, without telling her husband, to visit a church of our blessed Lady, and was prevented by a great storm from returning home *at night.* She was greatly alarmed lest her husband might be angry at it. She, however, recommended herself to Mary, and returned home, when she found her husband very kind to her, and quite in a good humour. By *her inquiries she discovered, that the night before the Divine Mother had taken her form, and attended to all the duties of the household as a servant.*"

O Sir, defend with me the Virgin from unholy "*insult.*"

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

ROBERT ASKWITH TAYLOR.

A CORNISH METHODIST THREATENED WITH "THE HOLY INQUISITION."

SOME years since, a few enterprising Englishmen formed a company in London

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to work a copper-mine in the island of Cuba. Thither they dispatched a large number of Cornish miners; and very profitable, it is said, has their speculation proved.

One of the engineers, a warm-hearted Methodist, lately gave us a graphic description of the trials these men suffered, in losing their religious privileges, and going to a land of idolatry: for every one is aware, the Romanists have undisturbed sway throughout the Spanish possessions. Their first taste of the hatred of the Romish Priesthood was immediately after landing. They were cited to appear before the authorities on a charge of having "*smuggled Bibles into Cuba.*" Each of them had, of course, as a Christian man, his own book; and they stated, with all simplicity, "that they were Wesleyan Methodists, and had always had the Bible to read; that they only wished to keep their own property; that these were English Bibles, and could not possibly do harm to the Spaniards." The answer was, that "*no Bibles were allowed in Cuba, and they would be punished as heretics if they presumed to bring even their own with them.*" Forcible possession was then taken of their beloved books; which, they had reason to believe, were soon consigned to the flames. But one or two of the most prudent men, who had heard something of Romish intolerance, had prepared for this, and so carefully hidden their treasure that one or two copies of the "word of life" escaped the general destruction. Henceforth these were indeed jealously guarded; and for months all the spiritual comfort these men had was in perusal of *their hidden Book*, and in conversing with each other on Divine things. After a little time had elapsed, a dreadful epidemic visited Cuba, coming like a tornado to blast those beautiful isles of the west. One of the Cornishmen was laid low, and directly sent for the engineer; who instantly went, but with as much secrecy as possible, to visit his dying friend. He prayed with him, read to him many of the glorious promises of Christ to His suffering people, and cheered him during his struggle with the last enemy.

A day or two after this, he was summoned to appear before the Bishop, and told that "such conduct was beyond all endurance; that *none but a Priest was permitted to read or pray with dying men in Cuba;* and that the Holy Inquisition was prepared to seize him, for its watchful eye was upon him, and his next offence would meet its just award!" At this time he was very unwell, and quite unable to appear before this terrible tribunal.

In a week or two he received a summons to go instantly to the governor of the mines, and the leader of the whole company. He hastened to the "High Castle," (so, I think the mansion was called,) and the master of it said to him, "I have sent for you because my brother is dying, and no one can pray with him." "Sir," said the engineer, "I dare not: do you not know my life is in danger? I have been before the Bishop, and threatened with the Inquisition." "I know it," said the gentleman; "but still I entreat you to pray;" and his streaming tears helped his request. At that moment a piercing cry rang from the sick room, and the words were heard, "O God! have mercy on a Cornishman going down to hell!" "O," said he, "let me go to him! If I had a hundred lives to lose, I could not refuse that dying cry." He entered the room, and found, standing around the dying man, several Priests, medical men, &c., while at the end of the room were some Spanish ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance. They could not understand his English; but all could distinctly read the untold agony of an unprepared spirit, called suddenly into the presence of its offended God. "He turned his fearful, anxious gaze toward me," says our informant, "and uttered again that cry for mercy. I fell on my knees by his bedside, and prayed as men pray for eternity. How long I prayed, or how loudly, I cannot tell; for I was aware of nothing but the value of that parting spirit, and its fearfully imminent danger. I prayed until my strong emotion had quite exhausted me; and, ceasing, I looked around, and saw that all in the room were kneeling as in utter prostration, and weeping bitterly, under the Divine influence which seemed to fill the place." "O, Sir," continued he, "had I but known Spanish, what a glorious revival might then have begun, as often in my own Cornwall! But, alas! we could but pray"

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each in his own tongue. The dying man prayed as only in such a crisis men can pray; every hope hanging on the feeble life, so rapidly outgoing. While kneeling beside him, I had quoted our Divine Master's words, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' These words fell on the agonized heart like a charm; the feeble lips caught them up, nor ceased to repeat them while life lingered. Again all knelt around, and still the life-giving words vibrated on the dying man's tongue, 'I am the Way, the Truth, the Life.' 'Christ the Way to heaven, the Truth, the Life,' came—O, how sweetly!—over our ears. The horror of the struggling soul seemed to vanish; and still the holy words trembled on his lips, and were repeated again and again. Silence came; then the last faint utterance, 'I am the Way—Christ the Way to heaven,'—and so passed the spirit to its final account. We retired deeply affected; for death in every form was around. I was soon seized with the plague; but words cannot describe the kindness that company were ready to bestow on me. Representations to the highest authorities secured me from all my foes,—even from the Priests, and the Holy Inquisition itself; while those kind Spanish ladies and gentlemen sought in every way to help me through my illness. God mercifully restored me; but nearly all my companions fell; and on my recovery, having lost my dear and only son, I decided at once to return to the dear land of Sabbaths and Bibles, and to forego the riches I might acquire in that land of idolatry, slavery, and unblushing wickedness."

ANNIE.

IRISH CONVERTS.

THE great object of the Irish Society was to begin by teaching them the spelling-book or primer, and then put the Scriptures into their hands. He was happy to say that they were doing the work. In this country they did not see one-half of it, nor did they know the real extent of it. He had a letter in his hand from an Irishman, who had some time ago, among other people from Cappagh, (a place in the county of Wexford,) emigrated to America. It was known that they had been reading the Irish Scriptures; but there was no sign from them that they received the truth. Now he would read the letter, which was written in New-York, on the 21st of February last. It was from John Brien to Pat. Brien:—

"*New-York, February 21st.*

"DEAR PAT,—I am sure you will Be glad to hear that all the Cappoh people are going to church in this country. Markes was the first that Broke the Ice. Dan Connors is as Bad here as he was in Cappoh. But all his family has changed. I often thought of (when) I would open my Douay Testament. I am very sorry I did not bring More Books with me. We often speak of you when we are all together. (A) Clergyman of the name of Mr. Bruce Instructs us two days In the week, that is, two hours each day. I am sure My father will be sorry (for) us; but we are not sorry; for we are all able to give reason for so doing: 1 Peter 3ch. 15 verse, John 14ch. 6 verse. Eighteen of the Cappoh people marches to church every Sunday. William Connors got married to (a) Protestant Girl. We often laughed at you, but we were rong. I hope this will get safe. Yours truly,

"JOHN BRIEN.

"Pat Brien who lived in Cappoh."

This Douay Testament he snatched from Pat. Brien, (the reader,) a few days before he went to America, and would not give it back, though Pat. Brien wanted to get it, as he had previously given John a Bible of the authorized version, but he kept and took away both with him.

What Michael Marks did about two years ago, one night that Pat Brien was in Cappagh (as the story was told by Brien):—"I (Brien) was in my father's house about nine o'clock one dark night, and a number of men and women came in, and I was reading the Bible to them for a good while, till Michael Marks found it out, and he was determined to frighten them. So, Sir, what did he do but get a big turnip, and scoup it out, and cut a man's mouth, and nose, and eyes on it, so as to make a head of it. Indeed, I suppose he had it ready before; for I used to have the reading there often. Then he covered the back of the head with tar, and stuck a lot of hair upon that, and he set it up on

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a pole, and fastened a sheet round the pole, and put a candle inside of the turnip, and stuck the pole up alongside of the road going up to the house; and then he got behind the ditch himself, and hid there. Well, Sir, when the people came out of my father's house, they were talking among themselves, and if they didn't begin to screech and roar when they saw it! and one poor woman fell into a dead faint, and dropped down into the middle of the road. Some of them cried out that it was Satan; and they all ran off shouting, *Dhia liom m'anam*, ('God save my soul,') and blessing themselves, and leaving the poor woman lying in the road. 'Twasn't long till I heard the noise within in the house; and I *runned* out, and saw it too; and sure enough, it was enough to frighten anybody. O! it looked horrid. The fire was coming out of the eyes, and the nose, and the mouth, and the wind was blowing the black hair about; and every puff 'twould give the candle, out the sparks would come in showers through the holes; and the big sheet flying and fluttering about all the time. Awful! Well, Sir, I stood looking at it for a while, and trying to make it out; for I could not understand what it was; it looked like an *operation* or something; till at last I took a stone, and let fly at it, but I missed of it. Then I took another stone, and *thrumed* that at it; but I missed it again. Then I took another, and I hit it; and sure enough, the stone made bits of the head, and *outed* the candle, and sent the turnip flying about the road. Marks then cried out from behind the ditch, in a long tone, mournful-like, 'O! my head! my head!' and the fellows that were behind me ran off quite frightened; for they were sure it was the ghost's voice; but I went inside the ditch where I heard it coming from, and sure enough there was Marks standing at the back of a bush. He laughed when he seen me, and didn't give me time to speak till he said, 'Well, the devil himself wouldn't frighten you after that: if that' (meaning the ghost) 'had a chance of escaping to-night, 'tis very few you'd have to attend your house.' And so he ran away, and I went back to the house and told the boys all about it; but they would not believe me for a long time, till I took them out, and showed them the pole outside on the road where it fell; and the next morning we got all the pieces of the turnip broken about the road. After that I did not see much of Marks, only now and then; but whenever he seen me he used to call out 'Roother' and 'Souper' after me; and he used to say often, 'Wait awhile, my boy; the time will come when you'll be able to light your pipe with your little finger' (meaning, that when I'd be burning in hell, I'd only have to put the end of my finger into my pipe to light the tobacco). And now you see, Sir, he's the very first that broke the ice: thanks to the Lord for it! Such a persecuther as he was! Many's the time he said, that if he was going to America, and was within one day's sail of the land, and if he had the luck to hear that there was a rebellion in Ireland, he'd come back the whole way, for the sake of having the satisfaction to shoot a Protestant; and now he's a Protestant himself."—*Speech of the Bishop of Cashel.*

Poetry.

A MEDITATION ON THE SEA-SHORE.

As on the rocky coast I stand,
And view the ocean and the strand,
A type of human life I see,
And glimpses of eternity.

How soothing is the peaceful scene!
The sea is calm, the sky serene.
No clouds obstruct the solar rays,
That gild the scene where'er I gaze.
"There go the ships," with sails outspread,
To catch each gentle breeze o'erhead.

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The waters sleep upon the shore.
But, ah! I hear a distant roar!
The tide returns, the winds arise,
And gloomy clouds obscure the skies!
The waves encroach upon the sand,
And lash the rocks that gird the land,
Till wrought to fury, wild and loud,
The billows rushing, foaming proud,
Would fain o'erleap their ancient bound,
And overwhelm the verdant ground!
But, hark! amidst the storm, a voice,
That makes the trembling heart rejoice;
Calm and majestic are its tones:
(Creation shudder'd at its groans!)
Full of authority and might,
It puts the warlike hosts to flight;
But to the contrite whispers "Peace,"
While mercy bids their terrors cease.
Once, on the Galilean lake,
It bade the men new courage take,
Who, terrified, awoke their Lord
To hush the tempest with His word:
"Ye haughty waves! your limits know;
Thus far,—no further shall ye go!
Be stay'd once more, thou raging sea,
Nor dare transgress My firm decree!"

Thus varied is this mortal life,—
From calm to storm, from peace to strife:
Grief may endure a tedious night,
And joy return with morning light.
When threatening clouds around me roll,
And tempests scare my fearful soul,
And "waves and billows" o'er me flow,
I find no refuge here below
But Him who walk'd upon the waves,
Who every meek disciple saves
That calls upon His mighty Name,
Jehovah! evermore the same;
And calms the griefs and fears that fill
The suppliant, saying, "Peace, be still!"

What mind, capacious and acute,
The briny globules can compute
That form the vast unbounded main;
Then count the sea-sands, grain by grain;
And all the stars that deck the sky;
The' amazing sums then multiply;
But His whose palm the whole contains,
And "Lord of all" for ever reigns?—
And, O, sublime ETERNITY!
What finite mind can muse on thee,
But feels itself a thing of nought,
And faints beneath the' o'erpowering thought?

And shall my years be numberless
When this brief mortal life shall cease;
When, call'd from the terrestrial shore,
I quit it to return no more;
And launch into the dread abyss,
In humble hope of endless bliss?—
O! may I gain the' eternal Rock,
That once sustain'd the dreadful shock,
When penal earthquakes rent the ground,
But man *the cleft of safety* found!

Serene and high that Rock doth stand,
Firm basis of the "better" land:
That glorious "country" of the blest,
Who there enjoy perpetual rest!

St. Helen's. T. COOK.

Our Schools and Children.

IT IS TOO LATE!

"How is it you have not been at school lately?" said a Sunday-school Teacher to a little girl whom she found sitting on a door-step one Sunday morning. The child rose from the step, but hung her head, and shifted from side to side, as if wishing she could make her escape; the hair hung disorderly about her face, which looked as if it had not been washed for a week; a few rows of plaited straw, once sewn together in the shape of a bonnet, hung on the back of her head, and a few filthy rags were fastened about her body. "Tell me," said the Teacher, "how is it you are out here playing? I am afraid you do not love your school." "O Teacher," exclaimed the child with eagerness, looking full in the face of the lady, "I *do* love my school." "Then why do you not come?" Again the child's eyes were fixed on the ground in silence. "Do not be afraid," said the Teacher: "tell me." She held up the rags that hung upon her, and said, "I can't, I'm so untidy." "O," replied the lady, "it is a pity to stay away on account of your clothes: if you wash your hands and

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face, no one will look at your dress; others there are no better than yourself." "I don't think mother will let me," said the child mournfully. "Shall I go and ask her?" "Yes, do, please; and then I can go with you this morning." They proceeded together down the street, and turned into a door at which were baskets of vegetables exposed for sale. Elizabeth ran up-stairs, and shouted, "Mother, here's a lady; 'tis Teacher: she wants to see you." "Well, ask her up then, can't you?" said a cross voice. The Teacher ascended. By a small fire sat a woman with a baby in her arms, the picture of dirt and ill-temper, while a bucket stood in the middle of the room, as if Saturday's work were about to be commenced. "Good morning," said the lady, pleasantly: "I have been asking your little girl how it is she is not at school; but she appears to have no good excuse. If you have no objection, she will wash her face, and go with me now." "What? that figure! No, indeed. I don't like my child to be pointed at. When I've got her some tidy clothes, she shall go." "Besides," added she, in a determined tone, "she's got to mind the baby, and clean the house." "But," said the Teacher, "surely you might spare her on the Sabbath for an hour or two, if she minds her little sister during the week: it is the only opportunity she has of getting instruction; and if she does not come to school while she is young, she is never likely to have such advantages again. Besides the Sabbath is set apart—" "Well," interrupted the woman, angrily, "when she's got tidy clothes she shall come, and not before. Elizabeth, come and take the baby."

About ten days after, as the same Teacher was walking down the street, a group of children ran to her, exclaiming, "Have you heard about Lizzie F——, Teacher?" "Lizzie F——? no: what about her? Is anything the matter?" "Why, she's burnt to death." Without stopping to make further inquiries, she hastened to the house, and, knocking at the door, was desired to come in. On the same low stool in the same dirty room sat the woman, her face buried in her hands. She raised it for a moment, and, seeing the Teacher, groaned out, "It's too late! it's too late! She's dead! she's dead! I might have sent her to school then, but I wouldn't; and now she's gone. It's too late!" And the woman wrung her hands in agony. Yes, there lay the remains of the poor child. Being left alone, by some means she set her rags on fire, and rushed burning into the street, where every one flew from her instead of towards her. At length a man took off his coat, and threw round her; but she was so dreadfully burnt that she survived but a few hours; and a fortnight from the day on which her Teacher met her in the street, she was laid in the cold and silent grave. Alas! Elizabeth, where are you? Did the remembrance of what you heard at school lead you in the hour of death, in the twelfth hour, to look to the compassionate Saviour, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not?" Or are you with lost spirits, wishing you had one Sabbath more to live? Children, let this be a lesson to you not to neglect present opportunities. Mothers, do you send your children regularly to school. Remember it was no consolation to Mrs. F., after her child's death, to know that her clothes were untidy, or that the baby had to be minded: she had not made the effort to send her. Sunday-school Teachers, "work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh, when no man can work." If one of your scholars should die during the ensuing week, have you done your duty by that child, instructing him when present, and visiting him when absent? M.

Anecdotes.

AN OLD CANADIAN PREACHER.

DUNHAM was a character, no doubt. The writer never saw him, but he has heard enough about him to say, that there seems to have been some correspondence between body and mind He was an undersized, compact, strong, healthy man, with coarse hair, bushy eye-brows, and a grum, heavy bass voice. He was a man of good talents as a Preacher, and very

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considerable attainments, which enabled him, when he desisted from travelling, (as most *had* to do in that day, when their families became large,) to take up the practice of physic; but he was plain of speech, honest, and very blunt. This last characteristic, among those who did not like his plain-dealing, got him the *sobriquet* of "scolding Dunham." But his "scolding," as it was called, was always accompanied with a spice of wit, that rather made it agreeable than otherwise.

Many instances of his home-strokes, both in and out of the pulpit, have been recited to the writer. In the Ottawa country, he was remembered, among other things, for his love of cleanliness and opposition to domestic filthiness. Sometimes telling the slatternly to "clean up," or the next time he came he would "bring a dish-cloth along." Once in the neighbourhood of the "Head of the Lake," after preaching and meeting class, as there were several strangers present, he gave an offer to any who wished to join the Society to manifest it by standing up, according to the custom of the times. Two young women were observed sitting together: one seemed desirous of joining, but seemed to wish her companion to do the same, and asked her, loud enough to be heard by the company, if she would join also. Her friend replied, in a somewhat heartless manner, "I don't care if I do." "You had better wait till you do *care*," chimed in the grum voice of Dunham. He was for having none even "on trial" who had not a *sincere* "desire to flee from the wrath to come, and to be saved from their sins."

But it is in the Bay of Quinte country, where he lived so long as a located, as well as travelling Preacher, that the greatest number of characteristic anecdotes are related of Dunham. His reply to the newly-appointed magistrate's bantering remark is well known. A new-made "Squire" bantered Dunham before some company about riding so fine a horse; and told him he was very unlike his humble Master, who was content to ride on an ass. Dunham responded with his usual imperturbable gravity, and in his usual heavy and measured tones, that he agreed with him perfectly; and he would most assuredly imitate his Master in the particular mentioned, only for the difficulty of finding the animal required,—the Government having "made up all the asses into magistrates!"

A person of my acquaintance informed me that he saw an infidel, who was a fallen Lutheran Clergyman, endeavouring one night, while Dunham was preaching, to destroy the effect of the sermon on those around him by turning the whole into ridicule. The Preacher affected not to notice him for a length of time, but went on extolling the excellency of Christianity, and showing the formidable opposition it had confronted and overcome; when all at once, he turned to the spot where the scoffer sat, and, fixing his eyes upon him, the old man continued, "Shall Christianity and her votaries, after having passed through fire and water; after vanquishing the opposition put forth by philosophers, and Priests, and Kings; after all this, I say, shall the servants of God, at this time of day, allow themselves to be frightened by THE BRAYING OF AN ASS?" The infidel who had begun to show signs of uneasiness from the time the fearless servant of God fixed his terribly searching eye upon him, when he came to the climax of the interrogation, was completely broken down, and dropped his head in evident confusion.

Dunham was distinguished for fidelity, and faith, and prayer, as well as wit and sarcasm. Religion was much injured by the late American war, and continued very low for some time afterwards; but a few held on, and Dunham continued to preach under many discouragements. One day he was preaching with more than usual animation, when some in the congregation responded "Amen" to some good sentiment that was advanced. On which the Preacher paused, and looked about the congregation, and said, in his usual heavy and deliberate manner, "*Amen*, do I hear? I didn't know that there was religion enough left to raise an *Amen*. Well then, A-MEN—SO BE IT!" He then resumed his sermon. But it really appeared, by a glorious and extensive revival which took place very soon after, that this *Amen* was like the premonitory rumble of distant thunder before a sweeping, fructifying rain.—*Toronto Guardian.*

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The Portfolio.

TRUST NOT TO A DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

How very common is it to hear persons say, when they are exhorted "to flee from the wrath to come," "It is time enough yet: God is merciful: I intend to repent on my death-bed!" Now this is, to say the least of it, very presumptuous. For who can say that his death may not occur suddenly? If the Almighty is sometimes pleased to call away His Ministers while engaged in the duties of their high vocation, and to remove some of His faithful people from the midst of their worldly employments, may He not also cut the sinner off at a stroke? But is the bed of affliction the most fitting place to seek religion? Are not the powers and faculties of many persons so utterly prostrated then as to render them unable to strive for the kingdom of heaven? And may not this be your case? But supposing your last affliction should be protracted, and not very severe; still we say, do not put off the work of salvation till then. It is a dangerous experiment. Do not mistake us. That many may have earnestly sought, and really obtained, the pardon of their sins during their last affliction, and passed away from the bed of suffering to the realms of bliss, we are willing to admit. We are in the Scriptures plainly told that Jesus "is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him,"—the uttermost of guilt, and the uttermost of time. And we are among the number of those who believe that no sincere seeker of salvation ought, at any time, to despair of finding mercy; since the Bible assures that "whosoever will" may come, "and take the water of life freely." But from the future conduct of many who have professed to repent on the bed of affliction, we would affectionately yet earnestly warn the reader against pursuing such a course.

We remember the following case. Some time ago we were called upon to visit an aged man, who was supposed to be near death. We hastened to his dwelling. On approaching the bed whereon he lay, we found him in great distress, weeping freely, sighing deeply, and praying earnestly. On inquiring into the cause of his distress, he told us he felt he was a sinner, and he feared if he died he should go to hell. We put such questions to him as we thought necessary, to endeavour to ascertain his real condition. We thought him to be sincere. We therefore explained to him the way of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ; and exhorted him to "behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." He listened attentively to our instructions, prayed earnestly for forgiveness, and after a time professed to believe in Jesus as his only Saviour. We hoped he was right, and gave it as our opinion that if he should be taken, we had a hope in his death. But we were deceived. For as soon as his pains decreased, and he began to amend, his earnestness in prayer abated, and he did not hail with such pleasure as formerly the visits of God's servants. He recovered; and, alas! alas! like too many others who professed to repent when they thought they were about to die, he "has turned as the dog to his own vomit again, and as the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." His dwelling is near our chapel, but we have not seen him enter it since his recovery; and he avoids, as much as possible, the company of the Lord's people. He is now utterly indifferent about his soul and eternity; and we have been pained to learn that he can, as formerly, "take the name of God in vain."

What does this teach us? That his repentance could not have been sincere; that it was not a genuine work of the Holy Spirit. And we would earnestly exhort the reader who may have been saying, "Time enough yet," to delay the great work of salvation no longer. "Behold, now is the day of salvation." "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." Return now unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon you; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon: so shall you feel the benefit of religion in the time of sickness, and in the hour of death. But, as you know not

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what a day may bring forth, take timely warning by the above example, and trust not to a death-bed repentance. S.

BEAUTY OF THE DEAD.

Yes, beauty of the dead; for such a thing there is. We have noticed it not only on the faces of those who have died comfortably and holily, but sometimes on the brows of such as have passed away terror-stricken. The victim of *delirium tremens* assumes it even, as if nature would reconquer her fairest work from the great desolater for a few hours at least before its utter decay. Art-works even recognise this mysterious beauty. "How far" (says Leslie's "Handbook for Young Painters") "its strange fascination may arise from the idea suggested of a repose, compared with which that of the most tranquil sleep is agitation, I will not pretend to determine. I knew a man of the highest order of mind, a man of fine feelings, but of great simplicity, and far above all affectation, who, standing by the corpse of his wife, said, 'It gives me very pleasurable sensations.' And yet he had truly loved her. The exquisite lines in the 'Giaour,' in which the present aspect of Greece is compared to a beautiful corpse, are familiar to every reader. Lord Byron, in a note to the passage, remarks that 'this peculiar beauty remains but a few hours after death.' But I have been told, by those in the habit of making casts, that on the second day the expression is generally improved, and even on the third day it is often still finer. I have in several instances been asked to make drawings from the dead; and though in every case I have somewhat reluctantly entered the room where the body lay, yet I have invariably felt reluctant to quit it."

THE BIBLE IN TURKEY.

In my letter of the 26th December, I mentioned the increasing demand of the Scriptures by Turks, and even Kurds; especially in those parts where the Armenians are fast embracing Protestantism. A circumstance occurred the other day, which shows that the Scriptures are more read by Turks than we can possibly be aware of. I was at our depôt, when a respectable Turk, accompanied by two servants, called there for a Bible which a French General in the Sultan's service had the day before selected. He spoke very good French; and, whilst he examined the Bible, I entered into conversation with him, when he suddenly looked at me in the face, and said abruptly, though seriously, "I am a Turk: nevertheless I continually read the Bible." He then turned round, and departed. May there not be many such Turks? and are we not to hope that the word of God will be blessed for the good of their souls?—*Mr. Barker to the Bible Society.*

Memorials of the Departed.

At Flushing, in the Falmouth Circuit, January 23d, 1854, Mrs. Ann Uddy, aged eighty-nine years. According to her own testimony, she became a Methodist in the year 1788. She felt her need of a Saviour under the first Wesleyan sermon she heard, preached by Mr. Dunn, a Local Preacher in the St. Columb Circuit, from the words, "Ye must be born again;" and, after earnestly seeking the favour of God, she obtained a sense of His pardon while listening to a discourse from the text, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." She had heard Mr. Wesley preach; and her memory was so unimpaired that within a few days of her death she could picture out his person, and give a good account of his sermon. Her seven last years were years of affliction, and spent in bed. But it was a privilege to visit her. She would often

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greet your appearance with, "I hardly thought to see you again. I thought I should have been in glory before now." Her charge to her friends was that they should not weep, but rejoice and sing at her death. Her sufferings were intense, but her peace abounded. She would often raise her feeble voice in praise and adoration. "All is right! I am happy! Hallelujah!"

"Lend, lend your wings: I mount, I fly!
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

"And O! when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!"

HANNAH GARDINER died at Middle Rainton, Durham Circuit, on February 13th, aged fifty-four years. She was a woman of an eminently kind and quiet spirit. And though for the last two years of her life she was shut out of God's house, she never flagged in her attachment to the cause of Him who bought her with His blood, and in early life joined her to His people. Her house was the comfortable home of the Ministers; and though the heavy paralytic affection under which she laboured made her efforts difficult, she gladly, though feebly, sought their hospitable accommodation, and evinced how little outward circumstances can control the flow of genuine Christian-feeling. Her conversation was such as became the Gospel of Christ; and though she somewhat suddenly escaped away, she left a blessed testimony that she was passing from a state of lengthened feebleness and pain, cheerfully and meekly borne, to one of unfading vigour and eternal glory.

JOHN SHACKEL was a native of Feltwell, in Norfolk. His parents were pious labourers. He came to live at Wretton, in the Downham Circuit, about forty years ago, when he was living without God. During a very gracious revival, John was awakened to a sense of his guilt and danger. He felt this to be intolerable, and wrestled with God till he obtained peace and joy through believing. He was a new creature, though the change was not so evident to others as in some cases of conversion. In the year 1832, whilst hearing a sermon from 2 Kings v. 13, by the Rev. W. Edwards, he realized the power of the blood of Jesus Christ to cleanse from all unrighteousness. In this blessed state he ever lived after this, and under its influence he acted. Thirty-nine years ago the Society with which he obtained salvation was much persecuted and despised; but he was prepared to share in their reproach, as he had partaken of their joys. During the whole period of his union with the church on earth, her trials were his as well as her triumphs. He was never known to meddle with those who were given to change. In Zion's troubles he prayed most fervently for her peace, and esteemed his Pastors in love for their work's sake. When settling some money matters with the church in his last illness, he persisted in doing as he had ever done, and urged his being allowed to do so, because religion supported him, and he felt bound to support it as long and far as he could. About twenty-three years since he was appointed a Class-Leader; and at the time of his retiring from active duties he had three classes under his care, in one of which was the wife of his master, and several very far his superiors in education and circumstances. All the members of his classes had the greatest confidence in his piety and experience. His services as a Prayer-Leader were invaluable. Mr. Bennett, of Cambridge, says, "During the years he was in our service, I never recollect finding him off his guard, but truly trustworthy in all his intercourse with his fellow-men." Mr. Flatt, of Eastmoor, who knew him well for thirty years, and employed him for several, says, "He was a man of strict integrity and uprightness of principle. He was perfectly free from all guile. He served not with eye-service, as a man-pleaser, but in singleness of heart, fearing God." In his family and temporal affairs he had to endure great trials from the mental derangement of his wife; also in being defrauded of several pounds which he had saved by Christian frugality and economy. He recognised the Lord's hand in all events, and was perfectly resigned to His will; and, always desirous to provide for his household as well as he could, was especially anxious for their

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salvation. For this he daily prayed; and his children have risen up to call him blessed. For nearly eight months he had to endure great weakness and much pain; but the religion which prompted him to work with diligence, enabled him to suffer with patience. His last hours were perfect peace: the body seemed too weak for the rapturous joy he had. He fell asleep in Jesus, February 14th, in the sixty-third year of his age, and was interred amidst a large concourse of sorrowing survivers. According to his own request, a sermon was preached by his former master, Mr. Flatt, to a crowded congregation in Stoke-Ferry chapel, from, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

ELIZA COTTON, of Milton, in the Burslem Circuit, was favoured with pious parents, and from her earliest childhood trained to attend the house of God, and there and in the Sunday-school had the seed of eternal life sown in her heart. In December, 1848, when scarcely thirteen years of age, she heard a sermon which deeply impressed her with a sense of guilt and danger; and in a prayer-meeting held immediately afterwards, she, with many others, sought mercy, and was the first of that number who then received peace and joy through believing. She then joined a class; and, though so young, her religious experience was deep and clear, and often made a blessing to both Leader and members, who esteemed it a privilege to have her numbered among them. Her naturally mild and gentle disposition was rendered sweeter by grace; and her obedience to her parents, and general propriety of conduct, were exemplary. When about seventeen, it became evident that the bud just opening, and promising so much beauty and fragrance, had been smitten with the blight of consumption. She was soon conscious of this, and said to her Leader, "I enjoy settled peace, and calm resignation to my Father's will; earth has nothing worth living for; I am going home to Jesus." To her mother she said, "I am ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand: I have fought the good fight," &c.

"Tears of joy my eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven."

As she drew nearer death, her desire to depart and to be with Christ became stronger, though at the same time her affection for her mother was as warmly expressed as ever. When she was crossing the Jordan of death, she replied, with her last breath, to an inquiry whether she was happy, "Yes! yes!" and so sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, in the eighteenth year of her age.

February 18th, MISS JANE CLARE, born February 19th, 1807, at Babcary, in the Glastonbury Circuit, fell asleep in Jesus. She was awakened when about the age of seventeen, under the faithful preaching of Mr. Ball, a Local Preacher. About a week after her eyes were thus opened to see herself a sinner, and her conscience made to feel the weight and bitterness of sin; and after much earnest seeking, she found the pearl of great price, and happily experienced "redemption through the blood of Jesus, the forgiveness of her sins." This great blessing was imparted to her at a prayer-meeting. A gracious work was going on at the time; and many in the village became partakers of the same precious faith and great salvation, and were gathered into the Wesleyan church. While favoured with health, she was diligent in attendance at the means of grace, "adorning the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things." Being thus "rooted and grounded in the knowledge and love of Christ," she was prepared for all the will of God: and that will involved a life of suffering, which included nearly the whole period of her religious career; infinite wisdom and love deeming that the best mode of bringing the handmaid of the Lord to the sight of His glory, and the enjoyment of endless felicity, with all those who have passed "through much tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." For nearly thirty years she was lame, and subject often to much pain, and great depression of spirit: still her "heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord." But the Lord was her stay: He left her not. She could say, with the Psalmist, "Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

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Now and then, sometimes after the lapse of years, she was carried to the house of God where she obtained her first good. These were seasons of great refreshing to one whose "soul had longed, yea, even fainted, for the courts of the Lord." Then, indeed, she "sat in heavenly places," and "feasted with Jesu's Priests and Kings." But it was chiefly through sufferings that she was "made perfect," and "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." She spent many a profitable hour in reading her Bible, and the Wesleyan Hymn-Book and Magazines; being much alone. In this way the weariness was beguiled, and she was cheered by the "precious promises," and examples of many companions in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

Names.	Residences, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Barfoot, Edward,	Durley,	Winchester,	89	Jan. 11th, 1855.
Bett, Mr. William,	S. Willingham,	Louth,	54	May 6th, 1855.
Boughton, Mrs.,	Lee-Street,	Louth,	31	May 15th, 1855.
Brumpton, Mr. William,	Newmarket,	Louth,	92	Feb. 19th, 1855.
Burgess, David John,	Lee-Street,	Louth,	17	April 8th, 1853.
Carter, Elisabeth,	Ramsgate,	Margate,	68	May 11th, 1855.
Chester, Mr. Richard,	James-Street,	Louth,	85	March 15th, 1855.
Darnell, Mr. John,	W. Saltfleetby,	Louth,	52	Feb. 6th, 1855.
Ecock, George,	Idbury,	Chipping-Norton,	51	March 27th, 1855.
Enderby, Mr. Snowden,	Manby,	Louth,	23	June 6th, 1854.
Fairweather, Mrs.,	Northgate,	Louth,	36	Oct. 27th, 1854.
Gates, Samuel Henry,	Market-Place,	Louth,	12	Jan. 31st, 1855.
Gray, Mr. Robert,	Donington,	Louth,	30	March 1st, 1855.
Haddon, Mrs. E.,	Billingborough,	Bourne,	52	April 12th, 1855.
Hornidge, Mary A.,	Dublin,	Dublin, South,	53	Jan. 31st, 1855.
Housham, Mr. John,	James-Street,	Louth,	55	April 28th, 1854.
Hughes, Mrs. Mary,	Haverford-West,	Haverford-West,	74	April 10th, 1855.
Kettlewell, Elizabeth,	Pateley-Bridge,	Pateley-Bridge,	81	March 1st, 1855.
Leith, Mrs. Jane,	Kilsyth,	Airdrie,	19	May 7th, 1855.
Longstaff, Mr. John,	Holbeach-Fen,	Spalding,	57	Dec. 29th, 1854.
Maddock, Margaret,	Black-Rock,	Kingstown,	85	March 1st, 1855.
Martin, Edward,	Durley,	Southampton,	66	June 25th, 1849.
Price, William,	Haverford-West,	Haverford-West,	21	March 24th, 1855.
Ray, Anne P.,	Nichol-Hill,	Louth,	7	Dec. 15th, 1854.
Sharpley, Mr. Thomas,	Donington,	Louth,	30	March 26th, 1855.
Smith, Mr. William,	Theddlethorpe,	Louth,	24	Oct. 11th, 1854.
Smith, Mrs. Susan,	Gayton-le-Wold,	Louth,	55	Nov. 7th, 1854.
Solloway, Elizabeth,	Admington,	Evesham,	25	Aug. 11th, 1854.
Solloway, Mary Ann,	Admington,	Evesham,	23	Aug. 25th, 1854.
Solloway, Patience M.,	Admington,	Evesham,	17	Aug. 2d, 1854.
Swaby, Mrs. S.,	North-Cotes,	Louth,	44	April 10th, 1854.
Tomlinson, Kingswood,	S. Willingham,	Louth,	81	April 27th, 1855.
Watson, Mr. James,	Kilsyth,	Airdrie,	62	March 5th, 1855.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT SEBASTOPOL.

Some Germans that were serving in the British army in the Crimea, had hoped to eat their Christmas dinner within the walls of that stronghold of Russian power in the southern extremity of the empire, but each day diminished the probability of such a satisfaction; and, having obtained leave, they resolved to celebrate Christmas-eve together as happily as possible in the trenches. A modest circular invited the faithful Germans enlisted under the British banner to join in the festivity; and the few that were not on duty on the evening of December 24th, 1854, met accordingly. They might have chosen a safer place, but soldiers love to do daring things.

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The company found themselves in the long, deep trench, in one of the darkest nights; but the darkness was quickly to be broken by lighting up some little paper lamps, hung upon a small pine-tree, after the manner of a German Christmas-tree; and around it were laid the little presents which the soldiers intended to exchange, such as biscuits, pieces of salt meat, and a few small bottles of some kind of liquor that, like the eatables, had been saved out of their rations for some days preceding. Part of a roast goose, purchased by subscription, was the chief dish provided for the singular banquet. At a signal given, the little lights burst out into a cheerful blaze, and the happy Germans merrily, as if they were at home again, danced for joy like children, exchanged their Christmas presents, and for a few moments forgot, or seemed to forget, that their hilarity might, by the bursting of a shell among them, be changed into death-groans.

Yet this could not be quite forgotten. A few moments were enough for the outburst of delight, which gave place to feelings of a very different kind, as they thought of home,—of the friends that, gathered around their own tables, far from the perils of war, then had their trees lit up, and were exchanging good wishes for the absent, and perhaps offering prayer for their safe return. They thought of tears that were shed at parting, and of words of love and signs of anxiety and grief, and of the letters last received. Home, crowded with all its most loved occupants, came floating back upon the memory of each, as if summoned by the gay shout that now gave way to a silence that, although not sad, was very solemn.

Seizing the favourable moment, a brave Serjeant of the party stood up in the quivering light, and broke silence. He briefly reminded them of the *past;* of the *present*, with perils and with deaths all round; of the *future*. But of the future what could he say? He did not speak too confidently of storming Sebastopol; for already wise men began to temper anticipations of victory with acknowledging the foolishness of boasting. The Serjeant, therefore, launched away from the uncertain future to the certain, and spoke of eternity. Death came hourly before their eyes; and now that every man's heart was softened by the eloquence of that Christmas-tree, where the bright lamps told of home, and the broken meats did little more than make the thought of home and its comforts tenfold more precious, he pressed closely on their conscience the need of preparing for eternity, and of preparing without delay. He spoke of Him who came down from the realms of bliss into this poor world to seek and to save them that were lost; he told them how the coming of our Lord Jesus was foretold by Prophets, and announced by angels on that memorable night when the shepherds of Bethlehem heard the tidings of His birth carolled from the sky. The same Saviour that the heavenly messengers proclaimed to those watchful shepherds outside Bethlehem, the good Serjeant now preached again to his comrades before Sebastopol. The message delivered to those poor men in the reign of Augustus, in Palestine, was thus reiterated to these war-worn strangers in the Crimea, in the reign of our own Victoria, by one who could himself testify to the

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power of saving grace. And after setting forth the Gospel message as clearly and as pointedly as possible, he closed with a fervent prayer.

That was a blessed service: such an one as none present had ever before witnessed. Those weather-beaten heroes of the Alma,—those brave men whose bayonets had forced back the Russians across the Tchernaya on the day of Inkermann,—melted under the discourse; and their cheeks, hardened with heat by day and frost by night, were bedewed with penitential tears. Yet they were not all of one mind. Perhaps there were scarcely any, except the Preacher, who had not left Germany an infidel or a Papist, or both in one; but this was not a time to be intolerant of nominal differences between men who were alike dead in trespasses and sins. That Christmas-tree glowed as a sign of social unity; the great event commemorated was no sectarian incident, that the glad tidings of it, published for all people, should not be delivered by the Protestant soldier to this mixed company. Each man heard, in his native tongue, of his own Saviour. By the dim lamp-light they looked at each other with a new consciousness of brotherhood. Each grasped the hand of the man that sat next him; but a whisper of good-will, or a silent glance of kindness, was the utmost expression that could then be found for emotions, deep and sacred, that the Serjeant's discourse had stirred within them all.

By this time the lamps were burning dim, and the wood-fire sinking into ashes. The fuel, saved up daily for a week for that occasion, was nearly all consumed, and the hasty supper must be made. No revelry; no lewd song; no sort of excess: but they bade health to their dear country; constancy to the new friendship; triumph to their arms; and *peace*. A hymn, recited with low voices, resounded gently along the deep trench, until the illumination failed, the fire died out, and the company shook hands to separate.

At this moment they catch a sight of the clear sky. It is very clear; the stars are as brilliant as if the heavens had never been tarnished by the thinnest of the clouds that overcast them in the evening; and so grand yet cheerful was the scene, that it inspired hope; and almost seemed to speak, in every ray of the innumerable starry witnesses, an assurance of God's faithful mercy, quite as truly as did the rainbow when it stretched over the skirts of Ararat on the morning of the world's first deliverance. Once more the companions shook hands again, exchanged a sincere "Good-night," and thus they parted.

Dispersing themselves through the camp, each returning towards his own tent, they were meditating on the solemn discourse and conversation of the preceding hour, when a shell from Sebastopol burst near one of them, and gave him his death-wound. He soon entered in that eternity of which the Serjeant preached; and, *if he heard aright*, he now sees the Saviour of whom he heard so seriously, probably for the only time. Surely this verifies the sentence of inspired Scripture,—"A man hath joy by the answer of his mouth: and a word spoken in due season, how good is it!" (Prov. xv. 23.)

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WESLEYAN-METHODIST QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR SEPTEMBER, 1855.

"WE THEN THAT ARE STRONG OUGHT TO BEAR THE INFIRMITIES OF THE WEAK, AND NOT TO PLEASE OURSELVES." (Rom. xv. 1.)

By the word "strong," in the above passage, the Apostle intends to describe those who are walking in the full light of the Gospel, and experiencing its saving and sanctifying power; whose judgment is made clear, and strengthened by a rich acquaintance with the word of God; who are in consequence delivered from errors and delusions, and ready to "give an answer to every man that asketh them a reason of the hope that is in them, with meekness and fear." (1 Pet. iii. 15.) By the "weak" he means those who, although they have made a Christian profession, and cast in their lot with God's people, have only inadequate views of the Gospel, a partial and unthoughtful acquaintance with the Divine word; whose faith is in consequence feeble, whose attainments in grace are low, whose attendance on Christian ordinances is fitful, whose yielding to temptation is frequent, and who are betrayed, through their want of knowledge and spiritual power, into errors and delusions innumerable. Christians of the first class are here exhorted to bear with the infirmities of those of the latter.

Observe, they are not required to bear with sin; for while it is written, "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart," the Scripture proceeds, "Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him:" (Lev. xix. 17:) they are not told to compromise the law of Christ, or lower the standard of Christian holiness, by tamely acquiescing in evil-speaking, worldliness, pride, or any other palpable or hidden transgression which may be practised by any who call themselves brethren; but simply to bear with errors of judgment, which a little painstaking on the part of the stronger brother may rectify; and with defects in wisdom, constancy, and love, the supply of which, it is to be hoped, the weaker ones themselves may be induced to seek from the Giver of all grace. These only can be properly called infirmities.

This is a great and good work, and an imitation of Him who stoops down to all of us. Has not Christ often to say to the noblest men the church ever saw, as He said to His disciples in the days of His earthly ministry, "How long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you?" (Matt. xvii. 17.) He has borne with the best of us to a degree which no condescension or longsuffering of ours towards weaker brethren can be said ever adequately to resemble, though it is a drawing in that direction; and therefore an effort after obedience to this precept is an effort to be followers of God as dear children. To please ourselves is a poor, low, narrow course of action, which ends where it begins, and has no great issue, being as ignoble as it is useless; but to rescue and raise others, and bring them to wisdom and goodness, though it be at the cost of time, and feeling, and care, is a large and blessed concernment, doubly owned

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of God; for He, in His exceeding mercy, blesses him that gives and him that takes, and then makes both react upon each other.

But in order that we may bear with the infirmities of weaker brethren, we must mingle in their society, and come into actual correspondence with them. The whole passage is written by St. Paul under the supposition that Christians are living in a fellowship so real and so practical, that they have, if not daily, at least weekly, personal fellowship with each other; insomuch that they hear expressions of each other's sentiments, wishes, joys, sorrows, and prevailing bias and intentions. It is only in such intercourse that infirmities can be revealed, and therefore only in such or similar communion that they can be borne. We may here gather an incidental testimony to the scriptural foundation and wisdom of our CLASS-MEETING; an institution which strangers may sometimes affect to despise, and which too many amongst us, who ought to know better, do not scruple to neglect. It is an invaluable means of bringing believers of all classes together, to act and react upon each other's character, as well as to stir up each other's affections; and in the Wesleyan Communion has been the nursery of vital holiness to an extent which it were vain to attempt to describe. If some love not their class-meeting, it is because they do not love serious conversation, and heart-searching, and prayer. It is time, in such a case, for them to repent and do their first works again.

But, to keep to the point with the Apostle in the sentence quoted on our Quarterly Ticket: How is it possible, I pray you, to bear with the infirmities of the weak, if I only see them in the congregation on the Lord's day, sitting in a seat at some distance from my own? or if, besides this, I only kneel with them once in the month in silence at the Lord's table? How, in such a state of separation, am I to know of their infirmities; and, what is of more importance, how am I to bear with them, and to please them for good to their edification, which is the building up of their faith?

Is it in the Committee only, or meeting of business, that I am to discover their weaknesses? If so, how am I to bear with them, when my judgment on any point in hand differs from theirs? and how would my compliance or non-compliance with their views tend to build them up in faith? Alas for us! St. Paul's thoughts on Christian fellowship are far too spiritual for our present secularizing generation. Whoever would help weak Christians, and be promoters of their faith and joy, must come into correspondence with them as the benign Master did, though in a far different relation; must sing and pray with them, and talk to them, and be talked to by them. He cannot build without materials; and the materials wanted for this work are patience, self-denying perseverance, and love. Many have asked us, Where do you find anything in Scripture about class-meetings? We reply by asking, Where do you find any spiritual precept binding upon a society of believers which can be properly obeyed, without either this provision or some one equivalent to it?

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ANXIOUS THOUGHT.

"Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on."—Matt. vi. 25.

In paradise, amidst his primal innocence and glory, man had not the remotest cause for thought or care about his temporal wants. The earth yielded, without excessive toil or providence, her spontaneous supplies; and what he should eat, what he should drink, and wherewithal he should be clothed, gave him no concern. But now, in consequence of our fallen condition, we must eat our bread and wear our apparel in the sweat of our brow. For these two things—food and raiment—the masses of our population ply their daily toil; and so numerous and imperative are the demands of our nature, that six days out of every seven of our fleeting and probationary life we must be employed in providing for their supply. This being the case, there is great danger lest these things, addressing themselves to our constantly-recurring wants and taking up so large a portion of our time, should engross our whole attention, and command our entire thought. It is possible for us (and, alas! how many actually do it!) so far to forget the great end of life, as to live unto ourselves, for the welfare of the body, or the gratification of our perishable nature.

It is against this over-anxious care about the necessities of the outward man, that the Lord here so solemnly warns us. We cannot for a moment suppose that He commands us to cast aside *all thought*, or even *all care*, about necessary things. If this were done, how could society be held together, or business carried on, or the wants of ourselves and families be provided for? "There is a care about temporal things, which becomes a duty, according to a man's station in the world. He should pursue diligently, and with prudent contrivance, his proper business; he should provide for himself and family, as far as honest industry will go; he should calculate his income, and form his plan to live within the bounds of it, that he may not needlessly be embarrassed with debts; he should see that no bounty of Providence is wasted or lavished; he should make such arrangements as he best can to meet those demands which will hereafter be made upon him. He should avoid needless expenses, that he may not be brought to want, or constrained to beg in sickness or old age; and he even may, and in some cases ought to, make some moderate provision for his family, if he can do it consistently with justice, piety, and charity." "If any man," that is, any *Christian* man, "provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." (1 Tim. v. 8.) The want of this ordinary forethought in providing for themselves and families, is one principal cause of the vice and misery so extensively prevalent among mankind.

It was no part of our Lord's design, then, to teach men to be either *thoughtless* or *careless* about these necessary things. The simple meaning of His advice we take to be this: "Be not overwhelmed with perplexing cares and painful fears. While making the attainment of heavenly

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happiness your great object, and subordinating everything else to this great design, indulge no unbelieving doubts, no harrassing cares, no tormenting fears with regard to obtaining what is necessary for the present life." He does not forbid the use of lawful means to obtain for ourselves and those who depend upon us food and raiment; nor does He prohibit that exercise of thought and care which these means require for their successful employment. But while we use these means, He does forbid us to be anxious, fearful, distressed about the result of our prudence. When, like Martha, we become "careful and *troubled* about many things;" when our anxiety goes far beyond our necessities; when it arises from dissatisfaction with our providential lot, and leads us to distrust the care and providence of God; when it so absorbs or chafes the mind as to unfit it for devotional exercises, or lead to the neglect of our souls; then it passes the limit, it overleaps the boundary, and at once becomes sinful. This is the thought, the over-solicitous care, which our Lord absolutely prohibits.

A little attention to the connexion of our Lord's words in the 25th verse with those in the 19th, will point out the source whence such evil anxiety generally springs; namely, a desire to lay up treasures upon earth. How often do men, who are constantly indulging this prohibited care, endeavour to console themselves by saying, "I am bound to be industrious, and to provide for the wants of my household: it is this alone which prompts my anxiety, and makes my solicitude so great!" But if we examine these cases closely, we shall generally find that there is a strong desire to obtain something more than a simple supply. Nature's wants are very few; and few men would ever neglect religion, or become worldly, covetous, or anxious, in seeking to meet their demands. It is the desire for wealth that leads to excessive care. If, having food and raiment, we were therewith content, our industry would be without anxiety, and our labour without unholy heedfulness.

When, then, this solicitude overtakes you, rest assured that you are in danger of becoming covetous and worldly. Instead of saying, "I am only wishful to secure meat for the life, and raiment for the body;" ask your hearts whether there be not something else behind; whether some lurking ambition to be rich is not at the bottom of it all. And if even you find that you are free from this dangerous desire for wealth, you must watch with holy vigilance against this distracting and consuming care.

This disposition sometimes arises, also, out of want of faith in God; out of distrust in His kind and ample providence. The poor who labour for the bread that perisheth are frequently tempted to this "thought for the morrow." "How are our wants to be supplied? Whence is our food and raiment to come? Where is the storehouse to which we can go? Surely we must be anxious and solicitous to the highest degree, if we are to be kept alive, and pay our way in the world." Still, your Saviour's command is, "Take no thought; oppress not yourselves with anxious and unnecessary cares." Is there not a Providence to care for you? Your heavenly Father knoweth that you have need of these things. Cast,

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therefore, all your care upon *Him; for He careth for you.* He is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works. "Does He not provide for all the birds, and beasts, and fishes? Do not the sparrows fly from their bush, and every morning find meat where they laid it not? Do not the young ravens call to God, and He feeds them? And were it reasonable that the sons of the family should fear that the Father would give meat to the chickens and the servants, his sheep and his dogs, but give none to them?" "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. *Are ye not much better than they?*" Then "be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." (Phil. iv. 6, 7.)

City-Road. J. K.

FAMILY-WORSHIP.

It is related that, on a certain occasion, an English ship-of-war touched at one of the ports of the Society Islands, and that the Captain gave a dinner to the royal family of the island and several Chiefs. The table was spread upon the quarter-deck, and loaded with viands and delicacies of all kinds. After the company were seated around it, the covers removed, and everything apparently ready for operations to commence, the islanders seemed to be in no haste to begin, but looked as though something more was expected. The Captain thought that the trouble was with the food, and that it was not what they liked, or that it had been prepared in a manner to which they were not accustomed, and accordingly commenced apologizing for the defect.

He had, however, a pious waiter, who stood behind his chair, and was quick to discover where the obstacle was; and who, whispering to the Captain, said, "These persons are waiting for a blessing to be asked." "Ask it, then," said the Captain. The waiter did so, reverently and gratefully imploring the Divine benediction. No sooner was this done, than Queen Pomare, her family, and the Chiefs, showed, by the manner in which they dealt with the provisions, that it was not because the dinner did not suit them that they had previously refrained from eating, but because no one had asked a blessing.

The Society Islanders have been Heathens; some call them Heathens now; but are they so much so as those in this Christian land who have no family-altars, and never invoke the benisons of Heaven upon their mercies? Nay, will not these Islanders rise up in condemnation of many (it may be, even of some of our readers) in the day of judgment, because of their neglect in such respects?

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METHODISM IN IRELAND.

CROOKHAVEN is a town and harbour on the south-western coast of Ireland. The harbour is enclosed from the ocean by a peninsula formed like a bended arm. The town is seated on the peninsula. The mainland rises steeply from the waters into rugged and lofty hills, thinly sprinkled with fishermen's cottages and patches of arable land. From their base, at the head of the haven, runs, in a lateral direction to the summit, the narrow and dangerous road that communicates with the interior. The aspect of the coast from the hills is wild and dreary, wending easterly to the bay and town of Baltimore, (Baal's great fire,) and terminating westerly in the precipitous promontory of Mizen-Head. Far within the line of the horizon, Cape-Clear Island and lighthouses are distinctly visible. That invaluable light is a powerful three-minute revolver, constructed with hyperbola reflectors, and when viewed on a clear still night, glittering on the ocean in a moving line of radiance, is a beautiful object. Further south, equidistant from the light and the coast, towers, slender and tall, the Fastnett Rock, often invisible in the foam of the breakers.

During the war with France under the first Napoleon were the palmy days of Crookhaven. Considerable wealth was then in circulation, a brisk trade being carried on with outward-bound merchant-fleets assembling there, with numerous vessels putting in for supplies on their return from distant voyages, and many others driven in by stress of weather and the casualties of the deep. The present partially ruinous condition of the town relates the decline of trade and opulence.

The nineteenth century had but dawned, when John Hadden and two colleagues were appointed by the Wesleyan Conference to an extensive Mission in the south of Ireland. They were expected to visit towns, villages, and hamlets, to preach in markets, fairs, and private dwellings, showing equal zeal for the souls of men in the obscure cabins that skirt the deep, and the pleasant homes of elegance and wealth. Their rides were long and arduous, exposure to the humid atmosphere incessant, accommodations slender, opposition vigorous and determined. But with the sunshine of God in their bosoms, they encountered danger, placed liberty and life in peril, patiently endured privations, well knowing, as one of their class, when overtaken and saturated by heavy rain, nervously expressed his hope in the future, "It is all in the agreement."

On one of his excursions, J. Hadden was introduced to Mr. C., who invited him to visit his family, and preach in Crookhaven: he accepted the invitation, and appointed a time. On that day he was ferried over the harbour, and entertained in the comfortable home of his friend. C. and his wife were then without God in the world, knowing only material good, buying, selling, and getting gain. It was published through the town that the Missionary had arrived, and would preach at a certain hour in the evening. The inhabitants crowded the spacious dwelling to ascertain what this babbler would say? They listened with solemnity while Christ was set forth the hope of glory, and at the close of the service solicited another visit. That day month was appointed. The following morning, while they were sitting in the parlour, the Rev. Mr. T., Rector and Magistrate of the parish, was introduced. Betraying considerable irritation, he inquired, "Have you authority from the Bishop of the diocese to preach in Crookhaven?"

H. "No."

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T. "Why did you come to interfere with my duties, and disturb our quiet?"

H. "I am authorized to preach in any part of the United Kingdom."

T. "I deny your right; and will arrest you, if you return."

H. "I purpose returning, God willing, in a month."

The Rector hastily withdrew. The steady courage for which J. Hadden was remarkable did not forsake him. On the appointed day he stepped from the boat on the sands of Crookhaven, and walked to the residence of his friend. His coming was announced to the clerical Magistrate, who hastened from the rectory to execute his threat. C. received him at the door, and accompanied him to the itinerant, hoping for an amicable arrangement. Grasping the collar of the itinerant's coat, he said, "You are my prisoner." J. Hadden, looking deliberately into the countenance of the Magistrate, rose from his seat, took out his watch, noted the hour, stretched out his arm for his hat, and said, "Now, Sir, I am ready to go with you." The tranquil bearing, moral superiority of the respectable stranger, and the illegality of the action, awed the erring, self-degraded guardian of the peace, and relaxed his hold, while he said, to irritate his prisoner to abusive language or action, "Were you a gentleman, you would not have come here to-day."

H. "Vice abounds here. Swearing and drunkenness are common crimes. God has blessed my preaching to the reformation of vicious characters, and I have come for the spiritual good of the people."

T. "I will not permit you to address them."

C. "Mr. Hadden cannot be prevented from preaching in my house."

T. "I will take steps to prevent the people assembling."

Highly excited, he left the house, and stationed a sentinel armed with a musket at the door. In this emergency the owner knew not what could be done, T. being the only Magistrate at home. The sentinel disliking his occupation, Mrs. C., assisted by other females, induced him to leave. That was a memorable night. Witnessing with the word, the Spirit of the Lord descended upon the people. Some were prostrated, others cried aloud on their knees for justifying grace.

> "Prayer ardent opens heaven, and pours
> The stream of blessing on the consecrated hour,
> Of man in audience with the Deity."

Mr. and Mrs. C. were both converted to God. Many of their neighbours were added to the Lord. A large class was formed, and C. appointed Leader; and, notwithstanding the length of the journey and unceasing opposition from T. and his party, Crookhaven was attached to the Skibbereen Circuit, and enjoyed the stated ministry of the word. Churches sprang up in the towns on the opposite shores, and in the more retired tracts around the base of Mount Gabriel; and, after the lapse of forty years, when it was the writer's privilege to visit them in company with J. Hadden, he looked upon the long-tried and matured piety of many with lively interest; and, turning to the venerable man, thought of the words of Christ, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." Unhappily Mr. T. became an unfortunate victim to the tithe-system. Returning from a tithing-journey over the Priest's Leap, a mountain-ridge between Cork and Kerry, he died by the pistol of the murderer. His money was taken, and his body immersed in a swamp, where

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it lay for a fortnight. When discovered, an inquest was held, and in the surgical examination a ball was extracted from the brain.

Venerating the Church of England for her divines, confessors, and martyrs, her writings, Articles, and Liturgy, it is painful to state that her Ministry in Ireland, with a few scattered exceptions, were indifferent or hostile to the Wesleyan Missions. Too many were disposed, like the Priests of Rome, to resort to violence, and by the arm of flesh arrest the progress and defeat the success of these divinely-reviving agencies. But the word of God was not bound. Supineness and worldliness had invaded the sanctuary; nor is it an extreme instance of dereliction from the seriousness of their duties, that a Clergyman of that communion, near the Lakes of Killarney, read the Burial Service at a grave in a hunting-jacket; his hunter standing near, which he eagerly mounted to follow the passing chase. The Clergy of Rome, bigoted and watchful, were rapidly gaining on the former. As a class, they outwardly studied tranquillity and respect, and sought by every social art to lull the vigilance of their opponents, trusting to time and men's natural forgetfulness of God to give them entire possession of the people. They secretly encouraged intermarriages, aware that the nominal Protestant, entangled in the snare, generally died with Popish chrism on his heels. A fatal harmony, of which truth was the sacrifice, sprung up between the Churches. Both professedly consented to "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God;" but when it again appeared upon the field under the name of Methodism, these unworthy allies sounded the tocsin, and rushed to the conflict. Time has shown with whom the victory abides.—*American Christian Advocate.*

THE REV. DR. NEWTON.

PERHAPS no man ever died in England with whose person larger numbers of individuals were familiar, than Robert Newton. Perhaps in no multitude who knew a public man only in his public character, was there ever so large a proportion who felt at his death as if they had lost a personal friend. The first sight of his figure commanded respect; the first tone of his voice, admiration; the first glance of his eye, sympathy. This power of at once engaging the heart was supported by a spirit extremely cordial, and a life of rare purity. The test of long private acquaintance, and the wear and tear of public life, only gave him more entire possession of that affection which he had at first captivated.

In the north-eastern extremity of Yorkshire, near the shore of the North Sea, in the hamlet of Roxby, Robert Newton was born, in a farm-house. In his early youth the Methodist Preachers began to arouse their neighbourhood with a loud call to repent. Robert grew up among the influences and examples of early Methodism. While he was yet in his teens, he and a beloved sister might be found together, seeking salvation from God. Together they found peace, and commenced that Christian course which they ran in common for many years. He very soon began to preach the Gospel, and the talents which afterwards resounded so far, speedily made a powerful impression in his own neighbourhood. Before long, he was called to take a part in the Methodist itinerancy, and entered on his labours in the Pocklington Circuit, when yet only nineteen years of age. There his congregations were for the most part rustic and simple-hearted, yet the excellencies and talents of their new Preacher were at once discerned. "He will be a great man, if he only keep humble," was the

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testimony which some of his hearers bore to him. Among the congregations which he then addressed was a youth, from whose hands have come the volume to which we are indebted for a detailed account of Dr. Newton's life and character. The Rev. Thomas Jackson then heard, admired, and learned to love the great and good man to whose memory he has raised the monument of a most instructive and beautiful volume. His own heart appears to have grown no older than it was when he first heard Robert Newton in some of the villages of the Pocklington Circuit. To all the experience of the years which have passed over him since then, he unites the freshness of feeling which he possessed at that day. The person and the popular talents of Mr. Newton very soon gave him a reputation which extended to all parts of the country. Through every step, from the day when he set out from his father's house, Mr. Jackson traces his career, noting the incidents by which it was distinguished, and ever giving a faithful picture of the man and of his labours. We never read a book in which we were more completely in the company of the subject of the biography, or where his spirit was more entirely prominent. One of the most interesting parts of his early life is that in which his labours in Scotland are portrayed. Whether we see him surrounded by great congregations in the important city of Glasgow, or faring on extremely poor accommodation in the town of Ayr, the same spirit of devotedness to his work, and of humility, and the same success in the conversion of sinners, are to be found. In more than one direction solicitations were made to him to abandon the laborious course of a Methodist Preacher, and accept some position where his eloquence would bring a larger return of comfort and emolument to himself. From the first, however, he had chosen his course. Usefulness, not ease, was his ambition: he lived to spread far and wide the knowledge of Christ's great salvation, and to spread it rapidly among the masses of men. The dishonour of even for a moment entertaining the offers which were made to him, does not attach to his memory. Had it been otherwise, in all probability his career would have had none of the special brightness, and his memory but a small share of that love, which his consistency has gained for him.

When he was rising towards the zenith of his powers, the Missionary movement began to assume a new aspect. The peculiar call, arising from the death of Dr. Coke, elicited the great talents of Mr. Watson, Dr. Bunting, Dr. Clarke, and others; but greater than any of these in his influence upon the masses, and second to none in ardent attachment to the cause, ever laborious and ever ready, Mr. Newton was mighty in diffusing a sympathy with the Missionary cause among the people. It is not in our power within the limits we can occupy here to attempt even a sketch of his life: for that we must refer to the volume of Mr. Jackson. Mr. Newton's frequent visits to Ireland, his labours and successes there, and his various course of toil and travel through Great Britain, are faithfully depicted in Mr. Jackson's pages. His own letters, chiefly written to his family, always bearing marks of a man who had little time, but bearing marks equally plain of a spirit eminently devout, preserving its equanimity among circumstances of haste and labour, such as would have disturbed that of any other man, afford to those who knew him only as a public man, evidences of his secret walk with God which they will gratefully treasure.

The peculiar course to which he was called by the unrivalled popularity of his preaching is not one that can be safely recommended to the imitation of any other man. The fact that he passed through it unspoiled, and apparently even uninjured, is no reason why others may betake themselves to a course so

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beset with peril. The singular freshness which he always maintained in his preaching, even when delivering a discourse which he had often preached before, was in itself one of the most striking peculiarities of his life or ministry. The secret of it is truly given by his biographer.

It would be very difficult anywhere to equal the record which Mr. Jackson has traced of Dr. Newton's visit to the United States of America. Never before did the herculean powers of his frame, the quiet energy of his spirit, or the sacred aim of his life, appear more conspicuous. Required in rapid succession in the greatest cities of the Union to speak and preach on occasions the most public, impressive, and trying, followed by a torrent of popular excitement, courted by the highest in the land, and invited to regale even the Senate with his sacred eloquence, he saw in all this but a wide and effectual door for the preaching of his Master's blessed Gospel; and for that sole purpose he employed every opportunity. Six weeks only did he stay on that continent, and within that short time he travelled about two thousand miles, spoke and preached nearly a hundred times, and excited an amount of attention in the churches and the press which had never been equalled since the days of George Whitefield. When he was about to leave the shores of America, some persons came as far as two hundred miles to pay a last mark of respect by bidding him farewell. A large number accompanied him on board the steamer which carried him to the ship in which he was to sail; and as the ship and the steamer parted, they sang,—

"And let our bodies part,
To different climes repair;
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are."

"While the friends sang these beautiful and appropriate stanzas," says Mr. Jackson, "Mr. Newton stood motionless, with his head uncovered, the tears trembling in his eyes. 'I took off my hat,' says he: 'the scene was most touching. At last the steamer turned round, and the people continued waving handkerchiefs and hats until they were out of sight. Lord, grant us a happy meeting in heaven!'"

After his return from America, in the very height of his reputation, he visited Pocklington, and once more saw the friends among whom he had commenced his ministry. A poor old man, named John Hart, of Thornton, expressed a wish to be conveyed to Pocklington, that he might once more hear Robert Newton, whom he had known when he was a young Preacher. John was infirm, and to prevent him from being injured in the crowd he was placed in the pulpit. While Dr. Newton was speaking, he alluded to his early career in that Circuit, and stated that he had felt depressed as to his ministry, and had thought of resigning his charge and returning home, but he had mentioned this to a good man named John Hart, who had answered him with the words, "You dare not." "I wonder," said Dr. Newton, "whether John Hart is alive, or not." We may judge of his surprise when, from the pulpit behind him, a shrill and tremulous voice answered, "I is here, Sir." "The scene that immediately followed this disclosure," says Mr. Jackson, "and the feeling which was excited in the Doctor and the devout peasant, and in the meeting generally, may be more easily conceived than described. It is possible that the three pithy words, 'You dare not,' were a means in the hand of God of preventing the young evangelist from leaving his Circuit and returning to his farming occupations; and if so, then the hundreds of sinners who were

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turned to righteousness by his preaching in subsequent years, and the tens of thousands of persons who were instructed and edified by his ministry, owe a debt of gratitude to John Hart which they can never fully repay; and Dr. Newton himself, while through eternity he reaps the fruit of his faithful labours, will bless God for the words which were so seasonably spoken by a plain unlettered man. It is possible that they may be remembered and repeated with thankfulness to God millions of ages hence."

About this time he was labouring in Salford, and, going with a brother Minister to call on a family in comparatively humble life, they had no sooner entered the house than the good woman fixed her eyes on Dr. Newton, clasped her hands, and exclaimed, "Come in, thou man of God! O that such a man should come under my roof!" Then she added, "O, Dr. Newton, it is a pity that you should ever die!" He answered, "Well, I trust I never shall; for I have life in Christ, and hope to live for ever." "O, yes!" said she, being now partly relieved by a flood of tears; "but I mean it is a pity you should ever go out of this world." The sequel will explain the cause of her emotion. "O, Doctor!" said she, "it is now more than thirty years since I first heard you preach, and under your ministry I was converted and saved; and this is the first time I ever spoke to you; and thank God that I ever saw you."

A life distinguished by such eminent popularity as that of Dr. Newton has never yet in the history of mankind been spent without more or less trial and difficulty arising to the favoured individual. He, too, at more than one period of his life, had to encounter opposition, reproach, and even slander. The singular purity of his own life, and the genial and winning friendliness of his spirit, did protect him in an extraordinary degree from imputations to which public men, dealing with great public interests, are frequently liable. His troubles were only those of the cause with which his whole life was identified. He no more shrunk from them than he gave provocation; but, manfully choosing his ground, and placidly maintaining it, he went forward under any amount of opposition or reproach as unshaken as under any amount of applause he was unspoiled. We can easily conceive that to any man living it must be a bitter reflection, now that Robert Newton is no more, that he ever, by word or deed, cast one shadow on the path of a man so useful and so good. After he had itinerated through all parts of the United Kingdom for more than fifty years; having acquired a reputation as a Christian orator which few have equalled; counting his spiritual children in perhaps every county of England; having enjoyed the unbounded confidence and esteem of his brethren in the ministry, and a strong love from the people, in which he was rivalled by no other man; having been four times President of the Methodist Conference, and for a long series of years its Secretary; and having passed threescore years and ten without any sensible waning of his powers, he at length began to yield to the pressure of age. He had scarcely begun to relax his labours when signs of a total failure rapidly came on. An attack of illness at the Mirfield railway-station sent a report through the length and breadth of the land which led many to expect his speedy removal. Still spared, he laboured on; but ailments returned, increased, and pointed to the end with a clearness which could not be mistaken. Some time after he had retired from the active work of the ministry, his sight suddenly failed. When he found himself unable to read, he requested to be supplied with pen and ink that he might try whether he could write. After making the attempt, he delivered up the blotted paper with a smile, the meaning of which his family perfectly under-

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stood when they found that what he had attempted to write was this portion of Scripture, "The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear?"

We will not attempt to enter on the closing scenes of the life of this servant of God; as detailed in the volume of Mr. Jackson: they are so beautiful, so encouraging, and so instructive, that we should fear to mar them by any condensation. We have no doubt that our readers will eagerly go to the volume, and there refresh themselves by the record of the last hours of one who laboured much for the Lord, and whom the Lord graciously supported when about to enter into his rest. In Easingwold, surrounded by his family, and in perfect peace, he said, "Farewell, sin! farewell, death!" and then was hushed that voice which for many years had been a joy to thousands. The tidings of his departure reached London, as all remember, during the anniversary meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society; and many were the tears shed when it was told that Robert Newton was no more.

It is matter of sincere joy that the usefulness of Dr. Newton's memory is not to depend merely upon the fireside relations of his innumerable admirers. The same Providence who blessed his labours whilst he was yet living, has so appointed it that the record of those labours was committed to the hands of one who by personal acquaintance, by fervent sympathy, by zealous love for the cause in which both their lives were spent, was eminently fitted to transmit to posterity the record of Robert Newton. Clearly, warmly, tenderly, does he tell the tale of that wonderful life, and adequately does he measure the length and breadth of those most extraordinary labours. The selection of letters and private incidents is so judicious as to convey a perfect picture of the man, of his spirit and mode of life, without swelling the volume to a great size, or for a single page trying the patience of the reader. Already the verdict of the public has been pronounced on the volume; and its remarkable sale is a witness at once to the love felt for its subject, and to the success with which the biographer has performed his task. In this book Robert Newton resumes his place at many a fireside, where hereafter children's children will read it with wonder, and rejoice to think that one so great and good had ever knelt at the altar of their own homestead.

A CHEERFUL HEART.

I ONCE heard a young lady say to an individual, "Your countenance is to me like the rising sun, as it always gladdens me with a cheerful look." A merry or cheerful countenance is one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies could not take away from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon,—everything gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what they have should escape out of their hands. They always look upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good. Religion makes the heart cheerful; and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, man will be happy in spite of himself. The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches on its road, but buzzes on, selecting honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit and a heart to praise God for His mercies, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey with peace.

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Narrative Pieces.

A CHRISTIAN AMONG TURKS.*

"I went to the Turkish camp about four nights ago, to see how my Turkish friends were, as some time had elapsed since my time permitted me to visit them. I went, in the first place, to Captain ——'s tent: there were several officers there, conversing on several matters concerning the campaign, &c. On my approaching the tent, I was observed by one of the officers. Captain —— came to the tent-door, and said, 'Philip, stranger, (*Khosh geldem,*) you are welcome.' I thanked him kindly; and he took me by the arm, and led me into his tent, and told one of his Lieutenants to get up and let me sit in his place. This act of kindness, however, I declined, and sat down in another place. Orders were given to the *aughgu*, or cook, to prepare a cup of coffee and a chibouk for each. I did not take the chibouk from the Captain, telling him I was not genteel enough to smoke; at which they laughed. I was asked by one and all of them, 'When will we take Sebastopol; or have you any news about it? for we are really tired of remaining here so long doing nothing.' 'Tired of this place, indeed!' said I. 'You have less right to be so than our men; and when we do storm Sebastopol and take it, very likely you will not do much to help us.' 'How is that?' said they. 'Why, if you fight as well as you did at Balaklava,' I replied, 'you will surely take the place.' This was sharp and pointed, and some of them got quite angry: this was what I wanted; for I always upbraid their cowardice at Balaklava, to provoke them to fight better when they are again called on, and so retrieve their lost character in the eyes of the French and English. I gave the height of praise to Omar Pasha's army, and told them to fight as bravely as their friends and allies; and, if so, Sebastopol would not stand long. 'You are quite right,' was the general cry. At this time the Colonel sent for Captain —— to dine: so he bade me good-bye, and, promising to call down next day, departed."

Dines with Turkish Officers.

"I remained for a short time conversing with the other officers, when the Colonel and the Captain so often referred to came to invite me, or rather to force me, to dinner. I did not relish this; neither did I like to refuse the Colonel, which would be insulting him; so I went. On entering the door, I was welcomed by all. After returning compliments, I sat down on a seat provided for me by the Colonel. There were seven of us altogether; the Colonel, two Majors, two Captains, one Lieutenant, and myself. The dinner was brought in, and laid on a great drum, which served for a table, while little drums served us for chairs. I said grace before meat. We partook of the repast as lovingly as possible. The eyes of one of the Majors and Captains were almost constantly fixed upon me, as if I was quite a wonderful man. At first they did not eat with knife and fork and spoon: the Colonel, observing this, said, 'Please, Major So-and-so, use the knife and fork before you, and eat (*à la Francs gibi*) like the Franks.' They laughed at this."

After-Dinner Customs.

"After dinner was over, I said, 'Gentlemen, I hope you will excuse us Giaours (for we are rather an inquisitive race of people) asking a question.' 'Certainly,' said the Colonel: 'be at home, and ask any question you wish.' After thanking him kindly, I said, 'Sirs, it is the custom with the Franks, after dinner, for some one to relate incidents and particulars connected with his travels, or some great truths that will be interesting or instructive to the company; and as the host generally begins, I therefore call on my noble friend the Colonel to proceed first.' This proposal was received with loud laughter. 'Well,' said the Colonel, 'there is nothing curious or wonderful connected with my travels: though I have been in many countries, yet there is nothing

* Sketches of the War: being a Second Series of Letters by Philip O'Flaherty. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

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beyond the common and daily occurrences, which are not worth relating.' 'Now, then, my English friend,' said the strange Major, 'the host has given his answer; and as it is a Turkish custom that strangers should relate anything new, I hope you will favour us by relating the incidents, and so on, that you have seen either in England or elsewhere; more especially as this is the first time I have sat in company with an Englishman.' This was responded to by cheers. I was rather taken aback, for I proposed the question to gain information; but now I must give it myself; and I considered with myself that I would bring on something instructive, inasmuch as it might be the means of doing good. 'Sir,' said I, 'this is rather trying to me; but as it is your custom, I will truthfully tell you the impressions made on my mind by what I have seen since I came to this country. Turkey is a beautiful country, yet it is neglected and downtrodden. The population, I observed with sorrow, were idle, lazy, and extremely abominable in their habits, and most ridiculous in their expressions, and live generally by fraud, or something very like it. When I was in England,' I continued, 'I read with patience and avidity the history of Turkey and Arabia, the rise and fall of the Turkish empire, and the promulgation of Islamism.' 'Pray,' interrupted the Major, 'where did you get your information from? as you appear to be a Turk, who went to England and there became a Giaour, and afterwards entered the English service.' 'Well, friend,' I replied, 'you may be right; but if you allow me to ask a question or two, I will tell you how I obtained my information.' 'Yes, Philip,' said the Colonel, 'ask as many questions as you please.' Addressing myself to the Major, I asked, 'How and by what means did your great Prophet, Mohammed, become the head of such a powerful profession as Islamism? What were his plans and schemes? By what means was Islamism promulgated, and the dominions of Turkey and the Moslems extended?' '*Answer your own questions,*' was the stern reply of the Major. Interest beamed in every eye, and they listened with the greatest attention as I proceeded to give a brief sketch of the life of Mohammed, and his schemes, which were based on the weakness and shortcomings of human nature, and perfectly agreed with the vanity of the Orientals. While persecuted by his own kindred, he was patronised by great men, gained several victories over his enemies, and at length, through foresight and fallacy, became the founder of that awful doctrine and profession of Islamism. I also gave a brief outline of the lives of the successors of the Prophet. I was asked, 'How do you know this, and who gave you this information?' I said, 'I will prove my knowledge by historical references, the truth of which will be confirmed by any of your friends here, or even by yourself, if you have read the history of your own religion and country. That the Prophet Mohammed became the head of a religion that was promulgated by the shedding of the blood of millions, your friends here own. Can that be a pure and undefiled religion?' I asked. 'And does not your very Koran say, *Thou shalt not kill?* Yet the maker of the Koran was the first and greatest breaker of it. If you weighed and considered this thing alone, would it not lead you to see that your profession is wrong? It is also in the Koran, *He that serves the Lord shall want no good thing, although the wild beasts may want.* Now, look at the difference between Turkey and England, between the Turkish soldier or civilian and the English, &c. Which are the most sympathizing, charitable, philanthropic, ingenuous, gallant, and brave?' They all said, the English. 'Just weigh and consider this,' said I to the Major. 'Well, truly,' said he, 'I never thought of it before.'"

He then entered into a somewhat lengthened historic sketch of the personal character, family, exploits, intrigues, success, and successors of the founder of Islamism; and concludes with the following reference to

THE WAR.

"The weather is indeed beautiful. We are getting up shot and shell without intermission. Our men are working night and day. The general health of the army is good. We have lost only two men out of our regiment since the 3d of February.

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I went out yesterday with a telescope to have a view of Sebastopol; and saw that they were strengthening their position wherever they expected an attack, and advancing their works. They are, in fact, besieging us as much as we are besieging them. Three days ago fifty thousand of the enemy encamped on our right, on the heights beyond the Inkermann, and are throwing up extensive intrenchments. They threw some shot into the tents of the second division: their lights are burning furiously this minute. It is now eleven o'clock at night, and volley after volley of file-firing is heard, followed with the loud crashes of the cannon, like the rolling of a thousand drums. We expect every minute a general turn-out; for we are almost surrounded. If they come, the struggle will be desperate; and they will undoubtedly lose, whatever the case may be. I hear a wonderful cry in Sebastopol just now. I do not know the reason, unless it be that some shot from our twenty-one gun or other batteries are committing damage. I am told that the French lost many men last night, but to-morrow morning there will be more on some side. Such terrible explosions I never heard from cannons' mouths as to-night: they must be wonderfully heavy."

Interprets to a Turkish Working Party.

"Two nights ago I was employed as interpreter between our engineer officers and the Ottoman troops. Their work was to draw some shot and shell to our batteries: they were fighting soldiers, and not accustomed to draw a waggon like a horse; but I showed them the way. The officer commanding called for the *thergeman*, (interpreter,) and said, 'Sir, the interpreter who came for us said that three hundred men were required for a short time in the English camp; he did not tell us for what: so we came away without food, water, greatcoats, or anything else, to pull shot to your batteries this cold night. What shall we do?' I reported the circumstance to the commanding engineer officer. He told me to tell them that when they came here they should have had their meals taken, and be fit for anything; but as they have fasted since morning, let them go down this time, and then go home. I told them so; adding, 'Now, the sooner you get done, the sooner you go home.' The fellows then pulled their waggons with one accord: one of them, however, happened to come against a stone; there was a dead halt directly, and they said the waggon was overloaded, and they could not draw it after fasting since morning. Hearing this, I came and said, 'Men, you are not working for us, but for your own Sultan and country: you have good fighting men, English and French, beside you: these shot must be in the battery to-night: come, I will help you myself.' I then gave the word, 'Prepare!' Every man took his rope; and when I said, 'March!' they pulled with as much life as if nothing had been the matter. If properly handled, they are a brave lot of men: they said if they had food they would not be against working till morning."

Turkish Officers welcome the New Testament.

"The Rev. Mr. Watson kindly sent me up a dozen Turkish Testaments to be distributed among the Turks. I was quite glad to have this precious gift to bestow. I went to my friends Captains ——, ——, and —— the Colonel, and gave them one each. When they read them, they were rejoiced and thankful. The Colonel said, 'Please do give me three more for other three officers: I will give you forty piastres each for them.' I thanked him for his offer, gave him three books, and told him to convert his money to some good purpose. When the Turkish doctor saw me, he came out of his tent, and invited me to go in, saying he had company. I told him I would go, if Captain —— would accompany me: he complied, and we entered the tent together. The Colonel soon came. One of the officers, seeing the books, said, 'Philip Thergeman Bey, will you show me one?' I gave him one: he read the latter part of the fifth chapter of Matthew, and said, 'It is a Giaour's book, and told lies; for it never made mention of the name of Mohammed.' The Colonel took him up, and an argument followed. I was glad to see that, and may perhaps in my next give you a sketch of the argument. I dis-

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tributed the Testaments by the direction of the Colonel, to those whom he thought proper. When I go to the Turkish camp, some of the men and officers too come to me, and say, 'Philip Thergeman Bey, will you give me an *Ingilisheriffe*?' (Testament.) I am sorry that I have not two or three hundred more of them, and of small size, so that the soldiers would be able to carry them in their pockets or knapsacks."

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

At the beginning of the year 1854, a young man, who was the sole support of his aged mother, had scarcely anything to do in his employment, and feared that he should not be able to keep a home for her who had supported him when not able to care for himself.

He tried to get work, but could not succeed in obtaining enough to meet their daily wants. Like Hezekiah, he spread his case before the Lord. For some time it seemed as if his prayers were not heard. Still he urged his plea, knowing that God did hear and answer prayer, and that He would not see one of the lambs of His flock lack anything. He took with him the precious promises of God's word, reminding Him that the cattle on a thousand hills were His. Still the poor young man did not appear to be getting on any better: his money was all gone, and he had not enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger. When almost broken-hearted, the thought came into his mind that he had received not because he had asked amiss. He went to his closet again, told the Lord that he was in absolute want, and poured out his soul in prayer. Soon after, a trifling piece of work was brought: when it was finished, he received payment for it, and went to the village to get breakfast for the morrow; then went to his closet to thank God for His goodness in providing for the beginning of the next day. While at breakfast his mother called him by name, and told him that it would be better to leave part for dinner. He said, "Trust to Providence for dinner, mother. God has given us breakfast, and He knows that we are in want of dinner: He will supply us, if we trust in Him. He knows that I am willing to work, and that I feel grateful for what I have received."

He then went to his work again, and was struck with two persons who were passing by. "Surely," he said, "I know them." He ran to the door, and heard them inquiring for his mother. He called to them, and bade them come in. One had been abroad for six years: the other was his brother, who had accompanied him to see their aunt, who had become so decrepit since their last visit, that they felt pity for her infirmities. One gave her five shillings; the other, two. The son said, "Surely this is Providence. I must go again to thank my Father that He hath heard my prayers." The tears on his cheeks bespoke the gratitude of his heart.

The poor young man asked them whether they were going any farther. They said to the next town, to see their sisters. He offered to accompany them. All three went, and spent the day together. When they were about to take leave of their friends, a secret touch was given to the young man, and another friend gave him a sovereign. He then felt that he could leap for joy: his heart, which was before bowed to the earth with grief, became light as a feather.

"I will never distrust Providence any more," he exclaimed: "I will trust body and soul in His hands. He feedeth the sparrows, He supplieth the ravens, and provideth for the beast of the field. How much more will He care for them that put their trust in Him?"

A LOST OPPORTUNITY

Business led me to the residence of a gentleman and lady, a young and happy couple, whose affection for each other was almost unbounded. The gentleman was from home: the drawing-room door was opened by the servant, and I entered. But what was my surprise, when I beheld the youthful lady reclining upon a couch, her beauty—the pride of her husband, the admiration of her neighbours—consumed away; faded, as sometimes fades the opening rose, or the delicate lily, when stricken by an unkindly blast! I gazed upon her with deep interest. I

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beheld her emaciated form, her sunken eye, still beaming with intelligence and affection, and I thought, "Surely she 'll soon be in eternity! Shall I speak to her about her soul?" I looked up to heaven for wisdom and help; yet I felt it to be a great cross, unusually so. I remember thinking, "Had I come to the house for the very purpose, I should have felt no difficulty; but I am a stranger, and come on business: what will she think of me?" Thus I foolishly *reasoned* with myself. I felt it to be a real duty to speak. I was very, very serious, and consented to stay to tea, hoping to get a better opportunity for commencing. From her remarks and conversation I plainly discovered that her heart was not right; that she had never been "born again:" yet *I could not speak!* I asked if she had any hope of recovery. She replied that in three days' time she was going with her husband and child to the south of England for a change; the last remedy the medical men could advise. I simply responded, "I hope it may prove beneficial; but I fear,"—at the same time heaping reproaches on myself for my foolishness, my neglect of duty. Never before or since that day have I thus been permitted to feel my own weakness. I left, to return to my closet weeping, with shame and confusion of face, to confess my folly. The lady started on her journey, and I heard no more of her for many weeks. I hoped she would recover, and that I might get another opportunity of speaking for Jesus; and I resolved, in strength Divine, not to neglect it. But, alas! that time never came. When months had passed away, and early spring had given place to closing summer, I was one evening speaking to a friend, who said, "Have you heard that poor Mrs. G. is dead?" "*Do you mean it?*" I replied: "I did not know that she was returned, or I would have gone to see her." "She came home about a fortnight ago, much worse; and died last night, or early this morning. Her poor husband is almost wild." I said no more, but turned away, thinking, "It 's too late now. It was my own fault. What a fool I have been! Where was my religion? How shall I face her in judgment? Suppose she is lifting up her eyes in hell; for neither her beauty, her riches, nor her fame would fit her for heaven. O that I could but have seen her again! How earnestly would I have directed her to a dying Saviour!"

If we can *thus* reproach ourselves *now* for neglect of duty, how shall we do so in the great day?

P. D.

Biography.

WILLIAM HENRY SHUTE, OF LEEDS.

Were it not for the teaching of Christianity, life would be a melancholy perplexity; for, grant that you attain to the maximum of threescore and ten, are the mere temporal ends of life answerable to its solemn preparations?

But what of the vast majority who die in infancy, in youth, and in the flower of their age? No wonder that the *élite* of the ancient philosophical sects, if they did not positively contemn life, saw through its vanity.

Christianity lifts the veil. It alone brings to light two things: first, Life; and, second, Immortality. In other words, it reveals, that the life of grace, of which the present is but the porch and type, issues in *perfect life;* and that life in perfection, is immortality. All vagueness respecting the future, for good or for evil, has passed away as mist before the midday sun. As we *are*, so we shall eternally *be*.

Precisely as the farmer sows, he shall reap. To suppose the contrary, is to mock God. (Gal. vi. 7.) Look at the grain of wheat dropped into the furrow. The future is in the present. To dissolve or reverse that connexion would require a

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Divine power as much as to invert the order of the heavens; and it is the veriest enthusiasm to look into eternity for results which have not their prototypes on earth. Man dies; and the question is not, Did he die worth one pound or ten thousand, illiterate or literate, with or without a name; but, Had he taken the initiative of life eternal? Secularists will gather up the remains of "the sons of men." The dead will bury their dead, and weave for them the fading chaplet. Let us modestly memorialize the sons of God.

WILLIAM HENRY SHUTE, of Leeds, Third Circuit, by trade a bookbinder, was slender in form, intelligent, earnest, and meditative. He died at the early age of thirty-one. Yet he attained the end of life. Hear a few words of his story.

First, he sought and obtained, through faith in the blood of Christ, peace with God. This fact, of primary importance, is touchingly noted in his pocket-book: "Converted to God, February 24th, 1839." It is given at greater length in the words of brother Trethewey, who was the honoured instrument in effecting it: "I preached from 'Delight thyself in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.' After leaving chapel, brother Shute said, 'I have been very much interested in the subject this evening. When you were preaching at my grandfather's from that text, I found peace with God. I had been awakened some time previously under a sermon by Mr. Brice; but I always looked on that night as the *turning-point* in my life.'" So undoubtedly it was. That which he then realized, turned him from nature to grace, from sin to holiness, and from death to life eternal.

His conversion evidenced itself in attempts to benefit others, and extend the kingdom of Christ.

In 1840 he became a Teacher in the Bank Sunday-school; and, about the same time, one of the Distributers, and for several years one of the Secretaries, of the well-conducted Tract Society in connexion with St. Peter's and Richmond-hill chapels. Believing himself called, as he had the opportunity, to preach the Gospel, he received the following authorization:—

"William H. Shute is hereby authorized to go out with any of the Local Preachers, and exercise his talents in calling sinners to repentance.

"THOMAS HARRIS.

"*Leeds, July 15th*, 1842."

Having completed the usual term of trial, he was received on the Circuit-Plan as an accredited Local Preacher. The record of the admission is, "He was examined, and unanimously accepted." In this work he rendered acceptable service. To these engagements he added the office of Catechist. From 1842 to 1846 he had the charge of a catechumen-class, which he met weekly for Biblical exposition and religious exercises. And in March, 1848, on the nomination of the late Rev. John Pickavant, he was appointed to the important duty of Class-Leader; an office which he sustained with credit until ill-health obliged him to relinquish this and all other public duties. In a note to the writer of these lines, he says, "In consequence of the state of my health, I am under the necessity of resigning my class; so also my appointments on the Plan. My prayer shall still be for the peace and prosperity of Jerusalem."

"He passed through life without a stain upon his character, either religious, moral, or commercial." This testimony is true, and without it religion would be a pretext and a delusion; but he did more. He passed through life religiously and usefully. At what he calls the "turning-point" he saw the crown in the hands of the Judge, and he became a successful competitor for the prize. Made one with Christ, he thenceforth "grew up into Him in all things."

To these brief memorials may be appended a few words touching his death. After months of weakness and suffering, life rapidly receded. In the course of his last day on earth he said to his wife and mother, "I have not my Jesus to seek to-day.

> 'With confidence I now draw nigh,
> And, Father, Abba, Father, cry.'"

To a friend, "I am in the valley; but it is lighted up." And to another, who observed, "Brother Shute, I hope you feel that salvation which you have so often

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preached to others," faintly, and for the last time he spoke on earth, he answered, "I do;" and fell asleep in Jesus on Thursday, May 18th, 1854. J. L.

Poetry.

TO MY DEPARTED INFANT.

The strife is o'er;
To God again His own best gift is given:
And now my child beholds, for evermore
His face in heaven.

In the calm grave,
Nor care, nor pain, nor sin shall harm thee more;
The storm is past, and life's last troubled wave
Has thrown thee on the shore.

Farewell, my child!
The blessed thought is mine, in good or ill,
That thou art now an angel undefiled,
And I thy mother still.

BE THOU MY FRIEND!

When clouds and storms prevail,
When all is dark around,
When thunders rend the skies,
Or shake the solid ground;
When friends their help withdraw,
When foes with vigour rise;
When, broken-hearted and forlorn,
I lift to Thee mine eyes:
Be Thou my Friend!

When cisterns all are broken,
When all I loved is gone,
O! give me some kind token,
And lead me gently on,
Till the last sorrow come,
To be subdued by Thee;
Then vanquish my last enemy,
And set my spirit free:
Be Thou my Friend!

Poplar. J. L.

Popery.

THE FORBIDDEN BIBLE.

It is truly fearful to consider how thoroughly at variance God and the Church of Rome are about the Bible.

The Lord God has declared, positively, that holy Scripture is "profitable," that it is "given for our learning," that it is "able to make men wise unto salvation;" that it is "the sword" which a soldier of Christ should be armed with; that it is "a light for our feet," and that all errors arise from ignorance of it. The Church of Rome, on the other hand, has declared positively, in the Council of Trent, that "if the holy Scripture be everywhere allowed, indiscriminately, in the vulgar tongue, more harm than good will arise from it;" and that, "if any one shall presume to read, or possess a Bible, without a license, he shall not receive absolution, except he first deliver it up." A license to read the Bible! What a blasphemous insult is this! It would sound as well to talk of a license to breathe God's air, or look at God's sun.

Well may the Church of Rome be in gross darkness, when it pours such contempt on the written word.

It is useless to assert, as some do, that statements such as these are not correct. It is useless to tell us that Bibles are openly paraded for sale in Roman Catholic shop-windows in English towns. The Church of Rome dares not show itself yet in its true colours in England. It winks at practices contrary to its avowed principles, because it suits its purpose to do so. It throws dust in the eyes of simple people, by the appearance of toleration, and so blinds them to its real character. But the Church of Rome at heart is always the same.

Ask any one who has lived in countries on the Continent, where the power of the Pope is unrestrained, and see what he will tell you. Ask any one, especially,

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who has lived in Italy, and seen the Roman Catholic religion in full bloom, and mark what kind of account he will give you. If a man would know what real, pure Presbyterianism is, he must go to Scotland. If a man would know what real, pure Church-of-Englandism is, he must visit England. If he would know what real, pure, genuine Romanism is, he should go to Italy and Rome.

Is it not a fact, that to have or read an Italian Bible is one of the highest crimes an Italian can commit? He may commit adultery and fornication; he may stab, or lie, or rob, or swear, or cheat; and get absolution from his Priest without much difficulty. But woe be to the Italian who dares to have or read God's holy word. That fact speaks volumes. Let that fact be thoroughly known all over the world.

Is it not a fact, that the Bible itself cannot be bought at Rome, unless with immense difficulty, and at an immense price? You may buy books of many other kinds and descriptions, worthless French novels, frivolous Italian poetry, miserable lying accounts of pretended miracles, done by pretended saints, prayers to the Virgin Mary, and all manner of literary rubbish.

You may buy poisons, daggers, or intoxicating drinks. You may buy relics, and rosaries, and scapulars, and crucifixes. You may buy masses and services, and redeem your father's soul from purgatory. But one thing it is almost impossible to buy; and that is the one thing needful, the written word of God. You may easily buy all means and appliances for doing the works of darkness. You cannot buy the grand help for doing the works of light, except at an enormous cost. That fact alone speaks volumes. O that the world would awake and know it! THE BIBLE IS PRACTICALLY A FORBIDDEN BOOK AT ROME.

Ah, reader, it is an awful thought, that all these insults to the Bible are perpetrated in the name of Christianity. It is an awful thought that a day of reckoning is yet to come; and that God the Judge of all is just as jealous about His *word*, as about His *name* and *day*. It is an awful thought that even the Emperor of China will rise up in judgment with the Pope, and condemn him; for he has lately decreed that the New Testament is a profitable book, and may be read! It is an awful thought that this Bible-proscribing Church of Rome contains more members than any Church in the world. Surely I have a right to say, no gift of God is so neglected and misused as the Bible.—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

Anecdotes.

PRAYING FOR A BLESSING.

ONE Sunday evening, not long since, my friend, a village Preacher, after exhorting his hearers to enter into their closets and pray in secret before attending the public means of grace, related the following anecdote:—

"I knew a man," said he, "of moral conduct, who had for many years been in the habit of attending the house of God with regularity, yet gave no evidence of his being a converted man. I therefore visited him for the purpose of conversing about the welfare of his soul. After having told him the object of my visit, I said, 'My friend, how long have you been in the habit of attending the public worship of God?' 'Forty years,' he replied. 'Can you say that you are a converted man?' He answered, 'No.' 'Can you tell me how it is that the devotional exercises and holy instructions of God's house, which you have been favoured with so many years, have not proved a blessing to you?' He replied, 'I do not know.' I then said, 'I think I can tell you.' The man looked at me with astonishment, and said, 'Do you think so?' I then asked, 'Did you ever, before leaving home, pray to God in secret that your heart may be prepared to engage in the public services of His house, or that you might hear His word, so as to become wise unto salvation?' He ap-

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peared surprised at the question; the blush of confusion appeared upon his cheek, and he answered, 'No.' I then told him, as he had not sought God's blessing, it was no wonder that he had so long heard the Gospel preached without. He felt the truth of my remark. After exhorting him to seek at once a change of heart, and in future implore God's blessing in private before attending the public means of grace, I engaged in prayer, and then left him. The man attended to my advice, and not long after gave evidence of being a converted man. He lived about three years more, a great part of which time he lay upon a bed of sickness. Once when I visited him, he said to me, 'How thankful I am to God for the advice you first gave me! If it had not been for that, I think I should never have come to Christ.' Not long after he left this world with a well-grounded hope of a blessed immortality."

Reader, remember the Saviour has bidden you to ask in order that you may receive; to enter into your closet, and pray to the Father who seeth in secret; and has added, for your encouragement, that "He will reward you openly." The invitations and promises of God are all of them most encouraging: none need despair. "Whosoever will may come." None will be refused.

J. D.

Newport, Isle of Wight.

A SCHEME BY A WEASEL.

A CORRESPONDENT states that a farmer in the State of Maine, of his acquaintance, had noticed at different times, for the period of two weeks, pretty serious combats between a large rat and weasel in his barn, from which encounters the latter invariably came off second-best. One day, being at work near his barn, his attention was attracted to the weasel, who seemed to be very busily engaged in digging a hole in the dung-heap near the barn. He watched the weasel until he had "tunnelled" the heap; and had made a hole of considerable size at the entrance and about half-way through the heap; the rest of the hole was tapered off so that the place of egress was barely of sufficient size to enable the body of the weasel to pass through.

When the plotter had finished this hole, he went into the barn, and began to engage his antagonist. Beaten, of course, in this encounter, the cunning weasel ran, pursued by the rat, into his hole in the dung-heap, the grain-eater being a little suspicious of the snare his crafty enemy had laid for him. Like many unfortunate people, the rat was "stuck," and halted sadly between the two extremes; while the cunning little foe emerged from the small end, and whipping round to the large end, "brought up the rear," and that was a dead rat.

Here now was apparently a regular plan laid, a shrewd design carried out successfully on the part of the weasel for destroying a foe which had hitherto been too much for him. It shows forethought and contrivance; and these are very strong symptoms of something more than mere instinct: some would say, it argued a characteristic reason. — *Con. Valley Farmer.*

The Portfolio.

RUSSIAN CRUELTY TO POLES AND JEWS.

POLAND now lay bleeding at the feet of Nicholas, and fearful was his vengeance. The vanquished were treated as criminals: patriotism and independence, virtues which we should rejoice to see possessed by the Russians, were imputed as crimes to the Poles. Siberia, the Caucasus, and the army, were filled with these unhappy beings; Poland was incorporated with Russia, and, contrary to all treaties, became a province of that empire. Every species of punishment was inflicted; and neither property nor the ties of family were respected.

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In one Government, that of Podolia, an order was given to transplant five hundred families (twenty-five or thirty thousand souls) of *amnestied* insurgents, or of *suspected* persons; an order to transplant them to the frontier of the Caucasus, to the uncultivated and miasmatic lands, within a stone's throw of the enemy. The reply of the Governor of Podolia is interesting. "There exist," says he, "three classes of nobles: 1. The noble proprietors; 2. The noble servants, labourers, and workmen; and, 3, The nobles of towns, tradesmen, advocates, &c. It is most essential not to be restricted to the first, but to take from the other two, to rid the country of such persons." This execrable appeal to imperial ferocity was perfectly understood. In his letter of the 6th (18th) of April, 1832, the Minister of the Interior replies, that His Majesty has sanctioned these regulations, *adding with his own hand*, they are to serve not only for Podolia, but for *all the western governments;* care being taken only to send those persons who were capable of work: their families could be sent later.

So they are to go alone, separated from all belonging to them: the wife and the children stay to die of hunger in Poland, and the husband departs to meet his death in the Caucasus.

Finally, the Emperor adds, that the nobles of the second class, not proprietors, shall be placed apart, *enrolled among the Cossacks*, without intercourse with the colonies of their countrymen.

These fearful regulations were not merely transitory: they still serve as the basis of fixed measures which make humanity shudder. For the French conscription, which drew the men by lot, has been substituted the horror of Russian recruitments, in which the men are arbitrarily chosen according to the humour of their masters and the imperial agents. It is needless to say how little those suspected of *Polandism* are spared in this operation. Thus chosen, they march to the Caucasus, whence, according to the avowal of Paskievitch, *they never return*. By this means, Russia has established a kind of horrid issue, out of which runs the best blood of Poland, her manhood and her strength. The worst rigours of this system have fallen upon the second class, that of the noble peasants, a body essentially military, and which, more than the citizens of towns, forms the real middle class in Poland. In the first place, they were lowered to the rank of the *soi-disant* free peasants of Russia (*odnodvortsi*); then a means was found of making them pay four times for once the tax of blood. All other classes of Russian subjects undergo recruitment only every two years, but they every year. Others furnish five men in a thousand, they furnish ten. Thus their burden is quadrupled.

The ordinance of 1832, which alone remained to Poland, was soon infringed by the Emperor himself. In the following year, he undertook the entire transformation of the country. For the Polish division of palatinates, he substituted the Russian division of governments; for the decimal and *metrique* division, followed by the Poles, the Russian weights and measures; for the modern calendar of common sense and of science, the old Julian calendar. Lastly, he has tried to efface the Polish language! suppressing it in the different administrations, dismissing those functionaries who were unacquainted with Russian, commanding the use of the Russian language in the Polish schools, forbidding the youth to speak their own native tongue! Several students of Wilna met secretly to speak the Polish language. Surprised, and carried off, bound to the tails of the Cossacks' horses, behold them soldiers for life!

It was in the month of March, 1832, during the Emperor's most violent fury, that he commanded the transplantation of so many families. Then it was that he caused to be SEIZED (that is the word used by the Council of Administration) all the male children, vagabonds, orphans, *and poor*, from seven to sixteen years of age. The order came direct by the Aide-de-Camp Tolstoï. Paskievitch, in his regulations, expresses himself differently: by means of two letters he changes the whole sense, a change he would not have made without the authority of the Emperor. He says OR, and not *and;* he says orphans OR poor; a most cruel distinction, because from that moment might be taken away children who, though *not orphans*, belonged to poor parents. The government of Warsaw, in publicly posting this

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cruel order, added, with the view to soften and mitigate the public fermentation, these words, foreign to the text, "Those children having *no place of abode.*" In reality, the *children of poor parents* were not the less seized, in spite of the violent and terrible protestations of their parents.

It was a most fearful scene. After several convoys of children had been carried off by night, on the 17th of May, 1832, one was sent off in the daytime. The mothers ran after the waggons, tearing their breasts; several threw themselves under the wheels, and were only driven away with stripes. On the 18th, another multitude of little children, who worked or sold in the streets, were seized. On the 10th, the parish-schools were emptied. These poor little things, so carried off, died like insects throughout the whole journey. When they were too weak to go on, they were left to die by the road-side. The bodies of these little innocents were found by the country people: near them lay their bread, which they had not had strength enough to touch.

The Emperor had just discovered (what had been known from all time) that the Jews of Poland, excluded from all honest industry, lived by smuggling and second-hand dealing. An order was issued to transport them, without loss of time, to the extremity of Russia. Never had there been such desolation since the ruin of Jerusalem. No delay. The Cossacks arrive, the goods are in the streets. "Clear off! March! Go you must; that is the order. Not a day, not an hour." Old men, women, young children, depart; they drag themselves along, the soldiers press behind and goad them at need. They fall from weariness and hunger. There they are left helplessly to die, like so many dogs. The wife may faint and die, but the husband must march on. Is this enough? No. The survivers, in their new habitations, see the beginning of another murderous persecution, the *conscription of their children!* At six years old they are carried off for the military or naval service. All these children die. The Jew cannot exist as a soldier.—*Kelly.*

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

The rich and the poor meet together in the grave: there they are levelled. They meet together in the house of God: there they are equal. They mingle in the affairs of life; but in worldly rank and circumstances they cannot be equal. Besides this inequality of station, there is a great diversity of habits and pursuits, with a correspondent diversity of temptations and of sins. Hence a contrast between the two which it is impossible to overlook; and hence, also, a difficulty in dealing faithfully with the rich without seeming to exalt the poor in opposition to them. Nor is it less difficult to insist on the particular sins that haunt the humble circles of society without sometimes appearing to overlook the sufferings, and fail to make allowance for the disadvantages, under which they labour. And a writer, fixing his attention on either class, is apt to become so absorbed in the contemplation of the single object, as not to calculate exactly the relation that it bears to the other. An undue, although but a temporary, concentration of thought produces apparent partiality; and on this difficulty in the treatment of such subjects every reader or hearer of admonitions addressed to the rich or to the poor should calculate. The poor need our sympathy, because they *are* poor; the rich, when they have more wealth than piety, have perhaps a stronger claim on our sympathy, because their case is incalculably the worse of the two. The writer of an article on "The Church and the World," in the "Christian Miscellany" for June, might have seemed, to those who do not know him, to have displayed an excessive preponderance of sympathy with one class which those who do know him could not possibly suspect. An editorial note of caution, too, was misunderstood by some; and this renders it desirable to state, once for all, that the Editors of this periodical will never discourage plain dealing, must never be understood to disapprove of what they think it their duty to insert, and never seek to convey covert censure under the language of mere official approbation.

GOD HELPS THE FATHERLESS.

The Rev. G. Müller, of Bristol, has raised upwards of £20,000 for the erection

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of an asylum in that place for orphans deprived of both their parents. A series of three religious meetings, of an extraordinary and deeply-interesting character, were held in that city lately, for the purpose of hearing from him a narrative of the Lord's dealings with him, in answer to faith and prayer, and especially with reference to the New Orphan-House, on Ashley-Down. No traveller into Bristol by the main turnpike-road from Gloucester can fail to have been struck with an extensive pile of buildings, which stand, at once an ornament and a marvel, on the northern extremity of the borough. In answer to inquiry, he will find that in that institution three hundred children, from early infancy up to seventeen and eighteen years old, are maintained, clothed, and educated, and that "solely through the efficacy of faith and prayer." When the Rev. G. Müller commenced the work, some ten or twelve years ago, he made no appeal to man, issued no prospectus, held no public meeting, made known no subscription-list. He simply—according to his own statement—waited on the Lord in prayer; and having ascertained that His mind was favourable, he prayed for means, and waited for them to come to him, in the fullest faith that they would be vouchsafed to him. Marvellous as, in a worldly point of view, it may seem, the means did come in voluntarily, anonymously, and from all parts of the empire. Considerably more than £20,000 was amassed, the structure was raised, the children—all orphans, bereft of both parents—received into it; matron, nurses, and officers, schoolmasters and mistresses were appointed; and the work of maintenance, of education, commenced, and that without a shilling of endowment, or a single patron, trustee, or annual subscriber. The work has since been carried on in the same way; support being derived from such casual funds as have been volunteered, almost always anonymously, and invariably without solicitation. The immediate object of the present meeting was to receive from Mr. Müller a statement of the Lord's dealings with him, in relation to his intention to commence immediately the first of two other houses for the support of seven hundred orphans more. In communicating his intention, the reverend gentleman said, not only had he been already sustained in supporting three hundred children bereft of both parents, in extending Missionary objects, in distributing Gospel-tracts, but the Lord had led him to contemplate the building of another Orphan Asylum, at an expense of £35,000, for seven hundred orphans more. For six months after the idea was presented to his mind, he never prayed to the Lord for means at all, but simply to ascertain what was the mind and will of the Lord. Thousands of prayers were brought before God, but not one for means. He prayed to find that it was not a snare for his own heart, and that he was not deluded by the devil; and graciously did the Lord answer him. Once resolved in his mind that he must build, he began to pray for means; and means came in. First he got a half-sovereign, and then up to a pound: the thirty-five thousandth part of what he needed was gained, and his heart was filled with gratitude. By and by he got up to £35, the thousandth part; and by and by again to the hundredth part: great was his cause for thanksgiving. Then larger contributions came in, and he got to the tenth part, the eighth, the sixth, the fourth. There was cause for more abundant thanksgiving, and for further waiting on the Lord. By and by he came to the third, the half, and now he had got more than that; for on the 26th of May his fund amounted to £23,059 17*s.* 8½*d.* Mr. Müller read his diary, which showed how the funds had come in in cash and kind, and in sums varying in amount from 2½*d.* up to £5,700. All the contributions were anonymous; and some of them consisted of articles for sale, such as gold-dust, jewellery, trinkets, &c. One contribution was from California, and another from Toronto, and there were others from Liverpool, Brighton, &c.; but the great bulk was supplied from residents in Bristol. Never, from the first, had he been permitted to doubt the accomplishment of the work. More than once had his faith and patience been severely tried, but graciously had they been sustained. Whenever disappointment seemed to cross him, he remembered that his Father was in the work, and that God cared for poor

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orphans infinitely more than he did or could care; and that if the Most High did not see the time for the completion of the work, His servant might well afford to wait. Having now enough in hand to warrant him in proceeding, he had engaged architects, and should immediately commence the new asylum for four hundred orphan girls. The work would be begun early in July: indeed, he might say that it had been begun already; for on May 29th they commenced the sinking of four wells. With regard to the time at which he would commence that for the remaining three hundred, he could state nothing definite now; but let no one suppose that it would not be commenced. By God's help the work would be accomplished. So unostentatiously and so quietly had Mr. Müller carried on his operations, that beyond a vague idea that he intended at some time to enlarge his asylum, nothing was known of his intentions.—*Christian Times.*

THE GRANDMOTHER'S LEGACY.

An old lady, two or three years past her threescore and ten, was lying upon her death-bed. Her husband and children were looking anxiously on to catch her latest words. Her life had been a living sermon; for she had brought up children, had washed the saints' feet, had given liberally to the needy, and had been remarkable for her hospitable disposition, especially to God's children. How large a space she had filled in her family! How her many labours and tears had borne witness to her zeal and faithfulness! But now she was going to die and leave them all; and no wonder it seemed to her children, as they looked on the solemn scene, that one of the lights of life was being put out. She would soon cease to sympathize in their success, or weep in their sorrows.

Looking around upon the group, she faintly whispered a request to have the little infant of one of her sons placed in her arms. The child was placed where the grandmother desired, next to her heart. As the venerable head bent over it, she began to talk with God as a man talketh with his friend. But all she said did not meet the ear of any human listener: it was only the conclusion of her prayer that became audible,—"*All my posterity, to the latest generations.*" With her dying breath, then, she was committing "all her posterity, to the latest generations," to a covenant-keeping God. What a rich legacy was that she was bequeathing!

Are her posterity any the better for that prayer? Numbers of them are earnest and successful Ministers of the everlasting Gospel. Some of them, who had strong propensities earthward, and cared for none of these things, have been drawn by strong but unseen fetters into the kingdom of God's dear Son, to whom be praise for ever! One of them, who was appointed to speedy death, some two or three years before she was called away, in the midst of stupidity, was suddenly impressed with the powers of the world to come, and with her sinfulness and need of a Saviour, so that she found no peace till she found it in Christ. She professed Him before the world, and adorned her profession. When called to die, and that suddenly, she was calm; she knew in whom she had believed. The grandmother's God was with her in the dark valley.

If any of us can say that we are of pious parents,—the children of such prayers as this good grandmother offered,—let us prize the blessing. Let us see to it that we are not, like Esau, despisers of our birthright.

HUMANITY.

Humanity has a wider sphere in which to exert itself than bare justice. The law of our country obliges us to practise equity in our dealings with mankind; but humanity may be extended through the whole order of creatures, even to the meanest. The merciful man considers that even the meanest creature was pronounced by the great Creator to be very good; and that, if it is in no respect hurtful to him, it has an equal right with himself to live, and to enjoy the benefit of life; that wantonly to provoke and put to torture any animal that Providence has placed under his care, is to betray his trust, and to sin against the great law of.

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humanity, which comprehends every kind of being that has the same acute sense of pain which he finds in his own frame.

"An inadvertent step may crush a snail,
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live."
COWPER.

"One day," said the late Rev. R. Cecil, in his "Remains," "I got off my horse to kill a rat, which I found on the road only half-killed. I am shocked at the thoughtless cruelty of many people: yet I did a thing soon after that has given me considerable uneasiness, and for which I reproach myself. As I was riding homeward, I saw a waggon standing at a door, with three horses: the two foremost were eating their corn from bags at their noses; but I observed the third had dropped his on the ground, and could not stoop to get any food. However, I rode on, in absence, without assisting him. But when I got nearly home, I remembered what I had observed in my absence of mind, and felt extremely hurt at my neglect, and would have ridden back, had I not thought the waggoner might have come out of the house and relieved the horse. A man could not have had a better demand for getting off his horse than for such an act of humanity. It is by absence of mind that we omit many duties."

It is related of Sir William Jones, and his friend Mr. Day, that when they were removing some books at the chambers of the former, a large spider dropped upon the floor; upon which Sir William, with some warmth, said, "Kill that spider, Day! kill that spider!" "No," said Mr. Day, with that coolness for which he was so conspicuous, "I will not kill that spider, Jones: I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose, when you are going in a coach to Westminster-Hall, a superior being, who, perhaps, may have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer! kill that lawyer!' how should you like that, Jones? And, I am sure, to most people a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider."

The following affecting incident is related by Wilson, the American ornithologist. "One of my boys," he says, "caught a mouse in school, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it the same evening; and, all the while, the pantings of its little heart showed that it was in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl; but, happening to spill a few drops of water where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked up in my face with such an expression of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torture are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and, insignificant as the object was, I felt at the moment the sweet sensations that mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty."

The Creator, whose "tender mercies are over all His works," has given to the inferior creatures organs and feelings for their enjoyment and happiness. Almost every sense bestowed on man is equally bestowed upon them,—seeing, hearing, feeling, the sense of pain and pleasure. Man receives aid from numerous classes of inferior creatures, whose powers and instincts are admirably and wonderfully constructed for his use, giving them a claim to mercy and kindness from man. It is manifest that they are not excluded from the Divine regard. "God careth for oxen." He mentions them with tenderness, and includes them in the commandment, saying, "Six days shalt thou do all thy work, and on the seventh thou shalt rest; that thine ox and thine ass may rest." Everything that is contrary to the spirit of mercy and kindness, the ever-blessed God has in abhorrence. Some virtues are so closely linked together, that they are, in almost every instance, inseparable. If a man is merciful, we may venture to pronounce him just, generous, and charitable; if cruel, we have as great reason to believe him unjust, sordid, and selfish. Compassion to the brute creatures should be impressed on the minds of our youth, that they may grow up under its influence, and feel that there is a principle of sympathy that binds

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in one harmonious chain the whole living world, and that all are equally under the dominion and care of the gracious Creator, who "openeth His hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing."

Wellingborough. J. C.

Memorials of the Departed.

JOHN LONGDEN was born near Barton-under-Needwood, in the county of Stafford, February, 1801. His pious father sought to train him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Until he was twenty-four years of age, he attended the service of the Established Church; but after that period he was induced to accompany his sister to the Wesleyan chapel. Some time after this, the Rev. T. Pinder invited any serious person to remain at the close of the public service. Mr. L. accepted the invitation. On arriving at home, he said to his sister, "Let us pray." They knelt down, and there he obtained a sense of the pardoning mercy of God in Christ Jesus. In the year 1838 he was appointed Superintendent of the Belper Pottery Sunday-school. In this work he delighted to the day of his death, having filled the office for the space of fourteen years, with great credit to himself, and profit to the uneducated poor of the neighbourhood. His punctuality and untiring assiduity were most exemplary, and his removal by death was deeply felt both by Teachers and scholars. In the year 1843 he accepted a class-book from the Rev. J. Goodwin, saying he should be glad to see any one who would come. In the discharge of this duty he was faithful, affectionate, and earnest. Only a short time before his death he urged the members of his Sunday-morning class to unite with him in prayer for the special outpouring of the Spirit on the Society and neighbourhood. The office of Circuit-Steward he held at different times, and, in seasons of great difficulty, fulfilled its duties with great acceptance. As a husband, he was faithful and loving; as a father, firm and affectionate; and his general deportment was such as to cause him to be respected by all his neighbours, and loved by those who knew him best. By a discriminating liberality, he frequently made the widow's heart sing for joy. As a man of business, he was upright in all his transactions. While diligent and successful in business, he was "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." In his last affliction, which was short, but very severe, he realized the presence of that Saviour who had directed and sustained him through life. He praised the Lord for all His mercies, but especially for the gift of His Son. In conversation with one of the Ministers of the Circuit, he evinced an unusual anxiety for the prosperity of the work of God. Observing his dear wife much affected by the prospect before her, with characteristic energy and Christian confidence he exhorted her to pray much, and assured her that the Lord would support her. He sweetly fell asleep in Jesus on Friday morning, August 6th, 1852.

SELINA ELIZA BEARD was when a child in the habit of attending the Wesleyan Sunday-school at Deptford, in company with her father, who for many years was engaged in promoting the spiritual welfare of the rising generation; and whilst there listened attentively to the religious instruction delivered from the desk at the closing of the school every Lord's day.

She took great delight in committing passages of Scripture and hymns to memory, and bore testimony in the latter part of her life to the saving influence which this knowledge of Divine truth (acquired so young) had exercised over her.

She was always seriously disposed, and, although of a cheerful temper, would never trifle with religious topics. Her devotedness to God, in prayer, in reading His word, and attending Divine worship, even from her youth, were conspicuous to all who knew her. She felt her need of a Saviour, and obtained a knowledge of Him in His own appointed way. Her correspondence or visits to friends at a distance, as she advanced in years, always evidenced a desire to impress their minds with the importance of religion.

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In 1848 she removed to a neighbouring town, and frequently wrote home such letters as fully testified her love to Christ and her family. Having proved the blessing of religious instruction herself on the Lord's day, she collected poor children together, and taught them to read, and pointed them to that Saviour who said in the days of His flesh, "Suffer little children to come unto me," &c. She was much respected in the town of R——, and deeply regretted when compelled by sickness to leave. When brought home at the close of 1850, the symptoms of disease were truly distressing, and threatened speedy dissolution; but God in His mercy spared her life yet a little longer, that she might show forth His praise by patience in suffering, and eventually testifying the power of that grace which could save in life, and support in death.

In the year 1851 she became a member of the church of Christ, and gave satisfactory evidence of the genuine work of grace in her heart.

In April, 1853, a relapse took place, which too evidently showed that all earthly means were of no avail to save the body, and led her the more to cast her soul upon Him who had said, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." When speaking with her father, she often said, "I am not afraid to die, father; although it is far less trying to talk about death when at a distance than when near: when you think of dying, it is then you feel the need of true religion to support and comfort the mind, and make Christ more precious to the soul; and I do feel He is precious, and will not leave me in the trying hour." At another time she fixed her eyes upon him in a manner never to be forgotten, and said with great earnestness, "Father, it was you that first led me to the Saviour, and told me, when sitting on your knee, about Jesus loving little children; and now I am going to die, and be with Him in heaven; and you will know you have a child there; and won't you meet me there, father?"

Her advice to many friends who visited her fully proved her sincere desire to do them good; and she sought an opportunity, when her strength would permit, of taking her parents, and brothers, and sisters, one by one, all of whom she dearly loved, and, with a firmness characterised by true piety, spoke to them in a most solemn and affectionate manner, commending them to the care of that God in whom she fully relied, and entreating them to meet her in heaven as one unbroken band. As she drew near the time of her departure, her hope and confidence seemed strengthened, and her expressions of gratitude and humility fully proved her dependence upon Christ. Being in great agony, she cried out, "O! do pray. Pray that God will give me a speedy and happy release;" and calling by name upon a friend present who had courage in this awful moment, she seemed a little revived, and presently said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. O! I am sinking! I am sinking!" And lifting up her dying hands, as if to bid adieu to earth and all its ties, she begged to be raised a little from her pillow, and in a few minutes breathed her spirit into the hands of God who gave it, on the 11th of June, 1853, having just completed her twenty-third year.

On March 23d, 1854, at Higham-park, in the Higham-Ferrers Circuit, Miss Ellen Dearlove, in the forty-first year of her age. She was born at Killinghall, in the county of York, in the year 1814. It was her happy lot to be blessed with pious "parents who by precept, example, and prayer taught her the good and right way." When thirteen years old, while hearing her godly father, brother, and sister relate their experience, she became deeply convinced of sin. These convictions ripened into true conversion. She joined the people of God, and a few years after removed to Higham-park, where she continued a consistent, useful, and exemplary Wesleyan to the day of her death. The tone of her piety was deep; her love to God, and attachment to His cause, were strong and constant. She always cherished a grateful sense of God's goodness, and was truly humble. The Ministers and Local Preachers, who frequently preached at her dwelling, found her to be a most kind and cordial friend, in whom were united Martha's careful hands and Mary's loving heart. Her last illness was not very protracted, but severe, and

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marked by patience, and perfect submission to God's will. Her conversation was then most spiritual and heavenly. The precious promises of God's word were her comfort, and His grace her support. One by her side quoted, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ;" and she raised her hand, and with all her remaining energy exclaimed, "Complete victory, complete victory!" These were her last words.

On the 22d of April, aged eighty-two, at Birstal, MRS. MARY RADCLIFFE, relict of the late Rev. William Radcliffe, whom she survived nearly nineteen years. She was daughter of Mr. Thomas Briggs, who was half a century ago a useful Class-Leader at Holbeck, Leeds. Having been religiously educated, she feared the Lord from her youth, and was throughout life an intimate friend of those well-known Christians, Mr. and Mrs. Ripley, of Holbeck. When married to Mr. Radcliffe, she conducted herself worthily as a Minister's wife, and was exemplary for diligence in attending the means of grace, in which she greatly delighted to the last. Her latter years were spent with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Rayner, of Birstal; and when infirmities confined her, a class was met in the house for her convenience. Occasionally a sermon was preached to the class in her room; and, in addition thereto, a few weeks before her decease the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered. This she afterwards spoke of as refreshing to her soul. Her death at last was sudden, and left no opportunity for intercourse with Christian friends. She expressed thankfulness to all around, and died without pain or sorrow.

MR. JOHN DIDHAM was born at Sandford-Peverel, near Tiverton, Devon, April 27th, 1791. He grew up an ungodly young man, and became settled in life an utter stranger to converting grace. When about thirty years of age, an extensive revival of religion took place among the "Bryanites" at Halberton, where he then lived. Induced from curiosity to attend some of their services, he was powerfully convinced of sin, and became an earnest seeker of salvation. He cast himself by simple faith on the Redeemer, and obtained joy and peace through believing. From this time he went on his way rejoicing; and having tasted that the Lord is gracious, felt an intense desire that others should enjoy like precious faith with himself. Having joined that society, he was soon employed as a Local Preacher, and for ten years stood connected with the same body of Christians. About twenty-four years ago he removed from Halberton to Feniton, and at once became a Wesleyan Methodist, was soon put on the Plan as a Local Preacher, and so continued from that time until called to his reward. For some time before his death his health gradually declined; and he preached for the last time on Sunday evening, March 19th, 1854. His appointment was at a village called Awlescombe, where the Wesleyan Ministers and Local Preachers had held forth the word of life for upwards of forty years. He selected for his text, "Finally, brethren, farewell." (2 Cor. xiii. 11.) The house was crowded; and there is reason to hope that good was done. The night was chilly, and in riding home he caught cold, which produced inflammation. Medical aid was promptly called in; but his disorder baffled the power of medicine. He lingered in great weakness until Thursday, May 18th, when the weary wheels of life stood still, and he entered into rest, aged sixty-three years; more than thirty of which he was a laborious and zealous Local Preacher, and for a considerable period a faithful Class-Leader. Although disease had prostrated the powers of mind as well as the body, he maintained an unshaken confidence in God; and not long before he expired, exclaimed, in the triumphant language of St. Paul, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand."

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

HARVEST-HOME.

THE harvest is over, and almost all the fruits of the earth are gathered in. The falling leaf, the russet stubble-field, the newly-ploughed lands, the rich autumnal sky, the evening shades encroaching rapidly on the day, all this marks a transition from one season to another that cannot be unnoticed by Christian people. As yet, it would be premature to speak of what may probably come to pass next winter in regard to the domestic population of England suffering relatively by war, or to the fleets and armies of this nation, to which the last winter in the Black Sea was so calamitous. Our observations relate only to the past months of ingathering, not to the winter that is approaching. Through the goodness of God, England is a Protestant, and, to some considerable extent, a Christian country. The Lord's day is honoured so far that the labours of the field

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cease, and every week a day of prayer sanctifies the six days of toil. We do not, by open desecration of that holy day, daringly break the perpetual and universal Sabbath law, and provoke "the Lord of the harvest" to smite our fields with barrenness. While infidelity is rife among the labouring classes in the towns, it is not prevalent among similar classes in the country; and the rural congregations that abound in churches and in cottages all over the country, solemnly testify that the agricultural population, notwithstanding much ignorance and much forgetfulness, does not refuse to pay honour to God.

In darker times than the present, the carting of the last load of wheat used to be every where the signal for a night of gluttony and drunkenness. The National Church, indeed, carefully divided the year into ecclesiastical periods, with festivals and fasts. It ordained the commemoration of some great national events. It prescribed a special prayer for ember-weeks; and did indeed provide a prayer for harvest, and a thanksgiving to be recited after harvest; but so great a benefit as the ingathering of bread and fruits for a coming year, was not marked by any special celebration in honour of God's goodness. In fact, Christianity seemed to be forgotten, while Heathenism itself revived amidst the thankless merriment of harvest-home. "As we were returning to our inn," writes a foreigner in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, "we happened to meet some country-people celebrating harvest-home: their last load of corn they crown with flowers, having besides an image richly dressed, by which perhaps they would signify Ceres. This they keep moving about, while men and women, men and maid servants, riding through the streets in the cart, shout as loud as they can till they arrive at the barn." The poor people would have been puzzled to explain the meaning of the image, and much more to decipher the signification of Ceres; but, even within our own memory, at least in many parts, they did abandon themselves to a very heathenish sort of jollity. So long as farmers retained the rude simplicity of their forefathers, not changed by the social distinctions of the town, yet unhappily united with the godlessness of worse times, there was a great supper, with accompaniments that did no one any good. The servant sat down together with his master,—no uncommon thing,—

> "Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,
> His nuts, his conversation, and his ale."

Nuts and ale were in the feast; but God was not in all their thoughts. The influence of the festivity was bad, very bad. Many a half-converted clown, carried away by the stream of established custom, and perhaps afraid of giving offence by refusing to partake of the supper, lost self-command, became intoxicated, sang silly and profane songs, and after working hard and well to gather in the bounties of Providence, and not meaning to sin against the Giver of all good by abusing those bounties, he fell into the snare of the devil, and was never extricated from it again. Happily, those exorbitant suppers have long been dropping out of fashion, and CHRISTIAN FARMERS—may the God of all grace largely multiply their

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number—have thrown both Ceres and Bacchus into oblivion, put down intemperance, and discountenanced immorality of all sorts; but still they keep up genuine English hospitality, and celebrate, in better style than ever, a right merry harvest-home. They give a dinner to the work-people, and to their own friends; and a substantial meal it is, eaten with no sickly appetite. After all, the evening is spent with profitable conversation, hymns, prayers, addresses and exhortations; not with formality, stiffness, or pharisaical affectation; but as good men, whose hands are just filled with gifts by the Father of all mercies, cannot but spend a few grateful hours to His praise. No blustering Squire, stupefied, is carried away to bed. No moist-eyed Parson forgets the credit of his cloth. No lewd song is heard, no filthy wit. But, if he can, a Minister of Christ is glad to be there, that he may help to bless the new-piled stacks and the full barns, to sanctify the harvest-home with the word of God and prayer. And, next morning, neither master nor man is the worse. There are no headaches, nor any heart-burnings. Every one is happy. Young Robert, who joined class last winter, during some special services that were held in the village, has not been "the worse for drink," and gone back into the world again, ashamed to show his face to his good old Leader and class-mates; but he has "got a lift heavenward,"—we like their homely ways of telling it,—and really loves his master and his master's work better after this harvest than he ever did before. He will be a better labourer, and no worse Christian.

Sometimes, too, there is a thanksgiving-day, a thoroughly religious holiday. The farmers of the neighbourhood agree to keep it; and, without waiting for a Queen's letter, they make a proclamation of their own: the tradesmen shut up the shops, and even the public-houses too are closed, and away the people all go, just as if it were Sunday, to enjoy what weary men long to have—*rest*; and to render what good men are always ready to offer up to God—*praise*.

While the recollection of the past harvest is fresh, and as the first labours in preparation for a second year begin, the "CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY" asks its readers in the country if they will please to look again at the matter, and to make up their mind well beforehand that, if their lives be spared, when the seed they are sowing is blessed with increase, they will honour the Giver openly, and confer a benefit upon their neighbourhood by keeping a Christian harvest-home. The "feast of weeks," in Palestine, where the seasons are early, was the Jew's harvest-home; and that feast was the Pentecost, once made so glorious at Jerusalem. Why may not an English farmer's harvest-home be a spiritual Pentecost? Think of this, Talk of it. Pray about it. But do not forget it.

THE COVETED HERITAGE.

1 KINGS XXI, 1—4.

WHILE dwelling for a time at Jezreel, the provincial residence of the Israelitish Monarchs, Ahab saw and earnestly desired a small plot of

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ground inherited and possessed by "Naboth the Jezreelite." This homestead was near the royal residence; and the King was anxious to obtain it, that he might make of it a garden of herbs, and probably also that he might enlarge the boundaries of his gardens, so as to remove strangers and the poor to a greater distance from the royal precincts. He offered to give the full price of the vineyard in money, or, if Naboth preferred it, he would grant him a much better vineyard in some other part of the neighbourhood. All this appeared very fair and honest: what, then, was there wrong in Ahab's request?

It obviously indicated, in the first place, the indulgence of a covetous disposition. From the sorrow which he felt when his request was denied, he had evidently set his heart upon it, and for the time his whole happiness was concentrated upon its acquisition. All this was contrary to one of the great commandments of the law, (Exod. xx. 17,) which Ahab, as the King of Israel, as well as a rational and moral being, was bound to respect and observe.

"But did not Ahab offer to give an equivalent in money, or in a better piece of land? Was it not, therefore, a fair and honourable purchase which he wished to make?" In reply to this, it must be remembered that there was another law which absolutely prohibited the sale of an inheritance, or its entire transfer in any form to another person. "The land shall not be sold for ever;" that is, not quite cut off or alienated: "for the land is mine; for ye are strangers and sojourners with me." (Lev. xxv. 23.) Certainly Ahab could not but know this Divine instruction; and his request was therefore not only wrong in principle, but involved also a direct departure from the Divine rule by which all the landed property of the Israelitish nation was settled.

From this let us learn to restrain our desires, and not to covet that which belongs to our neighbour. This is one of the most dangerous dispositions which the human heart can indulge. If the desire be fixed upon gold, the mind will soon become so absorbed in its pursuit that we shall make it our god, and the heart will be ruled by that "covetousness which is idolatry." Or, if the craving disposition should take the same direction as that of Ahab, we shall soon fix our envious eye upon that which belongs to another, and say, "This shall be mine." And when we come to this state of feeling, we know not how soon we may be hurried into the employment of the most unscrupulous means to gain possession of the coveted object. The hand of bribery, oppression, or blood may soon be the instrument for effecting our unlawful purpose. What need is there, then, to remember that tenth solemn utterance from Sinai which addresses us in terms so absolute and personal! "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's." (Exod. xx. 17.) We ought not to covet or seek, by any means, that which God's law forbids.

The reply of Naboth to the request of this grasping Monarch was ap-

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propriate and decisive. "The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee!" It appears almost evident from this, that Naboth was one of that noble band of seven thousand men whom God had reserved unto Himself in Israel, and who had not bowed the knee to Baal. His reply does not indicate, as some have supposed, a morose and obstinate disposition: it rests upon religious grounds, and probably upon religious grounds alone. When the Israelites came to the land of their inheritance, the whole country was parcelled out: each tribe—except the Levites, who were separated for the temple-service—had its district, and each family its possession. These family-heritages were inalienable, or, as we should say, entailed, and descended regularly to succeeding heirs. If a man became poor, he could sell his inheritance; but it was only for a time, and subject to the law of redemption: if it remained in the possession of the purchaser until the year of jubilee, it then went back, without any redemption-price, to its original owner. No man could sell landed property "out and out."

This arrangement was not of human devising: it was solemnly delivered among the Divine laws to Moses, and was rendered obligatory by Divine authority and sanction. Hence we see the force and decisive character of Naboth's reply. He reminds the haughty and idolatrous King, that he had respect for the law of God, and was resolved, even in those degenerate times, to yield obedience to the ancient and Divine constitution of the kingdom. "The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee!"

Here we are taught to hold fast that which God has committed to our trust. We are to honour our governors. We can have no sympathy with the uncivilized churlishness which would resist the wishes of a Sovereign, rather than endure a little inconvenience or self-sacrifice. But while in *things secular and indifferent* we are willing, yea anxious, to comply; woe be unto us, if in *things essential and religious* we yield to the sinful wishes, or even commands, of the highest secular authority. Whatever losses we may sustain, whatever persecutions or even death we may have to endure, we are bound to keep that which the Lord has committed to our trust. We must not sell our birthright for a mess of pottage. In reply to every demand to surrender our religion and do that which is contrary to the Divine law, from whatever quarter such demand may come, or by whatever terrors it be sanctioned, nothing but the stern, uncompromising, unflinching declaration of Naboth must fall from our lips: "The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee!"

Let us apply this, also, to that goodly heritage of Protestant truth and privilege with which God has blessed us. Popery again creates her hierarchies, and struggles for dominion in these lands. Every effort is put forth, and every nerve strained, to bring our country under her antichristian dominion. And what if she should gain ascendency, and, emboldened by successes, claim the surrender of our Bibles, and every other privilege of the glorious Reformation! What if Kings

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should so give their power unto the Beast, as to enable the monster to enforce its claims by the rack, the dungeon, or the stake! How should these demands be met? What would be our duty? To succumb and surrender? No, verily; but to be firm in the day of trial, and say, with undaunted confidence in our Deliverer, "The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers," who obtained these privileges for us at the expense of their lives, "unto thee!"

Let us now meditate for a moment on the effect which Naboth's reply produced upon the Israelitish King. He went to his house, heavy and displeased; laid himself down upon his bed, and turned away his face, and would eat no meat. What a scene is here! Ahab, sitting on the throne of Israel, swaying a somewhat prosperous sceptre, bowed down to and adored by his subjects, "the great Lord paramount of Damascus and all Syria, the victor of him that was attended with two-and-thirty Kings," and possessing large royal estates in various parts of the country,—this great man, with all this glory and wealth, has the flow of his happiness interrupted, and is thrown into such a state of positive misery that he will neither eat nor drink, because he cannot gain possession of a poor man's homestead! Vain, indeed, are earthly possessions and honours, if the want of one poor plot of ground, and the conscientious objection of one poor man to surrender his patrimony, can rob a prosperous Monarch of all his comfort, and make him sick with vexation!

How true are the sayings, "Much wants more;" and, "The more we have, the more we want!" How many men, when they started in business, declared they would be perfectly satisfied with four or five thousand pounds! They have doubled and trebled that sum, and yet they are grasping and covetous as ever. What they have got has only whetted the appetite for more: and it will be well if they do not at last fix their eye upon some poor widow's cottage to devour it, or upon some poor man's garden of herbs to add to their princely domains. And should the coveted prize elude their grasp, the lustful fire will burn in their breasts until they are vexed and chafed, like Ahab on his bed, refusing to take food.

Let us, then, learn the lesson which the Lord taught His disciples when He said, "Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." (Luke xii. 15.) "Riches and poverty are no more in the heart than in the hand: he is wealthy that is contented; he is poor that wanteth more. O! rich Naboth, that carest not for all the large possessions of Ahab, so that thou mayest be the lord of thine own vineyard. O! miserable Ahab, that carest not for thine own possessions, while thou mayest not be lord of Naboth's vineyard."* "Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is

* Bishop Hall.

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certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." (1 Tim. vi. 6—8.)

City-Road. J. K.

A SUMMARY OF OUR LORD'S TEACHING.

One, who for the first time should intelligently examine the Christian Gospels, could not fail to be struck with the idea manifestly underlying their whole extent, and often lifted up into singular prominence, of a universal spiritual reign, by the name of "the kingdom (or reign) of God," "the kingdom (or reign) of heaven." Such a man would certainly reach the conviction that Jesus taught in a very unpretending, but at the same time a very intelligible, manner; that the human race, without distinction of Gentile and Jew, were destined to the highest spiritual elevation of which their nature and their condition on earth admitted. The noticeable fact is, that the youthful Galilean Carpenter was *alone* in *this* teaching; and that no other mind before had risen to such views of the destiny of man on earth. Eighteen hundred years ago this Divine thought first became a living word among men; and it has never perished since, and the world at this day is only labouring to work out the old idea of the Gospels. Conflicting theories of human progress, of the emancipation of man's intellect and heart; of his deliverance from ignorance, error, vice, and suffering; and of the advancement of knowledge and freedom, and individual and social happiness, find their root here. The first conception is due to the mind of Jesus Christ; and in His teaching, the conception is presented, not vaguely and confusedly, but with luminous precision. It is the reign of God *in* men, when the Father of minds shall be known, loved, and revered by His children. It is the reign of righteousness, purity, truth, love, and peace; the universal reception and dominion among men of all true, just, holy, generous, and Divine principles. It is the highest stage of religious, moral, intellectual, social, and individual cultivation. It is the noblest development possible on this earth of all the attributes and capabilities of humanity. It is spiritual victory after the battle of thousands of ages. It is the triumph of Good and of God over moral and physical evil. The idea originated with Christ, was matured in His mind, and was freely imparted in His teaching. His soul, during its sojourn below, bestowed this imperishable thought, and kindled this inextinguishable hope. *He* first cast this immortal germ, "the seed of the kingdom," into the bosom of the earth: what produce it shall yield, the world is yet waiting to behold.

The doctrine of a universal spiritual reign opens to us another with which it stands closely connected. It is this,—that the great battle of the world and of all time is with *sin;* not with suffering so much, as with that which is the cause of all suffering,—with moral evil, the root and source of physical evil. The Christian Gospels are distinguished by the frequent and vivid representation of sin as a deep and deadly evil in the heart,

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as voluntary departure from rectitude, from purity, from truth, from love; in one word, from God,—separation from Him in thought, affection, and will. Particular crimes—falsehood, impurity, revenge, avarice, ambition, and the like—are sometimes singled out for special reprehension; but, more frequently, the parent source of crime in all its forms is declared and exposed. The greatness of the evil stands out with appalling distinctness; its debasing and polluting nature also, and its plague-like power of self-propagation and perpetuation. In the teaching of Christ, sin is an undoubted and awful reality, the bitter cause of all that afflicts and crushes the world, the death of the human body, the perdition of the human soul.

The forgiveness of sin is as real in the Gospels, as its existence and its atrocity. The doctrine appears in a more expanded form in the Apostolic Letters; and *there* its nature, its basis, and its limitations are stated with greater variety of language, and its different aspects are set forth by a multitude of figures borrowed from the ancient Hebrew worship. But its importance and truth are clearly taught in the words of Christ. The nature of God, the perfections of His Being, and His relation to His earthly creatures, are so exhibited as to render forgiveness sure and clear as sunlight. He who is true, and just, and holy, is also ineffably gracious: the burdened soul, crying for emancipation from evil, and trusting in God, has perfect assurance of pardon. The foundations of this fact yet wanted a flood of light which the Cross was to pour down upon them; and it was to be made yet more manifest how necessary and how glorious a thing God deemed it to be to forgive sin, and how intensely, how infinitely interested He was in this issue. But the certainty of forgiveness from God, unlimited and free forgiveness, was lifted up on high, one of the divinest lights in the public life of Jesus.

Pardon of sin—not as a doctrine merely, or even as an object of hope, but as an experience, a fact realized in the soul—supposes the reunion of man with God, and is the living germ of all spiritual excellence. The first necessity of man is the recognition of the highest of all his relations, his relation to God: the parent virtue is faith, faith in the being of God, in His character and His government.

There arises the doctrine of Providence, connecting every moment of our earthly life and every event with the Supreme Power and with an invisible world. It is seen that there are vast spiritual laws which overspread and enwrap the universe: *sin is death, holiness is salvation.* These laws are in harmony with the will of God; but they are eternal and immutable in themselves,—not arbitrary appointments, not originated by God, but founded in the unchangeable nature of things. These laws are what they are, *by necessity*, and never were and never can be other than they are. Amidst the sway of these eternal laws, guiding their administration, and reigning supremely over all, is the great God. Spiritual providence is His government of the world, by these laws, and in the exercise of all His infinite attributes. It is universal, minute, unslumbering: it is wise,

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it is holy, it is merciful: it is for, not against, the good; always for the good; putting down evil, protecting, nourishing, helping everything that is good; bringing forth the largest amount of good with the smallest admixture of evil. It is terrible only to evil; it invites to reliance and hope.

The doctrine of prayer harmonizes with that of Providence. It rests on the fact of our dependence on God, on the belief of our intimate connection with the invisible world, and on the deep longing for spiritual communion which springs from the conviction that God is to us the most real and the most near of all beings. Prayer is not an instrument for altering the purposes or moving the heart of God, or for procuring the suspension of the ordinary course of nature; but it is one of the natural modes in which piety utters itself,—in which it wants, for its own sake, to utter itself. It is a part of worship, one of the proper forthgoings of the created to the uncreated Mind. True worship is within the soul. Whatever be its separate acts and its outward manifestations, its essence and its place are wholly spiritual. It is knowledge, veneration, trust, love.

Piety towards God is the basis of all moral excellence; and it is a noble pile of virtues which is erected on this basis, in the teaching of Jesus. Common and acknowledged excellencies—integrity, truthfulness, purity, temperance, justice—find their due place here; but, in addition to these, there are elements either altogether or almost unknown elsewhere,—humility, meekness, forgivingness, self-denial, love to enemies. It is not only taught here that we should love others as we love ourselves, and do to them as we would have them do to us; but it is inculcated that the reigning principle in the soul must be a universal and genuine good-will, a deep desire to produce happiness, to put down evil, and to do only good to every living being. Our enjoyments, possessions, and immediate interests, everything, except our piety and virtue, must yield to this spirit of love. No evil conduct in any being, no personal wrongs we may have suffered at his hands, must be allowed to extinguish the desire to bless even him. We are commanded to requite evil with good, and to love our enemies. Virtue is the burning and deep desire—cherished, in spite of everything—to do only good; it is sacrifice and service for others. The life of Christ, His disciples assert,—with what truth we may be better able hereafter to judge,—was a perfect realization of His teaching, an extended act of sacrifice and service, the living image on earth of the invisible God. The Divine nature is love; eternal, infinite desire to spread blessedness. Jesus proclaims that human virtue in its foundation and its essence is represented by one word,—love; love to God and to man; not a mere emotion, effeminate and enervating, a sign and a cause of weakness, but an enlightened, masculine, resolute, and supreme regard to the rights of God, and to the true interests of our fellow-beings. He proclaims that this is the end of rational existence, the dignity, strength, and joy of the rational nature. This end reached, man is God-like; a partaker of the Divine nature, re-created in the image of his Father.

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Genuine, glowing, profound regard to God and to man is described as a Divine life in the human soul, an undying spark from the eternal fire. The origin of the Divine life, its supports, conflicts, and varying manifestations, are all set forth with simplicity and power. Spiritual truth is shown to be the aliment of the spiritual nature; "living bread," of which if a man eat he shall hunger no more; "living water," of which if a man drink he shall thirst no more. Spiritual truth, understood, chosen, adopted into the soul, is the priceless good; it is blessedness, freedom, power, and wealth; it is pure, exalted, imperishable treasure.

It cannot be overlooked, that we have here in a new form the idea which at the first we found to be the most prominent in the Gospels; the idea of a reign of God in the soul of man. The working out of this idea, in one or other of its forms, occupied the entire personal ministry of Christ. He lived for this, and for this He died, not to promulgate only or to predict, but actually to found, a reign of righteousness, purity, truth, love, and peace; a spiritual kingdom of God among men.—*The Christ of History.*

CENTRE OF PROTESTANT UNITY.

"Protestantism has nothing positive in its character," it is said, "nothing in common; the only point of union being protestation against Rome: it must fall to the ground and perish." The Evangelical Church has heard the words of her great adversary, and replies to them by the publication of the essential verities of the Gospel as contained in the Scriptures, professed, during three centuries, by a band of Christian heroes in the face of the Papacy and of the Empire. This noble confession will diffuse new life and fresh vigour through the members of the Evangelical body. The Protestant Church of Germany, united under the banner of truth, fears not the most violent assaults of her Popish foe; for, protected by the buckler of faith, she repels them with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. My soul, praise thou the Lord!—*Merle D'Aubigné.*

THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE.

The Russian language is one of the richest and most beautiful in the world: it is soft and agreeable in sound, and has not the defect which some, who do not understand it, attribute to the Italian of being too effeminate: it contains many words that express the same ideas. If ever a Sclavonic Milton or Shakspeare arise, he will find an inexhaustible treasure in his native tongue wherewith to express his thoughts; but at present there is scarcely any national literature, owing to the deadening influence of the Government. The principal Russian authors are Poushkin the poet, Karamsin the historian, and Kriloff the writer of fables.

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THE DAY AFTER THE FAIR.

TO BE READ THE DAY BEFORE.

BREAKFAST-TIME had arrived at No. 9, Rowland-street, in a country-town, and the master of the house was very anxious to have his morning meal. Usually, it was all ready as regularly as the sun, at a quarter to eight; but this morning everything was in confusion, and it was not till some minutes past eight, that breakfast was ready, and then not in very good order. The reason for all this disorder was, that the servant who had lived with them for three years, and in whom her employers had put much confidence, was missing; and so the care of the children, and of all the household affairs, devolved on the mistress. The fact was, Jane had gone to the fair the day before, and had not yet come back. True, she had gone with the permission of her master and mistress, but with strict injunctions to be home at eight o'clock. They had gone themselves, and taken the two elder children with them, in the afternoon; and on their return, Jane went off with a friend, a showy young woman, with whom she had recently formed an acquaintance. Both were in high spirits, and the last words Jane was heard to say were, "I will be sure to be home in good time." She fully meant it, but did not consider the danger of entering into temptation.

The clock struck eight, but the parting promise was not fulfilled. Time rolled on, nine, ten, eleven, and no Jane. At midnight the vexed mistress retired to rest, but could not sleep, partly on account of the discordant din of the fair, which could be heard in the distance, but still more in consequence of the vexing thoughts and fears which haunted her mind. Morning came, but the absent servant came not. Where was she? Alas! that fatal night! The foolish girl, led astray by her new companion, had drunk deep of what they call pleasure; time passed away unobserved; she was led on step by step, till at length she was betrayed and ruined, and resolved she would return to her comfortable place of service no more. There she was respected and loved; for the children were much attached to her. But how could she go back now? how could she go to her parents' house? and so, yielding to the voice of evil counsel, she resolved to go forward in the path of sin, come what would. And what could come but guilt, misery, and probably a wretched death? And now who shall describe the useless regret of her employers? Too late they blamed themselves for letting her go, and for setting the example by going themselves. Who shall portray the agony of the sober, industrious parents of the lost girl, when the whole truth concerning their beloved child was told them? And who shall paint the future of the wretched young woman herself? And the cause of all this mischief and misery was the FAIR.

It was nearly the hour when dinner should have been on the table, in a small cottage in Albert-lane. The little children looked wistfully into the mother's face, and asked for something to eat. Tears gushed into her eyes, her heart yearned over her suffering little ones; but she had no bread to give them, and no money to purchase any. A heavy sound as of hard breathing was heard in the next room. It was the father of this starving group: he was not suffering from any disease, but he had been all night at the fair; yes, he had been there for the three preceding nights, and had spent money enough to have kept his family for a fortnight; for he was a good workman, and could earn a great deal of money when sober. He had not only spent his wages, but had even stripped the house of several things, in order to gratify his wicked passions; and now his children want bread. The father of the

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drunken fair-frequenter, who was a sober sort of man, had taken him there when he was a boy: surely there could be no harm in it then; and to the fair he would go every year, and enjoy himself, as he called it, while his poor family were starving. How many have acted thus! Yet parents still pursue this evil course, and influence their children to do the same, and to send the mischief down to coming generations.

Supper-time had come in a pleasant cottage near the road-side, not far from the place where the fair was held. A considerable party had gathered round the table, and the subject of conversation during supper was the fair which was just finished. All said that they were very glad that it was over; all agreed that the whole thing was a great nuisance, complaining that it brought all the riffraff of the neighbourhood together; that people were afraid of having their houses robbed; that decent females could not for some days venture out after night-fall; and all concluded that it would be a good thing for the neighbourhood if it were quite done away. Each one of the company had a tale to tell of something wrong that had happened; and some said there were many degrading crimes, acts of brutal violence, and words of indecency and blasphemy, too bad to be uttered. Yet, strange to say, almost every one in that company had patronized that wicked fair by going to it in the early part of the day; and each could tell of persons among the gentry and military, who had been there also, while tradesmen, and some of them very respectable people, had been seen there in considerable numbers.

At length, one of the company, who had sat silent for a time, asked, "Can any one mention a single good thing connected with the fair? We have heard much respecting the harm done by it: what good has it ever done? or is it capable of doing any?"

Not one present could answer the plain question, and all sat silent. At length, one observed, "Certainly we got no particular harm by going there; but I fear that we set a bad example: we have encouraged others to go; and so we are in a measure responsible for all the injury which others have got by going. This observation led to an animated conversation, and the result was that most present agreed that they would go there no more, and that they would endeavour to hinder others from going. Let me advise the reader to come to the same resolution, and to adopt the same course.

The fair! Surely the unclean spirits of darkness must hover over it, and the curse of God rests upon it, and the blood of ruined men and women cry out against it.

Some Christian Missionaries, who have gone there to warn others, and distribute tracts, have said that when night closes over the scene, the fair and the neighbourhood around it present a scene too bad to be described, and that the results which have come to their knowledge have been most distressing. Reader, stand clear of this abomination, which seems to invite the thunderbolts of God. Mothers, fathers, children, servants, go not near the fair. You may have seeds sown there, or you may sow seeds in others, which may produce a fearful crop of misery. Let no reasoning induce you, no example seduce you, to go to a place so fraught with mischief.

The writer of this paper once passed along the high road close by a field where for many successive generations a large fair had been annually held; a fair which he can testify from personal knowledge has been productive of all the evils referred to in the preceding observations. The thought darted into his mind as he walked by the scene of so much sin, Where are those persons now who thronged this place of sinful pleasure many years ago? The question

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was terrible to pursue. Alas! what a preparation for eternity is a fair! What a school in which to learn how to die!

The day after the fair, and the day after every other scene of sinful enjoyment, must come; and when the season of sensual excitement is over, which do you think will have the most pleasing reflections,—those who have taken wise counsel, and stayed away, or those who have rejected it, and followed a multitude to do evil?

Remember also, reader, that the hour after your death will come, and the day after your funeral will come; and where, O! where will be your eternal dwelling-place? As the fair cannot be the way to heaven, so neither will stopping away from this or any other sinful worldly amusement be enough to take you there. Many content themselves with very slight grounds for their hope of heaven. They will talk much of what they have not done. They have not been drunken, or dishonest, or disorderly people, and therefore they hope that God will have mercy on them. Vain hope! Abstaining from outward sins may do yourself and others good, as regards this life; but neither these things nor any good thing which you can do can avail for the salvation of your soul. To be saved, you must not only stay away from Satan's fair, but you must go to Christ. Hearken to His voice, and receive His blessings, fall in with His proposals, yield yourself to Him with a living faith, and whatever may have been your history and conduct in the past, all shall be well for the future. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." (Isai. lv. 1, 2.) "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you: for him hath God the Father sealed." (John vi. 27.)

J. C.

CONSERVATION AND AGGRESSION.

THE Curate is tempted to deal with his parishioners as if they were generally in a safe state. The Missionary takes for granted that they are not safe. This produces an essential distinction in the manner of treatment. In the ministry of the Missionary, aggression will be a characteristic element; aggression ordinarily finds little or no place in the ministry of the Curate: the weapons of their warfare are drawn from separate armouries; they are wielded differently, and with a view to the attainment of ends altogether different.

Important considerations arise out of this diversity in the staple of the two ministries. The success of an aggressive ministry may be said to hinge upon the effect produced by contrast. The Missionary contrasts the actual state of mind of his hearer with the state into which he wishes to bring it; he invades the articles of his opponent's present belief, by confronting them with the creed which it is his object to show is preferable. His work is not the improvement of an old system, but the substitution of a new. Take, for instance, the case of a Missionary to the Heathen. He preaches to them the Gospel, and his address must of necessity be an argument of contrast. Heathenism can never be Christianity; Christianity cannot be an improved Heathenism. His Gospel, therefore, comes into palpable contrast with the Pagan principle; and in

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preaching it, an aggressive movement is brought to bear powerfully on the Heathen mind.

But suppose the sphere of the Missionary to be changed, and that his duty leads him, not to the Heathen, but to the Roman Catholics. His mission then will be to a people whose system falsifies the principles of revealed religion, while it adopts the language of Christianity,—a system assuming truth as the basis, but erecting upon it a superstructure of error incompatible with the basis. To the Roman Catholics, therefore, it is not enough to preach the Gospel only. Such preaching, however effective among the Heathen, loses its force here; for it will not necessarily suggest a contrast to the mind of the Roman Catholic hearer. The same words are not the signs of the same ideas to the Church of the Reformation and the Church of Rome. Rome attaches dogmatically and authoritatively a meaning to the language of the Gospel sometimes as different from the true meaning as Heathenism itself from Christianity. The Missionary's strength, therefore, lies in a work of aggression, distinct and definite. He cannot bring the truth into contrast, without exposing the error; and this explains the reason why, as experience has abundantly shown, controversy is an essential element in the success of such a mission.

But change again the Missionary's sphere: plant him in one of our home parishes, and call him by the name of Curate. He will find among his regular flock many who are practically living under a system which, in its own way, falsifies the principles of true religion as fatally as Romanism itself. The difference is this: the Romanist moves in a circle of authorized error; his words, his opinions, his credenda are under the direction of his Priest; he submits his own will and understanding to the dictates of an infallible Church. The false notions of the other are self-adopted; they are not imposed upon him by exoteric authority, they are embraced in spite of the dogmatic teaching of truth; he gives a meaning of his own, a kind of private interpretation, to the prophesying of his Minister; and in a cloud of error of his own raising, he loses sight of the essentials of the Gospel.

To such, the Curate must become what the Missionary is to the Heathen or the Romanist. He must use the weapons of aggression. He must bring contrast and controversy to bear upon their error and ignorance. Unquestionably, he must exhibit the Gospel in its plainest and broadest outline; but the Gospel alone, however explicit, will not suffice; it will be received with a mistaken apprehension of the terms used, or will obtain only a cold assent, so long as the heart remains untouched by the power of those thoughts which can be stirred within it by nothing short of the clearest views of eternal truth. With the Gospel there must be a controversy with the prevailing phase of self-deceit, the arrows of conviction pointed, as our Lord pointed them when He employed the medium of the law to expose the self-complacency of the young ruler, or confounded the "men of the Pharisees" with the necessity of regeneration, even for him who was of the seed of Abraham. This was to controvert the dominant false principle, the proper object of Missionary work.

But then controversy provokes opposition. Doubtless, the strong man armed will not give up the citadel without a struggle. And the enmity of the world is sometimes so excited against the enunciation of truth, when brought into contrast with particular error, that we realize in the collision the full force of the Apostle's meaning, when he speaks of "wrestling not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers." The fear of this opposition is the great hindrance to Missionary diligence in a parish. But a Christian

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Missionary always has it in his power to turn opposition to account, if it be really raised by the Missionary character of his work, and not, as often happens, by his own mistakes and indiscretions. Opposition may prove wholesome, or even necessary, for rousing the mind to that state of energy which enables it to grasp at saving truth. Aggression produces resistance; the stagnant waters are moved, and hidden ignorance is brought to the surface. And then, further, the fear of opposition is apt to be exaggerated in feeling, and often proves a groundless anticipation of evil. What seemed a lion in the way, becomes an unreality on nearer approach, and the great mountain subsides into a plain.—*Bishop of Winchester.*

HINTS TO HUSBANDS.

BY A WOMAN.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, though you may never think of it again.

Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife, to remind your own of a fault.

Do not reproach your wife with a personal defect: if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal.

Do not treat your wife with inattention in company. It touches her pride, and she will not respect you more, or love you better, for it.

Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person. The sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault.

Do not entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women.

Do not often invite your friends to ride, and leave your wife at home. She might suspect that you esteemed others more companionable than herself.

If you would have a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof.

Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for your sociability elsewhere.

Remember that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself; and devote a portion, at least, of your leisure hours, to such society and amusement as she may join. By so doing, you will secure her smiles, and increase her affection.

Do not, by being too exact in pecuniary matters, make your wife feel her dependence upon your bounty. It tends to lessen her dignity of character, and does not increase her esteem for you. If she is a sensible woman, she should be acquainted with your business, and know your income, that she may regulate her household expenses accordingly. Be it remembered, that pecuniary affairs cause more difficulties in families than any other one cause. Your wife has an equal right with yourself to all you possess in the world: therefore she should be made acquainted, as nearly as possible, with that which is of great importance to both. Do not withhold this knowledge in order to cover your own extravagance. Women have a keen perception: be sure she will discover your selfishness; and though no word is spoken, from that moment her respect is lessened, her confidence diminished, her pride wounded, and a thousand, perhaps unjust, suspicions created. From that moment is your domestic comfort on the wane.

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Narrative Pieces.

GIDEON OUSELEY.

Mr. —— spoke, with enthusiastic affection, of his old friend Gideon Ouseley, the Apostle of Methodism in Ireland. Ouseley, said he, was one of the most eccentric of men, yet full of faith and the Holy Ghost. His mind was strong, and he had a University education. His family belonged to the aristocracy; yet he became a Methodist Itinerant, and travelled the Irish highways, preaching for more than two-score years. He preached everywhere,—at cock-fights, horse-races, fairs, and markets; and hundreds of times has he proclaimed the Gospel on horseback. His sermons were at least three a day, usually two in the open air, and a third in a barn or meeting-house. He preached often in the Irish language; a speech rich and powerful for exhortation. Ouseley rescued hundreds, perhaps thousands, of his countrymen from the superstitions of Popery. He was often attacked by Popish persecutors, and lost one of his eyes in a scuffle with them; but though frequently beaten, and left for dead, he was as bold as a lion, and scattered light among them at every point. Many of his persecutors were overtaken by unnatural deaths, and the Papists dreaded him as protected by the devil. When his uncle, Sir Gore Ouseley, died, he inherited his wealth and title, but abandoned all, preferring the honour of being a Methodist Itinerant above the estates and honours of nobility. Such a man is one of God's genuine noblemen.

None of the Methodist evangelists in Ireland, perhaps, equalled Ouseley in tact for addressing promiscuous multitudes in the open air. An instance, of which I was an eye and ear witness, occurred one Sunday evening in the town of Drogheda. Leaving his hat in the Tholsel, and standing on the steps, he commenced singing a hymn. Soon a crowd gathered around, chiefly Romanists. The last verse he sung was,—

> "To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
> Who sweetly all agree
> To save a world of sinners lost,
> Eternal glory be."

"Now," he said, in familiar style, "you all believe that, whatever religion you are of: you believe there's a God? I know you do. Ay, and you believe in the Trinity; that there are three Persons in one God? To be sure you do. And you've all made a covenant with that one God in your baptism, whatever Church you belong to, that you'd renounce the devil and all his works. I'm come here to put you in mind of it; to get you to keep your covenant, and be true to God. And if you keep your covenant, what altered times we'll have! what happy times we'll have! Then we'll have no more cursing and swearing; then no more people will be seen rolling drunk through the streets on a Sunday." Here a man in the crowd shouted, "The devil trust you with a glass yourself, if you had it." At this the Preacher seemed horrified. "O! O!" he cried: "did you hear that man? O! did you hear him blaspheming in the open day? Look," said he, pointing at him with his finger, "there he is!" The man held down his head abashed, and gave no further interruption. The Missionary proceeded in the same strain until he uttered a sentiment to which a woman, who stood near, objected in great earnestness, in Irish. Turning toward her with surprise and displeasure, he exclaimed, "O! did you hear that woman? Did you hear what she said? She's drunk this time o' day! There she is—look at her!" She said no more until, at the close she observed with much emotion, "Well, that's the best sermon I ever heard." Mr. Ouseley concluded an address of about twenty-five or thirty minutes by repeating the Lord's Prayer. As he bowed, and was going to get his hat, a man cried out, "You forgot the 'Hail Mary:' why didn't you say the 'Hail Mary?'" Mr. Ouseley turned upon him with fervent indignation, "How dare you speak so disrespectfully of the blessed Virgin? You're very impertinent. How dare you?" A rebuke which seemed to meet with universal approbation.

The sincere reverence with which he was wont to speak of the "blessed" Mary,

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procured many a respectful hearing. I was present on another occasion, in the town of Granard, when he announced for his text Mark xvi. 15, 16. The congregation, chiefly Romanists, filled all the available rooms of an untenanted house. His divisions were bold, and rather polemical.

I. What sort of men did Christ send to preach His Gospel?

II. What was it they preached? The Gospel.

III. The effects which followed.

The difficulty was to discuss the subject inoffensively, and yet not shun to declare the whole counsel of God.

In answering the first question, he went on to say that the men who got the commission in the text were not horse-racers, card-players, or drunkards; leaving his congregation to make their own inferences. In explaining the second point, he bore heavily upon *tradition*, without once naming it. The Gospel they preached was the inspired—the *written* Gospel. "Now," he said, addressing himself to the mothers present, "if your child was sick, you'd send for the doctor, wouldn't you? To be sure you would. Well, the doctor comes: you describe the child's symptoms, and he begins to prescribe. Give it this, don't give it that; in so many hours give it the other; and in so long a time after, repeat it again. But you will say, 'I'm afraid I'll forget it, doctor: write it down, if you please.'" Here there was a loud murmur through the congregation, for they perceived his drift, and there was reason to fear for his personal safety; but he contrived to introduce the name of the Virgin Mary at the moment with an expression of respectful regard. The ferment subsided immediately, and he finished without serious interruption.

The zeal of this evangelist never cooled. In old age it retained all the quenchless ardour of youth; and it was the pure flame of love, love to the erring and the deceived, especially in Ireland. Once when he was at the Mission-house in London, he was asked in the Committee to engage in prayer for two Missionaries just appointed to the foreign field. A few petitions were devoted to them, when, forgetting all other topics, he poured out his soul, in agonising earnestness, for "his poor country." Another visit, which he paid to Drogheda, will furnish an instructive example of this undiminished zeal. This was in his seventy-third year. Preaching in the chapel on a Sabbath evening, he announced that he would preach there again next morning at seven o'clock. By mistake he was at the gate an hour before the time. Going to the Tholsel to ascertain the hour correctly, I followed, and found him preaching to the labourers who were waiting to be hired. And here an incident occurred, illustrative of his calm trust in the distinguishing care of Divine Providence. A large sea-shell, flung from a window opposite, fell at his feet with a fearful crash. He continued his address unmoved, and without caring to notice it. As we returned to the chapel, I said, "Mr. Ouseley, that shell would have inflicted serious injury, had it struck you: it was within half a yard of hitting you." Making the usual motion with his finger, "An inch," he replied, "is as good as a mile!" He kept his appointment at seven.

As he advanced in life, the overthrow of Popery became his absorbing desire, it might almost be said his single aim; and the "ruling passion" was "strong in death." A brother from the country mentioned to me that he once visited the venerable Missionary in his last illness. The permission to pray was readily given. As he earnestly supplicated that God might graciously sustain His suffering servant, and administer an abundant entrance to him into heaven, Mr. Ouseley interposed, saying, "Stop, dear! pray—pray that I may live to see an end of that fell apostasy!"

Rough in his exterior; sound in his physical constitution; overflowing in compassion for the millions oppressed and ruined by priestly cupidity and despotism; thoroughly enlightened in his opposition to doctrinal Popery, as embodied in the Trent Canons; chary of politics; decisive in purpose; fearless of danger; ever on the aggressive; superabundant in labours; preaching occasionally six times a day, "in and out," as himself used to phrase it; unmoved by appalling difficulties like another "Greatheart;" and, withal, a

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refreshing example of patient continuance in well-doing,—he was the Martin Luther of the Irish Reformation.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

In the year 184—, we chanced to be spending a few days in a beautiful inland country-town in Pennsylvania. It was Court week; and to relieve us from the somewhat monotonous incidents of village-life, we stepped into the room where the Court had convened.

Among the prisoners in the box, we saw a lad of but tender years, whose sad and pensive countenance caused him to look sadly out of place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the box, and manifesting the greatest interest in the proceedings, sat a tearful woman, whose anxious glance from the Judge to the boy left us no room to doubt that it was his mother. We turned in sadness from the scene to inquire of the offence of the prisoner, and learned that he was accused of stealing money.

The case was soon commenced, and by the interest manifested by that large crowd we found that our heart was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed. How we pitied him! The bright smile had vanished from his face, and now it expressed more the cares of the aged. His young sister, a bright-eyed girl, had gained admission to his side, and cheered him with the whisperings of hope. But that sweet voice which before caused his heart to bound with happiness, added only to the grief his shame had brought upon him.

The progress of the case acquainted us with the circumstance of the loss, the extent of which was but a dime; no more! The lad's employer, a wealthy, miserly, and unprincipled manufacturer, had made use of it for the purpose of what he called "testing the boy's honesty." It was placed where from its very position the lad would of necessity see it, and least suspect the trap. A day passed, and the master, to his mortification, not pleasure, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. A third, and it was gone. A simple present for that little sister was purchased with it. These circumstances were sustained by several of his employer's workmen, who were also parties to the plot. An attorney urged upon the jury the necessity of making the little rogue an example to others by punishment. His address had great effect upon all who heard it. Before, I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, his widowed mother, and his faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for, or expected, aught else but a conviction. The accuser sat in a conspicuous place, smiling as if in fiend-like exultation over the misery he had brought upon that poor but once happy trio.

We felt that there was but little hope for the boy; and the youthful appearance of the attorney who had volunteered his defence, gave no encouragement, as we learned that it was the young man's maiden plea, his first address. He appeared greatly confused, and reached to a desk near him, from which he took the Bible that had been used to solemnize the testimony. This movement was received with general laughter and taunting remarks, among which we heard a fellow, close by us, say, "He forgets where he is. Thinking to hold some ponderous law-book, he has made a mistake, and got the Bible."

The remark made the young attorney flush with anger; and, turning his flashing eye upon the audience, he convinced them that it was no mistake; saying, "Justice wants no other book." His confusion was gone, and instantly he was as calm as the sober Judge upon the bench.

The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him, as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves. Amidst a breathless silence, he read to the jury this sentence: "Lead us not into temptation."

We felt our heart throb at the sound of those words. The audience looked at each other without speaking, and the jurymen mutely exchanged glances, as the appropriate quotation carried its moral to their hearts. Then followed an address whose influence was like magic. We saw the guilty accuser leave the room in fear of personal violence; the mother smiled again; and before its conclusion there was not an eye in the Court that

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was not moist. The speech, affecting to that degree which caused tears, held its hearers spell-bound.

The little time that was necessary to transpire before the verdict of the jury could be learned, was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when the whispering consultation ceased, and those happy words, "Not guilty," came from the foreman, they passed like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip.

The young lawyer's first plea was a successful one. He was soon a favourite, and now represents his district in the councils of the Commonwealth. The lad has never ceased his grateful remembrances; and we, by the affecting scene herein attempted to be described, have been often led to think how manifold greater is the crime of the *tempter* than of the *tempted*.

[Thus it is related in the "Lover's Magazine;" and we have only to add a word of caution to the *tempted*, that he watch and pray against the *sin*.]

Natural History.

LOCUSTS IN THE EAST.

I AM riding along a pleasant hill-side, towards the end of May. There is a sharp, pattering noise, like that of April rain in Scotland, falling on the hard ground. I look attentively towards the earth, knowing that it cannot be a shower this clear balmy morning, and I see a countless multitude of little black insects, no bigger than a pin's head. They are hopping and springing about in myriads under my horse's feet, along the rocky road, which is quite black with them, and far away among the heather, which is turned black also. I ride miles and miles, yet the ground is still darkened with those little insects, and the same sharp pattering noise continues. They are the young of the locusts who left their eggs in the ground last year: they have just come to life. Three days ago there was not one to be seen. A little later, and I am passing through a Greek village. The alarm has spread everywhere, and the local authorities have bestirred themselves to resist their enemies while still weak. Large fires are burning on the banks of a swift river, and immense caldrons full of boiling water are steaming over them. The whole country-side has been out locust-hunting: they have just returned with the result of their day's exertion. Twenty-three thousand pounds' weight of these little insects, each, as I have said, no bigger than a pin's head, have been brought in already in one day. They have been caught in a surface of less than five square miles. There has been no difficulty in catching them: children of six years old can do it as well as grown men. A sack and a broom are all that is necessary: place the open sack on the ground, and you may sweep it full of locusts as fast as you can move your arms. The village-community pay about a farthing a pound for locusts. [There are about two hundred and seventy to the ounce.] Some of the hunters have earned two or three shillings a day. As the sacks are brought in, they are thrust into the caldrons of boiling water, and boiled each for some twenty minutes: they are then emptied into the rapid little river swollen by the melting of mountain-snows.....The locusts are on the wing; they have risen from the ground into the air; they darken the sky in their steady flight for hours, and they make a noise like the rushing of a mighty wind. Far as the eye can see over the land and water, broods the same ominous cloud. The imagination refuses to grasp their number: it must be told by millions of millions. Count the flakes of a snow-storm, the sands by the sea-shore, the leaves of summer-trees, and the blades of grass on dewy meadows. For days and days the locust-storm and the hot south wind continued. At night they descended on the gardens and corn-fields. They struggled for pre-eminence on the points of palings, and the topmost overlooked the rest with extraordinary gravity. They crawled and hopped loathsomely on fruit and flower. They got into eggs and fish, which became uneatable in conse-

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quence. There was no help against them because of their multitude. They ate holes in my bedding, they got into my pockets, and into my hair and beard. The Greek women were obliged to tie their trousers on above their gowns, as a protection against them. You trod upon them, they blew against you, they flew against you, they dined off the same plate, and hopped on a piece of food you were putting into your mouth.....The locusts eat the back hair off the women's heads while washing at the fountain, and the mustachios of the gardeners while they sleep in the noon-day shadow.—*The Roving Englishman.*

AGE OF OYSTERS.

A LONDON oysterman can tell the age of his flock to a nicety. The age of an oyster is not to be found by looking into its mouth. It bears its years upon its back. Everybody who has handled an oyster-shell must have observed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers or plates overlapping each other. These are technically termed "shoots," and each of them marks a year's growth; so that, by counting them, we can determine at a glance the year when the creature came into the world. Up to the time of its maturity, the shoots are regular and successive; but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the great thickness to which some oyster-shells have attained, this mollusc is capable, if left to its natural changes unmolested, of attaining a patriarchal longevity.

THE OLDEST TREE IN EUROPE.

THE cypress of Somma, in Lombardy, is supposed to have been planted in the year of the birth of Christ, and on that account is looked on with reverence by the inhabitants; but an ancient chronicle in Milan is said to prove that it was a tree in the time of Julius Cæsar, B. C. 42. It is one hundred and twenty-three feet high, and twenty feet in circumference, at one foot from the ground. Napoleon, when laying down the plan for his great road over the Simplon, diverged from a straight line to avoid injuring this tree. Botanists report several venerable trees still thriving, whose structure shows an age older than that of our most ancient records.

Parental Monitor.

A LESSON FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

AN infant should by no means be kept in perpetual motion: instead of being excited, it needs more than anything at this early period to be tranquillized. Quite contrary to this, some mothers accustom a child of a few days old to be carried about, rocked, and trotted; and how very soon will such a child acquire a habit of uneasiness and crying, if there is any deviation from the way in which it has been previously managed! If you accustom it to a light during the night, and for any reason the light is extinguished, it will set up a loud cry as if it were in pain: if it is nursed at irregular periods, it will insist on having food whenever it demands, as if it were already determined to rule. A child under six weeks of age should be nursed as often as once in two or three hours; after that period, once in four hours. If this method of *perfect regularity* in sleeping and nursing be *insisted on*, it will save an untold amount of time and trouble in the end to the mother and child: even down to old age it will be the better for it.

If for any reason the babe's regular nap has been broken in upon, no pains should be spared to keep it asleep the following day. If it is resolved to wake up, the mother should be the more resolute that it should be kept asleep. The question is often asked, how early the discipline of a child should begin. Precisely *here*, in the matter of eating and

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sleeping. The mother must always show that she has the strongest will, and show that she has authority, and intends to exercise it on all proper occasions. We give one example how this may be done.

When a child first begins to nestle and worry, and throw up its little arms when it ought to sleep on, the mother should lay her hand upon them gently but firmly, and with a soothing lullaby entice it to sleep on: this course, perseveringly pursued, will almost invariably induce long naps. Some mothers and nurses will, the moment a child begins to nestle in the cradle, take it up instantly. It should be allowed to wake up of itself, and lie for a little time, whilst you play and laugh with it. This will promote a cheerful, happy disposition.

Baby's Complaint to Mother.

O! mother, dear mother, no wonder I cry!
More wonder by far that your baby don't die.
No matter what ails me, no matter who's here,
No matter how hungry the "poor little dear;"
No matter if full, or all out of breath,
She *trots* me, and *trots* me, and *trots* me to death!
I love my dear nurse, but I dread that great knee:
I like all her talk; but, woe unto me!
She can't be contented with talking so pretty,
And washing, and dressing, and doing her duty:
And that's all very well,—I can bear soap and water;
But, mother, she is an *unmerciful trotter!*

Pretty ladies, I want to look at your faces;
Pretty cap, pretty fire,—let me see how it blazes!
How can I, my head going bibity-bob?
And she trots me the harder the harder I sob.
O, mother, do stop her! I'm *inwardly sore!*
I hiccup and cry, and she trots me the more,
And talks about "wind" when 'tis *she* makes me ache!
Wish 'twould blow her away, for poor baby's sake!
Thank goodness, I'm still! O, blessed be *quiet!*
I'm glad my dear mother is willing to try it.
Of foolish old customs my mother's no lover;
And the wisdom of this she can never discover.

I'll rest me awhile, and just look about,
And laugh up at *aunty*, who peeps in and out;
And pick up some notions as soon as I can,
To fill my small noddle before I'm a man.
O, dear! is that *she?* Is she coming so soon?
She's bringing my dinner, with tea-cup and spoon;
She'll hold me with one hand, in t' other the cup,
And as fast as it's down, she'll just shake it up.
And thumpety-thump, with the greatest delight,
Her heel is still going from morning to night;
All over the house you may hear it, I'm sure,
Trot-trotting. Just think what I'm doom'd to endure!

—*Mother's Friend.*

SYMPATHY WITH CHILDREN.

If you wish to advance the happiness and welfare of your children, try to enter into their feelings and wishes. It may seem to you that they have all they need, while yet there is an unsatisfied yearning after something, or a sorrow pressing on the spirit. You may not be able to satisfy that want; but do not throw it aside as unworthy of notice: try to understand how the child feels, and sympathize with him. The cause of his sorrow may be a very trifle in your estimation; but do not deepen the wound by treating it lightly: remember that that trifle may seem to the child as important as the trial you felt so severely. Descend to trifles, in order to increase the happiness of your children. You must not expect them to regard matters just as you do. You must compassionate their weakness, and even

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in frustrating their wishes, show that you regard their feelings, and do not willingly give pain. This is the way to gain their confidence. You cannot expect that they will freely tell you their hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, if you do not appreciate them. You must not rudely force open the secret recesses of the heart. You should open their hearts by manifesting a tender interest in everything, however trifling, that gives them pleasure or pain.

By thus winning their confidence, you may do an incalculable amount of good. You may lighten the sorrow of the youthful heart; you may teach them to lay aside needless fears; you may deepen religious impressions; you may cherish the faint desire after good; you may remove difficulties from the awakened conscience; you may detect the evil which else might have spread to a fearful extent; you may see in what particular way the youth is likely to err, and warn accordingly; you may teach him to see the Divine goodness in every innocent enjoyment. This, too, is the way to secure the grateful affection of your children. The kindness which studies our wishes, and adapts itself to our peculiar case, is felt and valued. If we grown people cultivated this sympathy between ourselves, how much more pleasant and profitable our intercourse would be! Our very failings would become bands of union, instead of causes of estrangement. A spirit of candour and kindness would help to prevent and remove little unpleasantnesses which arise.—*Ibid.*

Popery.

THE JESUITS AND FATHER MATTHEW.

THE following sentences, translated from the latest French history of the Jesuits, will be new to most English readers, even in Ireland, where people admired the *movement*, but did not see the *spring*:—

"They are often accused of an unwillingness to take any part in institutions of which some of their Fathers have not been the promoters. In Ireland this imputation was disproved by fact. In 1840, at the very time when, by retreats and missions, they taught the multitudes to celebrate the third centenary of the foundation of the Order of Jesus, it was by making the work of another popular that they obtained the most brilliant success. The Capuchin Theobald Matthew had laid the foundation of the Temperance Society two years before. The Jesuits laid hold on all that could be useful in this voluntary renunciation of intoxicating liquors in such a country as Ireland. They made themselves the most zealous propagators of the Christian thought of the reverend Matthew; by their care it spread with an inconceivable rapidity. This Temperance Society was the auxiliary of the mission to which the Fathers were devoted; but it did not divert them from their own proper object."*

That reformation, however, has not exhibited a permanence at all correspondent to the expectations that were entertained; and how could it, with Jesuitism at the bottom, instead of a strong moral principle?

* Histoire de la Compagnie de Jesus, par J. Cretineau-Joly, Paris, 1846. Tome vi., p. 96.

Anecdotes.

A "MATTER-OF-FACT" MAN.

WHEN Doctor Bradon was Rector of Eltham, in Kent, the text he one day took to preach from was, "Who art thou?" After reading the text, he made, as was his custom, a pause for the

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congregation to reflect upon the words, when a gentleman in military dress, marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it to be a question addressed to him, to the surprise of all present, replied, "I am, Sir, an officer of the 17th Foot, on a recruiting party here; and having brought my wife and family with me, I wish to be acquainted with the neighbouring gentry and Clergy."

"THE RICHEST SELL."

We find an account, in the East Brooklyn "Times," of a new method of "raising the wind" in that city, which takes down anything in the swindling line of the season, and indicates the extent and pressure of the hard times. A female called a few days since on a lady of some influence in Brooklyn, and told a sad and plaintive story of suffering and privation, and moreover, that her husband had just died, and that she lacked the means of a decent burial. Her tale of woe so wrought upon the lady that she proceeded to visit her immediately, to satisfy herself there was no imposture. On entering the apartment she beheld the coffin, and was satisfied all was right; and not wishing to harrow the feelings of the bereaved woman, she left her a considerable sum of money, and immediately departed. After passing two or three blocks from the dwelling, thinking all the way of the strange complexions to which we are liable, she missed her pocket-handkerchief, and returned to see if she had not dropped it in the house. The stair was ascended hastily, and the room entered without much ceremony; when what did she behold?—the woman's husband sitting up in the coffin counting over the money!—*American.*

Poetry.

DON'T TELL ME OF TO-MORROW.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
Give me the man who'll say,
When a good deed's to be done,
"Let's do the deed to-day!"
We may command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past that comes too late!

LABOUR AND REST.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labour is past."
Russian Proverb.

Two hands upon the breast,
And labour's done:
Two pale feet cross'd in rest,—
The race is won:
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease:
Two lips where grief is mute,
And wrath at peace.
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot:
God in His kindness answereth not.

Two hands to work addrest,
Aye for His praise:
Two feet that never rest,
Walking His ways:
Two eyes that look above
Still, through all tears:
Two lips that breathe but love,
Never more fears.
So cry we afterward, low at our knees:
Pardon those erring prayers! Father,
hear these!

LORD, THOU ART GREAT!

FROM THE GERMAN OF SEIDL.

"Lord, Thou art great!" I cry, when in the east
The day is blooming like a rose of fire;
When to partake anew of life's rich feast,
Nature and man awake with fresh desire;
When art Thou seen more gracious, God of power!
Than in the morn's great resurrection-hour?

"Lord, Thou art great!" I cry, when blackness shrouds
The noonday heavens, and crinkling lightnings flame,
And on the tablet of the thunder-clouds
In fiery letters write Thy dreadful name.

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When art Thou, Lord, more terrible in wrath,
Than in the mid-day tempest's louring path?

"Lord, Thou art great!" I cry, when, in the west,
Day, softly vanquish'd, shuts his glowing eye;
When song-feasts ring from every woodland nest,
And all in melancholy sweetness die.
When giv'st Thou, Lord, our hearts more bless'd repose,
Than in the magic of thy evening shows?

"Lord, Thou art great!" I cry, at dead of night,
When silence broods alike on land and deep;
When stars go up and down the blue-arch'd height,
And on the silver clouds the moonbeams sleep.
When beckonest thou, O Lord, to loftier heights,
Than in the silent praise of holy nights?

"Lord, thou art great!" in nature's every form;
Greater in none; simply *most great* in all;
In tears and terrors, sunshine, smile and storm,
And all that stirs the heart, is felt Thy call.
"Lord, Thou art great!" O, let me praise Thy name,
And grow in greatness as I Thine proclaim!

C. T. B.

The Portfolio.

THE "BOOK OF SPORTS."

[It is curious and not uninstructive to observe how exactly the adversaries of scriptural religion agree at all times in opposing, decrying, ridiculing, and striving to put down by force or by law the due observance of the Lord's day. The passion of the secularists just now is to legalize all that would minister to the gratification of the ungodly. They would suspend ordinary trade, but let loose licentiousness. They would shup up shops, but open coffee-houses. The factory they would close; but the picture-gallery, and the royal garden they would throw open. The noise of the hammer they would have to cease; but hawking and crying they would legalize. It is not their purpose, at present, to make deeds executed or bills drawn on the Lord's day valid; but they desire to make Sunday newspapers saleable by Act of Parliament. Now, it is worth observing that in reigns when all the liberties of England were assailed, and the existence of our national religion and Protestant constitution threatened, the Puseyites of that day, the High-Churchmen and disguised Papists, set their hearts on abolishing the Christian Sabbath, and reducing our English customs to the Continental model, in order to overpower the religious feeling and intelligence of this country, and again sell the people in bondage to the Priests. The following passage from "Heylin's Life of Laud," relating to the notorious "Book of Sports," is presented to our readers for comparison with much that they read and hear every day, and to put them on their guard against trusting the self-called friends of the working-classes.—Eds.]

In the next year (1618) we find not a little done at home, but much more abroad; the Puritan faction being discountenanced here, and the Calvinists encouraged there. The Sabbatarian doctrines, by the diligence of Archbishop Whitgift, and the severity of Justice Popham, had been crushed at their first starting out; and afterwards not daring to implore the countenance of authority, they got footing again in divers places by the cunning of the Puritan faction, the ignorant confidence of some of their lecturers, and the misguided zeal of some public Ministers of justice. And they prevailed so far at last, that the annual festivals being turned into days of labour, and the Lord's day wholly taken

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up in religious duties, there was no time left for lawful recreations amongst the people; which being made known unto King James as he passed through Lancashire the last summer, he gave some present order in it, for the ease and comfort of his good subjects in that county; and that it might not serve only for the present, but the times to come, he published his royal declaration to the same effect, bearing date at Greenwich, May 24th of this present year: in which declaration there are three things to be observed; namely, the motives, the liberties, and the restrictions. First, for the motives which induced that King to this declaration, they were chiefly four: 1. The general complaints of all sorts of people, as he passed through Lancashire, of the restraint of those innocent and lawful pastimes on that day, which, by the rigours of some Preachers and Ministers of justice, had been laid upon them. 2. The hindrance of the conversion of many Papists, who by this means were made to think that the Protestant religion was inconsistent with all harmless and modest recreations. 3. That by debarring them from all manlike exercises on those days, on which only they were freed from their daily labours, they were made inactive, unable, and unfit for warriors, if either himself or any of his successors should have such occasion to employ them. 4. That men, being hindered from these open pastimes, betook themselves to tippling-houses, and there abused themselves with drunkenness, and censured in their cups His Majesty's proceedings both in Church and State.—Next for the liberties which were indulged upon that day, His Majesty declares his pleasure, that after Divine service being ended, his good people should not be discoursed or letted from any lawful recreations, such as dancing, either men or women, archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmless recreations, nor from having of May-games, Whitsun-ales, and Morris-dances, and setting up of May-poles and other sports therewith used; and that women shall have leave to carry rushes to the church, for the decoring of it, according to their old custom: with this proviso notwithstanding, that under the general term of lawful recreations, he intended neither bear-baiting nor bull-baiting interludes, nor (at all times in the meaner sort of people prohibited) bowling.—And, last of all, for the restrictions, they were these that follow: 1. That these pastimes should be no impediment or let to the public duties of that day. 2. That no recusant should be capable of the benefit of them. 3. Nor such as were not diligently present at the time of all Divine offices, which the day required. And, 4. That the benefit thereof should redound to none but such as kept themselves in their own parishes. Such was the substance of His Majesty's declaration about lawful sports, which raised great clamour at the present, but greater when revived in the reign of King Charles, (at what time we shall find Laud charged for the re-publishing of it,) so much the greater, by how much the more the Sabbatarian doctrines had prevailed amongst us.

OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Shame upon thee, savage monarch man,
proud monopolist of reason;
Shame upon creation's lord, the fierce
ensanguined despot:
What, man! are there not enough,—
hunger, and diseases, and fatigue,—
And yet must thy goad or thy thong add
another sorrow to existence?
What! art thou not content thy sin hath
dragged down suffering and death
On the poor dumb servants of thy comfort,
and yet must thou rack them with thy
spite?
The prodigal heir of creation hath gambled
away his all;
Shall he add torment to the bondage that
is galling his forfeit serfs?
The leader in Nature's pæan himself hath
marred her psaltery;
Shall he multiply the din of discord by
overstraining all the strings?
The rebel hath fortified his stronghold,
shutting in his vassals with him;
Shall he aggravate the woes of the besieged
by oppression from within?
Thou twice-deformed image of thy Maker,
thou hateful representative of love,
For very shame, be merciful; be kind to
the creatures thou hast ruined;
Earth and her million tribes are cursed
for thy sake,

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Earth and her million tribes still writhe beneath thy cruelty:
Liveth there but one among the million that shall not bear witness against thee,
A pensioner of land, or air, or sea, that hath not whereof it will accuse thee?
From the elephant toiling at a launch, to the shrew-mouse in the harvest-field;
From the whale which the harpooner hath stricken, to the minnow caught upon a pin;
From the albatross wearied in its flight, to the wren in her covered nest;
From the death-moth and lace-winged dragon-fly, to the lady-bird and the gnat.
The verdict of all things is unanimous, finding their master cruel:
The dog, thy humble friend, thy trusting, honest friend;
The ass, thine uncomplaining slave, drudging from morn to even;
The lamb, and the timorous hare, and the labouring ox at plough;
The speckled trout, basking in the shallow; and the partridge, gleaning in the stubble;
And the stag at bay, and the worm in thy path, and the wild bird pining in captivity,
And all things that minister alike to thy life, and thy comfort, and thy pride,
Testify with one sad voice that man is a cruel master.
Verily, they are all thine: freely may'st thou serve thee of them all:
They are thine by gift for thy needs, to be used in all gratitude and kindness;
Gratitude to their God and thine, their Father and thy Father;
Kindness to them who toil for thee, and help thee with their all:
For meat, but not by wantonness of slaying; for burden, but with limits of humanity;
For luxury, but not through torture; for draught, but according to the strength.
For a dog cannot plead his own right, nor render a reason for exemption,
Nor give a soft answer unto wrath, to turn aside the undeserved lash;
The galled ox cannot complain, nor supplicate a moment's respite;
The spent horse hideth his distress, till he panteth out his spirit at the goal;
Also, in the winter of life, when worn by constant toil,
If ingratitude forget his services, he cannot bring them to remembrance:
Behold, he is faint with hunger; the big tear standeth in his eye;
His skin is sore with stripes, and he totteretn beneath his burden;
His limbs are stiff with age, his sinews have lost their vigour,
And pain is stamped upon his face, while he wrestleth unequally with toil;
Yet once more mutely and meekly endureth he the crushing blow;
That struggle hath cracked his heart-strings; the generous brute is dead!
Liveth there no advocate for him? no judge to avenge his wrongs?
No voice that shall be heard in his defence? no sentence to be passed on his oppressor?
Yea, the sad eye of the tortured pleadeth pathetically for him;
Yea, all the justice in heaven is roused in indignation at his woes;
Yea, all the pity upon earth shall call down a curse upon the cruel;
Yea, the burning malice of the wicked is their own exceeding punishment.
The angel of mercy stoppeth not to comfort, but passeth by on the other side,
And hath no tear to shed, when a cruel man is damned.
—*Tupper.*

SPOILED BY DRINK.

The mother, when she heard it, called out, "Luke, Luke, come in here." The man went in, and took me with him. The wife's face was ghastly pale; the eye large, and sunk in the socket: with her long thin fingers she gripped my hand, and with the other took the hand of her husband; and her face, sharp as it was, looked radiant in the light that seemed to bathe it, coming from the throne of everlasting love. She then told me what a good husband she had. "Luke," she said, "is a kind husband and a good father; he takes care of the family, and is very kind to them; but the drink, you know, sometimes makes a little difficulty." O, that little difficulty! God only and the crushed drunkard's wife know what it is. The man shook like a leaf; then tearing down his wife's night-dress, he said, "Look at that!" On her white shoulders was a bad-looking mark. Again

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he said, "Look at that!" and I saw a bruise on her neck, which made my flesh creep. "Three days before she was taken sick," he said, "I struck her. God forgive me! She has been telling you she has got a good husband. Am I? am I a good husband? Look at that! God Almighty forgive me!" He bowed over that woman, and I never saw a man cry so in my life: it seemed as if he had gone into convulsions. "Don't cry, Luke," sobbed his wife; "don't, please don't: you would not have struck me if it hadn't been for the *drink;* now you have signed the pledge, we shall all be happy again. Don't cry."

These are the men you call brutes and fiends. Strip them of the damning influence of *drink*, and they are *men*. There is no power on earth that will make a man into a fiend like the power of drink.

Young man, sitting now beside that young girl whom you hope to make your wife. You never dream, as you look lovingly in her face, that your hand will ever be dashed into that face, sending the blood spouting from the mouth. It never will, unless you do it under the influence of drink.

Working men! brethren in trade! I ask you to look at this enterprise. Is there not something noble in it to say, "*I will abstain!*" I will exert an influence for others; I will drop a pebble into the ocean, the centre of which is everywhere, and the circumference nowhere. I will drop it there, praying that the ripple may increase until it shall be like a wave, bearing, perhaps, upon its bosom, some souls saved by my instrumentality? We are here in this world to do good; and we cannot do good without its costing us something.

Roll on this glorious car with thanksgiving and songs of praise from those who have been rescued from the power of the destroyer. Will you help us? That is the question. As a Minister once said at the close of his sermon, "You are ready to exclaim, 'Is it all *done?*' No; it is all *said:* it remains with you to say whether it shall be *done*." That God may give you the will, and the desire, and the strength, and the power, to battle against the enemy to the working classes, is my sincere and earnest prayer.

Let us stand side by side in this great conflict; let our motto be, *Excelsior!* our hope, there is a better day dawning; and our prayer, "God speed the right!"—*J. B. Gough.*

SUPERSTITIOUS ALARM REMOVED.

DURING the late continued snow-storm, some mysterious footprints were observed near Exeter, in Devonshire. These were marks of a strange footstep—a hoof; and the track was easily traced for forty miles, it was said, nearly in a straight line. The creature seemed to have gone over high hedges, over walls, and across the river, without difficulty. The people of the country-parts were alarmed; many talked, and tried in vain to conjecture the origin of these footprints; and at length most were content to fancy they were supernatural, and called the track, "The Devil's Walk."

About the same time, the like prints in the snow were discovered in Somersetshire and Gloucestershire. What could all this be? In other days, Priests, Monks, and over-credulous people would at once have said, "There is some strange evil lurking in the land, and Satan is let loose." Probably enough, in Popish days, we would have heard of demands for some chapel to be built to St. Anthony, or Our Lady, or some other such, in order to engage some saint to scare away the dreaded evil.

But what is the explanation of the whole? It is the following interesting fact:—The severe and rigorous winter has forced abroad out of its lurking-places the animal called the *badger*. Hard-pressed by hunger and cold, the badger has been forced to seek nourishment away from its usual haunts. It is a nocturnal animal, never coming willingly abroad by day; and hence the footprints were made by night, when all were asleep. It turns out that this mysterious track is the print of a *badger's foot*, and nothing more!

If any of our readers ever feel inclined to suppose some place *lucky*, and others *unlucky*, or some days of the week or month to be so, let them be sure that there is no more luck or ill-luck in the matter, than in the prints of the badger's foot.

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Whoever rests in the Bible as God's word will feel that there never can be any cause for a believer being alarmed at what seems mysterious. He will calmly wait and see. There is *philosophy* as well as faith in that Bible-sentence, "He that believeth *shall not make haste.*"

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.

It was a judicious resolution of a father, when, being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he replied, "I intend to apprentice them all to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become, like her, wives, mothers, and heads of families, and useful members of society."

SERMON ON A LEAF.

The following incident came to the knowledge of the writer when collecting materials for a funeral sermon on the death of Mr. Henry Cunliffe, of Crawshaw-Booth.

Before his conversion to God he was so far enveloped in the darkness of unbelief, as to doubt the existence of an Almighty Creator. This left him very wretched; for being without God, he was also without hope in the world. He was, however, a great observer of nature; and while looking one day into a field, during a shower of rain, his eye fell upon a plant (the burdock) whose leaves were very broad. This circumstance, as he thought, prevented the rain from descending to the root, and nourishing the plant; but, on closer observation, he found that all the water caught by the leaf was conveyed by various channels to the stalk, which was so grooved as to convey all the water to the root. It instantly occurred to him that those leaves evinced design, and that that implied a designer; and therefore he concluded that there must be a God, the Maker and Upholder of all things. From that moment he was most effectually delivered from all atheistic notions; and he resolved to seek this all-wise and glorious Being, as He is manifested in His Son, Jesus Christ. He subsequently became a cheerful and happy Christian, and a useful servant in the church, and was wont, like the Great Teacher, to impart religious instruction to his friends, in beautiful similies drawn from natural objects, thus leading them

"From nature up to nature's God."

"The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." (Psal. cxi. 2.)

J. M.

RECREATION

Is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe—to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow, and his steed starve: as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting; labouring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge. Then only doth the work go forward, when the scythe is so seasonably and moderately whetted that it may cut, and so cut that it may have the help of sharpening.—*Hall.*

DANCING.

The Municipal Council of the township of Grimsby (United States of America) has passed a by-law prohibiting dancing in public-houses. It is but right when travellers pay for their lodgings that they should be allowed to sleep, and not be annoyed by dancers; and dancers should go where they can abuse no one but themselves. It is hoped by many that this by-law will be carried into effect.

SIX-DAY CABS.

It is a most significant and gratifying fact that since the new Hackney-Coach Act came into operation, upwards of one thousand London cabs have got "SIX-DAY PLATES;" that is, they are licensed to run on the six working days of the week, *but never come out on Sunday.* About three thousand cabs are still employed in the metropolis on the Lord's day. Let us rejoice that already one thousand men and their horses have *a day of rest.*

The six-day cabs are readily distin-

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guished from the others by being numbered 10,000 and upwards. Any cab having *five* figures on the plate (10,000 and upwards) *does not run on the Sabbath.*

"I can generally tell," said a gentleman, "the six-day cabmen from the seven-day men *on a Monday morning*, without even looking at the numbers of their cabs!" "How so?" inquired a friend. "They look so much *fresher* and happier after their Sunday's rest, than the seven-day men. Both they and their *horses* are more lively," was the reply.

GOOD ADVICE.

The following exhortation was delivered by a slave in a religious lecture-room in Montgomery, Alabama. It is not a bad illustration in the way of an admonition:—

"My bredren, God bless your souls! 'ligion is like de Alabama ribber! In spring come freah, and bring in all de ole logs, sleds, an' sticks dat hab been lyin' on de bank, and carry dem down in de current. Bymeby de water go down; den a log cotch on dis island, den a slab get cotched on de shore, and de sticks on de bushes, and dare dey lie, witherin' an' divin' till come 'nother freah. Jus' so dare come 'vival of 'ligion; dis ole sinner bro't in, dat ole backalider bro't back, an' all de folks seem comin', an' mighty good times. But, bredren, God bless your souls! bymeby 'vivals gone; den dis ole sinner is stuck on his own sin afore on jus' such a rock; den one arter 'noder, dat had got 'ligion, lie all along de shore, and dey lie till 'noder 'vival. Belubed bredren, God bless your souls! *keep in de current.*"

THE EVER-RULING HAND.

A little error of the eye, a misguidance of the hand, a slip of the foot, a starting of a horse, a sudden mist, or a great shower, or a word undesignedly cast forth in an army, has turned the stream of victory from one side to another, and thereby disposed of empires and whole nations. No Prince ever returns safe out of battle, but may well remember how many bullets have gone *by* that might have gone *through* him; and by what unforeseen chances death has been turned aside, which seemed in a full, ready, and direct career to have been posting to him. All which passages, if we do not acknowledge to have been guided to their respective ends and effects by the conduct of a superior and a Divine hand, we do by the same assertion cashier all Providence, strip the Almighty of His noblest prerogative, and make God, not the Governor, but the mere spectator of the world.

WILLS, WON'TS, AND CAN'TS.

Somebody has said there are three kinds of men in the world,—the *wills*, the *won'ts*, and the *can'ts*. The first effect everything, the next oppose everything, and the last fail in everything. "I will" builds our railroads and steamboats; "I won't" does not believe in experiments and nonsense; while "I can't" grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in bankruptcy.

A TURKISH FUNERAL IN ENGLAND.

The remains of the Mohammedan sailor Sali, who was accidentally suffocated on board the ship "Duncan," at Bristol, were interred at Arno's Vale, near that city, and excited no little interest. The Serang at first objected to any funeral at all in this country; and proposed to prepare the body, hoist it aloft, and carry it back to India. But upon its being represented to him that England was a nation in alliance with the followers of Mohammed, for whose independence she was now fighting, and that the English laws required that the body should be interred, he consented. He next objected to any coffin being used, but at length yielded on that point; insisting, however, that there should be no lid screwed down. These points were finally arranged by the Mohammedans. When the time for starting with the body arrived, the coffin was hoisted on men's shoulders. A man then placed in a basin

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a quantity of halfpence mixed with rye; while another opened an umbrella, which he placed over the coffin, holding it there, without intermission, until the corpse was lowered into the grave. The man with the basin took a handful of the money and rye, which he threw towards the east (being towards Mecca); a second handful he threw up towards the sky, passing them over the top of the coffin; and a third he threw behind him. The coins were allowed to fall amongst, and be picked up by, the crowd; and the man who acted as Priest stated, in answer to a bystander, that in his country it was the custom, when wealthy persons were interred, to throw away vast sums in silver and gold. At one or two points in their progress towards the cemetery, money was again thrown away. On arriving at the cemetery, the undertaker was ordered to remove the lid from the coffin; and the Mohammedan followers then gathered around it, turned the corpse on its side, and undid the linen wrappers. They placed a piece of earth in his mouth, and three large stones behind him; and the coffin being then lowered into the grave, they each threw in a piece of earth. They all then crouched down in eastern form around the grave; and the man acting as Priest chanted a monotonous sort of dirge, in which the others all joined at intervals. The grave was then closed in, and they returned to the city.

Memorials of the Departed.

HENRY MARSHALL, of Hardwick, in the Attleborough Circuit, was a farmer's labourer, a young man twenty-four years of age, not of long experience in the ways of God, but truly converted about two years before his death, which took place on Sunday morning, May 21st, 1854. When about seventeen years of age, living with a pious master, who taught him to read the Scriptures, and took him to the house of prayer, his mind became seriously impressed concerning spiritual and eternal things. These impressions were indeed greatly weakened by living afterwards with masters of another spirit, who, not caring for their own souls, were not likely to care for his. But again he heard the Gospel, became a Wesleyan Methodist, found peace with God, and, after passing through a short but severe sickness, which was sanctified to his soul's good, closed his brief career in peace.

At Blidworth, in the Mansfield Circuit, on June 6th, 1854, ANN BLATHERWICK, aged twenty-two years. Early brought to a knowledge of herself as a sinner, she sought pardon, and happily found it, when in her thirteenth year. Though of a remarkably lively disposition, her cheerfulness seldom merged into levity. From her earliest years, she was blessed with religious impressions, and has been heard to remark that she did not remember the time when the Spirit of God did not strive with her. She held the holy Scriptures in great reverence, even before she felt their power for herself; and frequently checked others who spoke of them in a light or careless manner. She sincerely loved the church of which she was a member nine years.

During her affliction, she manifested entire resignation, and her deadness to the world was truly surprising. One of her intimate friends remarked this to her; when she replied, "It is not of myself that I can do this, neither has it been accomplished without much prayer. The first week of my illness was one of severe temptation; but the Lord sustained me, and I then resolved that I would never remove my cause out of His hands. I gave myself and friends up to Him, and willingly left the issue of all things with Him. And, O!" she continued, "the joy that comes through believing!" As her bodily strength failed, and reading was too much for her, the name of Jesus was constantly on her lips. On one occasion, she exclaimed to a friend who

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visited her, "Talk to me of Jesus: everything else tires me; that never does." When the summons came for her removal, it caused no distressing fears or alarm, but she found her mind graciously supported by the consolations of religion. On the morning of the day on which she died, feeling different, she asked, "Is it death?" The reply being, "It is very near;" she joyously said, "I am not afraid to die. The end appears very near, but death has lost his sting. It is a solemn thing to die; but I find dying grace in a dying hour, and there is light in the valley." The last words she uttered on earth were, "My Jesus!" soon after which she fell asleep, to wake no more until the morning of the resurrection, when the dead in Christ shall rise first.

Mrs. Elizabeth Geldard was born at Slaidburn, in the Clitheroe Circuit, about the year 1762. At an early period of her life she came to reside at Low-Bentham, in Yorkshire. She often referred to her early associations there, and to the strivings of the Holy Spirit with her. She was first attracted to hear the Methodists by their singing; and the word to which she listened produced a deep impression upon her mind, and led her with great earnestness to seek a saving interest in the blood of Christ. She was, however, five years in seeking the Lord, before she obtained a knowledge of sins forgiven. This length of sorrow arose, doubtless, from her not associating with those who had experienced this blessing. Being one day, however, in deep distress of mind, she went into the garden. The sun was shining, and all was cheerful, except her own heart, which was full of sadness. Lifting up her soul to God, she cried for mercy; and then the Sun of Righteousness arose upon her with healing in His wings, and dispersed the clouds and mists of unbelief that had so long enveloped her. She was then enabled to praise God for His pardoning love, and felt that she was a new creature in Christ Jesus; that her sins which were many were all forgiven; and that she was commanded to go in peace and sin no more. It does not appear that she lost this the evidence of her acceptance in God from that time forward. She received her ticket of admission from Mr. Shackleton in the year 1813, and became a steady and consistent Methodist. Being united with the people of God, she loved the means of grace, and delighted to be found with them who were partakers of like precious faith. The means of grace were then very limited, and many places that are now visited with the light of truth, were then enveloped in thick darkness. She and her husband would walk over the moors to Bank-End, and back in the evening, a distance of four miles, to attend a prayer-meeting, and to unite with others in hearing the word of God preached, and esteemed it a great and hallowed privilege to be enabled to do so.

A woman of constant industry, she attended well to the ways of her household, and did not eat the bread of idleness. She endeavoured to train up her large family in the ways of the Lord; and though sometimes called to suffer great family affliction, and in several instances to render back to God those whom He had given, yet in every season of trial she felt that He who permitted her to be afflicted, was able to bring her through. Christian simplicity and fervent sincerity seemed to be the principal features in her character. Her life being spent principally in her own family, little is known of her except in the domestic circle in which she moved; but her great aim there seems to have been to love God herself, and to lead those around her to love and serve Him also. She calmly fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle, on June 16th, 1854, at the age of ninety-two years, resigning into His hands the soul which He had redeemed and pardoned.

Mrs. Dover was born at South-Shields, in the year 1809. In early life her mind was deeply impressed with the necessity of true religion; but she was led by the allurements of the world to neglect for many years the salvation of her soul. At length she was aroused to a sense of her state by nature. In bitterness of soul she inquired, "What must I do to be saved?" Being directed to Christ, and urged to believe in Him, she made the effort; and, as the result of a personal and an actual trust in the blood of the Lamb for sinners slain, her chains fell off, her

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heart was freed, she sprang at once into the liberty and light of the Gospel, and went forth in the way everlasting. She loved the house of God, and especially her class: she was never known to be absent therefrom when health and circumstances permitted her to go. But above all she loved her Bible, read it prayerfully, and was in the habit of spending whole nights in prayer, and in reading the New Testament with Wesley's Notes. Her husband frequently awoke in the night, and found her on her knees with the New Testament before her. Her affliction was long and severe; but no impatient word ever escaped her lips. She would often say, "This is hard work, but it will soon be over;" and then she would repeat the lines,—

"O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at Thy feet!"

During the last few weeks of her life, it was evident that she was fast ripening for the garner of glory everlasting: the fear of death was entirely removed. Some weeks before she died, she said to her husband, "Go to the drawer, and you will find my grave-clothes, which I have prepared and kept for my burial." In one of her last struggles with the powers of hell, she said to her husband, "Satan thrusts hard at me; but Jesus is

'The Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.'"

On seeing her husband weeping, she said, "Do not weep: all is well, all is well. Cleave to the Lord: we shall soon meet above: Jesus is precious to me: the best of all is, God is with us. 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' Glory be to Jesus!

'My Jesus to know, and feel His blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.'"

A few moments before her happy spirit took its flight, she wished to see her two sons; who were immediately brought. The sight was very affecting. She laid her hand on the head of the eldest, and gave him, with great firmness and composure, this dying charge: "Now, Joseph, mind and be good to your father, and to your little brother; and may the Lord bless you." Before she could speak to the younger, the awful crisis came. Death had made his appearance; the tottering tabernacle was about to be dissolved; and, turning to her friends, she said, "My friends, I bid you all farewell; a long farewell." Then she exclaimed, "O, the blood of Jesus shed for sinners! the blood of Jesus shed for me!" Her husband said, "O, the precious blood of Jesus! Cleave to the precious blood." She pressed his hand, and whispered, "It is enough. Be still. He is coming! He is coming! The chariots of Israel and the horsemen are here to carry me home." These were her last words. She departed on Monday, July 3d, 1854, aged forty-five years.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

Names.	Residences, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bell, Mr. Archibald,	Heckmondwike,	Cleckheaton,	57	June 13th, 1855.
Gee, Edward,	Bosley,	Macclesfield,	90	March 25th, 1854.
Keyworth, Frances,	Laceby,	Grimsby,	72	April 24th, 1855.
Treseder, James,	Nursery Gardens,	Truro,	18	May 22d, 1855.
Triffit, Elizabeth,	Grimsby,	Grimsby,	73	May 25th, 1855.
Williamson, Jonathan,	Stallingborough,	Grimsby,	37	May 20th, 1855.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

THE POPE ANSWERING A LETTER.

It would require an extraordinary power of discrimination to classify the varieties of letter-writing, and no less patience to inspect the specimens. But the most obtuse must be sometimes made aware of certain diversities of no rare occurrence.

Here are the *vacant* letter-writers. They luxuriate in wasting stationery and stamps; and are thus kept from doing worse. Their productions may be accounted harmless only just because of the exceedingly minute proportion of matter that is in them. Each note is a homœopathic drop, or globule, and nothing more.

There are the *stingy* ones. They never avail themselves of the post-office if they can avoid it, not even if a penny would gratify a correspondent, or get themselves credit for common civility. If you ask a question

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in writing, of one such, it will never be answered; and if, by dire necessity, he has to interrogate you through the intervention of a letter-carrier, his communication will come under an old envelope, turned inside out, with his own scarce name on the inside. Such morsels it is unpleasant to receive.

Then come the *fussy*. Their missives are frequent, too frequent, too exigent, and must necessarily be answered as quickly and categorically as possible, or "second of exchange" will come, to ask why "first" has not been acknowledged. They have to be handled quickly, but very coldly, or you get a bundle of them before you are aware.

Begging letters are notorious. They are the single sort that ought never to be answered, if the writer be unknown, or the handwriting suspicious. But they only come to the rich and the benevolent. Crabbed, churly, impracticable people seldom get the like. A begging letter is therefore something of a compliment; and they who like such compliments are sure to get them, and sure to pay for them.

Familiar letter-writers are the most pleasant, after all. Their pages are generally full of good humour and plain words. Trifles, of course, make up the sum of human things; and this kind of epistles in so much represents the tenor of ordinary household life, on which account it is eminently charming to the parties concerned, but not far beyond them. They are not meant to be printed. It is impossible for any man to escape them, ill-natured as he may be, so long as there is one soul in the world that cares for him. They stuff the bags from the seat of war. They are delivered in every street, and in every hamlet, if there be any delivery at all. They pour out of England by thousands every mail, under tenpenny and shilling postages. No tax can be prohibitory on such charming messengers from kin to kin; and where is there a poor solitary woman whose husband is the other side the globe, that would not go from door to door to beg halfpence for franking hers? No one can certainly say whether it is more pleasant to write such, or more pleasant to read them. These are the letters that we most quickly recognise, and open first; and if not answered first, it is because the answers are to go by choice and free-will rather than any urgent necessity.

The best letters are not so numerous. They are not numerous enough. The best letter is one that comes close home to the heart, telling it of the best things, giving it the most faithful warnings and the best advice. Such a letter is never penned in spite. It is not crammed with drawling platitudes; nor thrown off with authority, as though the writer pronounced his wisdom *ex cathedrâ*—sitting in Moses' seat. It is not a something written that could not decently be spoken. It is cordial, warm, true, sterling, irresistible. Not every good man can write a good letter, even if he tries; and, perhaps, the harder he tries, the worse he does it. The execution is often inferior to the intention; but still the intention is good. Be thankful, therefore, when you get one addressed to yourself. Many a poor sinner has been brought to his senses by a letter of the kind; and the man that writes one is quite

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as worthy of immortal memory as if he had written a Pilgrim's Progress, or an Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Anonymous letters may be very good in some times and places. It was an anonymous letter that saved England from the Gunpowder treason and plot. They may be very good in about one time out of a million. But 999,999 of the million are almost sure to be beneath attention. You may read an anonymous letter twice, in condescension to the writer's modesty, if its contents appear to be written in kindness, or to put you on your guard: but if they are bad or insignificant, burn the thing; never speak of it, never think of it, again.

There is another sort of letters, quite proper to be written, but most cautiously to be answered. They belong to a correspondence that should be opened and concluded with the utmost prudence; and they who have conducted one such correspondence most wisely are best satisfied, and never desire to begin another.

In this world of material interests we must have *business* letters too. There is not an atom of genuine love to be picked out of one in a thousand of these necessary documents. It is a trade to write them. Good penmanship and correct arithmetic qualify the writer. Good nibs, a free hand, light paper, and prompt attention. They are to the progress of temporal affairs, what well-wrought iron is for a railway: like rails and sleepers, they are needed that things may be kept going; but, like the cold, unyielding iron, they have no bright colour, no fragrance, no beauty, except what is mechanical. Yet they must come, and they must go. Take care of them both ways.

Diplomatic letters are models of worldly wisdom. They never contain a superfluous word beyond what occasion may require, the purest grammar, the most exact courtesy, the most imperturbable temper, the keenest foresight, the most sapient ignorance, exquisite management, opportune reserve, silence that speaks, words that speak not: a cipher that seems legible to any man, but is understood only by those who are versed in the dialect of state,—the hierophants of Cabinets. Yet sometimes they are masterpieces of statesmanship, and rank worthily among the best-written records of the world's history. Most of them read best when they are old.

Now there is another style of correspondence that stands quite alone. The French would say that it is *unique*. It belongs not to common mortals. One can hardly characterize or even tell how to name it. In the humbler circles of society, it would be impossible to commit anything like it; amongst men of business, actionable; with diplomatists, contrary to the laws of nations. We dislike hard words, but cannot find a soft word to suit, and therefore must set down such transactions among the *nefanda*,—the things unutterably bad. One specimen, however, shall serve to show how correspondence is dealt with by one who holds himself superior to all mankind, and above common morality, common equity, and common sense.

We have written above, "The Pope answering a letter;" and will now illustrate, by a well-known instance, the Papal method of stopping unwelcome correspondence.

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After several centuries of trial, the advocates of a notion that the Virgin Mary was conceived and born without sin, found an opportunity to get that notion declared an article of faith. The Jesuits took up the project warmly; the present Pope—governed by the Jesuits at all times, and now the more willingly serving them as he entertained the same desire as they—had sent letters to all the Romish Bishops in the world, to engage their votes in favour of the new doctrine; and received satisfactory replies from a considerable number. But even the Pope cannot always obtain answers to his letters: not a few of the Prelates were silent. Pius IX. determined, notwithstanding, to settle the matter in conjunction with his party; and to that end summoned a meeting of Bishops favourable to the scheme to a meeting in Rome in the month of November, 1854.

While this was going on, several Priests in France felt exceedingly dissatisfied, and appointed one of their number, the Abbé Laborde, to go to Rome at the same time, and, either in person or by some other means, remonstrate with the Pope and his party, and endeavour to dissuade them from declaring it obligatory on every one to believe what was manifestly incredible to the apprehension of all who thought seriously on the subject. M. Laborde set out from Paris, accordingly, and arrived in Rome just four days before the meeting of Bishops, convoked to declare that the Virgin Mary was quite as free from sin in her birth as the Lord Jesus Christ himself.

As soon as the remonstrant Abbé saw that the Episcopal assemblies had commenced, he drew up a petition to the Pope, requesting to be heard, and, having no shadow of hope of gaining admission to his presence, signed it, folded it up, put it under cover, and dropped it into the letter-box at the post-office. It began thus:—"To our Holy Father the Pope, Pius IX., and the Bishops assembled. M. the Abbé Laborde, in his own name, and in the name of many Priests and faithful Catholics of Paris, requests to be admitted, in order to unfold and prove the following *theses*, in opposition to the proposed definition of a new dogma of faith, of the Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin." The letter consisted of nineteen *theses*, or statements of opinion, all contrary to the new doctrine, yet written in very respectful language, with exact adherence to the usual forms of courtesy, as was to be expected in such a document. The reasons assigned by the writer for demurring to the expected declaration of the assembled Prelates were very strong; and the letter closed with his request to be admitted at a convenient time to develop the articles, and present his proofs. Lastly, it had his name and address, all written with his own hand, and signed, "in Rome, at the Hotel Minerva, 22d November, 1854." Consequently, he could not be hidden, and the Pope knew where to make sure of him at any moment.

In due time the letter came to the Pope's own hand; and no doubt he read it very attentively, and called for his advisers to tell him what he ought to do. Counsel was not precipitated, but the matter was allowed to stand over four days before the answer to Laborde's letter was returned. If that letter had contained an ode in praise of the "Immaculate Conception," the writer

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would have been welcomed with every demonstration of respect. He would have had permission to kiss the slipper; and would have been sure of a mitre, and perhaps a red hat. But he happened to be of another way of thinking; and although license is usually given to some one to maintain the opposite, on occasions of deliberation, no such license could be given to Laborde, simply because he was known to be in earnest, and therefore very different from the opponent in ceremony, who is quite another person from the opponent in earnest. To such a person's letter it was not thought right to send a formal answer, either by letter or by word of mouth; nor yet safe to leave him without some answer.

Accordingly, a messenger was dispatched to him by the gentle Pius IX., with "a secret order to leave Rome as soon as possible." An ordinary messenger could not be trusted; and therefore Signor Ternassi, a Canon, Secretary-General of the Cardinal-Vicar, was bearer of the message from the Pope himself to the Abbé. The Abbé, however, did not choose to obey a secret order, delivered by word of mouth, without a line of black and white to show for it. He therefore kept quietly in his lodgings at the hotel of Minerva, where, two days later, the "Lieutenant of the Police of Conscience" arrived in his apartment, by order of the Cardinal-Vicar, that is to say, the Governor of Rome, with agents and witnesses, to search his apartments and seize his papers. All that they could find of papers, books, and manuscripts, they laid hold of, and carried away. The Abbé remonstrated, of course; and, of course, his remonstrance was of no avail. "Next day," says the Abbé, "I received a notice to deliver myself immediately to the criminal tribunal of the Inquisition." This, however, seems to be a mistake. We have no knowledge of any such tribunal belonging to the Inquisition; nor would the Inquisitors act thus in defence of a dogma not yet made binding. The Abbé has been politely asked for information on this point, but has not given any answer to the inquiry, and therefore we suppose that he has no explanation to give.* There was no mistake, however, in what followed; for, after much discourse between himself and the officials, the Abbé found himself a prisoner. "A soldier, disguised as a civilian, came to arrest me in my apartment. He told me to prepare my portmanteau: I did so. In coming down stairs, he demanded the key of my apartment, which I had locked: I gave it to him. I carried my cane and my umbrella. The hall of the hotel was full of people. These were so many witnesses of my departure; and my jailer placed the key of my chamber in a desk, advising me to deliver my luggage to the person who should come instead of him to take it. I was conducted to an office of the police to wait for a carriage. When it was ready, I mounted, in company with a *gendarme*. He also was dressed as a civilian.

"We did not arrive at Civita-Vecchia till eight o'clock, because of the inclement weather. It was ten o'clock when we passed through the place. All

* Since writing this article we observe that he is dead. *Yes.* Destitute, *deranged*, they say, in a hospital in Paris!

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the bells of the town blended their chimes in harmony, and artillery thundered forth the announcement of the hour of the ceremony [of proclaiming the Immaculate Conception]. I was conducted, in view of the people, first to the police; then, passing again through the multitude, the *gendarme* and an agent of Civita, carrying in their hand an open order, conveyed me to the harbour. Midway they hailed a boat: in which they placed my effects, and then myself. This boat brought me along-side the *S. Pietro*, a Pontifical brig lying in harbour. It was at this moment gorgeously decked out, and all the colours floated in the breeze.

"I was then consigned as a prisoner in this vessel; Providence, without doubt, willing it that my presence should be there to the last, as an authentic protest. Less favoured than was St. Paul, when a captive in Pagan Rome, I continued in this floating prison four entire days, without being able to set foot on shore, not even to go with a guard to hear mass on the day of the Conception, and the Sunday following. The *Capri*, which was to convey me back to Marseilles, arrived on Tuesday morning, 12th December, to start again at four o'clock. At a quarter to four the Commissary of Police came, in full dress, to take me in a boat; and transferred me, in view of all the passengers, to the Neapolitan vessel, whereupon I at length regained my liberty."

Thus unwelcome letters are answered at Rome; and who can say that such answers are not intelligible, even to the meanest capacity? But correspondence with Rome, whether private or public, friendly or diplomatic, is by all means to be avoided; and no Englishman can be trusted who attempts it.

A LEAK IN THE SHIP.

In our Circuit Schedules, which show the state of the Wesleyan Societies, are two columns, headed respectively, "Removed to other Circuits," and "Removed from other Circuits." Of course, the number found in those columns ought to be equal, and, when added up, to yield the same result. That is to say, taking a dozen Circuits, or several quarters in the same Circuit, arrivals ought to compensate for removals. Methodists do not often die in moving from one English Circuit to another. A family leaving London Sixth for Leeds First, ought to be forthcoming in the latter Circuit, and should swell its numbers in the same degree that London has lost. We say that this *ought* to be the case; that, after being reduced by deaths and backsliders, there ought not to be a third item of loss under the head of removals. Yet every Superintendent knows, and every Quarterly Meeting is aware, that the numbers are diminished yearly by removals. Members of our church, in moving from one Circuit to another, cease to meet in class, and are lost to Methodism. On reaching their new home, those persons neglect to make themselves known; the people with whom they worship sometimes appear cold and distant, and do not notice the new-comers. Week after week passes away: they lose relish for class-meetings and the Lord's supper, and silently withdraw into the world.

The loss thus sustained is by no means trifling. It is reported

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quarterly, and the number may not seem startling; but proceed from the quarterly loss in a Circuit to the annual deficiency, and then go from a Circuit to a District, and from a District mark its working over the country, and the loss by removals will form yearly a serious item. The Circuit in which this article is written may be taken as a specimen of the town-Circuits of English Methodism; and here we have a loss of at least *seven per cent. per annum* by removals. The cases which yield this account are well sifted. Emigrations are not included; and in this statement are reckoned only *bonâ fide* removals from one home-Circuit to another. And it comes to this: If in all other respects we were stationary; if there were no conversions, deaths, or backsliders; this annual drain through removals would in fourteen years bring us to nothing. There is every reason to believe that, in point of fact, as many Wesleyans have come to live in the Circuit within the last twelve months, as have left it to reside elsewhere. But whilst about one hundred and twenty are marked in the Class-Books as "removed," only half that number have been received from other Circuits. And we infer that there are in our congregations threescore persons, Wesleyan in disguise. They were members, and numbered as such in other Circuits, a year ago; but they have neglected since they came hither to declare themselves Methodists, and have thus slidden out of communion. We have need but to conceive of what takes place in one Circuit as obtaining more or less through the whole church, and we conclude that loss by removals affects very seriously our annual returns.

It is important that something be done to prevent this incessant waste and leakage. Loss by this means is really so wanton and needless. A yearly diminution by deaths, backsliders, and emigrations we expect, and cannot provide against; but loss by removals is palpably unnecessary, and therefore the more to be lamented. There is no reason why a man who meets in class in London, should cease to meet because he goes to live at Leicester, or *vice versa*. Yet this is the state of the case. A man and his wife enter a railway-carriage Methodists, and at their journey's end they are Methodists no longer, and we might imagine that they had lost their Quarterly Ticket by the way. We know that much has been said in palliation; but we are prepared to maintain that the provision formally made to meet the case is perfect. All that we want is, to have our good arrangement reduced to practice.

We have "notes of removal." Every Methodist knows what these are, and their use; and nothing is easier than to procure one from the Minister, either by personal application, or through the Leader. Very few change their residence on so short a notice, as not to have time for procuring a note of removal. Such a document would bring the member at once under the immediate notice of the Minister in the Circuit whither he goes. He would direct the stranger to a suitable class, and thenceforth watch over him as one of the sheep of his pasture. When the Circuit-register is made up, and a regular loss by removals is ascertained

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quarter by quarter, it is a disheartening thought that those persons, whom Ministers and Leaders somewhere have taken pains to visit and teach and advise, should be lost to Methodism, when so simple a precaution would prevent this harm and loss. It has always been believed that Wesleyans set a high value upon the advantages of membership, and tradition tells of a reverence for the Quarterly Ticket bordering upon enthusiasm; but if so many Methodists yearly continue to sacrifice, on such light grounds, the privilege of church-fellowship, the religious public will be compelled to think otherwise of the followers of John Wesley.

To those who change their residence, duty is sufficiently plain, and has now been indicated. Yet we think there is something to be done in this matter by Wesleyans generally. The "note of removal" would, if duly made use of, accomplish all that we desire. But facts and figures show that this is not done so fully as is needful; and hence it is important that Ministers, and Leaders, and members keep a keen look out for the Wesleyans who come to live within the limits of their Circuits.

When a respectable family comes into a neighbourhood, "the children of this world" are not long in finding out the name, and noting the address; and, in a few days, the master and mistress are inundated with cards and circulars from professional men and tradespeople, who are anxious on various grounds to make their acquaintance. With a like zeal and promptness, and for higher reasons, ought we to stand upon our watch-tower, and look out for the stranger within our gates.

The earlier such persons are found out, and incorporated with the church, the better. Absence from class-meeting does not create an appetite for it, as those well know who meet monthly, instead of weekly: and the person who comes fresh from regular communion with God's people in another Circuit would be glad of recognition to-day; but let him worship for three months in the Congregation without joining a class, and he will then be more than half ashamed to avow himself a member, and rather shun than wish an interview with a Minister or Leader.

In some town-Circuits the Minister gives notice once or twice a month, at the close of the Sunday-evening service, that he will meet in the vestry any Wesleyans who may have come from other Circuits, but have not yet found their way to class. This has worked well. Many have been gathered into the church who would otherwise have probably slipped out into society, and have been lost amongst the "floods of ungodly men." Such an arrangement meets the case of some who might not find it convenient to wait upon the Minister at his own house, and is, in our judgment, worthy of general adoption. Whilst we are laudably anxious to win from the world the thoughtless and sinful, let us be equally concerned to keep those who have been "written among the living in Jerusalem." The members annually lost in changing Circuits would constitute, in ordinary times, a noble increase; and whilst it is true that

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we need more conversions, it is also true that we need more care to keep those whom God has given to us.

These remarks are not meant to excuse neglect on the part of members newly come to a Circuit. They *ought* to be prepared with a note of removal, and, by producing it, to make themselves known. The benefits of church-fellowship lie chiefly on the side of the member: if he leaves the church of Christ, *he* is the loser; and where the communion of saints is valued as it ought to be, membership will not be held so cheap as to be sacrificed to negligence. Yet we are not to be too nice in our division of duty, and leave an evil to work its course because the responsibility does not directly rest upon us. Better do good, or arrest mischief, out of our ordinary course, than stand aloof, and say, "It does not belong to my department." The spiritual interests of redeemed men must not be sacrificed to routine; and if others fail in their duty to themselves, let us try to supply their defect.

The loss from removals has been large during the last year, *larger than from any other cause.* The alternative, whether this leakage be stayed or not, will make a difference of several thousands to English Methodism during the next twelve months; and we ask every Wesleyan to pledge himself before the beginning of the year 1856 to do all he can to stop this leak in the ship. J. B.

St. John's Wood.

WORK IN HEAVEN.

We are made for activity. Holy effort is the normal state of our being, while to be idle and inert is to be apostate. Before he fell, man was placed in the garden to dress it and to keep it; and the curse resting upon him since the fall does not consist in the work required, but in the weariness and discomfort which attend exertion. These, mingled with our required efforts, convert them into penal toil and drudgery. But the more noble and aspiring a mind is, the more joyfully and vigorously does it exert itself, and the more of luxury does it extract from effort. All great men, all useful men,—those, too, who have accomplished great things for evil,—have been laborious men. Demosthenes, Cæsar, Newton, Franklin, Howard, Napoleon, worked hard. The Romans, in describing an extraordinary man, were always careful to mention that he was *incredibili industriâ, diligentiâ singulari.* And as long as Rome prospered, *Stimula*, who incited to diligence, and *Strenua*, who gave constancy and firmness, were among the received deities; but *Quies*, Goddess of Rest, they would not admit within the city: her temple was without the Colline gate.

On the other hand, remission of effort brings on languor, and health and energy go to decay. When the enterprise of the Assyrian empire ceased, effeminacy began, and subjugation to Media and Babylon was the result. For the same reason, those powers yielded to Cyrus; and then Persia, in turn, to Macedon. Look at India, now; look at China: what they are, or have become, such they have been

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for centuries. They have produced nothing great or noble. The hosts that swarm there may exhibit a frivolous activity, but society is torpid. Intellect has been benumbed for ages. The human race, as a whole, would have suffered little loss had all those millions been teeming on some other planet. Leaving religion out of the account, we cannot picture to ourselves a high state of human society on earth, which can at all approximate to perfection, in which there is not intense activity. Such a city as Augustus Cæsar would found, and call Apragapolis, in which no business was to be transacted, would be fit only for mutes and idiots.

"The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,—
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemploy'd."

Does not analogy teach that man, being prosperous and happy here whenever active in doing right, must be proportionately so hereafter, when all impediments to exertion are withdrawn? Who that reflects upon the active powers of the soul, and their evident design, can believe that in heaven there will be any indolence; that any drones can find admittance there? The argument is still stronger when we view the regenerated soul. The whole tendency of grace is to incite the mind to high and holy effort. Not the first inquiry alone, but the motto, is, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" No sooner had the woman of Samaria found the Messiah, than she called the whole city to come and behold Him. The motive power of Christianity is that of a spring, pressing outwardly and constantly. Piety is benevolence, and, by its own nature, communicative and active. Who that has partaken of the gracious amplitude of Divine benefits can refrain from inviting all to share? or from gratefully exerting himself in every appropriate way, in the service of the Redeemer? To be idle is repugnant to all the laws of the hidden life. Goodness finds its emblem, not in the pool, but in the stream. Run it must, or it cannot live. In proportion as the vital principle takes possession of a believer's heart, it impels him right onward in doing God's service.

Now, when delivered from this body of death, from the hindrances of this world, from the enfeebling effects of sin, does not the believer enter upon a field of intense activity, such as he never knew before? Will his ardour be cooled by contact with seraphim, and by participation in the animating scenes of the world of glory? "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night." They serve Him vigorously. What they do is done with a will. Relaxation is neither needed nor desired. Objects to be sought must present themselves so momentous as to call forth every energy. These glorious ends cannot fail to awaken such a flame of holy enterprise as their hearts never knew on earth. All this, too, will be without fatigue. Efficiently as they serve God, it is not laboriously; so that in strenuous exertion there is rest, while mere repose would be misery. And it is a delightful consideration that none of that

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activity is misdirected. While, as is probable, vast enterprises will be undertaken, in the world to come, for the furtherance of truth and holiness, no wasteful expenditure of energy will be witnessed in carrying them out. How should this reconcile us to deaths of those who are eminently useful, and were in the midst of their days! We are to remember that earth and heaven are equally a part of the domain of the Lord; and that it is His right to transfer from the one to the other, according as He pleases. Shall we, then, object if He choose to have any one, at any particular time, serve Him in heaven rather than on earth? Do you think it strange in the husbandman that he should call a hired servant, as his wisdom may dictate, from one field to another, where his comfort shall be greater, his efforts more congenial, more productive, and more acceptable to his master? Then will we not complain at any of the Divine proceedings in this matter, which at first seem unaccountable, and which to survivers are indeed most painful.

Do you point, for instance, to a mother, in the midst of highest usefulness, her presence peculiarly indispensable to a numerous group, for whom her efforts and prayers are unceasing? I point you to the same mother, in a sphere immeasurably larger, putting forth efforts far greater, with unspeakably more of satisfaction to herself and approval to the Lord. Has the spiritual kingdom of God, embracing its two provinces of earth and heaven, suffered loss? Is the aggregate of usefulness diminished? What is it to be useful, but to be where God would have us, and doing what He requires?

A youthful Preacher, as M'Cheyne, engages the hearts of a church and congregation. At their invitation he is constituted Pastor of the flock. Their affections flow out to him without stint or interruption. God owns His labours for the spiritual good of a whole community; but, in the midst of the first-fruits of what promises to be an abundant harvest, the ardent reaper is himself cut down, or rather caught up to the paradise of God. Is he lost? Is his whole work done? Will he speak of Christ crucified to smaller numbers, or with a heart less warm in his glorious theme? Will it be with a coal from a less-glowing altar that the seraphim shall there touch his lips?

So, too, in the case of the young Missionary,—Brainerd at thirty, Mills at thirty-one, Martyn at thirty-two,—or others, who, in the dew of their youth, have suddenly been called away. Is it without foresight on the part of God? Is it from a want of economy that He withdraws labourers just as they step into the whitened field? Aside from the sanctified influence of their deaths upon survivers here, are they not serving God far more efficiently in His temple above? Have they not been transferred to just that station of heavenly activity for which they were prepared? Is any of the knowledge, or enterprise, or sagacity, acquired here, of no avail there, where all energies are tasked to the utmost? Who knows best where the servants of God can do most for Him and His church?—*A. C. Thompson.*

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AIDS TO INFIDELITY.

To the Editor of the "Christian Miscellany."

You have on former occasions favoured me by the insertion of communications; and as the publication of the following observations will, I am persuaded, tend to vindicate the truth, I crave a space in your Magazine.

In a conversation I had lately with a person who has extensive transactions in the book-trade, he expressed his lament at the spread of infidel opinions. Now this fact is the more to be lamented, considering the many aids which are presented on every hand for the dissemination of the truths of Christianity: such an agency can nowhere be found to have existed in any previous age as that now presented in Great Britain. The press is employed in numberless instances, by magazines, pamphlets, tracts, and in some cases by newspapers, in advocating those unadulterated truths which will bear a Bible-scrutiny; and here we have much to be thankful for as a Christian people. That the press is a mighty power, all must acknowledge; but the question which strikes us on a view of this infidel flood is this,—"Is THE PRESS RIGHTLY EMPLOYED?" Not in all cases. Indeed, not so much in the right direction as many among us may on a cursory view suppose.

I am led into this train of thought from a circumstance which has been brought under my observation. A friend in London recently forwarded the March Number of "The British Controversialist,"—a popular work, it would seem, from its circulation; but I can have no hesitation in pronouncing it in its *theological* character (for it embraces general subjects) as an illustration of the working of "Satan transformed into an angel of light,"—the most dangerous and subtle which the Prince of darkness assumes. I prove this, at least, to that portion of your readers who know inwardly the transforming and renewing power of the Holy Spirit as converted persons. To these I appeal; for by the Spirit they know all necessary things. There is an affirmative and negative treatise on eternal punishments,—a *pro* and *contra:* as if the language of the Eternal Spirit in the Scriptures of truth might be discarded or discussed away at man's bidding. Well would it be for all to give heed to the Prophet Elijah, "If the Lord be God, follow Him." And, assuredly, if we follow Him, and conduct periodicals, we could not admit *negatives* in reference to eternal realities, and at the same time remain harmless.

Look at the downward tendencies of the natural unconverted heart, far gone from righteousness, original and actual. A man—inquiring, it may be, "What must I do to be saved?"—opens the pages of this work, and finds it devoted to the discussion of religion. "Here," he thinks, "I may gain information." He peruses an article on "eternal punishments" in the affirmative sense; becomes somewhat impressed; and then, a few pages on, reads the negative arguments. Such are the leanings of perverted hearts, that, if we knew the deep secrets of these cases, we should find the inquirer made worse; and this because the heart is so prone to evil. O, it is dangerous work, this handling of revealed truths! Great intellectual research is manifested: but I am impressed that such things poison the springs of spiritual existence; in other words, they operate in building up Satan's kingdom.

Cowper has a fine sentiment in reference to the great truths of the Gospel, which find a lodgment in simple, honest hearts, in opposition to those who, proud of their philosophy and learned debate, know not the powers of the

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world to come, too high-minded to bow at the foot of the Cross ("Essay on Truth," p. 34):—

"O, happy peasant! O, unhappy bard!
His the mere *tinsel*, hers the rich reward!
He, praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come;
She, never heard of half a mile from home:
He, *lost in errors* his *vain heart* prefers;
She, safe in the SIMPLICITY of hers."

Those who have to do with the spiritual life of others find the above true to the very letter. "Believe, and live; obey, and progress in that true life." These are Gospel conditions; and whilst vain philosophy goes from the *pro* to the *contra* of the great question, and backward and forward again, merely for intellectual display, the confiding heart credits what the Lord hath spoken, experiences pardon and peace, and adorns the Gospel in life and conversation, has an interest in all the promises of the Gospel, and becomes indeed "risen with Christ, seeking those things which are above." (Col. iii. 1.) Reader! on which side is true wisdom? The questioner and debater feed too often on ashes and husks; and, *outside* of the Gospel banqueting-house, pretend to know the qualities of the feast of which the converted partake, when at the same time, with all their disputations, they are "poor, and blind, and naked."

I might enlarge here, as the subject presents many thoughts: sufficient on this point, however, to say that the reception of Gospel-truth into simple hearts, who believe what the Lord has *revealed*, is the mainstay of any church; and why? Because here is the true spiritual life, and that life (subordinately to the Lord) is the power of a Christian community. This is what is wanted now,—the truth of God to be received without debate.

Again: in the March Number of the "Controversialist," there is a review of Massey's poems, (p. 110,) in which the writer says,—"The New-England sung by Hood, Mackay, and Massey, and led by Carlyle and Maurice, is something genuine." "For a summer of centuries in which a true household love will be fostered as of old, labour will ply his task with kingly dignity and orient hope; religion, broad and manly, yet full of meekness and dewy pity, will be enshrined again in people's hearts, and the Priest be their leader once more." Indeed! So, according to the writer, Carlyle and Maurice, because they adhere to certain views in politics and theology, are to take part with others in the regeneration of humanity. John Howe says, "There are some men so polite that they would bow the Creator out of the world." MAN, in the view of some, is to be enthroned, and the voice of the Lord is to be disregarded. They may call this "modern light," if they please; but it is the work of the devil. I know of nothing fallen from Carlyle which, if embraced, tends to human advancement; and as to Mr. Maurice, men of the deepest piety, of motives the most sincere, and of intellectual grasp, have pronounced his religious views to be highly dangerous. *Man*, according to the reviewer, is to bring in a reign of pure love. The stream cannot rise higher than the fountain; and the fountain, the *natural* heart, is *corrupt*. The Lord hath spoken, let the earth keep silence before Him. All men are openly or secretly putting this question to themselves,—"WHAT IS THE CHIEF GOOD?" We will hear and believe what the Lord Jesus has said, as a reply to this question, which humanity in all its conditions advances; and here we rest, knowing it from inward experience to be true. "And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." (John xvii. 3.) Short of this knowledge, all the schemes which ten thousand

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such dreamers as Carlyle and Maurice may propound, are included in that vain philosophy of which St. Paul calls on us to beware. As to an age to come of purity and happiness, the spring rising no higher than man's inventions, it is pantheism, "deifying nature, undeifying the Creator; and, by apparent reverence to nature, it steals over the lulled unthinking soul."

Who has not heard of "Secularism?" which teaches man to throw all his energies into things of the present world, leaving out responsibility, a future judgment, or the recognition of God, and treating heaven and hell as a dream: yet on the cover of this Magazine there is an advertisement of "The Reasoner," together with "The London Investigator," appearing to be of the like character. What reverence can there be for the truth, when a place is afforded for noticing a work of modern atheism?

"Day of judgment, day of wonders,"

says the poet; and it is even so. For myself I can only say, that if I had written anything against the truth of God, whether for argumentative display, or otherwise, I should tremble to depart this life without repentance, having such a consciousness upon my soul of the fact; and then in the other world to be asked, "Is this your writing?" and the consequences of my atheism acting on others explained to me, how could I meet my Judge, arrayed in majesty Divine? The day of judgment will be all this, and more.

Reader, seek the deep things of the blessed Spirit, through faith in the atoning blood, that in this age you may be effectually armed against hell's last efforts; for Satan knows that his time is short. Rest on the Crucified; receive with meekness the engrafted word; and for time and eternity you are secure.

There is a complaint in almost all the religious magazines of spiritual deadness; and it behoves all who know Jesus by inward regeneration, to look around for causes. I am convinced that such a work as "The Controversialist," being open to infidel objections against matters of Divine revelation, is doing the work of ruin in its sphere of action. Divine truths are not to be debated on, but *received*. I find that the stated contributors to the work are advertised to be "Ministers and members of Christian churches." These ought to have no connexion with a magazine which affirms and denies truth. They should wipe their hands of it, and contribute to purely and entirely scriptural publications.

Fowey, Cornwall. WILLIAM HEWETT.

A FIRST NEGRO CONVERT.

THE good man who penned the following record about two centuries ago, seems to have been taken by surprise at the conversion of a "blackamoor." Even so "they of the circumcision were astonished, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost. For they heard them speak with tongues, and magnify God." If such misgiving, then, possesses the mind of Christians when they witness the first triumphs of the grace of God among people hitherto buried in the darkness of Paganism, what wonder that the world should count the zeal of Missionaries to be madness? The morsel of criticism at the end may provoke a smile; but the sentiment it conveys is quite as good as the interpretation is fanciful.

"And while they thus walked with Mr. Ingello, (A.D. 1645,) their teacher, by the goodness of God, they had one memorable member added unto them; namely, a blackamoor maid, named Frances, a servant to one that lived upon the back of Bristol, which thing is somewhat rare in our days and nation, to

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have an Ethiopian, or blackamoor, to be truly convinced of sin, and of their lost state without the Redeemer, and to be truly converted to the Lord Jesus Christ, as she was; which, by her profession or declaration at the time of her reception, together with her sincere conversation, she gave great ground for charity to believe that she was truly brought over to Christ; for this poor Ethiopian's soul savoured much of God, and she walked very humble and blameless in her conversation to her end. And when she was upon her death-bed, she sent a remarkable exhortation unto the whole church with whom she walked, as her last request unto them; which argued her holy, child-like fear of the Lord, and how precious the Lord was to her soul, as was observed by the manner of her expressing it, which was this:—one of the sisters of the congregation coming to visit her in her sickness, she solemnly took her leave of her, as to this world, and prayed the sister to remember her to the whole congregation, and tell them that she did beg every soul to take heed that they did let *the glory of God to be dear unto them.* A word meet for the church ever to remember, and for every particular member to observe, that they do not lose the glory of God in their families, neighbourhoods, or places where God casts them; it being the dying words of a blackamoor, fit for a white heart to store. After which, this Ethiopian yielded up the spirit to Jesus that redeemed her, and was honourably interred, being carried by the elders, and the chiefest of note of the brethren in the congregation,—*devout men* bearing her,—to the grave where she must rest until our Lord doth come, who will bring His saints with Him. By this, in our days, we may see, experimentally, that Scripture made good, Οὐκ ἔστι προσωπολήπτης ὁ Θεός· ἀλλ' ἐν παντὶ, κτλ.; that is, *God is no respecter of faces, but among all nations, &c.* (Acts x. 34, 35.)"—*Record of a Church of Christ, &c. Edited for the Hansard Knollys Society.*

RAILWAY SLAVES.

Yes, reader,—*railway slaves:* and a vast number there are of such slaves in Old England; sold, as it were, body and soul, (to a certain extent,) to railway companies. *No rest* allowed for them on the day of rest, a day allotted by Heaven to man as a blessing; a day of repose really needful for the recruiting of his frail and mortal body; and a day in which he is *especially* called upon by his Maker to consider and meditate upon "the world to come," and to enter with praise and thanksgiving the courts of the house of the Lord. But the poor creatures we have alluded to derive no benefit from the Sabbath-day, no rest for their wearied bodies, and no repose from the cares of the world for their immortal souls; and thus by their Sabbathless round of employment they injure the real interests and health of body and soul, and sink, it is to be feared, in and through the consequences of the said slavery, oftentimes, unprepared and prematurely into the grave.

Let us now ask, *Who are to blame?* In the first place, the *slaves themselves,* for wilfully robbing their Creator of His own day, and devoting it entirely to the service of man. Secondly, *the Directors and Shareholders* of all Sabbath-breaking railway companies; who, for the sake of gain, are content to receive "the wages of iniquity;" which money, obtained from Sabbath-breakers, on the day of rest, by those who aid and assist them to violate the sanctity of that day, may not improperly be termed. Thirdly, *all* those persons who are accustomed to use the railways on the Sabbath-day. Such individuals are *greatly to blame;* for they not only break the Sabbath themselves, but also, to a certain extent, force many others to do the same thing!—*Constitution.*

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Narrative Pieces.

THE CRIMEAN SOLDIER.

It was well observed by Viscount Goderich that, "from the letters of our soldiers in the Crimea, we have seen noble examples of manly piety, of honourable self-devotion, and of merciful pity for our foes." The following brief record of a Wesleyan soldier, who fell in the trenches before Sebastopol, is an instance of this kind; and it is cause for gratitude to God for assurance that, amidst the untold horrors of war, there are not a few similar cases to relieve the darkness of the scene.

William Sims was living in 1852 in a gentleman's service in Westbury, Wilts. He had formed an acquaintance with Sarah P——, one of his fellow-servants; but, being gay and unsteady, left the place; and Sarah, influenced by religious principles, renounced her acquaintance with him. Wandering about in search of employment, he entered the Wesleyan chapel at Radstock, and there received those religious impressions which were never afterwards lost. From Radstock he journeyed to Wales, on a visit to his brother; who, in vain, endeavoured to dissuade him from joining the army. He came to Bristol, and enlisted into the 68th Light Infantry, under the assumed name of William Tailey, and was forwarded to the depôt at Newry, in Ireland. Amidst all these changes the Spirit of God continued to follow him; and before he reached Newry, he had yielded his heart to the Lord. In March, 1853, he writes that he had been brought to see the folly of his sins, and to shed many bitter tears; and thanks God that He would not allow him to be a soldier for the Queen before he had been led to know what it was to be a soldier of the Cross. At Newry he at once sought for a religious comrade, and happily found one in the Schoolmaster-Sergeant, a pious Wesleyan. Accompanying him to the chapel, he was surprised to find him the Preacher for the night; and a better sermon he thought he had never heard. They had prayer-meetings on Thursday and Friday evenings, and twice on Sundays. "It is now," he writes, "that I know the good of a meeting." It is evident from his letters that communion with the Methodists at Newry was made a great spiritual blessing to him. In the beginning of 1854 he succeeded in obtaining a furlough for six weeks, which enabled him to visit his friends at Westbury. His acquaintance with Sarah had been renewed; and, as she was then living in my service, I had the opportunity of seeing him during his stay. To all who knew him, the change was evident and real. Soon after his return he went out with a recruiting party; but, though exposed to new and greater temptations, he maintained his steadfastness, and, amidst the laughs and sneers of those around him, never felt the word of God and the prayers of Christian friends so sweet to his soul. At a place in Sussex, where there were no Wesleyans, he joined himself to the "Primitive Methodists," and enjoyed amongst them the highly-prized class-meeting, and other means of grace. He became intimately acquainted with the resident Minister, and was encouraged by him to engage in the prayer-meetings, and, subsequently, to exhort sinners to repentance. On one occasion they both went to the top of a hill in the neighbourhood, and engaged in earnest prayer for a revival of the work of God. In the evening their prayer was answered, and he himself experienced a deeper work of grace. He writes: "I never knew what it was to have souls at heart till I came here; and it seems as if I could die to see souls converted. I long to be filled with the fulness of Christ, and to lay hold of every promise in His holy word."

In June, 1854, he was ordered to the Crimea. The following extract from a letter written at Malta indicates his state of mind:—"We expect to be engaged in the field: but, thanks be to God, I do not fear; for I know that God is good, and He can preserve me in the midst of all the flying shot." He was in the three great engagements of Alma, Balaklava,

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and Inkermann. On the 11th of December he writes, that from August 7th he had only once had his clothes off; whilst for some days they only got one half pound of biscuit per day. Through all that terrible winter he lived on, taking his share in the protracted struggle with unbroken health. "I feel," he says, "so happy in it all at times, that I almost think I am in some chapel at home. I should like once more to meet with the children of God. It is more than five months since I heard a sermon; but I am not without the presence of the Lord, and inward religion, more than some may imagine." "March 8th, 1855.—I can say what scarce a man in our regiment can, that I have not been one day in hospital since I came to the Crimea. The kind people of England have sent us out plenty of shirts and socks, and I can assure you that the soldiers give them thousands of thanks for it; for we wanted them very bad indeed." "April 12th.—I was most happy to hear that you had a day set apart to supplicate the throne of grace on behalf of us poor benighted soldiers, and for the peace of our country. But we must not be in haste, nor conclude that the Lord will not hear our prayers, because He does not see fit to answer directly we ask. How can we tell what the Lord is about to do? It may be, to enlarge the kingdom of Christ, and to set up the standard of religion in this dark, benighted country. I have often thought, if there ever should be Missionaries sent to Russia, I would freely go and fight with them, for the sake of Jesus, after fighting with them for my country. You spoke of the walls of Jericho; but you must remember that Joshua went to besiege that not with cannon and ball, but with the sword of the Spirit; and I am persuaded that had Lord Raglan and his army come here the same way, Sebastopol would have been in the sea before now. But the people of England think that they can do just what they like, and now they find out the difference; and it is a wonder to me that the Almighty God does not afflict them more. Let us remember that it is only the wicked that will be punished; and if we seem to be buffeted for a little while, it is only to make us the more fit for heaven. I have had some sharp battles with the enemy of souls, and I find that he is a greater coward than the Russians; for as soon as he sees you coming with the sword of the Spirit in your hand, and the Lord Jesus for your Captain, he will fly without firing one of his darts at you. But the Russians will stop and fire a few rounds at us, if they get the chance."

On May 10th, he wrote for the last time to England, the day before he was killed:—"I am happy to inform you that I feel an interest in the blood of the Lamb: at times my faith seems so strong that nothing could shake it. Thanks be to God, I never felt more of the presence of God in my life than I have here, where I am deprived of every public means of grace. I must tell you it is a most terrible thing to hear from four to five hundred guns of the heaviest metal going off at the same time. It would surprise you at a distance; and only think of having to go in the midst of them to work! Our duty is very hard indeed. We are working night and day; and if we are not working, we are guarding the works. We get one night in out of three; and if we get one in out of two, we think ourselves well off. I should like to hear how your Society is getting on, and if you have many new converts."

The following letter from his only friend and companion in the Crimea, Corporal Hammerton, brings before us the closing scene of our Christian hero. It will not fail to interest the reader as being characterized alike by kindly Christian feeling and daring British courage. It was addressed to the young woman mentioned above, to whom W. T. had been long and faithfully attached.

"*Heights before Sebastopol, May 12th.*

"FROM A FRIEND:

"I AM sorry to have to communicate such bad news to you; but it is to be done by some one, and I think that I should be the one, for I was his only companion in the Crimea. It is dreadful to think of it: I must commence. Last night our regiment was ordered to the advanced trenches, and about midnight the Russians attacked us. O! that

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I had never been born to witness such a sight. The Russians came at the charge with bayonets, and came right into our battery where poor William and I were. We charged them out again, and I was holding them at bay while William was reloading. There was a rascally Russian fired at my head: the ball missed me; but, unfortunately, it hit my poor comrade, William Tailey. He fell down; and the last words he spoke were, 'O Sarah! O Sarah! O God!' and died in a moment after. It was dreadful: my heart was in my mouth. O! if you could but have seen me! I sprung upon him like a roaring lion. The man that shot poor William never will tell that he did it; for I sent my bayonet through him before he could get away; and several others shared the same fate. The fight lasted about an hour; and when all was still, I went to look for my poor comrade, and found him in the same place, covered all over with mud. I saw him buried: it is about half a mile from Sebastopol. I know you will feel this more than I have. I cannot write any more at present. So no more from the friend of William Tailey.

"GEORGE HAMMERTON,
"Corporal, No. 2997, 68th Light Infantry,
"British Army, Crimea.

"William wished me to send this hair, and ribbon, and card."

Thus fell this pious young soldier, in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

Frome. JOHN FLETCHER.

THE TALL MAN.

BY CLEMENT.

IN one of the crowded streets of London, two vagrant boys were strolling, bent on anything, apparently, rather than the common weal. A twitch at a charity-boy's coat-tails,—an oyster-shell descending now and then upon a favourite parasol,—a salute of pea-shot from an invisible foe,—an unconquerable habit, on the part of these young gentlemen, of getting in everybody's way except their own,—and an unnatural stiffness of the muscles of the face, connected with an extraordinary cunning in the eyes,—told of powers almost on a par with those of Puck himself.

Presently a timid-looking little fellow came along, carrying a jug of milk. It needed but a glance to ascertain that he was "mother's darling."

"Hallo!" said one: "why, here's a baby bin to fetch his own titty: what a good chap!"

"La!" shouted the other, with mock gravity: "can't yer spare us a drop? We're neither on us weaned yet; are we, mate?"

"In course not: come, do let's taste, I'm famiah'd;—mammy's gone away, yer see."

"It 'ud ony be good-natured, now, would it?"

The child, who was trembling with fright, was at this moment relieved from his terrors rather unexpectedly. A tall gentleman came up, and told him cheerily to trot along home; and, laying hold of one of the boys, began lecturing him on the impropriety of his conduct. The other industriously seized the opportunity to dive into the gentleman's pockets, and effect an entire transfer of property from said pockets to his own. Two handkerchiefs, and a small copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim," were the only effects realized.

Discovering his loss when he arrived at home, he could not forbear smiling at the drollery of the incident; but not expecting to meet with these "artists" again, it was soon dismissed from his mind. The next day, however, he was brought into contact with one of them a second time. A woman followed him eagerly as he passed along the streets, and entreated him to give her something to get medicine for her boy. He was very ill, she said, and the doctor would do nothing for him, for she had no money to pay for physic. The poor child had fallen down just now, and she had dragged him to a corner of the street, where he was now lying.

The tall man (as he was commonly called) listened with some suspicion, but with some concern also, to this pitiful tale. Following the woman to the place indicated, he saw the boy huddled up in the corner, breathing with difficulty, his eyes closed, and his teeth closely set, as if he were suffering acute pain. The tall man lifted the dirty cap that was slouched

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over the lad's face; and, lo! there was his kind young friend of yesterday,—the boy who had lightened his pockets. Suspecting that this illness was a trick, he pinched the boy's nose smartly, and compelled him to open his eyes. Transcendent cure! the boy started up as well as ever he had been in his life; and, discovering who was standing over him, was commencing a retreat at an express pace, when two or three long strides brought the tall man within reach of him.

"Now, my boy, you must come with me: so come quietly, d'ye hear?"

"Oh me!" said the boy, "I wish mother was 'ere;" (mother had vanished with amazing rapidity;) "we'd give it yer, the two on us, I know.—Come, you stash it!"

Writhing like a dozen eels, he succeeded in releasing himself a moment or two from the strong hand that held him; but a treacherous bit of orange-peel tripped him up, and he rolled over and over on the pavement.

"Ho, ho!" said a bystander: "'ere's an eddicated 'edg'og. Anybody want to take lessons?"

Finding his efforts useless, and attracting a large share of public attention by these demonstrations of uneasiness, he thought it best to accompany the tall man without further parley, knowing that the policemen would handle him much more roughly.

A walk of a few yards brought them to a police-station; but the tall man, without seeming to notice it, hurried by it; and just as his troublesome charge was thinking of trying once more to run away, he swung him round suddenly into the hall of his own house, and the door closed behind them.

"You see this boy," said the tall man to the footman: "take care that he does not run away. Give him a good dinner, and then bring him to me."

Joseph was no flunky; and whatever kind act his master thought fit to perform, he thought indisputably right; yet he could not help surveying his prisoner with a great deal of curiosity. The boy looked perfectly bewildered. His face presented a most comical mixture of incredulity and cunning. And when he was comfortably seated in the kitchen, surveying, with eager eyes, such a trencher of good things as he had never perhaps enjoyed before, the blank astonishment of his countenance was irresistibly ludicrous.

"I suppose, now," said the good-natured Joseph, "you never heard of anybody's liking to do good, did you?—liking to make people happy, eh?"

The boy was silent.

"Poor fellow!" said Joseph, partly to the cook, and chiefly to himself: "who knows but *he* might have been a worthy sort of a chap, if he had been looked after?"

And so Joseph moralized, and the boy gormandized, and the cook said, "Dear me! Really now! Ah! poor boy," &c., &c., in a quiet interjective manner; and all the servants wondered what master *could* want with the little vagrant.

"Well, boy," said the tall man, "have you had a good dinner?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Are you ready to go to the police-station?"

"Yes."

"How long will they commit you for, do you suppose?"

"Dun know."

"Which would be best, do you think, to go to prison and continue a vagabond, or to work for a living and become an honest man?"

"It's all very well to talk about work," said the boy: "I was never showed how to do anythin but priggin; and if I was ever so clever, I'd like to see the man that 'ud employ me. Why, there's hundreds o' people as never prigs at all as can't git anythin to do;—*I* know that."

The boy's lip curled with a contempt quite as manly, ay, and quite as respectable, as that which graces the capitalist's physiognomy when he talks about "surplus population that requires kicking out," and pronounces those infallible laws of social economy which treat the poverty and utter wretchedness of the million as a necessary evil, while they strenuously support, at any price, the gilded throne of the millionaire.

"I'm talking to *you*, boy," said the tall man, "not about other people: will *you* work?"

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"Try me! but you don't mean nuthin."

"I do, though. You see I meant something when I told the footman to give you a good dinner."

"Yes; but yer see you're about the fust gentleman as ever give me anythin better than tongue-pie, and I aint used to it." The boy said this quite seriously, and in a perfectly business-like manner.

"Well, what is your name?"

"Jimmy Fiddlestick; but I don't believe it's the right one."

"Do you mean to say you never had any other?"

"That's the only one as I knows on."

"And you would quite as soon be called Jemmy Jones?"

"Every bit."

"Well, then, as I do not want people to laugh at you, or to be impertinent to you, I shall call you James Jones. And if you do not learn to be good and happy while you are under my care, it shall not be my fault. Now you may go to Joseph: he will look after you, and tell you what to do; and you will try and like him, wont you?"

The boy made some reply, but there was a huskiness about it, very different from his former free and easy tone; and he was going out at the wrong door, perhaps because he could not see very plainly, when Joseph entered, and set him right again.

"I think there is some good feeling in that boy, Joseph: we'll see what we can do with him. There is a God who cares for him as well as for us."

"Just like you, Sir," said Joseph; without the least intention of paying a compliment.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to describe the wisdom and vigilance necessary to carry on the labour of love upon which this gentleman entered. Suffice it to say, that success, such as he little anticipated, was the result. God blessed his efforts, and he succeeded in winning the boy's heart; so that he ultimately gained a useful God-fearing servant, where most men would have looked for nothing but inveterate dishonesty and hypocrisy.

There is a sacred book that says, "He which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

* * * * * *

It was a dreary lane, and a lonely spot of country-road, where the tall man and his trusty servant were riding. Heavy clouds came fuming up the sky like immense volumes of smoke, and were fringed with that gloomy white frothy hanging which betokens the presence of the storm.

Jemmy was grown a stout young man, proud of his master, proud of his master's well-tended horses; (for Jemmy was coachman now;) and, if the truth must be told, slightly, only slightly, proud of his skill and usefulness as the tall man's servant. He was riding close beside his master, and both were mounted on swift horses; but they were so earnestly engaged in conversation, that they did not notice the darkening sky.

"I wonder, Jem, what has become of your old companion, Charley, by this time."

"Why, what do you think, Sir? Charley's got to be quite a decent feller. It seems he thought a good deal about leaving his country, although it had done precious little for him except driving him away. But the reason was, he couldn't forget his poor old mother that was buried a year or two before I knowed him. She was a good sort o' woman, I reckon, from what I've heard Charley say; and he never forgot how kind she was, and how she loved him. So when he was about emigrating to Australia, and had nothing to do but to think, he couldn't help thinking more and more about her, (he's told me all about it in a letter, Sir,) and how miserable she would have been if she had lived to see him tossed about in the world as he was. There he was, Sir, only one among thousands who are pushed out of society farther and farther, until there seems no warm place for them in the wide world. There aint many gentlemen yet in the world who would have anything to do with such a chap. Thank God, *I* found one: I should say, you found me."

"Don't talk about *that*, my good fellow."

"Well, Sir, Charley went out as an

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emigrant, with not the best character in the world; but in his own mind he determined to have the satisfaction of being an honest man, although he did not expect anybody to believe him. He was as good as his word; that is, his word to himself; and although he never said much to anybody, and never squeezed himself into a good berth by cringing, he began to make a good figure after a bit. There were more people that knew he was honest than he thought of, and by keeping steady, he soon got a little money together, bought some land cheap, and made a good thing of it. But he wasn't a lover o' money, Sir. By that time he had learned to love his Maker best of all. He met with some good, warm-hearted people; and they, seeing how he was bent, and that he was a Christian as well as themselves, although he didn't seem to know it, asked him to make one of 'em, and so he did. It wasn't long before they built a place of worship; and I'll warrant, although he doesn't say so, that Charley did his part. Then it was not long before he found out one o' the nicest girls in the world; and although he told her all about his past life, before he would be at all thick with her, she fell in love with him with all the heart she'd got, and they married. He says he has got two children, Sir; and wonders every day and every hour how God can be so good as to make Charley so happy." Here Jem made use of his handkerchief, ostensibly to wipe the perspiration from his forehead, but really to dry his eyes.

"That is good news, indeed, Jemmy. Did he ever give you a particular account of his mother?"

"He didn't recollect very much about her, Sir: she died in the workhouse while he was very young. While she was ill, some sleepy old woman was ordered to look after her; but he seemed to fancy the nurse was half-starved; for she took a great deal more care of herself than of his mother, and helped herself pretty freely to his mother's share of food, little as there was of it. He used to tell me, Sir, that nothing so much enraged him, and made him careless about trying to be good, as the hard-hearted way in which his mother's dead body was treated. They huddled it carelessly into a rough box of a coffin, and carried it away in a dirty, jolting cart to the churchyard, just jingling the little bell a bit, to let people know a *pauper* was going to be buried. And then, after the Parson had got over the service as fast as possible, the grave-digger set to and filled up the grave; and the workhouse-master swore at him, because he lingered behind to look at the coffin as long as there was a bit of it to be seen. Don't you think, Sir, that treating boys as if they had *no* hearts, is just the way to keep them from having *good* ones?"

"I do, indeed," said the tall man, whose blood was boiling with indignation, and who would not suffer himself to say more.

Here the storm which had followed them broke over them, and they hurried on to find shelter.

* * * * * *

"WHY, Jemmy," said the tall man, "I did not know you were such a terrible aristocrat. While you have been galloping on the Downs, there has been one of the prettiest young ladies riding one of the prettiest of horses, inquiring for Mr. Jones."

"What fun is my good master hatching now?" said Jem, smiling.

"Indeed, I'm in earnest. She inquired about yourself and your charming family very particularly; and I almost believe she has carried away my heart with her, she was such a sunny little creature. You should have seen her ride, Jem! Why, she beat you out and out, positively she did; and I think *you* are rather wild sometimes. In coming to the house, she rode very deliberately up the carriage-road, evidently admiring the landscape at her leisure; but on going back again, she asked permission to cross the park and meadows; and when I told her I feared the gates were all locked, she fairly laughed at me—the little puss—and flew away across the park, over the fence, over the brook, over the hedge, and over everything, into the highway, looking back every little while to wave her hand. Who can she be? Do you not know?"

"Not a bit of it, Sir. I know a many dear young ladies, God bless 'em, by sight; but I don't know one that could do that, or anything like it."

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"Was ever anything so surprising? I shall begin to look after fairy-land, I am thinking. Strange, too, that it never occurred to me until she was gone to ask her name."

After musing a little, Jem said, "Well, it's no use, Sir; I must give it up. But if you'll come along o' me, I think I've got a little fairy that 'll please you,—our new baby, Sir,—such a beauty!"

"To be sure, I will; but will Mrs. Jones find it quite convenient, do you think? Mothers have so many things to attend to."

"O, yes, Sir! come along. I do believe she's every bit as proud o' the children as I am; only she's a little more quiet about it."

Perhaps Jem was right.

(*To be continued.*)

Whitefield, as a Preacher.*

It now appears that many students in Scotland, and many Ministers in America, were impressed by the preaching of Whitefield. Among the English Clergy who owed to him their religious convictions, was Hervey. He exercised much influence on the more cultivated classes of this country, during the last century, and he has thus spoken of Whitefield: "I never beheld so fair a copy of our Lord; such a living image of the Saviour; such exalted delight in God; such unbounded benevolence to man; such steady faith in the Divine promises; such fervent zeal for the Divine glory: and all this without the least moroseness of humour, or extravagance of behaviour, but sweetened with the most engaging cheerfulness of temper, and regulated by all the sobriety of reason and wisdom of Scripture."

What deserves especially to be remarked is, that the influence of Whitefield was all personal. His work, wide as the range of the English language, and affecting all who spoke it, was accomplished by the agency of his own powers, and by the instrument of his own voice. The chiefs of a sect, or the leaders of a party, are powerfully aided by their followers. Wesley had his Societies and Preachers. Fox his sect. The Erskines, the Church of the Secession. The Puritans, the hearts of the oppressed. In later days O'Connell had a great following—bound to him by interest. The Free Church of Scotland have a large party. Whitefield laboured alone. Wherever he went, he went as a Preacher; and, his preaching once over, he departed. It was contrary to all precedent that the impressions of such a movement should be lasting: yet they were deep and permanent. The glow of his genius kindled hearts heavy with sorrow; and he went on, warming and cheering thousands, from the time that the luminary rose above the horizon in England, till it sunk in unclouded brilliancy into the Atlantic waves.

Effects so remarkable must have been caused by singular qualities: vulgar thoughts, poor sentiments, common-place words could not have made this impression. Hume said, it was worth going twenty miles to hear a sermon of Whitefield. Franklin reported, that he could hear him preach a dozen times the same sermon with fresh delight; Chesterfield listened to him with pleasure; Bolingbroke admired him; and the great Parliamentary leader Pulteney, himself a man of eloquence, delighted in Whitefield. In truth, Whitefield's words were weighty, and his thoughts were expressed in happy terms. Some phrases, now often used, have dropped from the words of his last night, preserved because they were his last. How many fell from him of which no record was kept! He had no biographer, and he travelled without a companion. It is true that from a man intent on one

* From *Short Sketches of some Notable Lives, by John Campbell Colquhoun.* (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.) One of the most elegant, truthful, and instructive volumes that we have ever seen. John Howard, George Fox, William Penn, George Whitefield and John Wesley are sketched characteristically, but none at so great length as the last. We give a chapter from Mr. Colquhoun's sketch of Whitefield; and shall give another, next month, from that of Wesley.

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topic we do not look for variety; nor in a person always engaged, can we expect research. It may be readily confessed that he had not the learning of Wesley. Lifted into the pulpit at the unripe age of twenty-two, standing there in a whirl of excitement through a mission which lasted more than thirty years, engaged constantly in speaking and conversing, we cannot look for stores of knowledge, or lines of original thought. All the more extraordinary, if his resources were scanty, was the effect of his unadorned eloquence.

The man whom a hundred hard-headed Ministers in Edinburgh united to honour, and Ministers of all denominations in America, and Toplady, and Grimshaw, and Berridge, and Romaine, who within the Church of England wrote and wrought in their day with power; he, who drew to his preaching gentle and simple, the Negro, collier, mechanic, and orphan,—the wife of Chesterfield, Lord and Lady Sunderland, Lord Dartmouth, Lord Leven, Lady Huntingdon, and Lady Glenorchy,—had something to say which it was worth men's while to hear.

We can trace even now the force of his appeals. His anxiety to reclaim the vicious; his overpowering earnestness, his affections, the intenseness of his sympathy; we can understand how a disinterestedness so singular as his must have attracted men, and prepared them to feel the warmth of his appeals. We can comprehend how a man, of impressible temperament, alive to emotion, and excited by it, should have been wrought in preaching to such interest as to vent his feelings in tears. I am aware that Whitefield's tears, shed in the pulpit, and always, as it seemed, at command, have been remarked upon, as signs of bad taste and theatrical display. We should make allowance for the susceptibility of his nature, and the manner in which his constitution was acted upon by emotions which, reflected in the looks of his audience, reacted on himself. We must wait for an orator as earnest and effective as Whitefield, before we pronounce tears out of keeping. It is evident that they seemed natural to his audience, and this included the most critical men of his day. What seemed appropriate to Franklin, and Chesterfield, and Hume, we should be slow to condemn.

But objections are made to the homeliness of Whitefield's words. We doubt the justice of this criticism. Those, who use pithy sayings, like Rowland Hill, and break with these the course of their oratory, mixing humour with pathos, leave strong impressions on their hearers. Of all tedious things, the most tedious is the weary monotony of a stilted style. This is supposed to be the special style of the pulpit. Nothing can be more incorrect. Bad everywhere, it is there intolerable. It is hard enough to make men feel deeply on subjects which are removed from common interest. But if a Preacher tries to affect his audience, from the high stilts of pompous declamation, we may predict the consequences. He may fancy that his audience admire him: they do not think of him at all. They are shipbuilding, or money-making, or farming, or dreaming. If any thoughts remain for him, the hearers are looking up, from time to time, to wonder when the tall orator will descend from his perch to their level, to tell them in plain words what he means.

Whitefield knew well that this pompous declamation would not avail him; he never used it; he spoke in the words of life; no child could misunderstand him; he felt that plain speaking was indispensable. But he also knew that there was another mode of conveying impressions to his audiences, as powerful as words. He saw that it was folly to try to move men by a well-read essay. The orator must speak to the eye as well as the ear; by look and gesture, as well as by words. Whitefield therefore studied action, valued it, and practised it; not indeed on the stage, or the rehearsal, but in the chapel and the field; his school was that of practice, and, through this, he corrected and developed the instincts of nature. He watched the effects of his delivery, and learned how to make it perfect. Each time that he delivered a sermon, he gave it new point by better action: hence men were delighted, not vexed, by the repetition; they liked it, as one likes better an exquisite piece of music, the oftener you hear it, or the representation of a finished actor.

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Nor was Whitefield deterred from his mode of delivery by the taunts and grimaces of his time: he knew that, if action assisted the efforts of statesmen or actors, it was even more required for the pulpit. If it was of service in giving force to the power of Parliamentary eloquence on an arena of interest, much more was it needed to rouse a drowsy audience in a church. Whitefield saw that it was not wise to throw away, when entering on the hardest task assigned to an orator, the most effective weapon from the armory of persuasive power. These are practical lessons to be drawn from his experience; and it is well not to lose sight of them.

I admit that he had powers given him for his peculiar ministry which are rarely found combined; and that he lived in an age, when, from the long abandonment of preaching, its effect was novel and extraordinary. His own powers were indeed peculiar. To address, in the open air, audiences of ten and twenty thousand persons,—to make the voice reach the outskirts of this multitude,—to do this often, and still to endure; to preach twice and thrice a day, week by week, and for thirty-four years, with unabated faculties, is not given to ordinary men. The marvellous voice, the tones like an organ, the enduring frame and buoyant temperament, were unusual gifts. But many of Whitefield's attractions did not arise from these: his habits of order gave him command of all that he knew; his activity was always adding to his stores, and inducing him to use them; his intense philanthropy filled him with sympathy for others. The animated countenance, eager eye, and commanding air, the reverential gaze, the look fixed on his audience, the eyes filled with tears, the nerves quivering and voice trembling with emotion, the expression changing with the feelings, which drifted like clouds across the face, the gesture rapid and appropriate, these were results of moral earnestness, and of long experience. These things should be noticed, because they may be imitated.

But while I speak of the qualities of Whitefield, I have no wish to disguise his defects. He was not a man of learning, nor a scholar, nor a man of research, or of acute remark, or of sustained thought; he made no pretence to these things, and had no time to acquire them. He was always in harness, always the Preacher: and even in this, he had faults,—some coarseness, some unbecoming jests, some tincture of vulgarity,—faults which arose partly from his birth, partly from imperfect training; for he sprung from the lowest of the people, and his education was interrupted. These defects marked his course, not always favourably; yet that course was remarkable all the more for the signal defects which he overcame. We have, I think, cause to boast, not of the man only, but of English institutions, when we find that from the lowest ranks of our people, without friends or patrons, by unaided effort, Whitefield rose, in spite of many disadvantages, to the height of an eminent fame.

At the same time I do not forget, that his fame was that of the orator, not that of the head of a party, or the founder of a sect. We should not, however, grudge him our tribute, nor undervalue his service. The fate of the orator is a hard one, and his recompense is small. He often does a great work, and leaves, on his age, a lasting impression. He gives us the richest combinations of genius, and the happiest expressions of thought; his language is, at times, copious as that of the dramatist, and his imagination graceful as that of the poet; when, inspired by his subject and his audience, he throws out gleams of fancy which written fiction, in her happiest moods, hardly attains. Yet his rewards are few, and his name, partially known to the generation in which he lives, disappears with it. The traces of his power, committed to an uncertain tradition, are soon lost; or, written in the sand of men's memories, they are washed out by the tide of the next generation. He, who has touched a thousand hearts, and inspired countless actions, is rapidly forgotten. Hardly, from some accidental notice,—a passing allusion in a gossiping memoir, a note in a contemporary history, a hit in a play or a poem,—do we learn anything of the eloquence of a man who delighted and instructed his age. His power is a spell over his audience, and is intoxicating to himself; but it lives in his breath, and dies with it. The tempes-

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tuous emotions, which he calls forth, drift across the sky like vapour; and beyond the walls which resound to thunders of applause, he is unknown.

Nor have after-ages any means of learning his merits. Herodotus, Thucydides, Homer, and Virgil delight us still. Shakspeare is still in our hands and hearts. The thoughts of Plato, Aristotle, and Bacon still impress us. But who, except by compulsion, reads the speeches of the orator? Even if correctly reported, they are as dull as the report of an actor's acting or of a singer's song. The voice, the look, the gesture, cannot be recalled. Oratory is only known by those who listen to it; and the speaker, however eloquent, lives but for his hearers.

Yet his service may be great. He may guide, move, restrain, or elevate his age. He may be the master-spirit of his time, for evil or for good.

Demosthenes standing alone to rouse his countrymen, Cicero defeating conspiracies against the liberties of Rome, Savonarola awakening to truth the men of Florence, Wycliffe kindling against the Papacy the yeomen of England, Massillon abashing the vile courtiers of Versailles, Chatham inspiring the venal Commons of England, Chalmers warming the cold audiences of the North; these were stirring sights, and were the doings of great men. It is well to bear these in mind, when we sum up the evidences of Whitefield's power. They are as authentic as any traditions of eloquence, and more full. Not one of these celebrated orators, of ancient and modern days, spoke so often as Whitefield did, to multitudes so great and audiences so various, for such a series of years, with such unquestionable power. Whether we measure the force of oratory by the numbers influenced, the impression, or the effects on conduct, no orator was his superior.

I admit that one secret of his strength lay in his character. But that truly is a part of all oratory. Whether in Parliament or in the pulpit, the character of the man is the basis of his influence. Yet it should be borne in mind that none will move an audience, as Whitefield moved them, without that skill and practice of manner of which he was a master. Nor less true is it that he only can hope for success, as a Preacher, who studies in the school in which, through life, Whitefield was a learner. For it is undeniable that his deep sincerity attracted sympathy, his piety caused his fervour, and from his prayers came his powers.

After examining the facts and consulting the traditions, we are led to the conclusion, that, from the ranks of the English people, sprung a man who, through personal energy, rose to equal the great masters of eloquence. If to him the final test is applied, and it is asked, "Who touched most hearts, called forth most passions, guided most the men of his age by oratorical power?"—bearing in mind the annals of ancient times and the records of Parliamentary debate, we shall be constrained to say, that it was the poor tapster-lad from the Bell Inn of Gloucester.

Religion in Heart and Life.

WORLDLINESS THE BLIGHT OF CHRISTIAN FAMILIES.

One very observable feature in our Lord's history is the regard which He showed for the domestic relations. He honoured family ties and affections. He had always an ear to listen to those parents who came to Him in behalf of their children. When a father brought his son, or a mother her daughter, to His feet to be healed, He pitied their distress, cast out the devil, or healed the disease, and dismissed them to their homes rejoicing. Many a dark and miserable habitation did He fill with light and comfort, and transformed it into a home of peace and joy. And even infants, when they were brought to Him, He took up into His arms, and blessed them.

There was one family to which He was wont to retire, and in which He was pleased frequently to abide. That surely

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was the most privileged of families; for not only did Jesus sojourn among them, but all were the objects of His love. "*Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus.*" They knew He loved them: and they loved Him in return. Nor was it only the love of friendship: He loved them as their Saviour, and they loved Him as their Lord. Among the members of the family at Bethany He *found* a mutual natural affection subsisting; but His presence strengthened those ties by hallowing them, while He opened to their hearts new sources of joy. They did not love each other less because they loved Jesus more, nor in conspiring to honour Him did they neglect each other. They were happy in each other because they were happy in Him.

It is a happy day in the history of a family when Jesus takes up His abode with it, and is entertained with the affection and reverence with which Martha, Mary, and Lazarus received Him. That earthly home, where all are loved by Jesus, and all love Him in return, is a type of heaven. There nothing will be retained or practised which is contrary to Christ, and which is known to be offensive to Him. All will serve Him, all will sit at His feet, all will love Him. And what moral spectacle is there in this world more lovely than that of a family, enlightened, hallowed, and made happy by the presence of Christ dwelling in their midst? And to make all our families thus happy is the great purpose of the Saviour's mission to our world. It was Jehovah's promise respecting Him, that in Him all the families of the earth should be blessed; blessed with His presence, His truth, His precepts, and His rule; blessed with life on earth, and immortality in heaven.

A truly Christian family is one in which the doctrines, precepts, and hopes which the Gospel reveals, bear sway, exercising a practical influence daily over the spirit and conduct of its members. And it is only over such family-circles that Jesus will Himself preside. He will not dwell in the midst of those who reject His truth; for He regards dishonour done to that as done to Himself. Then if those families which profess religion, would have Christ in the midst of them, protecting, guiding, and blessing them, they must purge themselves from everything which is offensive to Him, and allow nothing to be practised which would provoke His displeasure, and cause Him in anger to depart. And when, from any family in which Jesus has dwelt, He is forced to depart, how terrible are the words which He pronounces as He retires: "Your house is left unto you desolate!" and truly that house is desolate from which Jesus has withdrawn.

Is there not reason to believe that this desolation has come upon some professedly Christian families in which Jesus was once wont to dwell? There may not be the desolation of poverty, affliction, or bereavement; nay, the very contrary may be the case,—there may be increasing wealth and robust health, magnificence and splendour within and without: yet their house may be left unto them desolate, when Christ, their glory and their treasure, has departed. And why? *Because the world and He cannot dwell together.* They are irreconcilably opposed; and when a family places itself under the dominion of the world, courting its friendships and following its pleasures, then is Jesus no longer there,—their house is left unto them desolate. But, at the same time, we admit the glory may depart without observation; nay, at the very moment of its departure, the worldly-prospering family may be an object of envy: but amidst the mirth and gaiety assumed, darkness and sorrow have entered that abode.

Never do parents stand more in need of the light and strength of religion than when in the midst of temporal prosperity they find themselves placed at the head of a family of children who are just rising into life, and beginning to mix with society. That is, perhaps, to parents generally, the most trying period of life, and especially to those who have all along upheld at home the spirit and the forms of religion. It is now that children begin to attempt *innovations*. The eldest son begins occasionally to absent himself from family-prayer. He becomes intimate with the youth of some respectable but worldly family in the neighbourhood. By and by calls are interchanged. Novel

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games and amusements are introduced, which, among worldly people, are considered quite innocent. Discipline is gradually relaxed, and by degrees the *once religious family* begins to model itself after an *earthly pattern*. Children are allowed to visit with the worldly, and many things are introduced into the evening's entertainment of which the religious parents could not approve; yet it is all done in kindness, from a desire to make the young people happy, and therefore must not be objected to. Visits are returned, and the visiters must of course be entertained as agreeably as possible. Their favourite amusements are known, and provision is made accordingly. The mother, perhaps, is first won over to the side of the young people, and then becomes an advocate with the father: he yields to importunity, and thinks, by this means, to gratify his children, and purchase for himself *peace*. Hence games and the dance are introduced. Poor infatuated and misguided parents! PEACE, *do you say?* No; it is the beginning of sorrows. You have broken down in your family the laws of Christ and the boundaries of morality; and do not complain, if, having sown the wind, you reap the whirlwind. Is it thus that you think to make home happy? Deluded parents! do not be surprised if the next request be the ball-room, and the next after that the theatre; and why not, after you have prepared them for both, and imparted a relish for those polluted pleasures? As a family, you are on a moral incline, it may be longer or shorter; but it is a decline, and sooner or later you will reach the bottom. No wonder if that son become a fashionable rake,—a libertine; and it will be no relief to the parents to remember that he became such by their guilty connivance at his sins, and unfaithfulness to Christ. And who can tell how far the influence of that example will extend?

We are not ignorant of the pleas by which some Christian parents endeavour to soothe their consciences, and justify their departure from godly household discipline. There are parents amongst ourselves who try to persuade themselves, *as instructed by their children*, that a departure from Methodist propriety may not, after all, be a departure from Christianity, *liberally interpreted*. In some trifling points this may be the case; but that which is distasteful to the worldly-loving amongst us is, not what is simply peculiar, but the very Christianity of Methodism. If worldly games, dances, and amusements are alien to the spirit of Methodism, they are also equally alien to the spirit of Christianity. It is the restraint which Methodism puts upon a wayward sinful heart that constitutes its yoke; but Christ imposes these restraints, and it is the Methodism of Christianity which is so distasteful to the unrenewed mind. Take care, therefore, you do not grasp the shadow and lose the substance.

Another plea is that parents must bring up their children in accordance with their station in life. We are quite agreed on this point: our only difference will be as to its interpretation and application. Does it mean that religious parents should select worldly and fashionable schools for their children, directly calculated to alienate them from the church of their own early choice, and that system of evangelical doctrine which they once so highly prized? If this be what is meant, we deny the necessity for any such conduct. They may be educated according to their station in life, and yet their religious feelings, instead of being blunted or destroyed, may be strengthened and confirmed.

Others are led into error by the wish that their children should not be ignorant of the ways of the world, and they must go into its society to learn them. Important acquisition certainly! How much wiser will any of our children be for enlarging their acquaintance with the vanities, sins, follies, and empty amusements of the world? If they could go into it with a pure heart, and deeply impressed with its pollutions, they might pass through it uninjured. But think of the world's deceptive garb, its paint and finery, its seductive language, and its large promises; think again of that inexperienced girl, and of the effect of gaieties and flatteries upon her unsuspecting heart; and be not surprised at the result, that, with a mind naturally estranged from God, she should become

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first an admirer, and then a follower, of the world. And in order that children may be fully accomplished, parents are so foolish as to suppose that they must really know everything. Do they not know that there is one thing, of which, as far as possible, they should keep their children ignorant? namely, of *sin*; and that the less they know of it, the wiser they will really be? The knowledge which is good may be lost in the acquisition of that which is evil. Eve knew good only before she tasted of the forbidden fruit: then she enlarged her knowledge, and knew also evil. But she lost more than she gained. She lost innocence, purity, and happiness; and gained guilt, pollution, and misery.

Parents should remember that there are many things in the world for which their children will be both wiser and happier ever to remain ignorant. That knowledge and those accomplishments which can only be obtained at the expense of religious feeling, purity, and simplicity, they had better never seek. Nor will they desire the world, if they are early and well schooled in its vanity, sin, and hollowness. But if they are left to form their own views, or are trained to believe that there is something desirable in it, they will covet its amusements, honours, and society. They will judge that these will add to their *happiness* and *respectability*. Yes; RESPECTABILITY,—an idol at whose altar thousands of precious souls have already been offered in sacrifice, and for it new sacrifices are daily prepared.

Bradford. D. H.

The Letter-Carrier.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN A COUNTRY VILLAGE.

[WE are indebted to the Rev. David Hay for the following letter, addressed to himself. Gladly, indeed, should we receive similar communications, and doubt not that they might be sent from many parts of the kingdom, where the work of God has revived, and are sure that such accounts would tend to encourage many who are now waiting at the mercy-seat of God for the outpouring of His Holy Spirit. Let the "Christian Miscellany" be frequently made the medium of such refreshing intelligence, and let its readers be made partakers of their brethren's joy.—EDS.]

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE much pleasure in complying with your request, that I should furnish you with some information respecting the revival at ——, and the gratifying results to which it has led.

The village of S—— has for many years been favoured with the labours of Wesleyan Ministers; and a Society, at ...es somewhat numerous, has long existed there. During the late unhappy agitation it suffered, in common with not a few others in this neighbourhood, a considerable loss of members. An individual, a Leader and Local Preacher, of considerable ability and influence, became disaffected, and drew away with him nearly the whole of his class; and, although the congregation was not materially reduced, the Society was greatly enfeebled. At the close of last year it was determined, in conformity with the direction of the Conference, to hold a series of special services for the revival of the work of God throughout the Circuit. Signal results followed these services in several of the Societies; but in none were they so marked as in S——. The "set time" to favour that little Zion had come: penitents multiplied, as the week devoted to this extraordinary effort advanced; and at its close there were upwards of forty persons either rejoicing in the knowledge of salvation through the remission of their sins, or truly penitent before God, and anxiously desirous of joining us in church-fellowship. Nor did the special Divine influence, graciously vouchsafed

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in answer to united prayer, cease with the special services: conversions have multiplied, the Society is more than doubled, the congregation is crowded, not a jarring note is now heard, but brotherly love unites and blesses all. You, my dear Sir, in favouring us with your assistance at our late Missionary Anniversary, could not but be gratified with the sight of such large gatherings, on the afternoon and evening of a week-day, and with the fine feeling and liberal disposition manifested; but let me place before you, in order, several truly beautiful and most encouraging facts in connexion with this revival. First: There is the numerical increase of this Society; comprising, as it does, not a few intelligent young people of truly promising character. Secondly: Strife and division are at an end. The individual already referred to was one of the first to seek admission, for himself and those who adhered to him, to his old home: he had tasted the new wine, but was candid enough to say "The old is better." Thirdly: Several of our young friends, anxious to promote the cause of the Redeemer, resolved to have a Missionary basket: it soon swelled into materials for a bazaar. The bazaar was held early in the summer, and produced about £40 to the Mission cause. Then followed the annual Missionary services, the collections at which exceeded by one-half those of the former year. And, to crown the whole, an old and highly-respected member of our Society in that place, whom God has blessed with considerable worldly means, has, quite recently, presented through me a donation of £100 to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, as an acknowledgment of God's goodness to him and his. Shall we not, then, "thank God and take courage?" And is it not evident that the true antagonist and queller of unrighteous agitation, as of every other evil in the church, is a good old Methodist revival? May such visitations be multiplied a thousand-fold!

Yours faithfully,

The Portfolio.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

How many young men have escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour, but have nevertheless become entangled therein, and overcome; their latter end being worse with them than the beginning! Beware how you trifle with temptation. The first step from God may fix your eternal destiny. Declension generally begins in the closet. Be instant, therefore, and earnest in prayer. Make no Saviour of your feelings, resolutions, or past experiences, and have no confidence in the flesh; but abide in Christ, the living, personal, and ever-present Saviour.

Be firmly persuaded that He knoweth your frame, and the things that you stand in need of; and that He will supply every want of soul and body, in the fullest measure, at the best time, and in the best way, consistent with your greatest good, and therefore with your deepest peace and joy. Accept all things from Him, enjoy all things in Him, return all things to Him, and go on your way rejoicing. But think not that if you please to depart from Christ, you may at any time please to return; or that, should you return, the loss which you have sustained by so sad a departure can ever be so made up in this world as that it shall not be a constant deduction from that sum of character, of usefulness, and of joy, which otherwise would have been possessed by a "patient continuance in well-doing!"

HOW TO BURN COAL.

The great mistake of all is to put on too much coal, as if it were wood—the greater the quantity, the greater the heat. If too much coal is applied, the combustion is necessarily imperfect, because the fire is "choked up," the draught destroyed, and

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the elements of the coal, slowly escaping from it, pass off to the chimney unconsumed, or disseminated in gases through the room. Whereas, if the strata of coal be but moderate, a red flame will play around the interior of the stove, by which entire combustion and a healthy heat are secured. One ton of coal, therefore, by thorough combustion, will often secure more heat, and a healthier atmosphere, than two tons in the ordinary way; and this is a fact which can easily be demonstrated. It will be very important to have attention paid to this.

Memorials of the Departed.

Henry Gill was born at Accrington, Lancashire, in March, 1829. His parents were pious and consistent Wesleyans; his father being engaged in preaching the word of God. To them is due the honour of sowing the seeds of that piety which made him an ornament to the church below, and the flower of which now blooms in eternal day. At the age of fifteen he was sent as an apprentice to a joiner and cabinet-maker. He acquired great proficiency in his trade, which he followed until death removed him. For some time previous to his removal from Accrington, he was a Sunday-school Teacher at a village about a mile and a half from his native place. In addition to his Sunday labours, he went once or twice during the week for the purpose of teaching writing, &c. This he continued to do until he left the neighbourhood. His business called him to reside, at various times, at Blackburn, Bradford, and Bury. He removed to Stoke-upon-Trent in 1850, and remained until the latter part of 1851. It was at this place he joined the Wesleyan-Methodist church. The Sunday-school was the principal scene of his labours; and here he never tired. He went to Glasgow, in the latter part of 1851, to fill a situation there; and his zeal was as apparent in Glasgow as it had been at Stoke. He laboured hard in the cause of Christ. He returned to Stoke in November, 1853, when he at once resumed his labours in the Sunday-school, and endeared himself to the hearts of all who knew him. He took delight in doing anything for the welfare of the school, and soon became a favourite with the scholars on account of the pleasing addresses he delivered to them. He collected a sum of money, the week previous to his death, to be expended in giving a treat to the children, to prevent them from going to the races which were taking place at the time. The first day on which the children had to meet, was the day on which he met with a melancholy end. He was to have been with them in the afternoon; and of course the joy of the scholars was turned into mourning.

His death, which took place August 8th, 1854, occurred in the following manner:—Being engaged at the railway station, he had occasion to cross the line between the trucks and waggons which were standing in the siding leading to the warehouse. At the same time an engine was "shunting" the waggons from one line to another, which Mr. Gill was not aware of. He was passing through between the buffers of two of the trucks when the engine struck one of them, pushing them together, and crushed him between them. He did not utter a word: the blow was instantaneous, and of course fatal. His remains were afterwards removed to Accrington, to be buried in the family-grave.

We have already said that Mr. Gill was an ornament to the Wesleyan-Methodist church. He was unconsciously conspicuous in everything he did, although excessively modest and humble. He was a Christian in the workshop as well as in the schoolroom, in his friendly conversations as well as in the class-room. His death was sudden and mysterious; and although he uttered no word, yet we have no doubt that "sudden death" was to him "sudden glory." Age, twenty-five.

Died August 15th, at Kilsyth, in the Airdrie Circuit, Mr. James Barbie,

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aged sixty-eight years. He had been a soldier for many years, and for a long time regardless of God; but was truly converted during an extraordinary revival of religion in his native town. He became a Methodist, and for several years before his death was Leader of a class. His house was a "place where prayer was wont to be made," and the spiritual birth-place of many souls. In his dying hours his confidence in Christ was firm; and his desires were often expressed in the words of the hymn beginning,—

"Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

Mr. William C. G. Jarrett, brother to the Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge, was born at Devonport, on the 5th of February, 1793. He was blessed with pious parents, his father having been a Local Preacher for sixty years. At the age of eighteen he began to meet in class; and from that time until his death continued a consistent and attached member of the Wesleyan church, always expressing the greatest respect for, and confidence in, its Ministers and institutions. His deportment was "worthy of the vocation wherewith he was called," unassuming, upright, generous, devout.

He died of cholera, at Kennington, in the Fifth London Circuit, after a few hours' illness, on the 19th of August, aged sixty-one.

Mrs. Yarham, of Fisherton, in the Salisbury Circuit, born in September, 1776, died last year, August 24th. About forty years ago, during a prayer-meeting in Salisbury chapel, she was enabled to "believe with her heart unto righteousness, and with her mouth to make confession unto salvation." Having found the pearl of great price, she fully cast in her lot with the people of God, and with one of old could say, "This people shall be my people, and their God my God." From that time she was a steady, humble, and diligent disciple of Him who "went about doing good;" and a constant attendant, when health and weather permitted, on the public and private means of grace. She could truly say, with the Psalmist, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth." Her piety was genuine, and her religious experience, as given in her class, was always scriptural and satisfactory. Knowing in whom she had believed, and relying upon the promises in which she had been led to trust, she was unmoved; happily realising the truth of that promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" and, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." During the last few years of her life, she was several times seriously afflicted; which forcibly reminded her that she was a stranger and pilgrim here below, as all our fathers were. On more than one occasion it was thought that her sickness would be unto death; but it pleased the Lord to raise her up, and continue to her the enjoyment of tolerably good health, till the disease manifested itself which, in a few short months, terminated all her suffering. It was then seen that her life could not be of long duration. She frequently said she believed God was ripening her soul for heaven. A few days before her death, feeling more than usually unwell, she expressed her belief that "the Lord was about to take her to His blessed self." She took to her bed only two days before her departure, and from that time rapidly sank into the arms of death. Upon her death-bed, she expressed the strongest confidence in God, having no fear or doubt. "There," said she, on one occasion, "stands my blessed Saviour at the Father's right hand in heaven. My precious Saviour!

'Tis all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.'

I shall soon be landed on Canaan's happy shore.

'Angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.'"

To one of her children she said, "All of you follow hard after me;" and then she repeated the doxology,—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," &c.

Such was her happy state of mind, that she attempted to sing; but was unable to proceed. In the last words she was heard to utter she commended her soul to God.

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CATHARINE JANE M'CUTCHAN, eldest daughter of the late Rev. James M'Cutchan, Wesleyan Minister, died in the Lord, at Omagh, on September the 1st, aged twenty-eight. Instructed from her earliest youth in the Scriptures, she felt and yielded to the Holy Spirit's influence, and at the age of thirteen obtained peace with God. Nor was her goodness like the morning cloud, or as the early dew: she clave to the Lord with purpose of heart, realized His presence, and enjoyed much happy and sanctifying communion with Him. During a long and painful illness she was distinguished by an unwavering faith, a holy cheerfulness, and an entire submission to the Divine will. As her end drew nigh, the calm confidence of resignation, and the kindling of immortal hope, became more apparent. A few days before she fell asleep, she said, "As death comes nearer, heaven grows brighter." And thus reposing on her Redeemer, she entered into rest.

SARAH STIFF, of Littleton, in the Downend and Winterbourne Circuit, departed this life on September 12th, aged sixty-five years. She was converted in early life, and continued steadily devoted to God, and attached to the church of her choice, until death. As a Christian, she was distinguished by great humility, sincerity, and consistency. She valued the ordinances of religion, revered her Ministers, and loved all who love our Lord Jesus Christ. By faith in the atonement, she appropriated its provisions to herself, and abounded in the fruits of faith. The cause of Christ lay near her heart. She dedicated the first piece of gold she ever possessed to Him; and this spirit of liberality was maintained to the last. As a wife, it is the testimony of her bereaved and sorrowing husband, "Never was man blessed with a better partner." And as a mother, her children "rise up, and call her blessed." Their highest interests were ever kept at heart. Often, when alone with them, she would say, "Now we will have a little prayer." And she did pray; nor was the prayer vain. As a neighbour, she was a ministering spirit. No case of distress could arise in her village, but she was ready to alleviate it, if within her power to do so. Nay, the wanderer, the poor and despised Irish reaper, has often shared her solicitude, and been warmed, and fed, and housed under her own roof. She was ready to every good word and work. Her last illness was brief, and her death unexpected. But she met the last enemy without fear, and realized in death the all-sufficiency of that religion which had been the guide and solace of her life.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

Names.	Residences, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bilton, Ann,	Bassingham,	Lincoln,	33	May 4th, 1855.
Crosby, Richard,	Huby,	Easingwold,	70	June 2d, 1855.
Crossland, Mr. Thomas,	Aakern,	Doncaster,	60	Aug. 7th, 1855.
Crosswell, Frederick T.,	Durley,	Southampton & Winchester,	26	Dec. 12th, 1854.
Desenport, Mr. William,	Leek,	Leek,	56	July 13th, 1855.
Gilkes, Richard,	Sibford,	Chipping-Norton,	87	Feb. 1st, 1855.
Hibberd, Mrs. Martha,	Bawtry,	Doncaster,	38	Sept. 4th, 1855.
Moss, Catherine,	Mansfield,	Mansfield,	70	July 28th, 1855.
Parkinson, Joseph,	March,	Chatteris,	73	May 19th, 1855.
Richardson, Miss Esther,	Killinghall,	Ripon,	41	March 1st, 1855.
Schofield, Mr. George,	Heckmondwike,	Cleckheaton,	46	June 30th, 1855.
Vasey, Mr. George,	Monkton,	Ripon,	44	Feb. 26th, 1855.
Walker, Miss Sarah,	Dundee,	Dundee,	18	July 28th, 1855.

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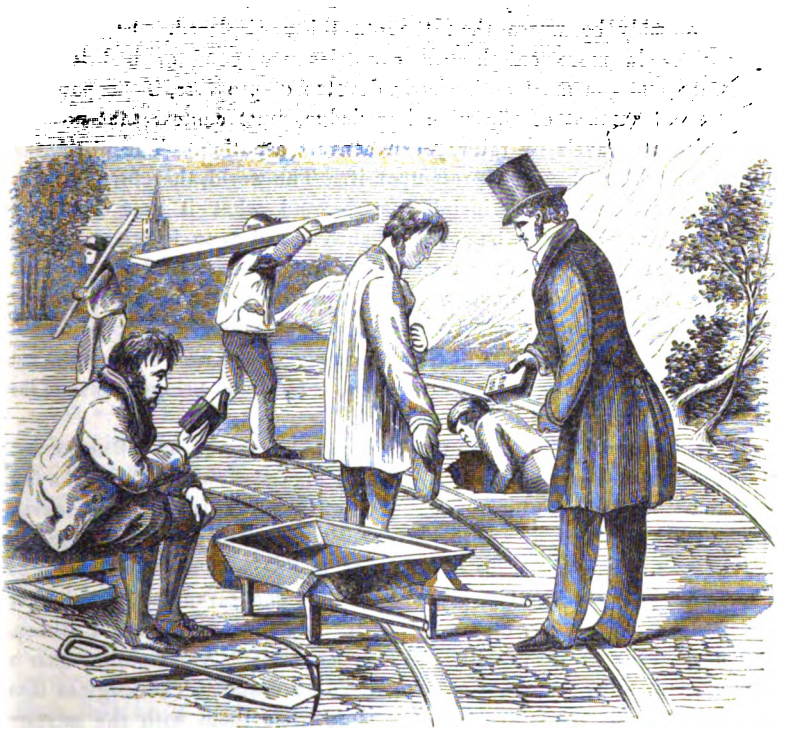
THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.



THE BIBLE AND THE RAILWAY.

How far the extension of railways contributes to the extension of the Gospel, is one of those questions that are not to be disposed of by a short general answer. When the railway serves for Sabbath-breaking, there can be no doubt that it is abused, and becomes a curse; and if this particular sin is as much increased by the facility of transit which Sunday-trains afford, as at first sight appears, so great a public misfortune might lead one to wish that Watt had employed his ingenuity in any other way, rather than in the invention of the steam-engine. But besides the doubt which some have raised, whether actual desecration of the Lord's day is so much increased by means of railways and steam-boats as a proximate occasion, since the ungodly are sure to break the fourth commandment, as

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well as all the others, and do break it in countries where there are no railways, as well as where there are, we should hesitate to attribute as much evil to the railway, alone, as on distant observation seems to belong to it.

The advantages obviously resulting from steam-communication should be considered on the other side. Intolerance cannot reign so absolutely in a nation crossed and recrossed by these great highways of the world as in provinces where society exists in isolated patches,—a condition most unfavourable to the communication of ideas. To innovate in Austria and Italy must almost certainly be good, inasmuch as the new thing introduced cannot possibly be worse than the old thing displaced. But whether innovations in more enlightened countries are good or bad is often doubtful; and the most enthusiastic devotee of progress, if he possesses but a small amount of Christian knowledge, must confess that no such innovation as travels by railway can convert a nation. The world, and only the world, rushes in express upon it. The world, therefore, must be leavened with religious principle, far beyond what it now is, before streams of travellers can be found of such a sort as to improve, at once, the countries into which they are emptied, and the countries out of which they are received. Locomotion will not save the world. The greatest triumphs of the Gospel, too, have been won by Missionaries who performed long voyages, and wearisome travels, crossing oceans and continents, and itinerating in remote regions where roads, canals, and bridges, save of the rudest kind, had scarcely been projected.

Time, however, will disclose the kind and the degree of influence that railways are now exerting on the world; and, meanwhile, they who fear God must be careful to make a right use of them. It is curious, however, to observe how variously persons of opposite religious principles approach the railway. In France, for example, or in Spain, if a railway is to be "inaugurated," as they say, there must be some ceremony, religious or superstitious, as we may prefer to call it. At the new station a Bishop, and a company of Ecclesiastics, usually assemble. A temporary altar is erected, and some sentences are muttered in Latin. The engines then steam up to the platform; the Priests sprinkle them with the mixture called "holy water;" the Bishops pronounce a benediction that cannot bless; the drivers move off; the first train follows; an excursion and a banquet end the day, which, it must be noted, is almost sure to be the Lord's day. But those lands are Sabbathless.

Before the Bishop could perform that ceremony, there were months and years of hard work upon the line. The "premises" were in possession of the Company's contractors, Englishmen and Protestants. The surveyors, the engineers, and also the superior artisans, were English, as were even some of the best navvies; but the crowd of labourers were natives of the country, say Portuguese or Spaniards. Passing from point to point, in the half-completed tunnel, on the embankment or at the viaduct, there were often good men superintending the works, and bringing tracts and books in their luggage for distributing among the work-people on their

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own "premises," maintaining the right that an Englishman would be most unwilling to surrender, of doing what he pleases upon his own ground. Sometimes a Missionary or a schoolmaster was employed in teaching the workmen and their children. By this channel alone, then, we may venture to say that Bible-distribution is daily pouring the word of life over the most barren lands; and for generations after the opening of each line for passengers, the Bibles thus distributed will be read in the remotest corners of those provinces. Many a copy of God's word, received from the hands of a Christian gentleman by his workmen, will be treasured up in transalpine cottages, and the two apparently dissimilar ideas, that of the railway and that of the Gospel, will go down together with the precious little book to the third and fourth generation.

But who shall explain the book? Who? The living Teachers, whom wealthy, enterprising England will send forth into every Continental State, there to occupy the ground surveyed by her own science, occupied by her own enterprise, and wrought by her own capital.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR DECEMBER, 1855.

"As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent." (Rev. iii. 19.)

Open your Bible at the third chapter of the Revelation of St. John, and read from the fourteenth verse to the last. You will find that the sentence printed on the Ticket for December is part of the letter written by command of "the Faithful and True Witness, the Beginning"—the chief—"of the creation of God," and addressed to the angel, or presiding Minister, of the church in Laodicea. This person fell sadly beneath the standard of his obligation; for, instead of being entirely devoted to the sacred functions of his ministry, he cared so little about them, that he is described as "neither cold nor hot." Because he was lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, the Lord Jesus Christ, Ruler of mankind, Head of the universal church, Judge of quick and dead, commanded him to be told that, with loathing, as one rejects a sickening draught of lukewarm water, persons like himself would be rejected of God; nay, that he would himself be rejected. And the sentence would have been absolute and irrevocable, but for the infinite mercy of the Saviour, who allows time, and offers grace, that even the most worthless may repent.

How it came to pass that a man in such a responsible position as "the angel of the church of the Laodiceans" could subside into a state of lukewarmness; how he could listen, perhaps daily, to bold confessions of Christ from the lips of members of his flock who freely gave up their lives for Him; how he could preach the truth, and profess to believe the truth, telling of heaven and hell, and relating the suffering of his

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Lord Jesus on the cross to save dying sinners; how he could witness the tears of the penitent, and the holy triumph of the martyr, and yet be a poor lukewarm waverer between heaven and hell, is a hard question; and, if it were not for a few words written in this letter, we should be unable even to conjecture. But the Lord says, "Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." (Ver. 17.) Critics have examined carefully the original Greek of this verse, and of what follows, and have been at great pains to ascertain the state of Laodicea, and the customs of its inhabitants, at the time when they were written; and every fragment of information that can be collected contributes to strengthen the probability that this Bishop of the Laodicean Christians divided his time and attention between spiritual functions and trading speculations, and that in course of time he had grown rich and careless. Thus the love of money, which is the root of all evil, got the mastery over him; and, enslaved to covetousness, he nearly lost his soul. The case, however, is a very common one: not among Ministers in general, certainly not among Wesleyan Ministers, very few of whom can say, "I am increased in goods," and none of whom are permitted to do as this Laodicean is supposed to have done; that is to say, go into trade. But it is very common, indeed, in this money-making country, for men to find themselves drawn unawares into the hot pursuit of wealth, and to become, sometimes rapidly, possessors of more than they can wisely use. A yet larger number enjoy competence. In the latter years of life, when their energies relax, their necessities diminish, and their comforts multiply, the mind soothes itself into a sweet reverie; and because the battle of this life seems to be over, they unconsciously cease to wage the good fight of faith, by which alone it is possible to attain to life eternal. Much love to God, fervent gratitude, a very tender conscience, unceasing prayer, and renewed baptisms of God's Holy Spirit, are all necessary to keep the soul alive amidst the comforts of the world. For a rich man, specially one that was originally poor, can hardly enter into the kingdom of God.

God, in His infinite compassion, did not hastily cut off this old Laodicean merchant-Bishop. He admonished him that his riches were unreal, and his boastings of independence vain: "Thou art wretched and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." (Ver. 17.) He advised him to change his way of life, and enter heartily into the pursuit of higher objects: "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see." (Ver. 18.) And then, appealing to his memory and heart, recalling the remembrance of earlier joys, and bringing back to his thoughts the experience of true religion when he first gave himself to Christ with unquestionable sincerity, and became, by faith, a child of God, the Lord offered mercy to this man once more. The Faithful and True Witness, the same who once spoke peace to the

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penitent; the same who long continued to refresh him in time of drought, and to give the abiding evidence of Divine favour; the same who loved him, and gave Himself for him, loves him still; and not yet casting away the language of tenderness, deigns to reason and expostulate: "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent." (Ver. 19.) The case is not yet desperate; for in the heart of Jesus the quenchless fire of compassion burns. He even deigns to be importunate. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." (Ver. 20.) Breathing His good Spirit on the last spark of love that smoulders feebly in the old man's bosom, the Faithful and True Witness wakens up new hope, rekindles new desire. Can it be that pure, heavenly enjoyment can ever glow in the soul of this money-making Jew-Christian? Can the heart, so long encased in gold, and already hardening into adamant, ever again feel a pulsation of quickening power? Can this deaf ear catch the accents of a voice so long estranged? Ah! It is the voice of the Son of God. The dead, even in their graves, will hear that voice, and live. This rich old speculator heard it once; and, sounding uncertainly in his drowsy ear even as it sounds now, it brings with it a dream of recognition, dashed with terror. Repentance, like that repentance which he once felt in the simplicity of his youth, comes over him again, ere he is well awake; yet it is rather a dreamy reminiscence of the past, than a wakeful apprehension of the present. But the voice of God rises louder. The summons is reiterated. The hand that once healed him, now smites and wounds again. The Lord *rebukes*. This is new, and strange, moreover; for the last that this old man heard of his Lord was thought to be a mild expression of acceptance. But now the Lord *chastens*. He touches him to the quick by spoiling his creature-comfort. Some loss, or some pain, or some sudden and severe bereavement, is what startles him out of slumber. Fairly awake now, he understands the situation, and finds that his battle must be fought over again. No more boasting of riches, increase, and independence, he feels wretchedness, poverty, and shame. But the last words of the Lord who roused him cease not to vibrate in his memory: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne." (Ver. 21.)

If, then, you who receive this Class-Ticket are at ease in Sion, lukewarm and heartless as that Laodicean, take the timely warning. If you are suffering rebuke and chastisement, profit by the admonition. The Saviour loves you still; and, because He loves you, He rebukes and chastens. But you must fight out this battle, and overcome this foe. Unless you do overcome that which sinks your soul in worldliness, taints you with pride, and lulls you into indifference, you will never sit with Jesus on His throne.

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THE DEATH OF MOSES.

"So Moses the servant of the LORD died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the LORD."—Deut. xxxiv. 5.

THIS short chapter, written probably by Joshua the successor of Moses, contains a remarkable account of the final hours of the Hebrew Lawgiver. The circumstances of his death are deeply interesting and instructive; and we shall do well to ponder the lessons which they teach.

1. The death of Moses was not the result of disease or decay: there is about it a suddenness, in the character of a direct visitation from God, which renders it awfully impressive.

There were no premonitions of dissolution; no signs of decay or breaking up. He was, indeed, "an hundred and twenty years old when he died;" yet "his eye was not dim:" it glowed with the same fire, and perhaps glistened with a more diamond brightness, when it surveyed, for the last time, the tents of Israel, and took its farewell glance at the land of promise, than when, eighty years before, it kindled at the sight of oppressive burdens in Egypt. "Nor was his natural force abated:" he was as full of vigour when ascending Pisgah to die as when he tended the flocks of Jethro at the foot of Horeb, or climbed its rugged sides to receive the law from the hand of God. The elasticity and primeness of manhood never forsook his steps. It is in vain, then, for us to search after adequate natural causes to account for his death. In some way or other, the bands of life were gently but swiftly loosened, and, almost before he was aware of it, the vital spark was quenched. He knew that the wilderness was to be his tomb; but the warning of death's actual approach was exceedingly short. In a few hours after the commandment came, his corpse was on the top of Nebo, to be buried in the valley over against Beth-peor.

We, too, sometimes witness awful instances of sudden death. Without a moment's warning the silver cord of life is broken, and "the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it." (Eccles. xii. 7.) The health has been unimpaired, the spirits have been buoyant up to the last moment, and then, as if by a directly Divine visitation, the Great Arbiter of life has summoned its surrender. This, however, is not general. The decay of nature, or the attacks of disease, more frequently forewarn of the approaching end. In most cases the frame is "worn by slowly-rolling years," rather than "broken by sickness in a day." What may be the lot of any of us, we cannot tell: it is a secret thing which belongs unto the Lord our God; and we ought not to be over-solicitous about it. Yet there is awfulness about sudden death, from which nature instinctively recoils. Sometimes, when our spiritual enjoyments are elevated, and our visions of the heavenly world broad and clear, we may breathe the ardent wish,

> "Let me catch a smile from Thee,
> And drop into eternity!"

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and pray that we may "cease AT ONCE to work and live." But this is not often our feeling: the holiest and best of men would more frequently utter the impressive supplication, "From sudden death, good Lord, deliver us!" Our wisest and safest course is to be ready for the Master's call; and then, whether death be lingering or sudden, whether the frail tent be overthrown with a sudden and impetuous rush, or taken down by slow degrees, we shall be prepared to enter into our rest.

2. If we fail to discover any natural cause for the death of Moses, we are at no loss to find an adequate moral cause for his premature departure in the wilderness.

When Israel murmured for water, the Lord commanded Moses to speak unto the rock, and promised that water should flow out. But, instead of calmly obeying this instruction, he gathered the congregation together before the rock, and said unto them, "Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock?" And he "lifted up his hand, and with his rod he smote the rock twice." (Numb. xx. 10, 11.) Here he evidently went beyond the word of the Lord in smiting the rock instead of speaking to it; he manifested anger towards the people of his charge; spake unadvisedly with his lips; and apparently arrogated to himself and Aaron the glory of the miracle. These are the outlines of his guilt: they could not be passed over: it was regarded as of sufficient magnitude to exclude him from Canaan, and bring him to an untimely grave. The Lord said unto him, "Get thee up into this mountain Abarim, and die in the mount whither thou goest up: because ye trespassed against Me among the children of Israel at the waters of Meribah-Kadesh, in the wilderness of Zin; because ye sanctified Me not in the midst of the children of Israel." (Deut. xxxii. 49—51.)

As the penalty of transgression, death is common to all our race. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." (Rom. v. 12.) But are there not cases, like that of Moses, where death is the consequence of some particular sin? How many are constantly committing acts which have a natural tendency to shorten human life, and in consequence of which they do not live out half their days! And even among sincere Christians, are there not some who, in this sense of St. John's expression, "commit the sin unto death?" Like Moses, they fall into transgressions which lower the Divine sanctity in the mind; they are guilty of backslidings which grieve the Holy Spirit and bring reproach upon Christ's cause: and though the Lord may forgive these transgressions when they repent and humble themselves, He does not forget them. They are held in remembrance; and sometimes, as in the case before us, a righteous retribution shortens life, cutting off the transgressor in the midst of his days. How deeply solemn is the admonition thus conveyed to us! Life is invested with the most awful responsibilities: let us act up to these high demands. Shun every transgression, lest you sin away your life, and pass into the presence of God before your time. Consecrate your

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whole being to Him who died for you and rose again, that you may fill up the circle of your days, and come to your grave, at the appointed time, like a shock of corn ready for the garner.

3. The last hours of Moses were not cheered, as in the case of Aaron, by the presence of any relative or friend. Not one of all the thousands of Israel, not even Joshua, who had been with him amidst the awful manifestations of Sinai, was permitted to witness his departure from life. Solitary and alone he had to meet the king of terrors, and fall into the arms of the destroyer.

How few would like to have a death so lonely! Who among us would not rather die like Wesley, in the retirement of his chamber, surrounded by his relatives and spiritual children, than like Whitefield, or Chalmers, in the awful stillness of the midnight hour, and the impenetrable silence and solitude of his own room? Where is the man of God who would not wish to die in the presence of his brethren; to call his family and friends around his couch; to advise and admonish them on spiritual matters; to tell them of his high hopes, and to be solaced by their sympathies and their prayers? But nature's wish may not be gratified. The summons may come when we walk by the way; when we are alone in the chamber; or when we are plying our accustomed occupation out of doors, far from the habitation of relative or friend. For wise and holy reasons, the Lord may allot us a silent and lonely death.

4. If, however, we are prepared for the solemn event, our death, wherever it may overtake us, will be peaceful and happy.

When Moses was commanded to "get up, and die," there were no fearful forebodings, no appalling apprehensions, no shrinking from the awful trial. He cheerfully climbed to the summit of Pisgah, and calmly laid himself down to die. He "died there according to the word of the Lord;" a phrase which literally reads, "*at, or upon the mouth of the Lord.*" Hence a Rabbinical tradition that the Lord embraced Moses on the mount, and gently drew his soul out of his body with a kiss;* a strong representation of tranquil and happy death.

And to what is all this joyous calmness to be attributed? Was it the result of superior courage or hardihood of spirit? Was it because he was anxious to be released from the toils of life, and the murmuring complaints of an ungrateful people? No: none of these things could ensure so happy a death. The Lord was with him in that holy mount, comforting his

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* The Poet of Methodism alludes to this tradition in one of his exquisitely-beautiful Birth-day Hymns:

"Then, when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,
Receive Thy favour'd son,
In death's triumphant hour;
Like Moses to Thyself convey,
And *kiss my raptured soul away.*"

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spirit, and showing him the land of promise: visions of higher glory burst upon his mind, and he felt he was going to be for ever with the Lord.

And yet, not more serene and happy were the last moments of Moses on Pisgah's height, than may be those of any other child of God. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." He appoints the time and fixes the place of their departure. He tells them when and where to go up and die. At the appointed spot, whether on the mount, or in the valley, He will not fail to meet them. When death loosens the bands of life, when the last convulsive struggle agitates the fainting frame, when heart and flesh fail, then he will be the strength of the fainting heart, and its portion for ever. Then, too, will He refresh the dying eye with visions of the heavenly world. One of God's saints has left us an impressive record of his prospects as he neared his last moments. "The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odours are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ear, its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but an insignificant rill, that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer, appearing larger and brighter as He approached; and now He fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the sunbeams; exulting, yet almost trembling while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering, with unutterable wonder, why God should deign thus to shine on a sinful worm!"* What a Pisgah-view of heaven was this! Who could not die in calmness with such ineffable glory before him?

5. Into the full possession of that cloudless glory the Christian's death is the certain entrance.

Whither went the sanctified spirit of Moses when he died on the mount?

The same allusion is found, also, in a magnificent Funeral Hymn, on the death of Mrs. Anne Wigginton, April 24th, 1757:

"Like Moses on the mountain laid,
With longing looks, and raviah'd eyes,
She sees the Saviour's arms display'd,
She sees His open face, and dies!
Drops at His kiss the mortal clod,
And plunges in the depths of God."

[The tradition is beautiful, and is finely expressed by the poet. But the Rabbies were neither grammarians nor critics; and the inventor of the tradition forgot that the phrase עַל פִּי יְהוָה *at the mouth of the Lord*, is exactly parallel with עַל פִּי פַרְעֹה *at the mouth of Pharaoh*. In these, and many other examples, the word means *command*, and cannot be otherwise translated.—EDS.]

* Dr. Payson, of America.

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Did it slumber in a "valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor?" Or did it wing its ethereal flight to the mansions of light and joy? What means the Divine promise that he should be gathered unto his fathers, (Deut. xxxii. 50,) unless it clearly intimates that the moment after his death his soul should be gathered with the chiefs of his people in a better world? The New Testament suggests the same view. Nearly fifteen centuries after his body had been committed to the tomb, his spirit came on an important embassy to our world. On the Holy Mount, when Jesus was transfigured before His disciples, there talked with Him two men, which were Moses and Elias, who appeared in glory. Elias had been carried to heaven in a chariot of fire; and when Moses, clothed with the same glory, appeared in glad companionship with this distinguished Prophet, the conclusion must follow, that he was a fellow-inhabitant of the celestial city, and had become a member of that blest community,—"the spirits of just men made perfect."

Thank God! Christianity knows nothing of that cold and heartless philosophy which would teach that "death is nought, and nought after death." She unfolds the blessed doctrine that the spirit is capable of an independent and separate existence. Through her sublime teaching we know, that to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord. As soon as the gates of death are passed, the spirit enters into the joy of its Lord, and mingles with the innumerable multitude before the throne. From the heights of Pisgah we rise to the superior heights of the heavenly Zion, where we gaze in highest rapture upon the majesty and glory of Him in whose presence there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Would you, reader, have a death so happy, and leading to such glorious results? The only way to secure it is to live a life of piety and devotedness to God. You can have no solid foundation whereon to rest a hope that you will die in peace and be safe in a future world, unless, like Moses, you are THE SERVANT OF GOD. If you continue to live as most around you are living, death will be to you the hour of misery, and the beginning of eternal sorrow. You will die like thousands more, stupid and unconcerned, or groaning with anguish and despair. If you would avert a death so fearful, imitate him whose final hour we have been considering. As you have come to years of maturity, renounce the pleasures of sin; devote yourself to the service of God, and choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; act, like Moses, upon high principles of decision and perseverance in the Lord's service; and then your life, like his, will come to a peaceful and triumphant close. "Be not slothful; but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

City-Road. J. K.

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A WALK TO AN APPOINTMENT.

It was a beautiful evening in June. My appointment was at K——; which, being but a mile and a half from my residence, did not afford opportunity for much incident, or any lengthened reflection: and yet, such was the train of thought in which my mind was led to indulge, that it may not be time lost if I made a note of it.

I started about half-past five, accompanied by five of those young folks with whom I am generally associated, and whose young hearts give an extra bound, and their faces assume an additional smile, when I say they will be allowed to walk with me. We had not proceeded far before we had to cross the Nottingham and Grantham Canal; but the boats were laid at anchor on both sides of the bridge. The hoarse voice of the bargeman was hushed in silence, and the smooth and unrippled surface of the water stretched out on each side to a considerable distance; a beautiful emblem, I thought, of the calm and rest of the Sabbath. We had not proceeded far before we came in sight of three females, evidently bending their course to the same place of worship, two of them in the habiliments of mourning. This circumstance would have probably called forth from my mind no other reflection than the passing thought that they had recently been called to follow some relative to the house appointed for all living, had I not been familiar with the circumstances of their bereavement; but the last time I remembered seeing them on that way was in company with a dear sister, just recovering from an attack of affliction, and who thought she had much cause for gratitude that she had got to be able to accomplish this little journey by the aid of her sisters. In a short time, she recovered her health, and went to her situation at Melton. About two years after, I was informed that Mary had again been obliged to return home through affliction. She having some time before been in my service, I felt particularly interested in her welfare, and paid her an early visit. From her consistent deportment when in my family, as well as from her earnest pleadings at a throne of grace, to which I had often been witness, I hoped to find her in a peaceful and happy frame of mind. I was struck with her appearance, which evidently indicated her rapid approach to the grave; but instead of finding her "rejoicing in hope," a pensiveness, almost approaching to sadness, seemed to have settled on her interesting countenance. I hoped, however, it was from the nature of the complaint under which she was labouring. She said very little; and, for several visits, I could scarcely ascertain what really was the state of her mind. At last, however, came the startling and undisguised announcement,—"Ah! I lost so much of my religion the last year, when I was at M——!" She had not forsaken God's people, nor wickedly departed from the Lord; but, alas! she had lost that nearness to God which had been her comfort in days past, and which might have been her solace, now that she was called to pass through the valley and shadow of death. I earnestly exhorted her to come again to Christ, as at first she came; and she, as earnestly as her weakness would permit, applied herself to the throne of grace. The next time I saw her, she felt much comforted in her soul, and gradually seemed to get firmer hold of Christ; but her disease rapidly gained strength. I saw her the last night she spent on earth. She thanked me affectionately for my attentions, and expressed the hope that she should soon be with Jesus. The next morning Mary was no more. What a pity, I thought, that young people should forfeit all the advantages of living in a family where their spiritual prosperity is promoted, and, for the sake of a little extra pecuniary reward, or, as

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frequently the case, more company, will hazard all the dangers consequent upon being mixed up with a number of other servants, who have no fear of God before their eyes; but—as poor Mary too justly described them as being —"such a light set!" For though I have no doubt she has got safely home to the better land, yet, but for this, her last moments might have been much more peaceful and triumphant.

But I am afraid I have lingered here too long, and must therefore get on my journey. What a delightful change was manifest in the face of the country! An unusually severe winter, succeeded by a cold and droughty spring, had made everything wear a barren and unpromising appearance. We began to look round with some degree of despondency; and we not unfrequently heard the remark, that things looked very serious. But now, as on many other occasions, the Almighty has proved that He has not left Himself without witness in the earth, giving us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with joy and gladness. Beautiful showers had recently fallen, and all nature seemed revived and cheered; while the birds were giving the loudest expressions of their gratitude that their warbling throats could utter.

A little in advance of us, we perceived an interesting group,—a mother and two children. One she carried in her arms; the other availed itself of a little aid by pulling at her mother's gown. At times, however, she had the vanity to imagine she could toddle alone, which I think she would have accomplished, had it not been for a rather unnecessary appendage; for, small as she was, she was vain enough to think that a parasol would set her off a little; though, unfortunately, with her, as with many of more mature growth, it was more for show than use, as the sun did not happen to incommode us with his scorching rays. At length, she and her parasol became entangled among the thorns, and a cry for help was immediately extorted. When the mother came and rescued her, we were immediately up with them, and I saluted the little traveller, at the same time lamenting that she should so early get entangled among the briers and thorns, and hoped this might prove one of the worst entanglements she might ever meet with in life; for, alas! its path is beset with briers and thorns all the journey through. "Happy," said I, "that she had a mother so near to rescue her." "Yes," said her deliverer, "a mother is very useful." Very useful indeed, I thought.

We were soon at the little chapel, where the congregation was partly assembled, and very shortly filled the place. Among this generally serious and attentive congregation, I recognised one fine, tall young man, who, but a very few years before, formed part of the little group by which I am generally surrounded. How soon, thought I,—

> "The child a youth, the youth a man,
> Eager to run the race his fathers ran!"

He is now settled on a farm about two miles distant: having first sought the kingdom of God and His righteousness, he is successfully prosecuting the duties of life. I was constrained to breathe the prayer that all committed to my care might, like him, be led to "remember their Creator in the days of their youth." The text for the evening was the twentieth verse of the 145th Psalm; and as the preserving care of God towards those who love Him was dwelt upon, I saw one whose countenance seemed to light up with a peculiar expression of confidence. I knew her destination was shortly for the distant land of Australia; and if I could read her thoughts, they were in

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substance, "Thou wilt be the Guide of my youth;" or, "This God is our God, for ever and ever; He will be our Guide even unto death."

The service being brought to a conclusion, we quietly retired from the little sanctuary with a hallowed feeling pervading the heart, which was ready to say,—

"I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below."

The first thing that attracted my attention, was the smiling face of a young female peeping through the casement of her window, after many weeks, and even months, of confinement and affliction. How glad and how thankful to enjoy even this privilege! And how ready her heart to exclaim, "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!"—while many, I thought, in health are permitted to enter there, without manifesting any signs of gratitude for the privileges they enjoy.

Without staying for refreshment, we leisurely retraced our steps towards home. We were soon overtaken by Mr. M——, the doctor; who, on inquiry, informed us he had been urgently called upon to visit a little boy, whose name he gave us. We all immediately remembered that the day before he was at school, in apparent health, and joined in the sports of his schoolfellows: now his life was almost despaired of. How uncertain, thought I, is life! The flower how soon it fades; our strength how soon it wastes!

The bridge was soon passed, and home in sight. Sweet home:—

"The blessed homes of England;
How sweetly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!"

J. F. H.

OUR RELIGION.

Call me not an enthusiast, if I say, there is something great in our religion; essentially great. From whatever point of observation we view it, all is greatness: whether we consider it politically or socially, we are impressed with the idea, that this noble fabric is the work of a wise Master-Builder; and when we survey it, in all its parts, we involuntarily feel that we are contemplating the work of God. We see the grandeur of this religion wherever we find a true Christian; and we see that on whatever it touches it leaves an impress of its own greatness.

Ask that poor Lazarus why he curses not his lot; he will reply, "This is not my home." Ask that sinking mariner, whence his peace; he will point upward, and cry, "Haven is nigh." Ask that lone widow why she weeps not; her reply will be, "There is a Husband for the widow." Ask the orphan why he fears not; he tells you, "There is a Father for the fatherless." Awaken that old man from his reverie; he whispers, "Christ is mine, and I am His." And when we thus find a power that can counterbalance the direst miseries of life, may I not still call it *great*?

If he believes the word of God, what may not a Christian do? We ask not whether he be a monarch or a serf; a free man or a slave; learned or unlearned; rich or poor. It is enough that he is a Christian; for no worldly circumstances can affect his heaven-born title; and, as we consider him only in his Divine relationship, we know well how important is the position that he occupies.

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Look around on the nations of the world, and you find that at the present moment a mighty convulsion shakes the whole; but none can imagine that all this comes of chance. Chance! How unmeaning is the word! How comes it that chance has but one object in view? Wherefore should its needle always point heavenward? Why does it everywhere exalt the Cross? Why does it ever war against ignorance and error? Look towards the east, and you find the east looking back towards the west! Is it chance that caused Mohammedanism to crumble with decay at its very foundations?

Whence those wonders in human nature which we scarcely dare account for? Are these chance? Whence the mighty power, that now causes the earth to shake? Chance! Whence the Divinity that can take the human heart into its grasp, and create it all anew? Chance! By what mysterious power hast thou wrought thy wonders in the wild plains of Africa, and the dark islands of the South Sea? For what do we see there? The-idol temple in ruins; the idol in the flames; the man-eater proclaiming a Saviour's love; the warrior a man of peace; the bloody savage praying for his enemies. Chance! Nay, there is no reason in that word. We believe not that chance could always take an upward course. We believe not that chance could work miracles. We believe not that chance could change the nature of man. And whence come those revolutions in nations? Whence those stupendous reverses of nature? Whence this blessed new creation? We turn away for an answer: listen for the attestation of heaven, and hear it in answers to those incessant prayers which ascend from the hearts and lips of men who hold communion with the throne of God. H. P.

Islington.

THE JOY OF ANGELS.

"LIKEWISE, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." What a startling announcement! If this passage had not been the words of eternal truth, we might almost have doubted it. When Omnipotence called a world into existence, and adorned it with everything that could fill the eye with beauty, and the ear with melody; from the everlasting mountains, and the strong foundations of the earth, down to the smallest flower in the field; all proclaimed the wisdom and love of the Creator; and man, yet unstained by sin, wearing yet unsullied the image of his Maker, crowned the worship of nature by the homage of an intelligent soul. No wonder that then should burst forth the rapturous praises of the angelic host. "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." When the Son of God wrapped himself in our humanity, veiled his Divinity in mortal flesh; came not as Judge to condemn and destroy the world, but as the Saviour to redeem; "He who was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich:" no wonder that angels should descend to chant His natal anthem,—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." We are not surprised that angels should rejoice on these great occasions; but that they should notice the tear of penitence as it stands on the cheek of that contrite one, that they should listen to the sighs of the mourner, does indeed appear startling. Their tears may not be noticed by the people of a cold-hearted world, their sighs may not be heard in the palaces of our land, but they reach the "palace of angels and God." Some ministering spirit catches the first sigh, and marks the first tear. Away to heaven he flies with the account. The tale is told within that sacred circle. "Seraph

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tells the news to seraph," and the "voice of harpers, harping with their harps," celebrates the event in triumphant strains. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." The men of the world may be watching with most intense interest the achievements of a warrior, the course of a victory, the speculations of a philosopher, the decisions of legislatures, the disputes of statesmen, the shock of contending armies, the change of governments, the shaking of nations, the passing away of ancient thrones, the rise and fall of empires; but these things wake no notes of joy in heaven: to angels they are contemptible as ashes, except in so far as they concern the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. If there be joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, then the repentance of one sinner is an event of no ordinary moment. The angels, though removed at an infinite distance from the eternal throne, are also very far removed from the imperfections and frivolities of men. Yet the repentance of a sinner gives a brighter blaze to their ardour; intensifies their joys; and tunes their harps to a louder and sweeter song. An event which does this, must be of great importance. We can imagine them to say, Another soul is saved from death; another spirit is on its way to bliss; another associate is preparing to join us for ever: another voice is attuned to unite in our songs of praise: "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever."

If there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, then the repentance of the sinner ought to be earnestly sought after by the people of God. That which causes joy to angels, cannot be unworthy of human instrumentality to bring about. "Let him know, that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." Then let the people of God see their high vocation, and by earnest and prayerful efforts strive to bring others to the knowledge of the truth.

A word to the impenitent:—

Will you come to swell the lofty notes of this angelic and celestial triumph? O! will you rather continue in sin, and gratify the devils in hell, than repent, and make the angels of God happy? We tell you, in the words of Christ, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." With these tremendous realities before you, will you perish in your ungodly ways? Strange infatuation! Miserable delusion! The door of life is yet open. Pardon and peace are yet offered. "Return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon you; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

The Saviour is interceding for you; and presents for your acceptance a crown of never-fading and immortal glory. The spirits of the just, who have passed before you to the mansions of bliss, are calling upon you to wash your robes in the blood of the Lamb. Holy angels! those bright and happy spirits that rejoice in the sunshine of eternal love, tuning their harps to heavenly harmonies, are ready to sing praises over you.

"Who can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?"

"Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." S. B. W.

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Narrative Pieces.

THE TALL MAN.

BY CLEMENT.

(*Concluded from page* 342.)

"My dear," said Mrs. Jones to her husband, as she met him at the door, "there's a gentleman in the parlour waiting to see you:" for Mrs. Jones possessed one of the neatest, prettiest, best rooms in the world; and, in spite of some slight objections on the part of Mr. Jones, she did not see why she should not call it a parlour.

Mr. Jones (nobody presumed to call him "Jemmy" now) greeted the gentleman with his accustomed frankness, and seated himself in his favourite arm-chair.

The stranger was evidently a man of no common order. His face was exceedingly grave and serious, and his quick intelligent eye told of an active and powerful mind. He might very well have passed for some hard-working Missionary.

"You do not recognise me, I suppose," said he.

"No, indeed, I do not."

"Well, let me tell you, first, *what* I am, and then I will tell you *who* I am. As regards my worldly affairs, I am a wool-merchant, having a somewhat extensive property, and enjoying considerable wealth. I am connected with several great Companies, and wield an influence which I endeavour to turn to account for the social welfare of those around me. I have a large family, every member of which is walking, I believe, in the fear of God, and bidding fair to become useful in the world. I am endeavouring, both by personal effort and in other ways, to convince our English people that if they would reform their treatment of the vicious and the poor, prevention is better than cure, and kindness a far more effectual antidote than cruelty. I am a sort of self-made Missionary, and take it upon me, wherever I go, to speak a little common sense upon such matters, and to declare what I myself have seen of our social evils, and their remedies.—Now I must tell you *who* I am. Do you remember two vagrant boys rambling through S—— street one day, and picking a tall gentleman's pockets of his 'Pilgrim's Progress?' Have you a faint recollection of a little boy carrying a jug of milk, and encountering these strollers?"

"What—what *can* it mean?" broke out Mr. Jones, starting up from his chair; for these incidents were indelibly impressed on his memory. "No," (musingly,) "that is impossible." And he seemed to dismiss some thought from his mind.

"Very strange things are possible, Mr. Jones. It is possible, and it is perfectly true, that I know one of those youngsters intimately."

"Can you tell me anything about one of them,—one that I have not seen for many a year?" said Mr. Jones, scarcely knowing what he said.

"Jem! Jem!" said the stranger, no longer able to contain himself; "take this right hand of mine: it is your old friend Charley's."

They could neither of them get any farther; emotions too great for utterance filled their breasts; and while they wrung each other by the hand, tears of brotherly love, and gratitude to the Giver of all good, spoke more eloquently than the tongue what they felt.

"Would God," said Mr. Jones's visiter, "would God I could tell the proud, self-satisfied philanthropists, who will allow a criminal to possess almost anything except *a heart*, what I myself have felt, tasted, and handled of *things as they are*. To my mother I owe my first serious thoughts, as you are aware; but it was a little child, fresh and blooming from its mother's arms, that won me from self and sin to God and righteousness. Its mother was ill, and a sort of friendship sprung up between me and the child. The sweet confidence with which the little creature would lay her cheek against mine, and talk about 'poor mamma,' and about the pretty flowers, and about that wonderful God who made 'mamma, and Radrad,'—

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as she called me,—and baby, and everything, was like a fountain of life to my thirsty soul. I had been longing for love and sympathy; and the free unsuspicious affection of that little child was the silver cord which God chose to draw me near to Himself. The mother died after a few years; and, having by that time acquired some influence, I adopted the little one as my own. God was pleased to take her to His rest very early, so that I had her with me only a short time; but I have one girl named after her,—the one I sent to inquire after you a few days ago."

"You don't say so! My master was in raptures with her."

"Ah! well, I'm conceited enough not to wonder that people like her: I believe she is as bright, as happy, and as good a girl as the sun shines on; but only think, Jem, of her being *my* child! When I fancy what I might have been, and what my children might have been, if I had remained in those vile dens where I was brought up, I may well say to you, 'O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together!'"

These, kind reader, are two brands plucked from a prodigious burning. They are but two souls rescued from destruction, while ten thousand of their comrades perish: they are but the scarcely saved gleanings of a vintage, which the locust-swarms of vice and degradation have devoured.

Think of this, merchant-princes of our great cities, when your palaces are resplendent with festivity, and your drawing-rooms filled with rank, talent, and beauty; lest your hearts be lifted up, and you forget who made you to differ from the common herd of tramps and vagabonds, who are born to misery, and bred in vice. Think of it, Ministers of religion, and say whether it be not your special mission to preach the Gospel to the poor, rather than to haggle and barter with the rich for ecclesiastical preferment. Think of it, unwise legislators, who, with a certain noble Lord, tell us that all children are born good,—born with a nature which instinctively chooses good, and refuses evil; and explain, if you can, that positive love of sin, that absolute relish for ungodliness, which makes the outcast poor a thief and a vagabond, and the wealthy voluptuary a rogue and a villain. Does it not require something mightier than Acts of Parliament to meet this innate spring of evil?—a spring which sends up its foul, bubbling putridity, not merely in the breast of the blood-stained criminal, but also in the heart of the Lord Chief Justice. Verily it does. The Truth Himself tells us, "Ye must be born again." O, for the day when this truth shall be everywhere received in the love of it, and when these earthen vessels of ours shall be so sweetened by holy, humble sympathies with the weak, the ignorant, the erring, and the fallen, that our religious profession shall no longer be made to appear repulsive to those who are out of the way, by cold indifference to their sins and sorrows!

Last Days of the Rev. John Wesley.

The year 1774 found John Wesley, after ministerial labours of thirty-five years, after more than one generation had passed away, pursuing in his seventy-second year the same work with the same energy which he had shown in his prime. Still he preaches twice or thrice a day, not unfrequently four times in a day, in the open air, in all weathers, in meadows, streets, or hill-sides, to vast multitudes; or in churches which his voice fills, beginning at five in the morning, and the evening finds him yet engaged. By horse or boat, in mud, sleet, or storm, he makes his way to his post. A walk of ten miles, in the midst of his day, is nothing to him. Unchanged in his custom, he goes to bed at half-past nine in the evening, rises at three in the morning when his journeys demand it; and, as his usual practice, at four o'clock, in order to be ready to preach at five. He breaks off a ministerial

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tour, to travel post-haste from Congleton to Bristol, one hundred and forty miles, when railways were not, and to return, after two hours spent in Bristol, to resume his preaching in Cheshire. Many fall around him, younger and stronger men. Age grasps his cotemporaries, and breaks them into decrepitude. He stands erect in his slight but sinewy frame, and looks forty years their junior. His recipe is, to rise at four o'clock, to preach at five in the morning, and to travel (chiefly on horseback) four thousand five hundred miles in the year.

"This being my birthday, the first day of my seventy-second year, I was considering how this is, that I find just the same strength as I did thirty years ago? That my sight is evidently better now, and my nerves firmer than they were then. That I have none of the infirmities of old age, and have lost several that I had in my youth."

"April 16th, 1776. I preached about noon at Chowbent. As we were considering in the afternoon what we should do, the rain not suffering us to be abroad, one asked the Vicar for the use of the church, to which he readily consented. I began to read prayers at half-past five. The church was so crowded, &c.—April 17th. After preaching at Bury about noon, I went on to Rochdale, and preached in the evening to a numerous congregation. —April 18th. I clambered over the horrid mountains to Todmorden, and thence to Heptonstall on the brow of another mountain. Such a congregation scarce ever met in the church before. In the evening I preached in the Croft.—Oct. 13th, 1778. I took a little tour into Oxfordshire, and preached in the evening at Wallingford.—Oct. 14th. I went on to Oxford, and, having an hour to spare, walked to Christchurch, for which I cannot but still retain a peculiar affection. What lovely mansions are these! In the evening I preached at Finstock. How gladly could I spend a few weeks in this delightful solitude! But I must not rest yet: as long as God gives me strength to labour, I must use it.—Oct. 13th. I preached at Witney, &c.—Oct. 16th. I was desired to preach at Thame on my return to London." This he did, visited the sick, and then preached in the evening at High-Wycombe, and on Saturday returned to London.

"At Witney we had a lovely congregation at five. About nine I preached at Oxford, in Newnham at one, and in the evening at Wallingford." Next day, two sermons at Kingston-Lodge and Ramsbury.

Here is a specimen of a week:—September, 1779. Monday, preached in the market-place at Carmarthen. Tuesday, nine miles off, at Kidwelly at eight; at eleven in the churchyard of Llanelly; at six in Swansea. Wednesday, preached at five in Swansea, at eight in Neath Town-hall, in the afternoon in the church, and at six in the Town-hall of Cowbridge. Vast crowds, great heat: "I was no more tired, when I had done, than when I rose in the morning." Thursday, at Cowbridge, preached at five, again at eleven; in the evening in Llandaff. Friday, preached twice at Cardiff, then on to Newport, and on Saturday to Bristol. On Sunday preached and gave the sacrament to a vast crowd, and at five to a multitude in the square, with a thermometer that day at 80°.

Again: "Aug., 1776. I rode on horseback to St. Agnes, where the rain constrained me to preach in the house. As we rode back to Redruth, it poured down in torrents, and found its way through all our clothes. I was tired when I came in; but after sleeping a quarter of an hour, all my weariness was gone."

"Nov., 1778. At the end of Stroud I chose to walk up the hill, leaving the coach to follow me. But it was in no great haste; it did not overtake me till I had walked above five miles. I cared not if it had been ten: the more I walk, the sounder I sleep."

His life was one incessant whirl of movement and preaching. Within half a year, the old man makes two circuits of Ireland, traverses Scotland from Berwick to Inverness, and each day of his circuit is one of travelling, and generally of preaching. In thirty-one days he preaches thirty-two sermons, while he works his way from Nairn to Hull. Add to this, personal visits of reproof and comfort, prayers beside the sick, special journeys to cheer the dying; conferences, rebukes, encouragements to Societies and Preachers. The only change in his habits was, that,

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after riding one hundred thousand miles, having in his sixty-ninth year suffered an operation, he resorted more than before to a chaise; but he was always ready to get on horseback or travel by coach, in order to reach his home. In these journeys he was never idle. Three hours in the day, often ten or twelve, being thus spent alone, he devoured an enormous amount of reading. There was hardly a book, grave or gay, which he did not examine,—poetry, philosophy, history and divinity, local history and classics; histories of Norwich, Pennant's Scotland, Warner's Ireland and Zetland, Cave's Antiquities; voyages of Cook, Byron, and Dr. Johnson; poems of Blackmore, Ossian, and Young; the writings of Lord Kames, of Swift, and Skelton, Hutcheson's metaphysics, the speculations of Parsons, the works of good Lord Lyttelton, of the scoffing Voltaire, of Walpole, Chesterfield, Rousseau, and Hume, the Decalogues of Lucian, the Cyropædeia of Xenophon. "History, poetry, and philosophy, I commonly read on horseback, having other employments at other times."

Books of physics, histories of witchcraft, books of mythology, histories of India and Europe by Raynal and Robertson, Hooke's History of Rome, Bonavici's Italy, Burnet's Geology, Swedenborg's Reveries, the Tracts of Dáillé, the Works of "one W. Dell;" all sorts of theology, ranging from the writings of the Quaker Barclay and the Presbyterian Erskine, to those of Pascal and Fenelon.

Wesley retained through life his fondness for the classics. He was apt in quotation. With French he was familiar. His conversation was rich and full. Long travels and constant observation had given him a store of knowledge, and he poured this forth in familiar intercourse. The greatest thinker and talker of his day, Dr. Johnson, admired Wesley; and the note in which he thanked him for his Commentary on the Bible is a tribute. The great philosopher had long desired to enjoy his conversation, and at last, through the intervention of his sister, he accomplished it. Wesley dined with him in Salisbury-court at the early hour of three. With his usual precision, Wesley had assigned two hours to this meal, and he rose as soon as these had passed. Dr. Johnson was greatly disappointed; but on Wesley's sister saying, "Why, Doctor, my brother has been with you two hours," he replied, "Two hours, Madam! I could talk all day and all night too with your brother."

Wesley's precision as to time was exact, from which he was enabled to accomplish so much. Forced to wait one day ten minutes for his chaise, he was overheard to say to himself, "I have lost ten minutes for ever." But in all this there was no bustle: everything was done with the utmost quietness. "You need not," said one to him, "be in a hurry, Sir." "A hurry!" was his reply: "no, I have no time to be in a hurry."

But neither, of course, did he know leisure. All his day was assigned to work. This was Dr. Johnson's complaint. "John Wesley's conversation is good; but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have his talk out, as I do."

Wesley wrote much. Besides pamphlets innumerable in defence of Methodism, he wrote his elaborate Commentary; Lessons for Children; Grammars, Hebrew and Latin; Abridgments of Potter's and Kennet's Antiquities; Greek and Roman Histories for Schools; quotations collected from English poets; and a book on Medicine. He wrote slowly; but, as he never went back on his writings for revision, he wrote much.

He kept his accounts with rigorous exactness. Every penny is recorded. It was thus he was able to gratify his charitable feelings: for his charities were great; his kindness to the poor knew no bounds. Dr. Johnson liked the conversation of Wesley: another man, not less famous, understood his character. John Howard had first heard Wesley preach at his seat in Bedfordshire, and he never forgot the impression of that sermon: the text was, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." It was one of the turning-points in Howard's life. In 1787 Howard met Wesley in Dublin; and of his conversation with him on that occasion, we have a record by Alexander Knox. When Howard visited Mr. Knox, he was full of the meeting which he had

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had with John Wesley. "I was encouraged by him," he said, "to go on vigorously with my own designs. I saw in him how much a single man might achieve by zeal and perseverance; and I thought, 'Why may not I do as much in my own way, as Mr. Wesley has done in his, if I am only as assiduous and persevering?'" Once again, before his last visit to the East, Mr. Howard called at Wesley's house in the City-road, carrying his volume upon Jails under his arm to present to him, and to take his leave of him. Wesley was absent, and they did not meet; but he left his respects and love, and bade him be told that "he had hoped to have seen him once more, but that, if they did not meet again in this world, they would meet, he trusted, in a better."

It is pleasant to read that one so competent to judge as Alexander Knox, should have left it as his opinion, that Wesley and Howard realized his idea of angelic goodness. "Very lately," (in 1789,) Mr. Knox writes, "I had an opportunity for some days together, of observing Mr. Wesley with attention. I endeavoured to consider him not so much with the eye of a friend, as with the impartiality of a philosopher; and I must declare that every hour I spent in his company, afforded me fresh reasons for esteem and veneration. So fine an old man I never saw. The happiness of his mind beamed forth in his countenance: every look showed how fully he enjoyed 'the gay remembrance of a life well spent.' Wherever he went, he diffused a portion of his own felicity. Easy and affable in his demeanour, he accommodated himself to every sort of company, and showed how happily the most polished courtesy may be blended with the most perfect piety. In his conversation we might be at a loss, whether to admire most his fine classical taste, his extensive knowledge of men and things, or his overflowing goodness of heart. While the grave and serious were charmed with his wisdom, his sportive sallies of innocent mirth delighted even the young and thoughtless; and both saw in his uninterrupted cheerfulness, the excellency of true religion. No cynical remarks on the levity of youth bittered his discourses; no applausive retrospect to past times marked his present discontent. In him even old age appeared delightful, like an evening without a cloud; and it was impossible to observe him without wishing fervently, 'May my latter end be like his!' But I find myself unequal to the task of delineating such a character. What I have said may to some appear as panegyric; but there are numbers, and those of taste and discernment too, who can bear witness to the truth, though by no means to the perfectness, of the sketch I have attempted. With such I have been frequently in his company; and every one of them, I am persuaded, would subscribe to all I have said. For my own part, I never was so happy as while with him, and scarcely ever felt more poignant regret than at parting from him; for well I knew 'I ne'er should look upon his like again.'"

Wesley's philanthropy was universal; and the interest he took in the abolition of the slave-trade, is shown in a letter written during the last year of his life.

As a Preacher he was remarkable. That a man should preach three or four sermons daily, and preach always well, it would be absurd to suppose. Yet even of one of his inferior sermons, Dr. Beattie, of Aberdeen, says, that "though not a masterly sermon, none but a master could have preached it." The fire and earnestness of the thoughts, the closeness and terseness of the argument, were always to be noted. Not so eloquent as Whitefield, far less dramatic, his style bears better to be recorded, and his sermons may be read with pleasure. But of the versatility of his genius, and the way in which he grappled with the most different subjects, if any one wishes to form an idea, they need only take at random any volume of his writings. They will find Thoughts on Earthquakes; on Dreams; on Extraordinary Cures; on the Use of Tea; on Nervous Disorders; on Dews; mixed with Thoughts on Christian Perfection; on Self-examination; Tracts for Swearers, Drunkards, Scolds, Smugglers, Felons, Soldiers; Thoughts on Marriage; on Single Life;—Addresses to England, Ireland, to Protestants;—Political Lectures on Liberty, Slavery, American Colonies;—Hints on Dress; on Manners;—Disquisitions on Society; mixed with Biographi-

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cal Studies, and Forms of Prayer. Nothing gives a juster idea of the versatility of his mind.

His powers as a controversialist were often tried, and his controversial writings are full of vigour. Against antagonists such as Bishop Lavington, Bishop Gibson, Warburton, Conyers Middleton, and Taylor of Norwich, he acquitted himself well.

His curiosity was equal to that of honest Evelyn. Gentlemen's seats, gardens, and old houses, he visits with keen relish; the mountains, rocks, and glens, which he passes, he notes with a delighted eye. Cobham and Stowe, Knowle, the Primate's and Lord Charlemont's seats in Ireland; Fleurs and Gordon Castle, in Scotland; museums, and galleries of pictures, collections of flowers and plants, are all observed; and he finds time, while resting his horse, or passing an interval between two of his sermons, to record his impressions. For his pen was as busy as his tongue; and journals, letters, and pamphlets, fall from him, as he passes on, quick and thick as a snow-drift.

Yet on this eager mind, never at rest, time seemed not to press; and age spares him. "I have now completed my seventy-fourth year; and, by the peculiar favour of God, I find my health and strength, and all my faculties of body and mind, just the same as they were at four-and-twenty."

"I am this day seventy-five years old; and I do not find myself, blessed be God, any weaker than I was at five-and-twenty."

At seventy-seven, he says: "I took horse; at twelve I preached to a loving people. Thence we crossed over another range of dreary mountains, and in the evening reached Barnard-Castle. Not being yet inured to riding, (!!) I felt something like weariness; (good at seventy-seven!!) but I forgot it in the lovely congregation, and in the evening it was gone."

"I can hardly think that I am this day entered into the seventy-eighth year of my age. I am just the same as when I entered the twenty-eighth."

"June 28th, 1782. I entered into my eightieth year; but, blessed be God, my life is not labour and sorrow. I find no more pain or bodily infirmities than at five-and-twenty. This I still impute to the favour of God, fitting me for what He calls me to; to my still travelling four or five thousand miles a year; to my sleeping, night or day, whenever I want it; to my rising at a set hour; and to my constant preaching, particularly in the morning."

"June 28th, 1783. I have this day lived fourscore years; and, by the mercy of God, my eyes are not waxed dim, and what little strength of body or mind I had thirty years since, just the same I have now." He repeats this the following year.

In 1785, he says: "I finished the eighty-second year of my age. It is now eleven years since I have felt any such thing as weariness." He preaches till his voice fails; walks till he can walk no longer: "yet even then I feel no sensation of weariness, but am perfectly easy from head to feet." He repeats this next year.

The sicknesses which he had had during his long life, had served, as he thought, to strengthen his constitution; certainly to prove its strength.

In Ireland, in 1775, he was struck down at Lisburn by fever, which lasted for above a week. Yet in four days he was on foot again, and in a chaise off to Dublin. In 1783, he had two similar attacks; yet from both he recovered rapidly, and resumed his labours.

The means which, as he judged, preserved his health, were, as he tells us, "continual exercise and change of air; rising at four; the power of sleeping at once whenever he required it, and never having lost a night's sleep in his life; two violent fevers, and two deep consumptions, rough medicines. May I add, lastly, evenness of temper? I feel and grieve, but, by the grace of God, I fret at nothing."

In this happy temper, busy life, and buoyant frame, he passed his time. Ruminating in the churchyard at Epworth, he sees men drop around him, "as the tree drops its leaves." Sitting at Kingswood, under the shade of trees which he had planted, he sees his plans flourish like his plants, and his Societies strike their roots into the soil. The scoffs which had assailed him, had passed away; the embers of old enmity had died out. For

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Cornwall to Cumberland he now travelled without an insult; and the miners of the south, the colliers of Stafford, and the nailers of Warwick, regarded him with respect. Enormous congregations flocked to hear him; halls, churches, and market-places swarmed with auditors. Even Scotland began to thaw. His views were tolerated, at least, by that people, bred up in a different school; of whom he complained that they were as cold and hard as their rocks; that they heard everything, and felt nothing. His influence reached *them* at length, though more feebly, and crowds in Edinburgh and Aberdeen frequented his sermons.

The Clergy of his own Church remained divided in opinion regarding him. Many disliked his preaching; many were shamed by it; but many churches were opened to him. Several of the Bishops treated him with respect; and the learned Bishop Lowth showed the reverence which the years and services of Wesley claimed. Even the Bishop of Exeter, Lavington, once his bitter antagonist, invited him to dine, on one of his visits to Exeter, and treated him, in presence of a large body of his Clergy, with marked deference. It was indeed impossible for any man to behold, without sympathy, such untiring zeal. The constant circuit through the towns of England from March to November; the diligence which knew no rest; the warmth which never cooled; and the earnestness which never abated; these were marvels to all. None could see the old man in the street without being struck. He was little of stature; but the fine face, aquiline nose, quick bright eye, clear smooth forehead, and colour fresh as a boy, with the long silver hair, arrested the bystanders, even more than the band and cassock which Wesley always wore. His dress was notable: a narrow plaited stock, a coat with small upright collar, no silk, or velvet, or buckles; but the whole attire scrupulously neat; and the brisk pace and busy manner showed that every minute of his day was numbered. In everything round him he observed exact order. In his study not a book was misplaced, not a scrap of paper out of its niche. Even on his journeys, in his inn, he dropped at once into the order which he prized.

The mind seemed as stereotyped as the habits. He wrote sermons at fourscore as he had done at fifty; and his earlier sermons expressed the views of his riper years. At the age of eighty he crossed to Holland; travelled and preached there for a month; saw its sights, noted its customs, made acquaintance with its famous men, and returned, refreshed by novelty and conversation.

At the age of eighty-one, the body was as fit for work as ever. He continued his rapid circuits to Ireland and Inverness; rode, talked, comforted, and preached; and the old man standing in the churchyard of Epworth, with the fresh associations of the boy, or rising at Kingswood, "under the shade of that double row of trees which I planted about forty years ago," preached as vigorously in the open air, as he had done thirty years before. In his eighty-fourth year he made his circuit through Ireland, preaching, visiting, organizing, and sight-seeing; and crossed to the Channel Islands, where, storm-stayed in Jersey, he preached with his usual power. In that year he first records the signs of decay; less activity, slower walking uphill, not able to read small print by candle-light, and the memory not so strong. Still, in his eighty-fifth year, he says, that there is no decay in his hearing, smell, taste, or appetite, nor in his powers of writing, preaching, or travelling. The next year he admits, that "he is now growing old." Other persons remarked it in the greater tendency to drowsiness, and in the decline of strength of limb and memory. Yet his usual work was not interrupted. He attended the Conference; kept days of fasting and prayer; preached to large congregations; visited Ireland; and continued his preaching circuits through England.

Even then the old man of eighty-five preached *twice a day;* and at Tanderagee crowds heard him under the shade of spreading trees, with the river's music blending with the melody of truth. In his eighty-seventh year he continues to read a variety of works; to step from his chaise into the pulpit; to address crowded congregations, and visit the classes; to travel as far north as Forfar. But now infirmities beset him: "his eyes dim; his

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right hand shaking; mouth hot and dry; a lingering fever; and his motions weak and slow." Still he says, "Blessed be God, I do not slack my labour. I can preach and write still."

"I feel no pain from head to foot; only it seems nature is exhausted, and, humanly speaking, will sink more and more, till

'The weary springs of life stand still at last.'"

Yet he preaches and travels; and, having intermitted for a time his five-o'clock sermon, he resumes it in his eighty-eighth year, and makes his circuit that autumn from Lincoln to Wilts., and from Somerset to Hants., Sussex, Essex, and the Eastern Counties.

Testimonies of respect now flow in upon him. In his last visit to Norfolk, the Clergy crowded to hear him, and the Bishop of Norwich learned with pleasure that Wesley occupied their pulpits.

On the 24th of October, 1790, he concluded the Journal which had been the record of his many movements and pursuits; and, in the middle of the same year, he closed his account-book with this entry, hardly legible, written by his trembling hand:—"For upwards of eighty-six years I have kept my accounts exactly: I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the conviction that I save all I can; that is, all I have."

On the 1st of February, 1791, he wound up, in a letter to America, his voluminous correspondence.

One trial harassed his last year, and drew from him some words of remonstrance. In some places the Magistrates had attacked the meetings of the Methodists, and fined those who held them, as guilty under the Conventicle Act; excluding them from the benefit of the Act of Toleration, because they went to church; refusing them a license, because they were not Dissenters, and then fining them, because they preached without one. A persecution so unjust roused the failing faculties of the old man, and "a dying man," as he says, "with one foot in the grave," he addresses two letters of dutiful remonstrance to two of the Bishops, with all the eloquent energy of his earlier years; and he was planning an appeal to Parliament, when death came to end his labours.

In February, 1791, he prepared, as usual, to resume his circuits, and, sending his chaise to Bristol, engaged his place in a coach to Bath. On the 17th, however, (Thursday,) he took cold in preaching at Lambeth; but preached at Chelsea on the Friday, and, though too ill to go out on Sunday, he resumed his habits on Monday, dined at Twickenham with a friend, and preached during the following days at the chapel in the City-road, and at Leatherhead. But these were his last sermons. The silver chord, so long tenacious, at last gave way. On Friday the fever was high, and during that day and the next he dozed. On Sunday, however, he revived, repeated some verses of a favourite hymn, and conversed with his friends. Exhausted by this effort, he followed them earnestly, as they offered up prayer. The words that fell from him were few. He quoted the lines which, in his dangerous illness eight years before at Bristol, had given him comfort; and he referred to his experience then as unchanged. "I have been reflecting," he then said, "on my past life. I have been wandering up and down between fifty and sixty years, endeavouring, in my poor way, to do a little good to my fellow-creatures; and now it is probable that there are but a few steps between me and death: and what have I to trust to for salvation? I can see nothing, which I have done or proposed, that will bear looking at. I have no other plea than this,—

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'"

He referred to this again the same evening, as the one foundation of his hopes. The next day, sleeping much, he was heard to say, "There is no way unto the holiest, but by the blood of Jesus;" and he more than once repeated, that by that way we have boldness to enter. On the 1st of March his strength revived, on two occasions, and broke out into a song of praise. Trying to write, and being unable, he was asked what he would have said: "Nothing," was his answer, "but that, God is with us." On his trying to say, "Nature is"—and some one completing the sentence, "exhausted, but you are entering into a new nature, and into the society of blessed spirits," he an-

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swered, "Certainly," and clasped his hands in mental prayer. Rising, in spite of his weakness, he broke forth into a hymn, gave a brief charge about his funeral, and called on his friends to pray and praise. He then lifted up his dying arms, and repeated with emphatic voice, "The best of all is, God is with us." It seemed as if even yet he could not abandon his cherished work. "Lord," he said, "Thou givest strength to them that can speak, and to them that cannot: speak, Lord, to all our hearts, and let them know that Thou loosest the tongue. We thank Thee, O Lord, for these and all Thy mercies. Bless the Church and King; and grant us truth and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for ever and ever."

On Wednesday, March 2d, 1791, he heard the prayer of his long-tried friend, Mr. Bradford, and with the word, "Farewell," his spirit fled; his countenance retaining after death a placid smile. The crowds who came to see the body were so great, that his friends, fearing a tumult, buried him hurriedly, and without notice, between five and six in the morning,—an appropriate time,—as this had been the season of his services, and of his most earnest appeals to his hearers. Still hundreds attended the funeral; and when the Clergyman—himself a disciple—substituted in our service the word "father" for "brother," with a voice trembling with emotion, the whole congregation, before that time dissolved in tears, burst into loud weeping. His will left all he had to his friends, and to the promotion of religion; and, rich in affection, in years, and in service, John Wesley died.

The last century contains many names eminent in various departments of politics and letters. Among poets, Pope and Cowper; Bolingbroke and Pitt among orators; Johnson among moralists; in the ranks of statesmen, Walpole and Burke; among philanthropists, Howard and Wilberforce. But if the morality of England springs from its piety, and is essential to its greatness, John Wesley achieved a more enduring work for the welfare of England, than any of the remarkable men of that remarkable age.

Poetry.

"LET IT ALONE!"

"Let it alone another year,"
My loving Lord doth say:
The *barren* fig-tree He doth spare,
The *fruitful* takes away.

O, tell me why, my loving Lord,
This goodness shown to me:
Is it that I may love Thy word,
And give up all to Thee?

Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"This year may be thy last:"
O, bear my heart from earth away,
Before life's dream be past!

Take, Lord, O take this barren heart,
And make it all Thine own!
O, now, from earthly idols part,
And bind it to Thy throne!*

* The writer died October 17th, 1851. The services of the watch-night, at the close of 1853, were almost the last she could attend; and she penned the above lines soon after.

The Portfolio.

INTERVIEW WITH HUMBOLDT.

The Court was here at this time, and the collateral branches of the royal family, none of whom interested us more to see than the gallant Prince Waldemar, who looked as if his Indian travels and campaigns had brought him very near indeed to the bourn whence no traveller returns; for his health seemed to be wretched. But there was another king

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of men at Potsdam, whom to have known, and visited at his own apartment, might well constitute an epoch in one's existence; and that apartment, even though it belonged to the palace, how Spartan in its simplicity! No luxurious sofa, or tempting *fauteuil*, to be seen, inviting the octogenarian Humboldt to repose. We found him seated at a small deal-table, on a little upright wicker-chair, and a volume was open before him, into which we had the curiosity to peep before our visit was ended, for it looked exceedingly like a well-remembered old friend. And sure enough it turned out no other than "The Edinburgh," open at a review of the last published volume of the "Cosmos," and the margin closely filled with comments in his own neat small handwriting. It would have been most interesting to hear the reviewer thus reviewed in turn by the master; but we were discreet, and put down the volume as our host re-entered. Truly I felt this high-priest of modern science to be sublime, somewhat after the fashion of his own Andes, though he thus seemed to live and move like other mortals, and to be sometimes contained in a little wicker-chair. Some ruffians had broken into his room on the night of the 18th, but no injury was done: "They respected my grey hairs, though they had not heard of the 'Cosmos,'" was his own touching observation. That "one small head" should carry all he knows to fourscore years and beyond, losing nothing by the long way, of all science has been doing and accumulating over the world, is indeed admirable and astonishing. So, too, was it intensely interesting to behold a man who had listened to Pitt and Sheridan the same night, in our own House of Commons, and to get a *viva voce* summary of their speeches. No less strange was it to hear how he had seen the first introduction of Talleyrand to the Directory; the astute, aristocratic aspirant to power, being dressed *à la Romaine*, for the classical and republican fever was then at its culminating point in Paris. He mentioned an interesting anecdote of Metternich, which, as that statesman was now "fallen, fallen, fallen from his high estate," it was generous to repeat. Napoleon, being exasperated with the tidings of a fresh rising in Germany, threatened he should burn Ratisbon and Munich. "*Vous ne ferez pas cela, il y a une histoire!*" said the Austrian Minister. Pity he did not better remember the same Nemesis in his own subsequent career! So, too, to hear "this old man eloquent" tell of Franklin, whom he had known, and La Fayette, whom he first met at the table of the Great Frederick here, the young Frenchman fresh from his American campaigns, and the veteran Monarch questioning him closely about Washington, then peacefully preparing for heaven, at Mount Vernon, and poor unconscious Louis XVI. hunting at Fontainebleau, was altogether most extraordinary: I thought myself in a dream, or that I had "foregathered" with the shades of the departed in Valhalla.—*Germany in* 1848.

CHRISTIANITY IN TURKEY.

[It is impossible, by any description, to convey an adequate idea of the good that has been done in European and Asiatic Turkey, by the American Missionaries. For a compendious statement the reader is referred to the last Report of the "Turkish Missions Aid Society." The following extract of a letter from Aintab, Northern Syria, is a specimen of the intelligence continually received from the land where the Gospel was first proclaimed.]

It is now about eight years since Missionaries began to bestow permanent labour on this place, though some efforts had been made previously. From the first, the Lord graciously smiled on these labours. Though much opposition has been experienced, and as much persecution as could be raised by the enemy, under the circumstances, was endured, the work made steady progress. At stages it assumed aspects of very deep interest, which cannot now be detailed. Accessions to the number of Protestants were constantly being made, and a spirit of seriousness in our community was always visible; and sometimes these spiritual indications, manifested particularly in the deep and often tearful interest with which the truth was listened to, were very cheering. Thus, from the small beginning

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of a few hearers, at first not amounting to even a dozen, the audience gradually increased from year to year, until we have now an average of six hundred hearers, and a community of nine hundred and thirty souls, male and female, small and great. At the dedication of our church there were one thousand three hundred present; and on another Sabbath, when there was nothing special in the occasion, there were about one thousand; but the ordinary auditory is about as above stated. The Church consists of one hundred and forty-one members, after deducting three deceased and six ex-communicated. We have four schools, containing a little more than three hundred pupils, nearly two-thirds of whom are the children of Armenian parents. The Sabbath-school is in a flourishing condition, containing about one hundred and seventy-five scholars. Among these pupils are many adult females who have learned to read since becoming Protestants. When the Missionaries first arrived here, as far as could be ascertained, there were only two women in all the Armenian nation who could read. An effort was made to teach females to read; and the result has been that about two hundred are now engaged in this laudable enterprise, of whom a considerable portion have learned to read intelligently, so that they are pupils in the Sabbath-school,—in many cases, parents and children studying the word of God together. The sole object is to be able to read the Bible. Quite a number of adult males have also acquired the ability to read. There is also a weekly female prayer-meeting, at which often sixty and more are present.

The growing audience here collected demanded a larger room than we could well find. Having suffered much from this source both in the winter and summer, we early applied for permission to build a church; but not until last summer did we succeed in procuring an efficient firman. It would require a whole sheet to detail all the delays, and vexations, and disappointments which for several years we experienced in this matter. And when we finally obtained our object, we suppose, we were indebted for it mainly to the efforts of the Representative of your nation at Constantinople, who has ever manifested a lively interest in the work now in progress in this empire. Though late in the season, we commenced building forthwith; and so far completed the building, that we occupied it for the first time on the first Sabbath of the present year. And though the ceiling and gallery are not yet finished, we dedicated it on the 18th of February. Externally it is eighty-two feet and a half by fifty-nine feet; and can accommodate one thousand seven hundred comfortably, and when crowded as many as two thousand. Our people sit on mats on the floor; and hence a much larger number can be accommodated than if there were seats or benches. We have not yet all the funds necessary to meet the expenses incurred. We are expecting more aid from America. Should that not be sufficient, we shall probably have to look to our kind friends in England for the remainder.

One very interesting feature of our work here now is, the training of some young men for the ministry by a shorter course than that pursued at the Bebek Seminary. We have two classes; the first containing five, and the other not quite so many at present, though there are a few more who may be formed into a third class. The first five are men of extraordinary promise, possessed of fine natural abilities and an excellent spirit. They seem to have been raised up for the particular work which is waiting for them in the vicinity. Within a year we hope to ordain them; and then they will be settled over the churches in Kessab, Killis, &c. These little churches and the communities in which they exist, have already suffered for the want of such Pastors. We therefore feel this to be a most pressing as well as interesting part of our labours. It will indeed be a day of extraordinary interest to us, when the Lord shall permit us to lay hands on them, and then send them forth to minister to the churches, and the communities, which, by the blessing of God, have been raised up mainly by the efforts of the members of this Church as colporteurs.

THE HAPPY MISTAKE.

A FEW years ago I was residing in the village of Waddington, near Lincoln, at

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which time the Rev. Mr. Squance was Superintendent of the Lincoln Circuit. On one of Mr. Squance's visits to Waddington, a note for publication was put into his hand, containing a list of prayer-meetings to be held during the following week in private houses. The one for Tuesday night was to be held at John S——'s; but, to my great astonishment, Mr. Squance announced the Tuesday meeting to be held at John B——'s. Now it so happened that there was a man of that name living in the village, although Mr. Squance had no knowledge of him; and John B——, who was an old backslider, was in the congregation at the time, and heard the announcement with great surprise. John's wife, who was a member of our church, was also present. It was amusing to witness the looks exchanged between John and his wife. I took an early opportunity to call upon them, and found that they had learned that the publication was a mistake. The good woman was praising God that Mr. Squance could not read the notice, but believed that he had been led by the Spirit of God. John was content to have the meeting; and this singular mistake was talked of amongst the neighbours, who believed it to be what the country people sometimes call a "God-send" for John.

The sequel of this little incident was, that John's house was crowded, and John's heart was softened. He began earnestly to seek the Lord. A few weeks after he was restored to the favour of God, and I left him a happy, zealous Methodist, and the leader of an excellent choir of singers in their new and commodious place of worship.

S. J.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

If a tallow-candle be placed in a gun, and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket-ball be fired into water, it will not only rebound, but be flattened as if fired against a solid substance. A musket-ball may be fired through a pane of glass, making the hole the size of the ball, without cracking the glass; if the glass be suspended by a thread, it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. Cork, if sunk two hundred feet in the ocean, will not rise, on account of the pressure of the water. In the Arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. A mother has been distinctly heard talking to her child, on a still day, across a water a mile wide.

BIBLE-TEACHING.

[By way of example, we give a single Exercise on a Sunday-school Lesson, the New Testament Lesson for January 27th, 1856. The subject selected from the Old Testament (Genesis iii.) is the temptation of our first parents—*the tempter successful.* The present Lesson exhibits *the tempter vanquished.*—Eds.]

The Temptation. Matthew iv. 1—11.

Explanation.

Ver. 1. *Then.*—After Jesus had been baptised, and had received the testimony, "This is my beloved Son." (Matthew iii. 17.)

Led up of the Spirit.—By a strong inward impulse of the Holy Spirit. (See 1 Kings xviii. 12; Ezekiel iii. 12; and Acts viii. 29.)

Into the wilderness.—Probably the wilderness near Jordan, which is a miserable place, consisting of high barren mountains, so that it looks as if nature had suffered some horrid convulsion there.

To be tempted.—That is, tested or tried.

Of the devil.—The chief of devils, the everlasting enemy of God and man. God tempted Abraham. (Gen. xxii. 1.) He tried his faith and obedience. But the devil tempts, using all his cunning, skill, and power, to lead us to sin and ruin. This

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conflict Jesus sustained as man, not as God, nor as God-man; but as man, "made in all things like unto His brethren." (Heb. ii. 17.) Had this not been the case, He could not have been in this instance an example for us, nor could we have derived hence instruction or encouragement.

Ver. 2. *And when He had fasted forty days and forty nights.*—Moses the lawgiver, Elijah the restorer of the law, and Christ the Giver of the new covenant, each fasted miraculously forty days and forty nights. May not this teach us the spirituality of God's kingdom? (See Romans xiv. 17.)

He was afterward an hungred.—The natural effect of hunger is to weaken the body, enfeeble the mind, render us irritable, and peculiarly susceptible of temptation.

Ver. 3. *The tempter came to Him.*—Satan had probably been secretly assaulting Christ during the forty days and forty nights; but he now comes visibly, probably having assumed the human form.

If Thou be the Son of God.—As if he wished to ascertain the truth of that declaration, "This is My beloved Son."

Command these stones to be made bread.—Prove Thy claim to this title by a miracle. Here is a call: Thou art hungry, and the wilderness affords no food. Satan has vast experience in tempting men to sin; and his tact appears in suiting the temptation to time and circumstances.

Ver. 4. *Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.*—However pressing our wants, it is our duty to keep the word of God, and trust in Providence. If, through distrust, we resort to unlawful means to extricate ourselves, we sin against God, and fall into trouble. God's holy word is the rule of life.

Ver. 5. *Taketh Him up into the Holy City.*—Jerusalem. (Nehemiah xi. 1; Isaiah lii. 1; Daniel ix. 24.)

On a pinnacle of the temple.—One of the battlements; not a pointed spire. The roof was flat, and had a balustrade.

Ver. 6. *If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down: for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee: and in their hands they shall bear Thee up, lest at any time Thou dash Thy foot against a stone.*—Satan now tempts Christ to an act of presumption, urging Him to this by the promise in Psalm xci. 11, 12; but, with Satanic art, leaving out the clause which contains the condition on which its fulfilment depends, "To keep Thee in all Thy ways." To throw Himself down, or fly through the air, was none of our Lord's ways.

Ver. 7. *Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.*—Angels are ministering spirits; but to expect their protection when we unnecessarily expose ourselves to dangers, is to be guilty of presumption, and is tempting God. Their guard can only be expected in the way of duty.

Ver. 8. *Again, the devil taketh Him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them.*—This is an attempt to rouse ambition. He shows Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them. St. Luke says this was done "in a moment of time." It could only be by a visionary representation, making them pass before the eye of His mind.

Ver. 9. *All these things will I give thee.*—St. Luke adds, "For that is delivered unto me," (Satan is styled "the god of this world,") "and to whomsoever I will I give it." How far the devil has power to make sovereigns and rulers, and place nations and people under their sway, is one of the mysteries of God's government. Read Revelation xiii. 2. That "the dragon" there mentioned is the devil, (Revelation xii. 9.) is not doubted; but to "the beast" he gives "his power, his seat, and great authority."

If thou wilt fall down and worship me.—An insult to the Most High!

Ver. 10. *Get thee hence, Satan.*—Jesus here gives the devil his proper name, which He had not done before. He meets him with the sword of the Spirit, "It is written," and authoritatively commands him to be gone.

Ver. 11. *Then the devil leaveth Him.*—Beaten at every point. Resisted, he flees from us. (James iv. 7.)

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And, behold, angels came and ministered unto Him.—To supply His bodily wants, and comfort Him after His illustrious victory over the Prince of darkness. Let us not suppose that bad angels have more power to injure and destroy, than good angels have to help and deliver. Great as is the power of the devil, he can have no power over us, unless we give it to him.

INFERENCES.

1. No man, however holy, is exempt from temptation. 2. The way to conquer Satan is, by "the sword of the Spirit." (Eph. vi. 17.) 3. The grossest temptation, if resisted, is not sin. 4. There is no temptation which is in its nature irresistible.

QUESTIONS.

1. How was Christ led up, and whither?
2. What does to be tempted mean?
3. Of whom was He to be tempted?
4. Who fasted forty days and forty nights?
5. How did the tempter come?
6. How does his tact appear in this temptation?
7. What do we learn from our Lord's answer, ver. 4?
8. Where and how did Satan next take our Lord?
9. What did he omit in the promise he professed to quote?
10. When may we expect the ministry of angels on our behalf?
11. How did the devil show Christ all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them?
12. Whom is it our duty to worship?
13. Who came to Christ when the devil left Him?
14. When has Satan power over us?
15. What is the best mode of resisting temptation?

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

We cannot close the last page of the "Christian Miscellany" for the year 1855 without addressing a few words to no inconsiderable class of our readers, the Superintendents, Secretaries, Teachers, and Visiters of Sunday-schools. To receive communications bearing any relation to those institutions, and to trace the benefits of Sunday-school instruction in the recitals of holy living and happy death which constantly come before us, has been a continual source of thankfulness and hope. Not insensible to the defects of many Schools, any more than to the admirable management of others, we have been always happy to furnish a page or a paragraph that might awaken sympathy in the School or in the family, convey an instructive lesson, or awaken a prayerful thought in the bosom of Parent, Teacher, or Child. To impart, however, a distinctively Sunday-school character to these pages, cannot be attempted. Their contents must be miscellaneous, as the title implies; and if it were yet practicable to add any new features of diversity, that should be done, for the sake of the great mass of readers.

Apart, however, from this publication, we rejoice to say, that A NEW CHANNEL OF USEFULNESS IS NOW PROVIDED, BY THE PREPARATION OF MATERIAL FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, TO BE SUPPLIED MONTHLY, BESIDES A COMPLETE SET OF BOOKS, WHICH, WE EXPECT, WILL SHORTLY BE PASSING THROUGH THE PRESS. Of these last we withhold any further mention until they can be announced as ready, but hasten to ask attention to the "Sunday Lessons," and the "Exercises" on those Lessons, which are already published.

On examining the list of Lessons, it will be seen that great care is taken to provide a well-arranged succession of scriptural readings, to extend from the first Lord's day of the year to the last, not in adherence to the

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Lessons appointed in the Kalendar, which, however admirably selected for the public congregation, were not originally chosen with a view to the particular service of the School. Not, however, to treat the School as if it were not a part, and an extremely important part, of the congregation, the Lessons have been so ordered for the next year as to correspond, to some considerable extent, with the subjects that are most likely to be set before the congregations. The New Year, Easter, Whitsuntide, Trinity-Sunday, and Christmas, for example, are marked in the course of Lessons for 1856 as distinctly as they can be in the readings from the desk, and in the sermons from the pulpit. The great events in Christian history, and the leading truths of Divine revelation, may thus be set before our children in such a manner as to present a frequent coincidence, to say the least, between the public services and the proceedings of the School. In the arrangement, also, of Old and New Testament Lessons for the same day, studious care has been taken to harmonize the two, so that the same truth may be simultaneously set forth in every department of the school, to the infant as well as to the elder classes, in the afternoon as well as in the morning of the day. The more advanced can thus be assisted to trace the prophecy and its fulfilment, to pursue the analogy of faith, to search the Scriptures, and compare spiritual things with spiritual. And the smallest children, who see one of the short, infantine sentences, that occupy a column in our printed Lessons, spelt out before them with moveable letters, or otherwise, or hear it reiterated and explained to them from the lips of the assiduous Teacher, may thus perceive that they share in the one-pervading theme that resounds for the day, in impressive unison, from the very youngest infant-class, up to the senior companies, that, separated from the mass of the school, occupy a privileged position in select class-rooms. These companies, industriously diving into the meaning of God's holy word, can be at the same time conducted by prayer to the mercy-seat of Jesus, there to seek a saving application of those eternal verities to their penitent or believing hearts.

The Exercises on the Lessons are the fruit of much experience, and of minute care. These will be issued monthly, and each month in advance. Constructed on the Lessons, as prescribed, they are designed, not only to help the Teacher, from sentence to sentence, and from verse to verse, but also to minister to the same end, which is a hallowed unity of purpose, and consent of thought, throughout the school, and through the sacred day, until it leaves all concerned with some definite and mind-sustaining impression of one clear truth when the day is ended.

The Wesleyan Book-Committee in London has appointed a Sub-Committee for the preparation of Sunday-School books. It is the commencement of their publications that we now announce: we ask the prayers of those most concerned in their success, and are sure that the Sub-Committee will always be happy to receive any information from the Schools that will aid them in the prosecution of their object.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

RYE-HOUSE.

THE traveller from London by the Eastern Counties Railway, unless he is going by express, stops for a minute or two at the Rye-House station, and has a good opportunity of viewing an old farm-house, of which the front, carefully preserved, indicates that it was once a mansion of some importance, while the general appearance of the estate shows that there must be some special reason for not suffering this fragment of respectability to tumble to the ground. That reason is historical. The house, indeed, is not the birthplace nor the dwelling of any eminent personage, neither did any great event ever come to pass within its walls. No Sovereign, that we know of, ever laid his head there, or even stepped in to take shelter from a shower. Yet "Rye-House" is a name of historic import;

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for although the place was never occupied for any use that could make it memorable, it is associated with the memory of a fiction,—a horrible and murderous legend of English history.

Charles II. was one of those Kings whom an Englishman cannot name with any sentiment of pride. He was a voluptuous, hard-hearted tyrant. His encroachments on the constitutional rights of England, both public and personal, provoked so strong a feeling of discontent, that some of the most active and upright statesmen began to debate whether it was not lawful to resist by force the illegal proceedings of such a Sovereign. Some of the advocates of national right were, no doubt, intemperate; and they frequently engaged in conversations that only tended to civil war, without hope of any substantial benefit. But Lord William Russell, son of the first Duke of Bedford, was not only one of the most patriotic, but also of the most loyal and prudent men of his age, who, in his place in Parliament, had striven to check the ruinous proceedings of the King. The King, on the other hand, made use of the most nefarious methods to destroy all who stood in his way; and the atrocities of Judge Jefferies, which he openly encouraged, are proofs of the deplorable prostration of justice, humanity, and morality in that reign.

While things were thus going on, a man by the name of Keeling, in London, who was sinking in business, began to think that he might mend his circumstances by following the trade of an informer. This man had been employed by some persons who wished to raise an insurrection, and had actually heard some bad men talk of killing the King. Other two, Rumsey and Walcot, also ready for the perpetration of any crime, pretended to have laid a plot for the same end; but it was afterwards ascertained that they were suborned by courtiers to bring false witness against themselves, with the understanding that they should have a free pardon, for the destruction of the good Lord Russell.

They deposed that they had seen his Lordship at a house in the city of London,—where he really was induced to call, on some trifling business, but without any suspicion of the kind of persons who were there,—and heard him agree to waylay King Charles on his return from Newmarket, some time in November, 1682. They pretended that a person named Rumbold, a man actually convicted of rebellion in the next reign, offered his house at Rye for that purpose, and said that forty men were to have met there, well armed and mounted, whom Rumsey and Walcot were to command in two parties; Walcot to engage the guards, and Rumsey, during the confusion, to attack the King, and kill him. These pretended conspirators were not rewarded, as they expected, with their life, for giving evidence against themselves, although, in a mock trial that followed, they spoke of Lord Russell as privy to the treason. This was all that was wanted to get rid of him. The trial was managed with an excessive regard to some technicalities of justice, but with neglect of others, and with a flagrant violation of all equity; and his Lordship was condemned to die for a treason that it had never entered into his thoughts to commit. He was executed in Lincoln's

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Inn Fields, July 21st, 1683. His wife, the Lady Rachel, was a woman of great courage; and if not of piety, in the right acceptation of this word, she was far superior to most persons around her, and shone conspicuous for domestic virtue in the proverbially corrupt court of Charles II. She spared no effort to obtain mercy for her husband; and when he was brought to trial, attended him in open court, took notes of all the proceedings, and gave him assistance to plead in his own defence. She was highly esteemed by Mary, Queen of William III., and an Act was passed in the first year of the reign of William and Mary for annulling the attainder of her husband. This Act recites that "he was, by undue and illegal return of jurors, having been refused his lawful challenge to the said jurors for want of freehold, and by partial and unjust constructions of law, wrongfully convicted, attainted, and executed for high treason."

"The Rye-House plot," then, names only a wicked invention that blots the history of our country. The old house, so carefully preserved, brings to mind a passage of that history, which cannot be remembered by us of the present generation without a suggestion of devout gratitude to God that Christianity has so far influenced the laws, the customs, and the administration of justice in this happy Protestant country, that our lives are held sacred, our liberties made secure, and that our magistracy, we may dare to say, is honest. The Revolution of 1688, and the religious principles represented by William, Prince of Orange, saved England. But England will only continue to be safe so long as these principles are maintained inviolate.

TO THE BACKSLIDER.

My dear Friend,—Once you loved the Saviour, and were happy; but now things are greatly changed with you. In a sad unguarded hour you listened to the voice of the tempter, and, ceasing to watch, fell into sin. You lost your evidence; and, finding that your companions looked coolly upon you, and shunned your company, you soon forsook your class, and rashly tore yourself away from the house of God. You gave up prayer; you had no relish for reading the Bible, once so sweet to your taste; and you have been wandering about until now, feeling in your heart "an aching void, the world can never fill." You look here and there to find comfort, but you find none. Everybody and everything seem to frown upon you. Nobody knows the sorrow and burden of your heart. You cannot tell sinners, and you have forsaken the company of the godly. You are truly wretched, and are often ready to wish you had never been born. Sometimes you look in books for comfort; but look in vain. Now, the word "backslider" has caught your eye in the "Miscellany," and you think, "Surely that will suit me: I'll read it." God grant that it may suit you! Rest assured, it was penned on purpose for you. Pause, unhappy friend, pause; and reflect on the past: call to remembrance the

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love of God to you; think of the day and the hour in which Jesus washed your sins away, in which you were enabled to rest your weary soul on the world's Atonement. Do you recollect the joy that burst in upon your soul? It was heaven begun below. God was reconciled. How delighted you were to speak of His goodness and love; and what blessed seasons you used to enjoy in private and in the congregation! But now all is darkness and sadness; and Satan would fain have it ever so with you: but Jesus, the kind Shepherd, from whom you have strayed, is seeking you; His compassions yearn over you; He cannot forget you. By this very address He is saying, "Return! return!" Surely you are not become so hardened and impenitent as to refuse to listen to the voice of your best Friend: surely you have not resolved to continue in sin, and thus pierce afresh the heart of the Crucified One! O! be entreated; and look at once to that precious Saviour, that slighted Saviour, and behold Him casting upon you a compassionate gaze, and saying, by that very look, "Is this A——, my friend? After all My love to him, all the pardons I have granted, is this how He treats Me? Is it possible? Can this be the man who used to love so ardently; who used, like My disciple of old, to think or say, 'Though all should deny Thee, yet will not I?' Does he now see no beauty in Me? Does he prefer the flattering love of the world to My love? Will he be content to turn his back upon Me *always?* Will the deceptive world, which has now beguiled him with its charms, befriend him when he is about to leave it for ever? Is he willing to endure My *frown* in the great reckoning-day, when he will stand alone and friendless, and call in vain for the rocks and hills to cover him? Nay, will he not rather awake from his folly, and look upon Me *now*, and behold My arms still open to receive him, notwithstanding all his ingratitude, and see Me still waiting to smile upon him? O! that he would return, that I might have mercy upon him. My heart is pained for him!"

This, dear friend, this is the gracious language of the blessed Redeemer to you. Do you believe it? Does it not melt your soul into tenderness? Can you resist the kind entreaties of Infinite Love? Let not the blackness of your crime, nor the ingratitude of your heart, prevent your return.

"Though your sins as mountains rise,
And swell and reach to heaven;
Mercy is above the skies,
They all may be forgiven."

Come, then, again to the fountain: it is still open, glory be to God! and the blood is waiting to wash whiter than snow your guilt-stained soul. Rejoice! rejoice! You may yet be saved. You may yet praise a reconciled God. You may yet wear a crown of glory. You may yet take a seat on the throne of the Eternal. Come, then, come; and nothing in heaven, or earth, or hell, can prevent your being accepted. The Lord has pledged his own word for it; "I will heal their backsliding,

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I will love them freely: for Mine anger is turned away from him." That one text is enough for you to plead; but plead it in the name of Jesus.

That you may at once forsake the world, return to the house and the people of God, return to your waiting Saviour, and speedily be enabled to rejoice in His pardoning love, is the earnest wish and prayer of your sincere friend,

Kineton. E. A. G.

LIFE AND ITS RESPONSIBILITIES.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul."

LONGFELLOW.

THE year 1855, like a wave receding from the shore, has rolled back into the great ocean of eternity; bearing on its bosom not merely the history of nations, or the chronicles of kingdoms, but a minute and faithful record of individual action and character. Yes, dear reader, yours and ours have been borne thither by that wave of time which has now mingled for ever with the ocean of a past eternity. The "diamond pen of the recording angel" has registered those faithful delineations of our past lives in the archives of heaven, where they are reserved until that day when the dead shall be judged out of those things which are written in the books, *according to their works*. It is not an unsuitable, but may prove a salutary employment, to inquire what has been recorded of us in those awful memorials of the past twelve months. How much of that precious time which is ours no longer has been wasted? And how much turned to useful account? How many of those thoughts which in rapid succession ceaselessly tenant our minds have proved the seed of healthy action? And how many the germ of sin and folly? How much of that influence which has fallen silently around us,—influence that, without any effort of ours, has gone forth, and will produce and re-produce "fruit after its kind" throughout all future time,—has been pregnant with good? And how much has been laden with evil? Such inquiries it is impossible for us to answer with minute accuracy; but if they lead us to such self-examination as shall result in a steady determination to "redeem the time," and to make our future life one of high and holy purpose, they will not have been asked in vain. And, be it remembered, that these questions are answered year by year, by an unerring wisdom, and an unanswerable judgment; and by the rigorous justice of that decision will our reward be proportioned in the world to come. Our position, then, is one of momentous importance. Mighty consequences are attached to the use we make of that little fragment of eternity meted out to us, which we call time. Every moment of our waking existence we are sowing seeds of thought, which, by a process as subtle and certain as that of vegetable growth, are producing their fruit in corresponding words and actions; and these,

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again, are vehicles of that influence, the infinite ramifications of which no finite mind can trace. We cannot arrest this current of thought, nor divest ourselves of this wide-spreading influence. But we can determine its nature. We see "the *evil* that men do lives after them;" and we have power to make the *good* we do live after us, not only in the memory of survivers, but in living, active agency to the end of time. Have we been trying to do this during the year that is past? or, have we never realized the true nobility of our nature and destiny? never aimed at making our life, not a beautiful vision, but a lasting monument of usefulness and goodness, such as others shall strive to imitate? If we have not, we have hitherto lived for inferior purposes, and neglected or overlooked the highest and noblest end of life.

Since there is not one, however narrow his social circle, or limited his field of action, but possesses an influence, for the right use of which he is responsible to God, the question how that influence may best be made promotive of His glory, and the benefit of those around us, becomes an important one. We have each our place in the great vineyard of the world, and each a Heaven-appointed work to perform in it. He, who in the inanimate universe has ordained and appointed the use of everything His hands have made, from the glorious orb "that rules the day," and is an especial emblem of Himself, to the minutest atom of matter that has its place on this planet; He who has made for a purpose and end all intelligent and animated creatures, and "fixed the bounds of their habitation;" from the loftiest seraph, whose incense-lamp of love goeth not out by night nor by day, in the great temple of heaven, down to the tiniest and feeblest insect-life which "verges on non-existence;" He has not left the men who are redeemed by His blood, as well as created by His power, free from the moral obligation to bear their part in fulfilling "the counsel of His will." And we who have been taught the pure principles of Christianity, and have embraced them with our whole heart, need not be told that God confers upon us the highest honour, when He bids us work for Him. The duties which lie before us, and to which we are consequently called, may seem humble, or even mean, to our partial apprehension; and perhaps we are ready to imagine that if Providence had marked out for us a higher line of action, we should have pursued it with greater earnestness and zeal. But we are to remember that the great Master of the vineyard puts His own estimate upon the work of His servants; and what is lofty or mean to our short-sighted judgment, may be the reverse to His unerring wisdom. All Christendom has united, and we think justly too, in pronouncing it a noble work to write upon that blackened monument of a nation's disgrace, the American slave-law, the sentence of its final destruction, and hold up that sentence for every nation of the earth, Christian and Pagan, to arise and ratify. We instinctively do homage to those master-spirits which ever and anon alight upon the world, as pioneers in its great moral reforms; pointing the nations to the dawn of that day of millennial glory which shall surely arise upon it; "for the

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mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." But there may be in the world thousands of living agents diffusing silently around them an influence, powerful for good, upon which the God of heaven looks down with a smile equally as approving as upon that which is more apparent to our perceptions, and to which we readily give its meed of praise. Ay, and He will reward the one as fully and openly as the other, in the day of His coming. No inconsiderable part of true greatness consists in the faithful discharge of those duties which lie within our providential sphere, and in the fidelity with which we improve and turn to the best account the talents with which we are entrusted.

The domestic and social circle, perhaps, constitutes the only scene of action for many of our own sex. But, if by letting our light shine there, by the exercise of that benevolence which is manifested in the ready sympathy with suffering; by the word fitly spoken to those who are in perplexity or distress; by the soft answer turning away wrath; by the unassuming endeavour to elevate the moral tone of character in those around us; by the patient endurance of trial; and by the conscientious and cheerful discharge of those domestic duties which are often irksome to the young;—if in these and a thousand other cares of daily life, we *do* and *suffer* in His name, and for His sake, whose life was one continuous sacrifice for us, we may rest assured that our work is honourable in His eyes, who has commanded us, "Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do," to "do all to the glory of God."

But most of us have a wider scope for the exercise of our benevolence. The church with which many of the young readers of these lines are connected, furnishes, in its varied institutions, ready and appropriate facilities for the exercise of every variety and degree of talent. These are too well known to the daughters of Methodism to require us to particularize them here. The means, then, for making our influence felt is within our reach. We are each endowed with gifts that differ, and each is called upon to use them for the benefit of those around her. We are not all called to the *same* work; but we are all called *to work*. And if we sincerely desire to be useful, and earnestly pray for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, we shall undoubtedly be directed into such a course of action as will be best adapted to give efficiency to our peculiar talents. Let us, then, begin thus early in the new year to build our monument of life with greater earnestness, activity, and zeal. We have all the requisites for doing this.

"For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials fill'd;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

"Truly shape and fashion these,
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

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"Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base,
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place."

In order that our influence upon others, especially upon those immediately around us, may be for good, it is important that we aim at the highest personal excellence. We have spoken of thought as the seed of action. Our "food for thought" should be of the best and purest kind. And while we are careful to select for our reading the most unexceptionable works, let us never forget that the best thoughts and the loftiest principles are to be derived from the Bible. We may read the inspired volume, and wonder at its unique history and thrilling narrative; we may revel in its magnificent poetry and sublime symbolization; but we *must* study and absorb into our minds its high and holy principles, if we would follow the footsteps of Him who is the only perfect model for our imitation.

In conclusion, the writer would urge all her readers to a careful and prayerful consideration of their individual responsibility to God for the use and improvement of their several gifts. And such as have never yet begun to build for eternity, she would point to the words of inspiration: "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a *tried* stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste;" and invite them to erect their monument of life on this foundation. And may God grant unto us

"That patiently
Our part appointed in His thought fulfilling,
Day-builded life may be
Our temple, and home, and rest,
Each finish'd wondrously."

ELISA.

TRACT-DISTRIBUTION.

INTEMPERANCE and sensuality seem to hold undisturbed sway not only in the locality referred to, (about the London-Docks,) but also in the lower districts of nearly every British seaport; and comparatively little has been done beyond the distribution of Tracts on the Lord's day. The pulpit has little or no power over these; but there *is a power*,—the value of which we have never yet sufficiently estimated,—the power of the press. This is a reading age; and if Christians will not provide good and attractive reading, bad men will provide another kind.

My chief object is to bring before the readers of the "Christian Miscellany" a fact relative to a Wesleyan friend who resided a few years ago in one of our seaports. His shop was frequented by sailors, who purchased articles of clothing. Rarely, if ever, did a Jack Tar leave this

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shop without having in some of the pockets a *few good Tracts*. Thousands of parcels, which our good friend packed up, were found when opened by "Jack" on shipboard, to contain, in addition to the goods he had purchased, little books, Tracts, handbills, &c. Under the lid of the counter was an open space (similar to the space of a drawer) well filled every morning with Tracts; and from this little storehouse the pious tradesman fed the souls of his customers.

You have, no doubt, observed that tea-dealers and grocers use printed papers to wrap up tea, &c. Now, why should not every religious tea-dealer send out some *good* illustration, with moral and religious sentiments, with every pound or ounce of tea he sells, in lieu of the useless matter at present printed on his papers?

T. B. S.

THE OLD NURSE.

After an address at the Town-Hall in Mexico, New-York, while the audience were slowly dispersing, Garrit Smith might have been seen standing upon the platform or in the desk, exchanging salutations with his numerous friends.

Slowly pressing through the crowd, anxious to speak with him, there came an aged woman, poorly clad, with tottering step, bowed with infirmity, and apparently fatigued. She reached out to him her trembling hand, exclaiming, "Mr. Smith, I came a good way to hear you speak to-night. I walked all the way from Pulaski, just to be at this meeting."

"Indeed, mother!" said he: "why should you take so much pains to hear me? I do not know that I ever had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"O, yes! you have," she rejoined: "my name is Babcock. When you was an infant, I was your nurse, and carried you in my arms many a time." The tears stood in her eyes as she added, "I have kissed you many and many a time when you was a baby."

"My dear old nurse," said the great-hearted man, "you may kiss me again," stooping towards her low-bending form, while the tears fell fast and free. And there they stood like children, or rather mother and child, her withered arms about his neck, and his manly form subdued and bent with tenderness,—the poor old nurse in her tattered garb, and the man of princely wealth and generous feelings equal thereunto.

The lecture had been mighty by its impression. But the gushing tear somehow burst from many an eye that night, and wore a much deeper channel in the heart than all his eloquence. To those who knew him it is unnecessary to add the detail of his action on the following day, that placed within reach of the long unknown nurse many comforts which she did lack.

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A SUNDAY IN A RAGGED SCHOOL.

We have seen that the great requisites are,—brevity, since little minds must not be over-taxed; religious impression, since it is a *Sunday* school; and simplicity both of thought and language, so as to reach even the younger scholars. The application of these principles needs now to be considered.

Perhaps this question cannot be better answered than by a short sketch or outline of a Sunday's proceedings in a school conducted on the above principles.

At nine o'clock, Superintendent, Teachers, and children are all assembled in the large room, and the work of the day begins with singing and prayer. The elder children then go to their classes, and the younger to the infant school-room, where one of the most talented and lively of the Teachers receives them all, and, with the aid of the letter-box, helps them to spell on the board such truths as, "God is love," "Jesus said, Suffer little children," &c. As the letters appear one after another on the board, new religious ideas are stamped one by one on their minds and hearts. Sometimes the subject selected is historical: if so, the names of Patriarchs and Kings, Prophets and Apostles, appear on the board; and a sketch is given of those parts of their history most fitted to entertain and instruct the young. In this way they make their acquaintance early with Noah and his ark, Moses among the bulrushes, David killing the giant, and Daniel in the lions' den.

Meanwhile, the voluntary Teachers, with their active Superintendent, himself a fountain of order, cheerfulness, and love, are making good use of the time allotted to them. Their well-prepared lessons, like good sermons, tell on the children, and delight them all the more through being short. In this way an hour is spent to good purpose, and seems soon to be gone. Now it is a quarter past ten. All meet again in the large room; and after singing a verse of a hymn, a short interval is allowed for a change of engagements, during which such of the Teachers as wish to attend Divine service elsewhere depart. Having given a lesson to their several classes, they go that they may obtain lessons for themselves.

At half-past ten, order is again restored in the school-room; for teaching is now to be followed by devotion, work by worship. One or two of the Teachers, more gifted than the rest as instructers of youth, remain to lead the singing, and to officiate as Chaplains of "the church of the children." Some of the parents have now come in, that they may listen to these sweet young voices as they sing the praises of God, and learn the A B C of the Gospel of Christ. These older hearers feel, perhaps, that these addresses, though delivered to children, are well suited to themselves, more so than the sermons that may be heard in the neighbouring churches and chapels. Besides, in this neat and humble sanctuary they feel at home; hither they send their little girls and boys every day; and as they stand, and look on, and listen, they grow in attachment to the school and its founders. Somehow the affectionate and interesting address of this voluntary Missionary to young sinners goes to the very core of their old, stubborn souls, and at times they are melted even to tears.

In this service the hymns are in the language of children; the prayers short and simple; and the address, often enlivened with questions and pleasant stories, and sometimes broken into halves by singing a few verses of a hymn, fixes all eyes on the speaker, and all minds on what he is saying. In this way the time passes so quickly and delightfully, that before either the Teacher or

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his congregation are aware, it is nearly twelve o'clock. At that hour he sends them home with a blessing, and they leave their humble school-house as much interested and benefited, in their way, by the service of God, as those older worshippers who in an hour's time will be pouring out of yonder elegant Gothic structure, with the silvery tones of its eloquent and popular Minister still vibrating in their ears. And even the parents, who came in rather as listeners and spectators, full-grown and perhaps hardened in sin, as they gaze upon the glistening eyes and earnest features of the little ones, are borne irresistibly back to the days of their own happy childhood, spent, it may be, far away in some country village, and in a pious family; live for a little while amid the echoes of the past; and leave "the church of the children" with a sadness and thoughtfulness that prepare them to listen as they have never done before to Him who said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The afternoon teaching, like that in the morning, lasts about an hour; after which an address is delivered to the whole school, interspersed with questions and anecdotes, &c. They conclude with prayer; and the whole engagement does not exceed an hour and a half.

Again, in the evening, the doors of the school-room are open, and some of the elder children are assembling, accompanied by a larger number of the parents and near residents than were present in the morning. The morning service was intended for the children, though parents were invited to come: the evening service is intended for adults, but many of the children are again in their places. Simplicity is still aimed at; and so the young and the old can with profit worship together. The leader on the present occasion is a kind and warm-hearted Christian, who, though not called exclusively to the ministry of the word, is willing and able thus to work, without a salary, in the cause of Christ. The service is short. The place of meeting is in the midst of these "publicans and sinners." The congregation is composed of them. No grandeur in the building repels them; no gay dresses, no wealthy worshippers, prevent their feeling at home. Here their children are kindly treated. They know that the workers in this enterprise are their best friends, and come to their help out of self-denying zeal and strong Christian love. Considering all these things, who will say how mighty a power will be thus exerted in awakening and emancipating those who have long been the abject slaves of Satan and of sin?

The sketch above given may be improved, without doubt, in many respects; and in some of its particular arrangements would need to be modified, in order to suit the necessities of different neighbourhoods; but it helps to show the way in which right principles might be applied. By some such method as this, the children would be interested and impressively taught, while their parents would also receive a blessing, and would be led to feel a more lively concern for the welfare of their offspring.

Other great points will also be gained. These may be summed up under the head,—Economy. Thus we shall effect a great saving of time, money, and spiritual strength.

Of these, the great saving of spiritual strength thus effected stands first in importance; for of all who attend our places of worship, none more need to be profitable hearers than Sunday-school Teachers. The Biblical instruction then given they are in daily need of; and the holy influence that may be then enjoyed, they, of all others, would find most refreshing and encouraging. Yet how often it happens that they are, either in part or altogether, deprived of

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both! And if morning teaching at the ragged school is so arranged as to rob all who engage in it of their usual morning service at church or at chapel, the number of volunteers will be greatly diminished; and those who do give themselves to the work will make an extraordinary and unreasonable sacrifice. But according to the suggested plan, at least three-fourths of the Teachers can be spared to attend their usual place of worship, both in the morning and in the evening, and will there have an uninterrupted enjoyment of its ordinances. Thus their own spiritual progress will not be hindered: they will be doing a good and great work at a less sacrifice than is involved by teaching in an ordinary Sunday-school. Probably a much larger number would help in our ragged schools, if the work but seldom involved the loss of either the morning or evening service.

Again, the method suggested would open a wider field of usefulness to those who have a special aptitude for the instruction of the young, than is supplied either by a single class in the Sunday-school, or by the opportunity of occasionally addressing the whole school. Whenever there is found in the church one who has received this special gift,—one who can interest and fascinate the minds of children, why should he be hindered from ministering in his particular order to fifty, to a hundred, or even to two hundred of the lambs of the fold? Is it not one of the great principles and secrets of extensive usefulness, that to the most qualified agents the largest possible scope should be afforded? Who would for a moment wish to limit eminent Preachers to little congregations? or the sale of valuable books to a single edition? On the same principle, when we meet with eloquent and persuasive Teachers of children, ought we not to make the most of them, and find for them congregations every Lord's day? When such a Teacher can be found, one with a heart large enough to win and keep their affections, and with a mind well enough furnished to interest them, Sunday after Sunday, no other plan would so much awaken in them a personal interest and attachment, or on the whole work so well. But, let it be understood and felt that it is no ordinary gift that, in such a case, would suffice. In the general way, an alternation of two or three of those best qualified to conduct such a service would be most practicable and most successful.

Whenever this system is boldly begun, and zealously carried out, in humble dependence and earnest faith, the God of all grace will assuredly raise up men to carry it on. New powers of usefulness, hitherto unseen, and almost unknown, will come to light.—*Hall's Prize Essay.*

PAST AND PRESENT.

WHILST the Israelites were in Egypt, they thought only of their hardships, and complained that they had to make bricks without straw. They were slaves, and would be glad of liberty with a crust. They sighed and groaned by reason of their bondage; and at length God broke off their fetters, and threw open their prison-doors. He led the Hebrews through the Red Sea; shut up within its watery walls their late oppressors; and, after a march of miracles and mercies, the Israelites came into the wilderness of Sin. Here they murmur, and wish themselves back again in Egypt. Their position was perplexing; and there was in it quite enough of peril to produce alarm. There is no need that we underrate this trial of the faith and patience of the Hebrews; and I suspect that we all, in our turn, have murmured under a lighter trial than was

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theirs. Had we been in their circumstances, we should not have been a whit behind them in complaining; but where, for their murmuring, they were chastised with whips, we should have been chastised with scorpions. They were to be blamed, because, whilst overlooking the mercies of their present lot, they dwelt, with a mind diseased, upon the perquisites and advantages of slavery. They could see nothing but evil in the present, and spoke as if they had really made a great sacrifice in coming out of the land of Egypt with Moses. (Exod. xvi. 1—3.)

With many besides the Israelites, all enjoyment is either past or future. When young, they look forward to this or that period when their joy shall be full; and in manhood and age they look backward to palmy days, long since numbered with the things that were. It would seem that the perceptions of these people are all perverted: they cannot see what is near, but they can see and magnify what is afar off. Such a habit of mind is very pernicious, being full of discomfort to ourselves, and dishonour to God. Our life is a succession of time present; and if we ignore the mercies of to-day, and pine for privileges that are gone for ever, we do not improve at all our circumstances, but we offend the Lord, and make our own selves miserable. Then our duty is to live, not to dream; and very much of this sickly fondness for the past is no better than dreaming. We may with fancy's finger turn back the dial of our history fifteen degrees; we may imagine ourselves far back in the past, and we may revel in the recollections of the fleshpots of those days; but what doth it *profit* a man? Where is the use, the advantage, of such dreams and visions? There is too much idolatry of the past; and when life so soon is gone, it is grievous to see its weeks wasted in diseased fancies. Men are dying in sin; the agents of evil are intensely active; a moral poison is being distilled into the heart of large classes of the community; more than half London has, practically, no Sabbath; a few good men are trembling with emotion; their eyes are straining, their hearts are breaking: and is this a time to dream, and to talk in one's sleep about the good old times when we ate bread to the full? All times are good to the man whose heart is sound, and who makes it his business not to wail, but to work. Heaven knows that there is enough to weep over; but weeping is not to hinder working. We may have to sow in tears; but we must sow, nevertheless. We are not to stay at home to weep; but the promise is to him "that *goeth forth* and weepeth, bearing precious seed." (Psal. cxxvi. 5, 6.) Outwardly matters may or may not be prosperous; but a contingency of this sort cannot affect us as individuals: it can touch neither our duty nor our reward. Let it be granted that the strongholds of Satan are stronger now than they were in the days of our fathers; and what then? Shall we raise the siege? Nay, but rather see to it that the bombardment be more vigorous, and the assault more determined. In these days there is work for all; and if our success be not so marked, our reward will be equal, and our crown perhaps brighter. The present is our time; to-day is our life; and it is wiser and more profitable to try to improve the present, than to idolize the past. That man does more for Christ and for Christianity who brings his neighbour to the house of God, than he who expatiates with eloquence upon the days when this or that church was crowded; and he is a better Leader who labours to improve and enlarge his class, than he who tells of the times when Wesleyans were more numerous. Things are as we find them, and it is ours to make them better. The past is gone; it is out of our reach; but we have the present, and we may improve and brighten that.

St. John's Wood. J. B.

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HOME.

"Home, thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger heart can tell!"

WHAT a charm rests upon the endearing name,—MY HOME; consecrated by domestic love, that golden key of human happiness! Without this, home would be like a temple stripped of its garlands. There a father welcomes with fond affection; a brother's kind sympathies comfort in the hour of distress, and assist in every trial; there a pious mother first taught the infant lips to lisp the holy name of Jesus; and there the much-loved one dwells, the companion of our early days.

Truly, if there is aught that is lovely here below, it is home, sweet home. It is like the oäsis of the desert. The passing of our days may be painful; our path may be chequered by sorrow and care; unkindness and frowns may wither the joyousness of the heart, efface the happy smiles from the brow, and bedew life's way with tears; yet when the memory hovers over the past, there is no place in which it so delights to linger, as the loved scene of childhood's home. It is the polar star of existence. What cheers the mariner, far away from his native land, in a foreign port, or tossed upon the bounding billows, as he paces the deck at midnight alone? What thoughts fill his breast? He is thinking of the loved ones far away in his own happy cottage: in his mind's eye he sees the smiling group seated around the cheerful fireside. In imagination he hears them uniting their voices in singing the sweet tunes he so much loves to listen to. He is anticipating the hour when he shall return to his native land, to greet those absent ones so dear to his heart.

Why rests that deep shade of sadness upon the stranger's brow, as he seats himself amid the family-circle? He is surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth can afford; happy faces gather around him, and strive in vain to win a smile. Ah! he is thinking of his own sweet home; of the loved ones assembled within his own cheerful cot.

Why those tears which steal down the cheeks of that young and lovely girl, as she mingles in the social circle? Ah! she is an orphan. She, too, had a happy home: its loved ones are now sleeping in the cold and silent tomb. The gentle mother who watched over her infancy, and hushed her to sleep with such a lullaby as a mother only can sing,—who in girlhood's days taught her of the Saviour, and tuned her youthful voice to sing praises to His name,—has gone to the mansions of joy above, and is mingling her songs, and tuning her golden harp, with bright angels in heaven. Poor girl! She is now left to tread the weary path of life, a lonely, homeless wanderer.

Thus it is in this changing world. The objects most dear are snatched away. We are deprived of the friends whom we most love, and our cherished home is made desolate. Their doom is engraven on all things earthly. But there is a home which knows no change, nor its inmates any separation; where the sorrowing ones of this world may obtain relief for all their griefs, and where the sighs and tears of earth are exchanged for unending songs of joy. This home is heaven.

In the shadowy past there is one sweet reminiscence, which the storms of life can never wither,—it is the recollection of home. In the visioned future there is one bright star, whose lustre never fades,—it is the hope of home; of an eternal home.

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CHRISTIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.*

THE late Dr. Golding Bird read a letter from a student, inserted in a medical journal, mourning over the want of interest taken by members of the profession in regard to the spiritual welfare of students. Aroused to a consideration of the subject, he sent a letter to the same journal, containing the following practical conclusion :—

"From anxious and large experience," he says, "I am convinced that no great improvement will ever take place in the ethics of our profession, until the religious training of our pupils is made a matter of solicitude by those whose influence is respected by them, and whose example should guide them." The formation of a Christian Medical and Surgical Association, with branches in the various hospitals, appeared to him to be perhaps the best means of accomplishing the object in view. "Already," he adds, "does a nucleus of something of this kind exist in several of our hospitals. In more than one of them several of the students meet together one evening of the week, for the study of the holy Scriptures and mutual edification." As a model of the rules to be adopted in the formation of such an association, he gives the following, as suggested by some students at Guy's Hospital :—

1. That a Medical Christian Association be formed, composed of members of the profession, and of students.

2. That the object of this Association be to promote spiritual religion amongst its members ; and to diffuse the same among all others who come within the sphere of their influence.

3. That the means employed for these objects be the study of the holy Scriptures, devotional meetings, addresses, and any other means which may from time to time present themselves.

"Never," he concludes, "will practitioners of medicine perform their mission so usefully, and with so much mutual happiness, as when permitted to adopt *in spirit* the inspired advice,—'Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another ; love as brethren ; be pitiful, be courteous ; not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing ; but contrariwise blessing.'"

The letter of Dr. Golding Bird called forth the opposition of certain parties, who accused him and others of cant and hypocrisy, and insisted that medical students were better employed in studying medical and surgical works than in Scripture reading. Such sentiments, however, were repudiated by all right-thinking medical men, one of whom wrote as follows :—"For myself, I can conceive of no proposal more promising, not only as regards the medical student, but society at large, than one which aims at diffusing among the rising members of an influential profession the precious truths of Christianity. That the habitual study of the revealed will of God, and a zealous desire to communicate to others a saving knowledge of the Gospel of peace, is neither incompatible with the highest attainments in science, nor with the most conscientious discharge of professional duties, might be shown by many brilliant examples in this and other countries. It is thus that the studies and pursuits of our profession are consecrated."

"The London Christian Medical Association" arose from these letters. We wish it well, and take the present opportunity to commend it to the attention of young men who come to London to prosecute their studies.

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* Balfour's "Biographical Sketch of Dr. Golding Bird." Constable.

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Narrative Pieces.

TWO PICTURES IN CONTRAST.

In the latter part of September, on one of those cloudy days often met with at that season of the year, when the sun was obscured by a thick and hazy atmosphere, while a gentle, drizzling rain was noiselessly falling, and the curtains of night seemed prematurely drawn over the horizon, shrouding nature in the gloom of night ere the sun had reached the western horizon;—on such an evening might have been seen a weary traveller wending his lonely way through the dark forests of the South, on the road towards Charleston. Far from home, in a strange land, anxious to find a shelter from the drizzling rain, which seemed to increase as night drew on, he quickened his pace, hoping to find some human habitation where he might rest for the night.

While thus pressing onward, peering, through the gloomy mist, he descried a splendid mansion a little distance from the road. O! how his heart was lightened; how his face beamed with joy as he approached the long-wished-for object.

On arriving at the gate, the way-worn traveller halloed: a Negro made his appearance, and the following conversation ensued:—

Traveller. How d'ye do, uncle: who lives here?

Negro. Massa, Sir.

T. Is he at home?

N. Yes, Sir; he's in the house.

T. Will you please open the gate?

N. What you want, Sir?

T. I wish to stay all night.

N. Massa no let you stay, Sir: he nebber let trabbler stay wid him.

T. Open the gate: I must see him.

The darkey opened the gate; the traveller proceeded to the house, and entered the piazza. The landlord made his appearance.

Traveller. Good evening, Sir.

Landlord. Good evening, Sir.

T. I wish to stop with you for the night, Sir.

L. Can't do it, Sir: don't keep public-house.

T. But, Sir, it rains; the night will be very dark, and I'm a stranger in these parts, and don't know the road.

L. Can't do it, Sir: you must go to the tavern.

T. How far is it to the tavern, Sir?

L. About eight miles.

T. That's too far off: myself and horse are both weary; besides it rains, and will be very dark.

L. Can't help it, Sir: can't be troubled with travellers.

T. Well, Sir, let me have shelter for myself and horse, and I'll trouble you for nothing more.

L. I have told you I could not do it; nor do I wish you to trouble me further.

T. Well, Sir, just give me shelter for my horse, and let me stay in your Negro-houses until morning, and I will trouble you no further.

L. Sir, you must leave my premises, and the sooner the better; for you are only losing your time.

The traveller said no more; but with a keen discerning eye, cast one long, piercing look at the human form before him, and left.

Here stands our first picture. Now let us look at the other.

On a beautiful and bright morning in June, when the sun had reached the summer solstice, and many of the wealthy inhabitants of the Southern States were seeking the cooling breezes of a more northern latitude, there was seen, on the road leading to the Virginia Springs, a splendid carriage drawn by four beautiful greys, accompanied by a postilion. In the carriage were seated a wealthy southern planter and his lady, on their way to these delightful watering-places.

Suddenly an axletree of the carriage gave way, and the carriage with its contents fell gently to the ground, without further injury.

The postilion was sent onward to seek assistance. he had not gone far before he came to a neat farmhouse, and made known to the master of the house the sad catastrophe which had just happened.

The farmer immediately called together several of his servants, ordered his own

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carriage, and with a few strong hands, was soon on the ground where the accident had happened, rendering timely aid to the unfortunate travellers.

The contents of the injured carriage, being transferred to the farmer's, were soon conveyed to the house; and while a substantial dinner was in the course of preparation for the travellers, the broken axletree was detached from the carriage, and sent to a blacksmith to be repaired. In the meantime the farmer's family were doing all in their power to render their guests as comfortable as possible.

Late in the afternoon the broken axletree, neatly mended, was refitted to the carriage, and in readiness for the road; but it was now late, and the kind-hearted farmer insisted on his guests tarrying until morning, and then, after an early breakfast, they could make a good day's journey. To this the travellers readily consented; and while "mine host" was showing the gentleman over parts of his neat and fruitful farm and orchards, his wife and daughters were amusing their lady-guest by a walk in the beautiful garden; then to the spring, showing her the neat and clean spring-house, through which the spring-water was passing, keeping the milk and butter cool and sweet. The southern lady became so pleased with the place and the family, that she expressed herself willing to remain with the farmer and his family, instead of going to the Springs; but they had engaged to meet some of their friends at the Springs, and therefore must go.

The guests were now summoned to the dining-room, where they sat down with the farmer and his amiable family to a supper, such as a wealthy farmer of the "Old Dominion" is proud to set before his friends. While supper was being discussed, the time was enlivened by that easy flow of conversation usually found among the F. F. V.s when in company with friends.

As the time for rest was drawing on, all the family, with their guests, being seated in the parlour, the "good man of the house" opened the "good old book," (as he was wont to call it,) and read, for the instruction of all present, the hundred and fourth Psalm. Then, in a short but appropriate address to the throne of grace, he committed his charge to the care of Him who never sleeps. After which, all retired to enjoy

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Next morning the guests, rising from their comfortable resting-place, found waiting their appearance a breakfast composed of a rich variety of the good things of life, prepared "*à la mode Old Virginia never tire;*" and while our guests were engaged in doing ample justice to their breakfast, servants were engaged in harnessing the horses, now rested, well fed, and smoothly curried and rubbed down.

All things being now ready for motion, our travelling gentleman approached "mine host" with, "My bill, Sir, if you please."

"Your bill, Sir! I never made a bill against a traveller in my life. I don't know how to do it, Sir. God bountifully provides for His creatures; and while we have enough and to spare, I believe it our duty to express our gratitude by obeying His word, especially the injunction, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers;' and therefore I have never charged a stranger calling at my house, for the bounties which God has graciously given me."

"But, Sir, I have been both trouble and expense to you; and being abundantly able to compensate you for your extraordinary kindness, I insist on paying you, and am resolved on doing so before I leave your hospitable roof."

"Well, Sir, as you insist on it, though I never before charged a traveller anything, I will charge you something."

"That's right, Sir, that's right: now my bill, Sir, and I'll pay it."

"Well, Sir, this is your bill. All that I ask in compensation for what I have done for you is, that you will do unto others as you would have others do to you; and if ever a poor weary traveller calls at your house on a dark, gloomy, rainy evening, and begs for shelter, only in one of your Negro-houses, don't turn him away. All I ask is, that you will take him in, and do by him as I have done by you: when you will do this, we are even."

The traveller was dumb,—almost suffocated,—and for a time could not utter a word. Then, recovering himself, he said, in a subdued and mortified tone, "Are you the man?".

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"I am; and I knew you the moment I saw you; and, acting on principles taught by that same good old book from which I have already given you a few quotations, I felt bound to 'render good for evil.' I have done only my duty. I am satisfied, paid in full; and wish you a prosperous, and long, and happy life, rendered useful by acts of kindness to your fellow-man, whenever you find him in need."

"O! Sir, I am mortified, I am ashamed; and I promise never again to withhold good from my fellow-man when I have it in my power."

"Then, Sir, I am more than amply compensated for all I have so gladly done for you; and rejoice in bidding you God speed.

"No, Sir, not a farthing. I am already more than fully paid."

The traveller then approached the sideboard, and laying down the one hundred-dollar bill, he placed a tumbler on it, to prevent its being blown away; then, turning to mine host, offered his parting hand, while his eyes were suffused with tears of mingled shame and gratitude.

The farmer cordially took the proffered hand; and never was there a more feeling farewell passed between strangers, than here passed between the guest and the family of "mine host."

We will say nothing of the feeling of our lady-guest during the above conversation between her husband and our Virginia farmer; nor will we follow them in their carriage to hear their conversation as they left the farmhouse. Suffice it to say, they never afterwards forgot to entertain strangers.—*Balt. Patriot.*

OUR CHARWOMAN.

One frosty Saturday morning, a lady stood by a bright kitchen-fire, talking to the charwoman, who was busy in another part of the room.

This lady, whom we shall call Edith, was not fond of low gossip, or of hearing tales about other people's domestic arrangements: it was not of these things that she spoke. Edith had known this poor woman for ten years, and had visited her when in great sorrow and distress: she had often given her employment, and had induced her to join the church; and now, after an interval of some sorrowful years, they were thrown together again; and Edith wished to know where Mrs. White was, in the journey of life.

Poor people are as sensitive as the rich. They are often sore-hearted, "scattered and peeled;" and it needs, indeed, a delicate hand to know how to touch and heal. if we could for a short time change places with them, we should afterwards be better able to teach and comfort them. When we try to do them good, we should drop our outward distinctions, as Christ did, and be at the same time "meek and lowly of heart." And this may remind us why the poor are often the most useful and beloved when they try to reform and comfort the poor.

"Do you meet in class now, Mrs. White?" said Edith.—"No, Ma'am: I gave up going, because I could not pay my penny every week, partly."

"O, Mrs. White! how often have I told you that the poorer members are quite as welcome, even when they cannot subscribe! They are never expelled or slighted on that account. Christ commended the widow whose whole contribution to the treasury was one farthing, and declared that she 'had cast in more than they all.' The penny is not a tax, but an offering. You should still have gone. I have heard of rich people paying it for the poor, rather than they should lose this benefit of church-membership,—supporting the cause of God."

"Well, Mrs. S. did tell me that unless I could come to class more than half dressed, I had better not come at all. You see I was very shabby; I had only that little shawl: but it hurt me very much."

Edith was very sorry, and very silent; sorry that there was no one in that class to take the poor woman by the hand, as Christ would have done, or as Mrs. Fletcher would have done at Madeley, not so long ago: and though in her heart she heard Jesus say, "The poor ye have always with you, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good;" yet, as she looked at the whole, she thought, "Poverty is a great demoralizer, after all."

"You see," continued Mrs. White, "my husband has so little work. He has never had full work since I married him; and that is eighteen years ago. He will stick

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to his own trade, and it is never regular; and we have had eight children."

"You should urge him," said Edith, "to change his employment: an active, healthy man never wants work long in a town like this. Why does he not change his trade?"

"Indeed, I have urged him, and tried him in every way: he is steady, and a good scholar enough, but"—

"He is lazy, and does not like work. He eats more than you earn; and if you remain with him, you and your children must starve. If I were you, I would leave him, and go and live somewhere else. You could maintain yourself and children better without him; and perhaps then he would mend," said Edith, not wisely: but she was reproved.

"No, Ma'am: I will never do that. I have been without food two days this week, and many a time before; but I have always tried to do right, and my relations have often been kind to me, and helped me; for they said, 'Harriet, you are very poor; but we never hear anything against your character;' and I have three children in heaven, and I should like to meet them that are gone before. It is hard to bear; but, please God, it will soon be over."

And Edith turned to me, and said, "I thought poverty was a demoralizer."

"No," said I, pointing to my book; "see what Lord Bacon says: 'Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtues.'"

KATIE.

Religion in Heart and Life.

FROM THE BACK OF A CIRCUIT-PLAN.

To the Members of the Wesleyan Methodist Societies, in the ——— Circuit.

BELOVED FRIENDS,—With a new Plan, will you accept a few words from your Minister?

To many this Plan presents nothing attractive: it is a mere collection of names and figures. But for you it possesses a peculiar interest; for it informs you of the provision made for your religious instruction for four months to come.

The Plan is small, and the places few; but a scale of work is comprehended greater than at first meets the eye. Before its completion, nearly two hundred sermons will have been preached, about three hundred services will have been held, and upwards of four hundred miles will have been traversed by the servants of God and of the churches.

But this is not all. How shall we convey an adequate impression of the faithful Minister's work? In study, in prayer, in nightly vigils, in fasting, in conflicts not only with flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. (Eph. vi. 12.) Your Ministers go forth weeping: the seed they scatter is watered with many tears. And when the message has been delivered, the service of the day performed, and the congregations dispersed, he, who for his Master's sake and in his Master's work has been a "man of sorrows," homeward plods his weary way, and, entering his closet, says, "Lord, who hath believed our report? and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?" (Isai. liii. 1.)

But this is not all. Those dispersed congregations have carried away with them more of the peace of God, or a greater condemnation. "We are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish: to the one we are the savour of death unto death; and to the other the savour of life unto life. And who is sufficient for these things?" (2 Cor. ii. 15, 16.) And shall they perish for whom Christ died?

Brethren, pray for us. Pray that we may be men of God; strong to labour, mighty in the Scriptures, prevalent in prayer; and that, full of faith and power, we may do "great wonders and miracles among the people." (Acts vi. 8.) *Pray for us daily.* Remember us in your family-

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worship; in your private devotions; in your public prayer-meetings and class-meetings. Never meet us in the sanctuary without having previously wrestled with God on our behalf. And if, through our many infirmities, our ministration of the word should sometimes fail to meet your expectations, bear with us for Christ's sake. Do not lightly criticise what you hear; do not tolerate this practice in others. Do not thus err, my beloved brethren, but the more fervently pray for us to the Father of lights, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift. (James i. 17.) And if, as we hope and are persuaded, our Gospel come unto you "not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance, as ye know what manner of men we were among you for your sake," (1 Thess. i. 5,) "let no man glory in men;" for "a man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven." (John iii. 27.)

Brethren, pray for yourselves; "that ye receive not the grace of God in vain." (2 Cor. vi. 1.) And what is that grace of God? Is it not found in the word of reconciliation, in the promises of peace, and in that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us, which we bear witness of, and show unto you? (1 John i. 2.) Pray that through our ministry you may receive "the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ."

Brethren, pray for sinners. "Why should they die when Christ has died,—has died to bear their sins away?" And are they dying? To use the language of our stirring Pastoral Address for the present year: "*Children are daily committing their first conscious sin; youths daily falling into their first outward act of vice; men daily hearing, reading, learning their first lesson of infidelity; and thousands upon thousands are daily dying, to meet their God.*"

> "Does Satan bind their captive souls
> Fast in his slavish chains?"

—chains, which in fiery torture may enwrap their souls in hell? Is it so, my brethren? Believe ye this? Then awake, ye friends of Jesus! ye lovers of souls, awake! and follow these unhappy ones from the sanctuary to their homes, and to the highways; to their sick beds, to their dying conflicts: follow them with your prayers and

> "With cries, entreaties, tears to save,
> O! snatch them from the yawning grave."

"God forbid that we should sin against the Lord, in ceasing to pray for them." (1 Sam. xii. 23.) Your unworthy but sincerely-attached Minister says,—his brethren on the Plan say,—and you, I trust, will swell the heaven-piercing cry, "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." (Isai. lxii. 1.)

And Thou, O Lord, wilt bow Thy heavens and come down; Thou wilt send Thine hand from above: for Thou art the God of salvation!

"Thou art my goodness, and my fortress; my high tower, and my deliverer; my shield, and He in whom I trust; who subdueth my people under me." (Psal. cxliv. 2.) Blessed be God!

Your Pastor, Brother, Friend,

———.

FAMILY-WORSHIP.

WHAT can be more beautifully appropriate than the worship of God in families?

Here is a little company of human beings, joined together in the most intimate connection; dwelling under one roof, fed at one table, supplied with the necessaries of life from sources of income that are common to them all, feeling themselves to have altogether common interests, common wants, and common exposures. It is granted that they all ought to worship God: is it not appropriate that they should worship Him together? Each of them ought to thank God for his daily food, and daily to ask God for the needed supply. But the family take their food together. It is supplied from a common store, and spread upon a common table, and the daily gatherings around that table are the recognised symbol of their close intimacy. Is there any other scene which ought to be sanctified with prayer, if not that where a family most frequently look in each other's faces; where the responsible pro-

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viders distribute the liberal provision; where parental love lavishes itself upon its tender objects; and where the children not only have their bodies nurtured, but their minds and manners cultivated?

A prayerless family-meal is a most unchristian, a most ungodly, thing; and seldom does that graceless spirit whose plainest name is *fashion*, show her impiety more plainly than when, at a social entertainment, she whispers that, as the family-table would be too narrow for so numerous a company, so the family-custom of giving thanks at table is too homely for so splendid an occasion: just as if the larger and costlier provision did not need the Divine blessing, and did not call for thanks, as much as the ordinary meal; and just as if a meal, partaken by a numerous company scattered through the ample spaces of a parlour, were any less a bounty to be received with thanksgiving than the same thing at an ordinary table.

Nor is it only at table that families should worship. Sheltered by one roof, the family have laid them down in peace and slept, and awoke in safety, because the Lord hath sustained them. Coming from their several chambers, they meet and exchange their affectionate salutations, glad to feel, "*We are all here.*" It is a common protection they have shared. They have *together* been kept from the assassin, from the fire, from "the pestilence that walketh in darkness." Should not they kneel together, and give thanks to their heavenly Guardian? They are going forth, too, to duties and to dangers, and they need a common guidance: shall they not ask for it together? And at the close of the day, have they not equal reasons for united prayer and thanksgiving? They have all been led and kept by one Providence; and they all need to commit themselves to one Divine Guardian. On both occasions it is appropriate, besides the prayer, to read the Divine word together, and to unite, if they are able, in sacred song.

There will, of course, be mornings when all have not come from their chambers in the glow and the joy of health; there will be evenings when the family will sadly gather, returning from a new grave. Thenceforth, at the table and at the fireside, there will be "one vacant chair." All families must have these days of sorrow. What shall they do with this sorrow? To whom shall they tell it? On whose friendly strength shall they lay it? There is no such other place for a bereaved family to soothe and comfort themselves as their family-altar. Is it the father that is gone? Nowhere else will they find such comfort as kneeling, in their tears, at the family-altar, and pouring out their prayers from their broken hearts, through the channel perhaps of a feebler and softer voice than that to whose manly tones they were accustomed.

Or has one of the little ones been taken? The table must henceforth lack the light of his happy face; the house will no more ring to his merry laugh: but there is no sweeter memory, when you see the white hands laid together on the still breast, than that you had seen them folded on the ledge of the table at the giving of thanks, or on the chair by your side at the daily worship.

In joy and sorrow, amid all the varieties of domestic experience, they who live together may most appropriately and beneficially worship together.

"SHOULD IT BE ACCORDING TO THY MIND?"

It may be "according to thy mind" to pass into spiritual life without deep sorrow for sin; but it may be the "mind" of God, by exquisite distress to lay open the plague of thy heart, and to lay the foundation of personal piety deep in previous mental anguish.

It may be "thy mind" to prescribe great and deep discipline of repentance; it may be His, to prevent Pharisaism, by saving thee more speedily and directly by faith.

It may be "thy mind" to obtain prompt victories over temptations, and the evils of a corrupt nature; it may be His, that thou shouldest have severe and protracted struggles ere the conquest is won.

It may be "thy mind" to have rich and uninterrupted spiritual joys; but it may be His, to throw thee more upon principle, and personal effort.

It may be "thy mind" to be much employed by God, in extending the interests of religion both at home and

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abroad; but it may be His, that thy days should be in a great measure spent in retirement and solitude.

It may be "thy mind" to be saved from surrounding evils by hope; it may be His, thus to save thee by fear.

It may be "thy mind" to glorify God by public and active zeal; it may be His, to place thee in affliction and silence, to glorify Him by the passive graces of the Christian character.

Or, the reverse of all this may be His mind.

The question still is, "Should it be according to thy mind?" that is, the mind of an erring and fallible creature; or the mind of God that cannot err? The answer to this question your own hearts will give. It becomes not a fallen creature, who deserves nothing but hell, to dictate to the all-wise God.—*Watson.*

SAINTS.

In the New Testament the word "saints" is used to designate the followers of Christ. It was a word in common use among Christians of that day. In modern times the meaning has changed. We use it to designate a Christian of peculiar devotedness. Of one we hear it said, "He is a saint;" meaning, that he is an unusually devout and consistent follower of Christ. Of another it is said, "He is a good man, but he is not a saint;" meaning, that while his piety is unquestioned, there is something wanting to the completeness of his Christian character. This change in the meaning of the word indicates a sad falling off from the standard set up by Christ and the Apostles. With them all Christians were saints. It ought to be so now. The term "saint" ought not to be applicable to a few only: it ought to be applicable to all. All Christians are redeemed, and called to be saints, and nothing else.

Christians are sanctified for Christ; set apart for His service. It is proper that they should bear a name indicative of the fact: the reality should correspond to the name. There should be no incongruity between the sign and the thing signified.

What an influence would be wielded by the church if all her members were saints! Let the term be applied to many of her members, and the world would laugh. Let it be applied to others, and the world admits the propriety of the application. Now, if the characters of all were like the characters of those last mentioned, what a change would there be in the aspect of the church, and how much more rapid would be her conquests for Christ! Why should there be such a difference among Christians? Have they not all been bought by the same blood, converted by the same Spirit, the same heavenly Father? Why should there then be a difference which causes a scandal to the cause, and proves a stumblingblock in the way of sinners? Why should not all be worthy of the name given them by the Spirit of inspiration? Why should not all be saints indeed?

Reader, would it do to apply the term to you? I do not ask if you think you are worthy to be called a saint; but would the world sneer if you were called one?

Poetry.

OLD MILTON.

The following beautiful lines are supposed to have been among the last productions of Milton's pen. They are to be found in the old Oxford edition of his works; but, having been dropped in subsequent editions, are comparatively unknown.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown:
Afflicted, and deserted of my mind,
Yet am I not cast down!

I am weak, yet strong.
I murmur not that I no longer see.
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee.

O, merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

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Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me; its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognise Thy purpose, clearly shown:
My vision Thou hast dimm'd, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear:
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

O! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been;
Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy sinless hand,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,
From angel-lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,—
When airs from paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture: waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit; strains sublime
Bend over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift Divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine!

A CONTRAST.

Her sun went down while it was yet day.

Her sun went down ere day forsook
The bright and azure sky;
Or mist or cloud arose to shade
The radiant canopy:
Went down, ere grief had blanch'd her cheek,
Or age had dimm'd her eye.

And as it sunk with glorious rays,
It found that sainted head;
And faith o'er her triumphant soul
Rich consolation shed;
And as her spirit sought its home,
By bright seraphic hosts 'twas led!

Another like a meteor blazed,
Then sank 'mid clouds and gloom;
The loved, the lovely, thus to fade,
Ere life's glad flushing noon:
Vain were earth's treasures, vain the skill
Of man, to' avert her doom.

Now "marble emulates her face,"
And celebrates her fame:
'Twere better she had learn'd to trust
In Jesu's saving name;
And though she faded ere life's noon,
O Earth! she found thee transient, vain.

Roscrea.

Anecdotes.

THE CHRISTIAN LADY.

A LADY of gentle and refined manners, and of a peculiarly retiring disposition, was some years since on her way to a southern plantation to assume the duties of a teacher. At the distance of a hundred miles from his home, she was met by the gentleman in whose family she was to reside: he had come to escort her thither; and the kindness and cordiality of his greeting, showed the true southern gentleman. They travelled pleasantly on through the luxuriant forests, whose rich undergrowth of flowering shrubs is always so striking to a northern eye, till the night came on.

The next morning was the Lord's day, the day of holy rest; but, to her astonishment, the lady found her escort preparing to continue his journey as if it were any

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other day. Here was an unexpected trial of her Christian firmness. What should she do? Should she timidly compromise her principles, and yield to the wishes of her companion? It was easy to see that there lay beneath his gentlemanly bearing a quick and somewhat haughty spirit. Alone, in a strange land, should she run the hazard of offending her only protector by what would seem to him fanatical obstinacy?

Though sensitive and shrinking, Miss G—— was a Christian; and she felt there was but one simple course to be pursued, namely, *to do right*, and leave the results with Him who overrules all. She expressed her unwillingness to travel on that day. The gentleman appeared somewhat irritated, and announced an intention of going on himself, to which she modestly but firmly replied, "I am not afraid to travel alone; but I am afraid to break God's law, and must remain here till to-morrow."

The firmness of this answer struck him; and he was, years afterwards, heard to say, "From that moment I felt a genuine respect for Miss G——. I was sure that one so true to her religious convictions would be equally true to any trust reposed in her."

Miss G—— afterwards filled a large sphere of usefulness in one of our northern cities, and has recently passed to the gracious reward reserved for the faithful disciples of Jesus. If, like her, all Christians were firm in the hour of trial, even worldly men would respect their consistency; whereas the vacillating, yielding spirit so often exhibited by professors of religion, receives the just reward of contempt from those they most wish to propitiate.—*American Messenger.*

HOW THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE COMMENCED.

It is just seventy years since the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge proposed, as the subject for a Latin Prize-Essay, the question, "May one Man lawfully make another Man his Slave?" A young Bachelor of Arts had won a similar prize in the preceding year, and had the privilege of competing again. He resolved that he would win the second, if he could; and, knowing nothing of the subject, was at a loss for books. In a friend's house (*accidentally* again, as men say) he lighted on a newspaper advertising a "History of Guinea." He hastened to London, bought it, and there found a picture of cruelties which filled his soul with horror. The more he inquired and investigated, the darker grew the shades of crime and suffering. "All my pleasures were damped," he wrote afterwards, "by the facts which were now continually before me. It was but one gloomy subject from morning to night. In the daytime I was uneasy; in the night I had little rest. I sometimes never closed my eyelids for grief." He wrote with a burning heart, and happily put his indignation into good Latin: so the prize was won. As he journeyed shortly afterwards to London, the subject engrossed his thoughts. "Coming in sight of Wade's-Mill in Hertfordshire," to quote again from his own narrative, "I sat down disconsolate on the turf by the road-side, and held my horse. *Here a thought came into my mind, that if the contents of the essay were true, it was time that some person should see these calamities to their end.*" The young prizeman was Thomas Clarkson; and he *did* see the evil to the end, and lived, moreover, to see the remedy.

SABBATH-OBSERVANCE.

At a respectable boarding-house, in New-York, a number of years ago, were fifteen young men. Six of them uniformly appeared at the breakfast-table on Sunday morning, shaved, dressed and prepared, as to their apparel, for attendance on public worship. They also actually attended both forenoon and afternoon. All became highly respected and useful citizens. The other nine were ordinarily absent from the breakfast-table on the morning of the Lord's day. At noon they appeared at the dinner-table, shaved and dressed in a decent manner. In the afternoon they went out, but not ordinarily to church; nor were they usually seen in a place of worship. One of them is now living, and in a reputable employment: the other eight became openly vicious. All failed in business, and are now dead. Several of them came to an untimely and awfully-tragic end. Many

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a man may say, as did a worthy and opulent citizen, "The keeping of the Sabbath saved me." It will, if duly observed, save all. In the language of its Divine Author, "They shall ride upon the high places of the earth."

The Portfolio.

"WE'RE BEHIND TIME."

A NEW YEAR'S MEDITATION.

"All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when young, indeed,
In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan.
At fifty chides his infamous delay.
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same."

My study was on the second floor, the window of which overlooked the great western road which stretches from Exeter to Plymouth, through the beautiful scenery of South Devon. It was in the days of coaches that the event occurred of which we write. The steam-whistle had not riven the air of those lovely valleys, nor had the steam-horse terrified the unfamiliar natives by his frightful snortings; but coaches in gay colours, with crack whips, and gentlemanly-looking guards, which travelled at the rate of ten miles per hour, were the means of public transit offered to His Majesty's liege subjects in those days.

Like the steam-horses of more modern times, those old stages bore very significant names; amongst which were, I well remember, the "Estafette," the "Telegraph," and the "Nonpareil." This Nonpareil could boast of an amusing and clever guard, who, by the music of his key-bugle and his ready wit, made himself very agreeable to the passengers who patronized his coach, and also to the inhabitants of the towns and villages through which he made his daily passage. On one occasion the Nonpareil had halted on its journey for the change of horses, just opposite to my window; and I was attracted to it by the clatter attendant upon that operation. The horses were all fairly adjusted, the coachman had seated himself on his box, the leaders were pawing with their fore-feet, as if impatient of delay; when, on a sudden, the guard ran out, and, eyeing his watch, suddenly exclaimed, "*We're behind time! Make haste, gentlemen.*" In an instant there was a rush to the seats; crack went the whip, the horses' hoofs clattered, the wheels rumbled on the pavement, and the Nonpareil was soon out of sight and hearing. But for some time I stood riveted to the spot, as by some supernatural influence; and the words, "*We're behind time,*" echoed on my ear long after the guard's horn had melted away in the distance. "*Behind time.*" I felt as though I had been disturbed in a profound slumber by something very startling, and a number of persons and scenes rushed before my vision, in illustration of the guard's rallying-word, "*Behind time.*"

A schoolboy with his satchel passed, panting for breath, and sobbing at intervals; for he had been crying. He had lain too long in bed, and was too late for school. He was "*behind time.*"

I then saw a youth, pensive and sad, returning to his home which he had left in the morning joyously. I asked him the cause of his sorrow. He replied, "I have been to seek a lucrative situation, which 'The Times' paper announced this morning; but I was behind time at the office. Another had stepped in before me."

Scarcely had he passed, when I espied amongst the crowd a man of respectable attire, who had reached the meridian of life's day. His countenance bespoke intelligence and capacity to accomplish something great; but he was dissatisfied with the slow process of rising by degrees, and had been waiting in the expectation that some golden opportunity would open up, in which he might display his talents, and seize the coveted prize of distinction and honour. But it had never come; and he was "*behind time,*"

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There was another man "*behind time*," because he did not consider the rapidity of its flight. He took no account of it. It rushed on and on towards the ocean of eternity, but he marked it not. He was like the traveller in an express train, who is carried on with a velocity which prevents him from gathering a correct idea of the scenes through which he passes; and although trees, and hedges, and churches, and houses, and parks, and mansions, and all the other features of English scenery, have adorned the path of the modern traveller, he can give no account of them. So the inconsiderate man, who now attracted my attention, had passed through fifty years, of fifty-two Lord's days and three hundred and thirteen working days each; but he could give, alas! no account of them.

My attention next fell on a man who was sauntering along the street with a perfect air of indifference, as though life passed smoothly with him. His countenance was good-natured enough, and he was well enough respected in his neighbourhood as a thorough easy-going man; but he had acquired the habit of putting off until to-morrow what might be done to-day. He has a letter to answer; but it can be done before post-time to-morrow. He has a bill to pay; but to-morrow will do just as well as to-day. There is a friend to call upon; but he can make the call on the morrow. And the habit has grown upon him until there is a whole pile of letters to answer, a whole file of bills unpaid, and a host of friends grieved through the neglect resulting rather from indolence than a cold heart. He is "*behind time*."

I now beheld an artist seated in his studio. By his side was a broken statue. His countenance bespoke great consciousness of neglect and disappointment. He had laboured for years at a splendid painting, which he confidently anticipated would repay all his toil and skill; but when it was exhibited to the public eye, the vulgar taste rejected it. The hopes of anxious years were dashed; and now, unnerved, he is too disgusted to make another attempt. He is "*behind time*."

Scarcely had I turned away from this object, than I saw the death-bed of one who for years had occupied a seat in the house of God. She had attended the ministry of God's house with marked regularity; knew the way of salvation in theory; had an undefinable pleasure in attending upon the ordinances of religion; and had contributed in support of religious institutions, as well as assisted in working out those important auxiliaries of the church. But she was not a member of the church, although she intended to be; nor had she ever repented of her sins, although she had often purposed to do so. Sickness seizes upon her, and death follows in its train. It is Sunday morning. The Minister has been preaching to his people. A messenger awaits him, with an earnest request to visit a hearer who is dying. He hastens to the room; but only just in time to hear her say, "O, Sir! you are too late! you are too late!" which meant that she herself was "*behind time*."

"Don't tell me of to-morrow!
There is much to do to-day,
That can never be accomplish'd
If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty:
Who the future can foretell?
Then why defer until to-morrow
What to-day can do as well?

"Don't tell me of to-morrow!
If we look upon the past,
How much that we have left to do,
We cannot do at last!
To-day, it is the only time
For all in this frail earth:
It takes an age to form a life;
A moment gives it birth."

Madeley. E. S.

THE MARTYRED BLIND BOY.

In the reign of "Bloody Mary," of England, when the good Bishop Hooper was about to be burned to death, a blind boy, by much importunity, prevailed on the guard to bring him to the Bishop. This boy had lately suffered imprisonment in Gloucester for confessing the truth. After the Bishop had examined him concerning his faith and the cause of his imprisonment, he looked on him steadfastly, tears standing in his eyes, and said, "Ah! poor boy, God hath taken from thee thy outward sight, for what reason He best knoweth; but he hath endued thy soul with the eye of knowledge and faith. God give thee grace continually to pray unto Him, that thou lose not that sight; for

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thou shouldest then be blind both in body and soul."

The boy's name was Thomas Drowry. How often or how long he had endured imprisonment for the truth's sake is not known; but on his final examination he was brought before Dr. Williams, Chancellor of Gloucester, sitting judicially with the Registrar of the diocese in the Consistory, near the south door of the cathedral church, who administered the usual articles, chiefly urging that on transubstantiation, saying,—

"Dost thou not believe that after the words of consecration, spoken by the Priest, there remaineth the very real body of Christ in the sacrament of the altar?"

"No," answered the blind boy; "that I do not."

"Then," said the Chancellor, "thou art an heretic, and shalt be burned. But who taught you this heresy?"

"You, Master Chancellor."

"Where, I pray thee?"

"Even in yonder place," replied the boy, turning and pointing with his hand towards where the pulpit stood.

The Chancellor again inquired, "When did I teach thee so?"

Drowry answered, "When you preached there" (naming a day) "a sermon to all men as well as to me, upon the sacrament. You said the sacrament was to be received spiritually, by faith, and not carnally and really, as the Papists have heretofore taught."

The shameless apostate answered,

"Then do as I have done, and thou shalt live, as I do, and escape burning."

The blind boy said,—

"Though you can so easily dispense with yourself, and mock God, the world, and your conscience, yet will I not do so."

"Then God have mercy upon thee," rejoined the Chancellor; "for I will read the condemnation-sentence against thee."

"God's will be fulfilled!" answered the young martyr.

Hereupon the Registrar, being moved with the scene, stood up, and said to the Chancellor,—

"Fie, for shame, man! will you read the sentence against him, and condemn yourself? Away, away, and substitute some other to give sentence and judgment."

"No, Registrar," said the fearfully hardened man: "I will obey the law, and give sentence myself according to mine office."

He did so; delivered him to the secular power, who on the very same day (May 16th, 1556) led the blind boy to the place of execution at Gloucester, together with one Thomas Croker, a poor bricklayer, condemned also for the like testimony of the truth: when both in one fire, they most constantly and joyfully yielded their souls into the hands of the Lord Jesus.

HEROES IN HUMBLE RANK.

The conscientious tradesman is a hero in his way, if he scorn the tricks and subterfuges by which other men grow in wealth, and will let a hundred competitors pass him in the race, rather than do one dirty thing, such as he dare not avow to every customer.

The man who keeps Sunday at some cost is a hero in his way, if his closed shutters turn away customers to some rival, next door, who makes haste to be rich anyhow; and week by week, instead of grumbling at the other's gains, he thanks God for his own peace, content to be cared for like the sparrows and the young ravens; and learning, for his faithfulness to the law of conscience, more and more of those heavenly lessons which are the soul's wealth.

The religious apprentice or shopman is a hero in his way, if quietly, yet firmly, he stands up against the profaneness of ungodly companions; not preaching out of place; not provoking the taunt that he makes it his business to set the world to rights; but calmly pointing some whom he can reach to the better way, and making his own life a comment on that noble text, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

Yet more, *the high-spirited youth who recovers himself from the snare of the devil* is a hero in his way, braving the worst that his old associates shall say of him, meeting rude jests with a calm reply and an unruffled brow, and telling them, if opportunity is given, that he is like a man awakened out of a troubled dream; and that his prayer is that they, too, may walk in daylight, freedom, and cheerfulness towards their Father's house.

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The boy who will not fight at school is a hero in his way, if his course be bravely taken, and firmly kept; because he knows that a Christian boy, like a Christian man, should be a son of peace, and he can better bear the taunt which he knows to be untrue than go against his conscience, and then feel that his words will not rise to heaven when next he kneels down to pray.

ESCAPE FROM FIRE.

Plain Directions for aiding Persons to escape from Premises on Fire, as promulgated by the Royal Society for the preservation of Lives from Fire.

THE want of presence of mind at the time of an alarm of fire is by far the greatest hindrance to an escape, and for this no regulation can be laid down; but a few simple directions, to be observed by the inmates, well considered and reflected upon in the time of safety, will in a great measure tend to discreet and successful efforts in the hour of danger.

1. Every householder should make each person in his house well acquainted with the parts thereof which afford the best means of escape, whether the fire break out at the top or at the bottom; and in securing the street-door and lower windows for the night, care should be taken that an easy outlet for every member of the house is not thus prevented in case of fire. There are many excellent fire-escapes invented for keeping in dwelling-houses: among which may be mentioned Thompson's, Baylis's, Butler's, and Lee's.

2. Inmates, at the first alarm, should endeavour calmly to reflect what means of escape there are in the house: if in bed at the time, they should wrap themselves in a blanket or bed-side carpet, and open neither windows nor doors more than necessary, and shut every door after them.

3. It must be borne in mind that in the midst of smoke it is comparatively clear towards the ground: consequently progress through smoke can be made on the hands and knees. If there is much smoke, a wet silk handkerchief, or worsted stocking, or other flannel substance, drawn over the face without being folded, permits free breathing and excludes to a great extent the smoke from the lungs. A wet sponge is alike efficacious.

4. In the event of being unable to escape, either by the street-door or roof, the persons in danger should immediately make their way to a front-room window, taking care *to close the door after them;* and those who have the charge of the household should ascertain that every individual is there assembled.

5. All persons thus circumstanced are earnestly entreated not to precipitate themselves from the window while there remains the least probability of assistance; and, even in the last extremity, recourse may generally be had to joining sheets or blankets together, fastening one end round a bed-post or other piece of furniture in the room, which will enable one person to lower all the others separately, and the last may let himself down with comparatively little risk; in all such cases it is advisable, if possible, to select a window over the doorway rather than over the area.

6. It is found very useful, in preventing the spread of fire, to keep shut the doors and windows of the premises (after the escape of the inmates) until the water is ready to be thrown, as nothing causes a fire to burn so rapidly as the admission of air.

A LITERARY SCREW.

AN English paper says that a well-known author of the "History of the Anglo-Saxons," who received £300 a year from Government, as a literary pension, wrote the third volume of his "Sacred History of the World" upon paper which did not cost him a farthing. The copy consisted of torn and angular fragments of letters and notes, of covers of periodicals, grey, drab, or green, written in thick round hand, over a small print; of shreds of curling-paper, unctuous with pomatum or bear's grease; and of white wrappers, in which his proofs were sent from the printers. The paper, sometimes as thin as a bank-note, was written on both sides, and was so sodden with ink, plastered on with a pen worn to a stump, that hours were frequently wasted in discovering on which side of it certain sentences were written. Men condemned to work on it saw their dinner vanished in illimitable perspective, and first-rate hands groaned

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over it a whole day for tenpence. One poor fellow assured the writer of that paper that he could not earn enough upon it to pay his rent, and that he had seven mouths to fill besides his own. In the hope of mending matters in some degree, slips of stout white paper were sent frequently with the proofs; but the good gentleman could not afford to use them, and they never came back as copy. What an inveterate miser this old scribbler must have been, notwithstanding his pension and his copyrights!

PUBLIC-HOUSES AND POOR-RATES.

At a meeting of the Edinburgh Town-Council, held on the 23d October, 1849, James Gray, Esq., a member of the Council, stated that there were thirty-four parishes of Scotland where there were as yet no public-houses, and in these parishes there was not a penny of poor's rates. In some parishes where twenty years ago there were no public-houses, the poor's rates, now that public-houses were introduced, had increased from 10*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* per pound. Yet the author of the English Beer-Act of 1855 imagines that late drinking on Sunday nights prevents hidden immorality!

SWEARING.

We can conceive no reason why a man should swear, but many reasons why he should not.

1. It is mean. A man of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.

2. It is vulgar; altogether too low for a decent man.

3. It is cowardly; implying a fear either of not being believed or not obeyed.

4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is *a genteel man*, well-bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a sweep.

5. It is indecent; offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

6. It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense."

7. It is abusive; to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed.

8. It is venomous, showing a man's heart to be like a nest of poisonous snakes, and every time he swears, one of them sticks out his head.

9. It is contemptible; forfeiting the respect of the wise and good.

10. It is wicked; violating the Divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes His name in vain.

THE WANDERER.

About four years ago there was a distinguished work of God in the town of B——. Nearly all the young men of the village who had been accustomed to associate for far other purposes, now met every Tuesday evening for a prayer-meeting, which was conducted by themselves alone. These converts brought to that hallowed room the glowing warmth of young hearts; and fervent were the prayers offered for those who were still strangers to the love of Jesus.

Among the young men of the village there had been one of a singularly affectionate heart but roving disposition, who had the spring previous gone to California. James L—— was a favourite of all who knew him; and many were the anxious fears expressed for him, removed from all religious privileges, and wandering far away from all the restraint of his childhood. Never did that group of young disciples gather together without fervent petitions going up from their hearts that one so gifted and beloved might be brought back to the fold of the good Shepherd.

God was as near to him who wandered by the shore of the Pacific, as to those who dwell in their New-England home, and could as easily bow his rebellious will in sweet submission as He had bowed their own. Their hearts were soon gladdened by receiving a letter from James, speaking of Christ's love to sinners, and begging them to go to Him, and learn how blessed a Saviour He was. He had heard nothing of their state of mind when he wrote; for there had not been time for their letters to reach him: swifter than steamship or telegraph had flown that petition into the ear of the Lord of hosts, and he had listened to it; given to those who asked, and opened to those who knocked.—*American Messenger.*

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THE FRUITBEARING;

Or, the Sequel to page 219 of the Number for July, 1855.

THE subject of the circumstance recorded on the above page, and headed, "*In the morning sow thy seed,*" was Francis Starkey, of Barrow, in the Barton-upon-Humber Circuit, who died rejoicing in Christ Jesus, June 29th, 1855.

The object of this second reference to the same person is to show that the seed thus sown in the morning, ripened and brought forth fruit, which has been gathered into the heavenly garner by the Saviour's hand, at the evening of the day of life.

The words which made so deep an impression upon the youthful mind of F. S., at the time referred to in the July Number, were the following. After Mr. J—— M——, of D——, had prayed with him, he rose up, and, taking the boy's two hands in his, made him promise to offer the prayer he had taught him three times a day, saying, "If you don't pray every day, and get your soul converted by the grace of God, these two hands, and feet, and arms, and legs, this body and soul, will burn in hell together."

For seven years he remained under the influence of the convictions thus produced; at the end of which time, at a cottage prayer-meeting, while

> "Groaning the sinner's only plea,
> 'God be merciful to me!'"

he was blessed with a sense of God's pardoning and adopting love, and he went home and told how great things the Lord had done for him, saying, "Father, I have got my soul converted to-night." He lived a pious and consistent life, and was zealously engaged in the service of his Divine Master.

In the early part of his affliction, he was enabled to testify that "the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth from all sin;" and till the close of his earthly pilgrimage a peaceful and joyous calm pervaded his mind. On one occasion he said to the Rev. E. S——, "I have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before me; and I *have* strong consolation."

His last words were full of confidence and hope. While his weeping friends were watching over him, he said, "If I die suddenly, don't be alarmed: my soul will go to heaven:

> "My happy soul will take its flight
> To realms of everlasting light."

And, after having contended with the last enemy in the final struggle, he exclaimed, "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb! Praise the Lord! Hallelujah! I shall soon be in heaven!" and with the words, "Father! Father!" upon his lips, he fell asleep in Jesus.

Thus the seed cast into the soil of his youthful mind brought forth first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." W. A.

Memorials of the Departed.

EDWARD, youngest son of Mr. Edward BODDY, was born at Dalby, near Lockton, Yorkshire, on the 19th of September, 1830. In his childhood he showed a warm attachment to his parents. There was a gentle sympathy of soul in him, giving birth to kindly feelings and tender emotions. He was very sensitive, as a member of the family-circle, always sharing in their joys and sorrows. The first principles of religion which his beloved parents instilled into him had a commanding influence on his habits. When about eleven years of age, he was called to feel the pang of parting with his mother, whom his young heart fondly loved. This event was a severe trial to him. A breach was now made at home, never to be restored; a link snapped from a united family, never to be replaced; and his young mind was racked with grief, torn with sorrow. He seemed from this time more than ever to look to his sister, for the twofold relationship of a sister and a mother. They entwined their affections together, became as one soul; which union lasted in all its vigour until death broke it. He still continued, with the rest of the family, to attend the Wealeyan chapel at Lockton, where his first impressions were deepened

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and still was favoured with the care of a praying father, who watched over him with all the intensity of paternal love. The petitions of the parents were answered in the conversion of their son on the 21st of May, 1848. Under the preaching of Mr. Harper, a zealous Local Preacher, the truth laid hold of his heart, and, to use his own words, "Such an influence prevailed in the chapel that night as I never experienced before. I was enabled to

'Yield to love's resistless power,
And fight against my God no more.'"

The change which took place in his conduct, and the solicitude he evinced for the welfare of those around him, proved that he had passed from death unto life, from darkness to the light of the Gospel.

He had not been in the good way long before his beloved father died, and went to the land of the blest, leaving him an orphan; and then his sister, who was almost his only earthly solace, was, in the order of Providence, removed from his father's house to another part of the country. Thus left to mourn his losses, and look in vain for those loved ones who used to fill the family-circle, his heart seemed to be estranged from his home, and he determined to leave his native country. So, after bidding farewell to his friends, he set sail on board the "Seringapatam," on the 3d of May, 1851, for North America, and, after a voyage of six weeks and four days, he landed at New-York. During the voyage he encountered many dangers; yet, in the midst of all, he had sweet intercourse with God, and the fullest confidence in Him under every trial. After landing at New-York, he made his way to his brother at Onskany, where he remained for some time. He was often very much troubled to hear the profanity and infidel sarcasms of those with whom he came into correspondence; but though severely tried, his faith was still in God; he was enabled to rely upon His promises, and strove to walk worthy of his high vocation in Christ Jesus. Leaving his brother, he went to Lynville; where he remained until his death, by typhus fever. In answer to some questions, he said he was resigned to the will of God, and looked forward to death with joyful anticipations. Knowing that in heaven he had a better and more enduring substance, he had a desire to depart, to be with Jesus, which is far better than all the world. His happy spirit fled on the 23d of September, 1852, and his remains were interred in the churchyard at Lynville, Morgan County, Illinois.

Helen, daughter of John and Hannah Turner, was born on the 23d of March, 1828. On her fourth birthday, she was admitted as a scholar to the Wesleyan Sunday-school, in Ridgway. Her strong attachment to the school, and to her Teachers, was seen in the uniform regularity of her attendance, and in the pleasure with which she hailed the approach of the Lord's day. Happily preserved by the pious care of her parents, and the restraining grace of God, from the follies incident to youth, although her conversion to God did not take place until her sixteenth year, the whole of her previous conduct furnished proof that she was not far from the kingdom of heaven. Distinguished by intelligence and propriety of conduct, she was appointed early to be a Teacher in the school where she had been a scholar, and then a Collector for the Wesleyan Missions. She retained both offices to the end of life, fulfilling their duties with diligence, zeal, and untiring perseverance. Under a searching sermon, heard in Brunswick chapel, Sheffield, in the year 1844, she became deeply convinced of the necessity of a change of heart. She felt herself a sinner in the sight of God, and exposed to all the consequences of sin; the evil of her own heart was unveiled to her view; and shortly afterwards she was blessed with a clear assurance of forgiveness, and adoption into the family of heaven. She now loved God, because she felt that He loved her. Her heart became inspired with a new class of motives and feelings, and her subsequent life became one of earnest piety. Her conversation was eminently spiritual and heavenly. She was not ashamed to speak of the things of God, or recommend the Saviour to her friends and acquaintances. Her growth in grace was steadily progressive, and appears to have been much promoted by the ministry of the Rev. T. H. Walker, then Superintendent of the Circuit. Her affliction was long and tedious, but she was enabled to

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bear her sufferings with true Christian patience. Her dissolution was sudden. She had spent the previous day as usual, but much troubled with palpitation of the heart. Although restless during the night, she rose early. On entering the room, her father, perceiving an alteration for the worse, inquired if she wished him to fetch any one of her friends. At her request, a pious neighbour was sent for, to whom she said, "O, what a struggle for life! This must be the swelling of Jordan." She then began to express her gratitude for the gracious manner in which the Lord had dealt with her throughout the whole of her long illness. Afterwards, addressing her parents, she tenderly thanked them for their unremitting and affectionate attention, assuring them that their reward was with the Lord, who would be their unfailing Friend in every time of necessity. She sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle or groan, on the morning of the 20th of May, 1854, aged twenty-six years.

Her father writes:—"In her I have lost a dutiful and affectionate daughter, and a true and faithful companion. She was for years the chief source of my earthly joy, from whom I was accustomed to seek both for advice and comfort. The soundness of her judgment gave value to her opinions and counsels; whilst the correctness of her discrimination, and the tenderness of her affection, as well as her strict conscientiousness, qualified her in an especial manner for every friendly office, and every filial duty. Great is our loss; but our loss is her eternal gain."

Tabular Record of Mortality.

Names.	Residences, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Archer, Edward,	Batley,	Birstal,	47	July 10th, 1855.
Birkett, Joseph,	Mope-Head,	Allendale-Town,	58	Sept. 14th, 1855.
Dadley, Mary,	Clifton,	Daventry & Rugby,	56	July 24th, 1855.
Day, Hannah,	Morley,	Birstal,	20	Aug. 24th, 1855.
Frith, Mr. John,	Waltham,	Grimsby,	45	Oct. 10th, 1855.
Greenwood, Luke,	Great-Horton,	Great-Horton,	57	Oct. 29th, 1855.
Harvey, John,	Morice-Town,	Devonport,	79	May 9th, 1855.
Hawith, Mrs. Jane,	Alne,	Easingwold,	86	Nov. 6th, 1855.
Irvine, Mr. George,	Lerwick,	Lerwick,	30	Sept. 23d, 1855.
Johnson, Anthony,	Allenhead,	Allendale-Town,	61	June 11th, 1855.
Keenlyside, John,	Black-Clough,	Allendale-Town,	41	July 22d, 1855.
Lee, Joseph,	Keenly,	Allendale-Town,	56	July 2d, 1855.
Liddle, Esther,	Coal-Clough,	Allendale-Town,	74	July 2d, 1855.
Lorriman, Mrs. Ann,	Adwick-le-Street,	Doncaster,	52	Nov. 9th, 1855.
Martin, Hannah,	Ruff-Side,	Allendale-Town,	39	May 18th, 1855.
Metherell, John,	Bucks.,	Bideford,	74	Jan. 26th, 1855.
Pridgeon, Richard,	Marshchapel,	Louth,	62	June 24th, 1855.
Rattenbury, Ann,	Morice-Town,	Devonport,	59	Sept. 23d, 1855.
Rothwell, Mrs. Sarah,	Stairland,	Sowerby-Bridge,	84	Sept. 23d, 1855.
Sarjeant, Mr. John,	Grainthorpe,	Louth,	39	June 23d, 1855.
Schofield, Mary,	High-Town,	Birstal,	57	Sept. 17th, 1855.
Stoate, Mr. John,	Watchet,	Dunster,	87	Oct. 8th, 1855.
Summers, Deborah,	Whitfield,	Allendale-Town,	61	July 1st, 1855.
Taylor, Mary,	Cleckheaton,	Cleckheaton,	42	Oct. 2d, 1855.
Tong, Mrs. Thomasin,	Immingham,	Barton,	81	Oct. 27th, 1855.
Vickery, William,	Bideford,	Bideford,	20	April 4th, 1855.
Wolfe, Elizabeth,	Hillmorton,	Daventry & Rugby,	35	March 27th, 1855.
Wood, Eliza,	Bideford,	Bideford,	81	July 9th, 1855.

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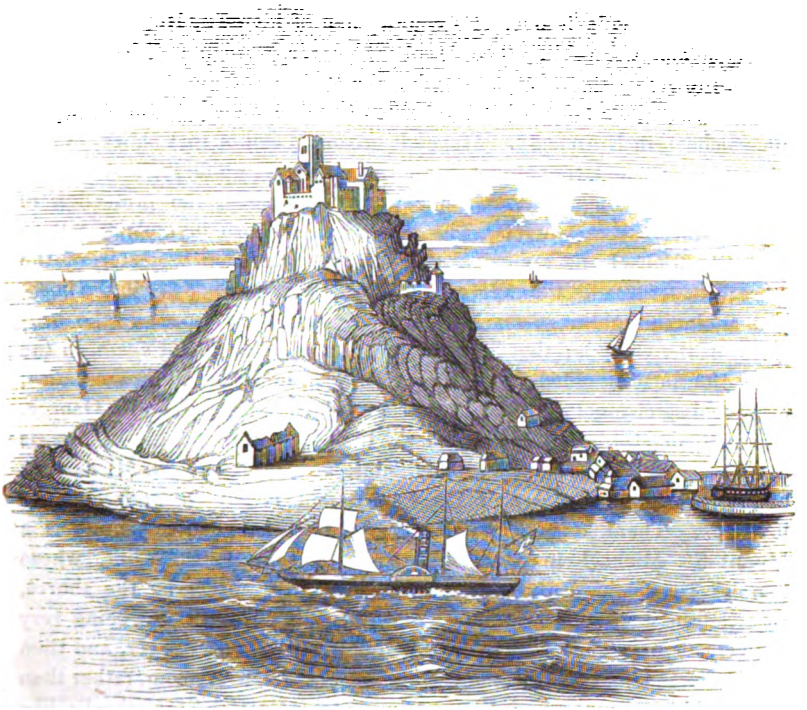
THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

Opposite the town of Marazion, in Cornwall, on the eastern side of a deep bay, rises the hill that is rudely represented in this wood-cut. The base is about a mile in circumference; and the entire height, from the sand to the top of the tower on the summit, is said to be two hundred and fifty feet. At high water the Mount is completely insulated; but whether it be approached by water, or by beach when the tide is out, the visiter has to climb a steep ascent to gain the top, where he finds himself among the most perfect remains of monastic building that exist in all the county.

Monks, ever active to secure the most pleasant and extraordinary situations for themselves, took possession of this little mountain at a very early period, so early that no record of the event is extant, and probably when the sea had scarcely worn the channel that now separates it from the main. The Saxons called it *Michaelstowe*, or Michael's Place, pretending that the archangel Michael had once appeared there, and took possession of the place of which they held fast occupancy in his name.

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Edward the Confessor, last but one of our Anglo-Saxon Kings, found them there, and by charter gave them the Mount and some other lands, on condition of their conforming to the rule of St. Benedict, the Benedictine Monks having at that time immense favour in England. The Norman invasion took place very soon after this; and the Conqueror, caring nothing for titles acquired under Saxon Sovereigns, seized on the property, and made it over to a countryman of his own, Robert, Earl of Moreton and Cornwall. The Monks, however, were not dislodged, but allowed to retain their dwelling under the lordship of the Earls of Cornwall, one of whom annexed it (probably at their request) to the Abbey of St. Michael, in Normandy. Hence it became a cell of that abbey, as the phrase went; and the Mount, with the monkery, nunnery, and church on its top, a compact establishment, was put under the protection of St. Michael the archangel. The learned in Romish mythology tell us that St. Michael the archangel was said to have been protector of the Jews; that it was he who appeared to Moses as a flame of fire in the bush, and again in lightnings on Mount Sinai; that he is especially the protector of the Church; that he once appeared at Rome; that again, in the year 493, he descended upon Mount Gargan, in France. France, also, claims this archangel for its protector, as England used to claim St. George, and as Spain still boasts of St. James. Like the Heathens, the Romanists have a special veneration for mountains, and represent St. Michael as honouring mountains with his presence and favour in preference to lowlands. There is a *Mont Saint Michel* in France, just as there is a Mount St. Michael in Cornwall; and, accordingly, the saint, whose temples were placed thus conspicuously on high places by the shores, received the invocations of sailors; and sailors in the dark ages being very unlikely to pray except when they found themselves in danger, and then ready to make liberal vows to any saint that would deliver them, rather than cry to God for pity, the Benedictine Monks of this Cornish St. Michael's, like their brethren in similar situations along the coast of Europe, calculated on gaining abundant spoils in stormy weather from the devotions of affrighted seamen. The Monks of St. Benedict and St. Michael pilfered the poor fellows of their money, if they got on shore alive; and, in case of wreck, stripped their bodies, if they were cast upon the beach dead. For the wreckers of Mount's Bay carried off whatever came within reach. Dead or alive then, sailor, ship, cargo,—all that the mariner had,—soul, body, and property,—all was claimed by those human gulls, who lighted upon beach and wave, greedy to swallow up whatever wind and sea might send. Now let the pious Cornish fisherman, whom God has delivered from many a tempest, and has often drawn him living out of the very jaws of death, look upon the rugged height of St. Michael's Mount; and, as he sees the church still curiously kept upon the top of it, bless God that his forefathers were saved from the hungry sea-birds of Popery in the days of the blessed Reformation, and that the wreckers have been converted to so great an extent since the days of Wesley.

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There were some curious things about this Mount withal. The Cistercians, a sort of reformed or altered Benedictines, were the particular kind of Monks that nested on St. Michael's. More sociable, or less hypocritical, or less careful of their reputation, than other brotherhoods, they had a company of Nuns lodged within the same building, whose residence was remarkable for superior elegance and comfort. Criminals, too, had a special privilege here. No honest man, however powerful, could enter their dwelling without permission; but if a murderer came, and cried for protection, he was to be taken in at once, and sheltered sacredly. Any Magistrate who should proceed to seize that murderer for the execution of justice, would be cursed by the Church as having committed sacrilege. This was called "the right of asylum." In the reign of Richard I., a man of wealth, one Pomeroy, Lord of the Manor too, committed a murder, and instantly fled to St. Michael's Mount, where he had a sister resident. Being there securely housed, and qualified by his character as murderer to enjoy the good living and favour of the place, he not only made himself quite at ease, but, "to make assurance doubly sure," he built those strong walls that at this day surround the buildings on the top. It became for some time after its fortification a strong and sacred place, whither the guilty fled to escape the pursuit of justice. How unlike the "strong tower" into which "*the righteous* runneth, and is safe!"

In the reign of Edward III., this "religious house," as they called it, was separated from the Norman St. Michael's, and it also fell into possession of the Crown. King Henry VI., founder of King's College, and founder also of the King's Chapel, in Cambridge, gave this property to that College. Edward VI., afterwards withdrew it from Cambridge, and gave it to Sion College, Middlesex. At the final dissolution of monasteries, however, St. Michael's Mount was separated from the Church. At present, the owner of this estate and the inhabitants of the village draw their revenue, not from the votive offerings of the fishermen and sailors, but from a legitimate source in the surrounding waters. In those waters, and around that extremity of our island, the pilchard, that eminently Cornish fish, swarms by millions in the season. The long-spread seines enclose them. Heavy with prey, the seines are drawn to shore by fleets of boats. The pilchards are taken, salted in hogsheads, in part to be eaten by the inhabitants of Cornwall during several months of the year, and partly exported for oil. They constitute an abundant source of revenue and sustenance. Instead, then, of the honours claimed by St. Michael's Mount in times of darkness, we have now, in these days of light, to speak thankfully of Mount's Bay, so rich in one of the three sources of Cornish wealth,—*fish, tin, and copper*. If any one is curious to see one of the finest sights that can be witnessed on any part of the English coast, let him visit Cornwall during the days of a pilchard-fishing, and survey the whole scene from the summit of St. Michael's Mount.

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THE OXFORD MARTYRS.

[In commemoration of the martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer at Oxford, on the 16th of October, 1555, the Rev. Thomas A. Rayner, now stationed in that city, delivered a sermon, of which we are happy to present the following passages to the readers of the "Christian Miscellany." The Marian martyrdoms, it may be noted, continued from February 4th, 1555, when John Rogers was burnt in Smithfield, to December 22d, 1557, when John Rough, a Scotch Minister, and Margaret Mearing, one of his congregation, were burnt in the same place.]

To found His church, the Lord Jesus suffered and died. His sufferings were most extraordinary, and His death most ignominious.

Thus, also, He intimated the probable circumstances of His church,—the scenes through which those would have to pass who should be called workers together with Him. That as He endured privation, reproach, suffering, and death, so His faithful followers would have to tread in His steps, and be persecuted for His name's sake.

How frequently has this intimation been realized! and how manifold have been the sufferings of the faithful, both before and since the advent of the Saviour! "They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented." (Heb. xi. 37.)

Passing on to later periods in the history of the church, we find the truth obscured, the name of Christ dishonoured, the benefit of His atonement for sin set at nought, and the doctrine of His intercession that is founded thereon, neutralized.

Then the Lord Jesus arose to plead His own cause, and to maintain the great and saving truths of the Gospel, designed for the world's restoration. Nor did He put forth His power in vain. He exhibited His sovereign and inalienable right in raising up men to take part in the work, and in qualifying them for their respective duties. But although serving a benevolent Master, and engaged in a righteous cause, how severely were they persecuted; how deeply afflictive were their sufferings; and how cruel were their deaths! But all this proved that they were indeed the disciples of Him whose actions and whose sufferings were alike unspeakably great; the sufferings and the acts of

"God made man, for man to die."

Nor were the early Reformers wanting either in the courage or the patience requisite for their day and for their work. In them were united the courage of the lion and the meekness of the lamb. They endured hardness as good soldiers of Christ, and counted not their own lives dear unto them, so that they might finish their course with joy, and fulfil the ministry which they had received of the Lord Jesus.

Among the martyrs of blessed memory, none were more honoured of

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God, or more devoted to His cause, than Bishop Nicholas Ridley, and Master Hugh Latimer, who sealed the truth by yielding their bodies to be burned in this ancient city. Three hundred years have passed away (on Tuesday, October 16th, 1855) since these venerable and faithful servants of the Lord Jesus were conducted to the stake, and put to a cruel death: but although dead, they yet speak; and those truths for the maintenance of which they suffered still live, and will continue to live until time shall be no more, and the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.

It may be useful, even at this distance of time, to look back to the days of Queen Mary, and inquire into the charges preferred against those holy men whose names are embalmed in the memory of the faithful, and whose sufferings contributed so materially to that glorious liberty which we have as a nation so long enjoyed.

Strange as it might appear to us, it will be found that the accusations preferred against them amounted to no more than that they believed and maintained the fundamental verities of the New Testament, the rejection of which truths would lead to eternal damnation.

The Commission appointed to examine Dr. Ridley and Hugh Latimer, were the Bishops of Lincoln, Gloucester, and Bristol, sent down to Oxford by Cardinal Pole for that purpose. The contents and virtue of which Commission were, that the said Bishops should have full power and authority to cite, examine, and judge Master Latimer and Dr. Ridley, for divers sundry and erroneous opinions which they did hold and maintain in open disputations had in Oxford in the months of May, June, and July, in the year of our Lord 1555; which opinions, if they would now recant, giving and yielding themselves to the determination of the universal and Catholic Church planted by Peter in the blessed see of Rome, that then the deputed Judges, by the authority of their commission, should have power to receive the penitent persons, and forthwith administer to them the reconciliation of the Holy Father the Pope. But if they would stubbornly maintain their erroneous opinions, then the said Lords, by their commission, should proceed in form of judgment, according to the law of heretics; that is, degrade them from their promotion and dignity of Bishop, Priest, and all other ecclesiastical orders, pronounce them as heretics, cut them off from the Church, and deliver them up to receive the punishment due to such heresy and schism. On the last day of September, the martyrs appeared before the said Lords in the Divinity School at Oxford, at eight of the clock; but they were steadfast and immoveable.

The grounds of accusation and objection formally preferred against these champions for the truth, were stated thus: "In the name of God, Amen! That, in the high University of Oxford, they had respectively taught,—

"1. That the true and natural body of Christ, after the consecration of the Priest, is not really present in the Sacrament of the altar.

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"2. That in the Sacrament of the altar there still remaineth the substance of bread and wine.

"3. That in the Mass is no propitiatory sacrifice for the quick and dead."

The examinations were severe, but the confessors were firm. On the following morning (the 1st of October) they again appeared before the Bishops in the church of St. Mary. Ridley took a sheet of paper from his bosom, and delivered it; but they refused to read it, and endeavoured, if possible, to induce him to recant. This failing, Nicholas Ridley was condemned and excommunicated. The same sentence speedily fell upon his brother and companion in tribulation, Hugh Latimer. They could not be intimidated; but in that ancient edifice witnessed a good confession before many witnesses.

I must now draw your attention to the closing scene of these holy men whose martyrdom we solemnly commemorate.

The day before their death the three Bishops went to the house of the Mayor, where Ridley was confined, and, by authority of the Queen's Majesty, offered him pardon if he would revoke; to which he replied, "I will maintain [the doctrine] so long as my tongue shall wag and the breath is within my body, and in confirmation thereof seal the same with my blood." He was then committed to the secular power, and degraded. On the night before he suffered, as he sat at supper, he invited his hostess and the rest at the table to his martyrdom. "To-morrow," said he, "I must be married." Perceiving the tears of one present, he said, "You love me not in that ye weep: quiet yourself; though my breakfast be somewhat sharp and painful, yet I am sure my supper will be more pleasant and sweet."

The fatal hour arrived; and when every preparation was made, the prisoners were brought forth by the Mayor and Bailiffs. When proceeding to the stake, Ridley looked back, and, seeing Latimer coming after him, said, "O! be ye there?" "Yea," said Latimer, "have after, as fast as I can follow." At length both came to the stake. Dr. Ridley first entered, lifted up his hands, and looked towards heaven; then perceiving again his friend Latimer, he embraced and kissed him, saying, "Be of good heart, brother; for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or strengthen us to bear it." Then they both kneeled by the stake, and kissed it. A sermon followed by Dr. Smith, from, "If I yield my body to be burned, and have not charity, I shall gain nothing thereby;" which discourse lasted only fifteen minutes.

The martyrs were not permitted to reply, but were again importuned to recant. Ridley answered, "So long as the breath is in my body, I will never deny my Lord Christ and His known truth." They were then required to make ready: the smith took a chain of iron, and brought the same round them; a bag of gunpowder was suspended on the neck of each. A lighted faggot was placed first at Ridley's feet, which called forth the well-known words of Latimer: "Be of good comfort, Master

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Ridley, and play the man: we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as, I trust, shall never be put out." When Dr. Ridley saw the fire flaming up towards him, he cried aloud, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum:* "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit:" and, after, repeated the latter part often in English, "Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!" Master Latimer said, "O Father of heaven! receive my soul;" and first expired. But Ridley, enduring indescribable torture, piteously exclaimed, "Let the fire come to me, I cannot burn;" and at length, when his legs were consumed, fell over the chain at Latimer's feet. Hundreds witnessed the horrible sight, and were moved to tears. These holy men passed immediately from the burning stake into the paradise of God. St. John says: "And when He had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held: and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled." (Rev. vi. 9—11.)

To use the language of men, these martyrs have been long since dead; but the truths which they espoused, and in defence of which they suffered, yet assert their own claims, and successfully grapple with their manifold assailants. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, which is designed to be universal. Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots, and the murderer of God's saints, must fall. The "man of sin," the "son of perdition," must be destroyed; and Jesus shall reign until He hath put all enemies under His feet.

Once delivered from Papal tyranny, and brought to possess the precious truths of the Gospel, it is matter of surprise that the Church should again relapse, and that the vital doctrine of justification by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ should ever become obscured. But it is also historically true, and most worthy of remark, that in the city of Oxford, where the blood of the martyrs was shed, God raised up one of the members of the University, and appointed him his work, to revive the declining Church; and, after having shown him the way of salvation, sent him forth on an errand of mercy, to proclaim "salvation by faith," to carry out the great principles of the Reformation to an unprecedented extent, and to become the founder of one of the largest of the British churches.

In the University of Oxford, where Ridley and Latimer were condemned as heretics, the first Methodist Society was formed. Wesley was there in part prepared, and soon afterwards more perfectly fitted, for the great work which Heaven had designed for him. How wonderful are the ways of God to man! How varied and repeated have been the expressions of His love; and how striking the evidences of the merit of the death and intercession of Him whose sole prerogative is expressed in

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this declaration from His lips: "I am the First and the Last: I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death." (Rev. i. 17, 18.)

To God be all the glory, for His mercy and truth's sake.

AN OLD METHODIST PRAYER.

THERE is one prayer that has been familiar to us from our earliest days: it is an old prayer-meeting petition. We have seldom, if ever, attended one of those meetings without its falling on our ear: it is offered alike by the young convert and by the hoary-headed disciple; it is offered in town and country; in the large vestry and the tiny chapel; and in the homely cottage where prayer is wont to be made. It has been offered thousands of times; and, in some instances, thousands of times by the same person; and yet, with too many, the prayer has remained unanswered. There appears to be something so remarkable in it, that we are led to consider the words, which usually run thus: "*Cleanse our hearts from the last remains of sin.*" Sometimes with a little change: "*Destroy in us the last remains of the carnal mind.*" Either way it is a good prayer, if offered in sincerity. And what makes it so general is, the fact that every pardoned sinner feels it to be necessary: the new-born child of God is not long before he discovers some latent "remains of the carnal mind," which prove a hindrance to his love, and he longs to have them destroyed; but as other people are not in earnest about the matter, and as he would not like to make himself particular, and be pointed at as one professing "sanctification" or "perfect love," he gradually grows cold, and is content to go to the prayer-meeting, and offer up the well-known old phrase, "*Cleanse our hearts from the last remains of sin,*" without even expecting it to be answered.

Let many readers of these lines say whether this has not been too true in their case. We doubt not but that hundreds will have to confess that it has. It is just this class of readers we wish to address. Dear friends, have not some of you been accustomed to make use of these words every week for perhaps five, ten, fifteen, or twenty years? Ay, and some of you even for thirty, forty, or fifty years! We feel ashamed of the very thought. Is it not oftentimes a solemn mockery of the Most High, who has said, "Ask, and it shall be given you?" Your prayer (if such it may be called) ought, years ago, to have been turned to praise; and how is it that it has not been? Say, when you offer it up in the sanctuary, do you just then expect its fulfilment? Or rather, would you not be greatly surprised if the Lord were to say to you on some such occasion, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth thee from all sin?" Would you not feel amazed, and scarcely believe that the words could be addressed to you? Now, if such be the case, your prayer (whatever you may think of it) cannot, in the sight of heaven, be anything better than vain repetition.

Let us look at the words: "CLEANSE OUR HEARTS FROM THE LAST

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REMAINS OF SIN." Is there anything unreasonable in them, that you fail to receive an answer? Is it an improper petition to come from the lips of a pardoned sinner? O, no! it is the very prayer he should offer. It is precisely in accordance with the will of God. And yet you get no answer. The Lord has commanded you to be holy; His will is your sanctification; He is waiting to destroy the "last remains of sin" in you: and yet your prayer is unheard! The Lord Jesus has died to purchase you a full salvation; you can justly claim it; the whole price has been paid; the efficacy of the cleansing blood is just now waiting to be applied to your sin-stained soul; and yet you pray year after year in vain. The ever-blessed Spirit is waiting to teach you, to lead you into all truth, to renew your heart in righteousness and holiness after the image of God; and yet the work is not accomplished, the petition is not answered. There must be great fault somewhere. Dare you attribute it to the Father? or to the Son? or to the Spirit? O, no! the thought were blasphemous. The whole fault is in yourselves. You have not prayed in downright earnest for the blessing, nor have you thoroughly *expected* it. The Lord has never promised to answer "vain repetitions." The fact is, you are not ready to be made holy, not willing to be made holy. The blood that bought your pardon bought your sanctification also; the hand that held your pardon, and then bestowed it, holds and is waiting to bestow your sanctification. *Are you ready to receive it?* You cannot be perfectly happy without it. You cannot enter heaven without it. Are you ready? Can you give up every sin, every idol, and be willing henceforth to be wholly the Lord's? You can retire at once, and tell the Lord so; say, "Lord, I am now willing to be made whole; to be saved, fully saved, in Thy own way. I yield up my whole self to Thee, my body, soul, time, talents, all I have, and all I am. I am now willing to accept Thy great salvation. I am willing that the Saviour's blood should cleanse my heart just now from all sin. I trust in that blood: it was spilt for me. I rely upon its power. I am Thine. I reckon myself from this sacred moment to be entirely Thine, no longer at my own disposal; and Thou art mine, my God, my all in all."

If you pray thus, sincerely and perseveringly, you will soon rejoice. The instant you are ready, the Lord will do His work. After you have thus consecrated yourself to God, remember you are *wholly the Lord's*. Nothing on earth or in hell can prevent you from being made holy, if you are willing. And nothing on earth can so dishonour God as your being unwilling. When you have obtained the blessing, do not fail to bear witness of it. The all-powerful God can keep you to the end. And the exceeding blessedness you will enjoy, in knowing and communing with Him, and being filled with His Spirit, will fully repay you for all you may have to give up. O that the Spirit of God may accompany the perusal of these lines to many hearts, and that many may soon rejoice in the cleansing efficacy of the Saviour's blood!

Kineton. E. A. G.

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MARRIAGE.

ITS DIVINE INSTITUTION.

CONSIDERING the nature and extent of those interests—personal, domestic, and social—which are involved in the MARRIAGE RELATION, we hope that, in submitting a few observations to the kind consideration, not only of those who have entered this state, but especially of such as contemplate taking this important step in life, neither party will regard us as attempting an unnecessary labour. Our remarks at present will be directed chiefly to its *Divine institution.*

Every Divine appointment, having direct reference to the life and happiness of man, deserves our most serious regard. It is very important for us to distinguish, in human associations, those things which have no higher sanction than the wisdom or the will of man, from those which have the authority of Divine wisdom and will. Now, marriage is *not a mere human arrangement, but a Divine institution.* It is "an honourable estate, instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and His church, and commended of St. Paul to be honourable among all men." It is, moreover, an institution which God has ever defended and upheld in the world, amidst its abounding corruptions; and whenever men have violated it, or departed from its simplicity, they have done so at the cost of peace and happiness. Lamech was the first who infringed the original institution; and in his case, as also in that of those who imitated his example, afflictive visitations appear to have followed. Those instances of plurality of wives which occurred under the Patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations, were opposed to the original law. And there is nothing in the history of those families to induce us to believe that theirs was an improvement on the original family constitution. On the contrary, those who followed the practice of polygamy, involved themselves in additional cares and perplexities; while their homes were made scenes of perpetual envy, jealousy, and strife. The light, therefore, in which we regard the polygamy of the Old Testament, is that of an unauthorized infraction of God's law, which, though permitted for a time, had never the Divine sanction, but which He checked and discouraged by afflictive providential visitations.

But however it may have been in the past, *we are Christians*, living under the perfect dispensation of heavenly doctrine and precept. On this great moral question, the teaching of Christianity is perfectly clear, unmistakable, authoritative. If the elder Hebrews fell short of the strictness of the original law, it is now fully restored by Christ. He has taught us that Christian marriage is a sacred contract between one man and one woman, and constitutes a relationship more intimate and endearing than even that which subsists between parent and child; and, unless in case of gross incontinency, its bond is indissoluble, except by death. "Have ye not read," (said the Saviour, in reply to questions of the Pharisees on the subject of divorce,) "that He which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh? Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." (Matt. xix. 4—6.)

National views on the subject of marriage may generally be regarded as a fair expression of a nation's morality and religion. Laxity on this point, whether in the individual or the nation, indicates a defect of moral principle.

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Relax or dissolve the domestic tie, and a family or a people will soon reach the lowest point of moral degradation. Hence it is a striking fact, that whatever form infidelity assumes, whether that of blank atheism, or corrupt religion, it uniformly depreciates the marriage relation, and aims, either greatly to modify, or entirely to destroy it. It is found to stand in the way both of an infidel licentiousness and a drivelling superstition. Its importance, however, to public virtue and morality, has ever been acknowledged by all truly wise and patriotic Governments: therefore have they upheld it as a barrier against national degeneracy, and thrown around it legislative safeguards. It is true that rulers may regard mainly the *civil* character of the domestic constitution, and look upon it only in relation to the present world: but we view it also in its sacred and religious character; for "while it has its engagements to men, it has also its vows to God."

We are continually hearing of the progress of society, and the salutary changes it is undergoing. Of one thing we are certain, that every attempt to improve the condition of society, by lowering the sacredness and weakening the influence of the marriage relation as fixed in the New Testament, must not only utterly fail, but be productive of the greatest mischief, both to families and the nation at large. A land is blessed and prosperous, as the families in it are happy, peaceful, and prosperous; and it is cursed, just as they are demoralized and degraded. The miseries of many families at this day have their root in the violation of the marriage vow, as thousands of deserted wives and helpless children in bitter sorrow can testify.

Reference to this vitally important subject is now most imperatively demanded in consequence of wide-spread efforts which are made in this country and America to introduce a new state of society, founded on the ruins of the marriage relation and domestic institution, as revealed in the Bible. Scarcely had the deadly errors of a pretended "new moral world" been exploded, when we are horrified by a still more daring onslaught on all social purity and bliss, by the unblushing licentiousness of Mormonism. We doubt not that many of our readers, with ourselves, when they first heard of this compound of supernatural pretension, jugglery, and immorality, imagined it too corrupt to continue, and expected that it would soon be swept away by a storm of universal public indignation: or, that, if permitted to exist, it could only feed itself on the veriest scum of society; in fact, on those who had secretly practised its principles, though they might never have openly avowed them. But it was only natural for us to expect that the voice of every husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister in the land, who had ever tasted the sweets of home, would have been lifted up with indignation against its hateful wickedness. This, however, has not been done to the extent desired and hoped for; while it has won many of its converts in this country from among the religious of a certain sort, who, carried away by love of change or lawlessness, have left the pure doctrine of Christ, to wallow in the filth of the most depraved licentiousness which the world ever saw. And, what is worse, it accomplishes its purposes by a prostitution of the sacred name of religion, and performs its horrid deeds of falsehood, tyranny, and depravity, on the pretended authority of a Divine revelation! This, indeed, is its great power; for, stripped of a religious garb, there are few minds, even among the ignorant, unstable, and enthusiastic, which would not detect its palpable indecency. Mormonism, like Owenism, aims a deadly blow at the marriage union as taught us by Christianity; decries it as an unnecessary restraint upon man, and an

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intolerable nuisance to society; and breaking down the family constitution, scatters its blessings to the winds; and introduces, instead of purity, peace, and harmony, pollution, discord, and strife. In Mormon life, *love* cannot exist. That which is the bond of domestic society, and at the same time its purifying and elevating power, is regarded as a weakness to be eradicated. Home affections have no place in that foul system. It is sought, to destroy at once all parental, filial, and fraternal love, that lust may have its unbridled sway, and pursue its deadly course, unchecked by any outward restraints. And as in such a state of things there can be no love, neither can there be any *proper government*. There may be despotism, tyranny, and anarchy by turns; but righteous rule and liberty there can be none. All who enter that dark and putrid region, must not only leave their affections and morals outside, but their freedom too. Their community of goods is a delusion. The rich who enter become poor, and the poor poorer still; while all but those few who manage to gain the seat of power, become slaves as well as paupers. But Mormonism can make no progress, and retain no converts, among those who keep to the Divine law of marriage, which makes the *twain* one flesh, that from that one flesh may spring a holy offspring.

Other aspects of this subject shall have our further consideration.

Bradford. D. H.

RETURNING FERTILITY OF PALESTINE.

Some have supposed that the Hebrew people are at present unfitted for field or garden work, or at least unwilling to labour at it. Such as think this cannot have witnessed Hebrew labourers, ay, and Hebrew Rabbies, at work in Mr. Meshallam's farm at Urtass, or Solomon's Gardens, near Bethlehem, and the English Consul's plantation, near Jerusalem; and cannot be aware of the fact that not a week passes without fresh applications for employment being made by poor Jews, or of the melancholy truth that Israelites literally die for want of meat in Jerusalem. Others may suppose that the neighbourhood of Jerusalem is insecure, and that people would be afraid to work. These, again, cannot have seen the summer encampment of the European residents, where, without guards, single families, including ladies and children, pass the hot season without the slightest annoyance by night or day. Others there are who believe Palestine to be an accursed land, incapable of producing any crops but stones, and salt, and sulphur. Let them come and see two crops a year produced by the poorest land we have. Let them behold quince-trees groaning under the burden of four hundred quinces, each one larger than the largest apples of England; vines, with a hundred bunches of grapes, each bunch three feet long, each grape three inches and a quarter in circumference; a citron-tree, bearing five hundred and ten pounds' weight of fruit; half-grown broad-beans from Urtass, the pod thirteen inches long, and six clustering stems from each plant; Indian corn, eleven feet high, on ground from which, four weeks before, a similar crop had been taken; water-melons, twenty, thirty, and forty pounds' weight. The unbelief, and apathy, and indolence of man,—these are now the curses on Palestine; but the land itself is being healed before our eyes. Few persons are aware that the cultivation of land around Jerusalem has received much attention within the last three years from an Archimandrite of the Greek Convent. The large plantations around the Convent of St. George, opposite the Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem, at Mar Elias,

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half-way towards Bethlehem, and at the Convent of the Cross, &c., are the work of the Greeks, who have, moreover, purchased immense tracts in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, and elsewhere, which have not yet been planted. The value of land is very much enhanced in consequence. During the month of February, 1852, the Greeks planted twenty-three thousand young mulberry-trees, close to the Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem, those formerly planted having answered well. Olives are planted at intervals, and small crops with vines between. They have blown away the surface-rocks with gunpowder, and exposed the rich soil beneath. The loose stones are gathered into terrace-walls. The ancient rock-hewn cisterns, existing in every field, are repaired, and supply the trees with water during the first year; after which the rains are sufficient for them. The supply of rain has steadily increased during the last seven years. In 1848, the lower Kedron flowed, on account of the well Enrogel rising to a height not known for eight or nine years before. Every year since, Enrogel has overflowed, and a fine stream has poured down the Kedron, between the months of January and March.

This year we had delightful latter-rain at the end of April and beginning of May, a thing unknown for years before. The new plantations have already yielded a considerable quantity of silk, which will increase every year. The olive-tree is at present one of the most valuable products of this country, but would be infinitely more so did the inhabitants understand the art of crushing the berries and refining the oil. An Italian gentleman has declared that a handsome fortune might be derived from the residue, considered by the Arabs as worthless, when they have pressed the berries under their primitive and clumsy crushing-mill. Two years ago, the olive-oil of this country had never been imported into England. In the beginning of 1851, twenty ships, of one hundred tons each, were loaded at Jaffa with this article alone; and merchants of London and Glasgow were endeavouring to open a trade in oil with Jerusalem, which will ensure handsome profits. Olive-trees of ten and twelve years old bear transplanting well, and begin to yield in three years. —*Jewish Herald.*

A SUNDAY IN PARIS.

THERE are some places on the Continent which present so similar an appearance to those in our own country, that it is difficult for an Englishman to feel that he is wandering in a foreign land, the points of resemblance in the home of his forefathers with that of the people with whom he sojourns being so numerous and so marked, whilst the dissimilarity is slight and unimportant. It is not so, however, in Paris. At every turn we behold something which reminds us that we are "abroad." The clear, transparent atmosphere, unpolluted with smoke, the peculiar habiliments of the working classes, the bustling throng in the Boulevards, the magnificence of the shops, and the gorgeous splendour of the cafés, the tall houses, with an almost dazzling white exterior, the beautiful arched barriers leading into the city, the number and extent of its palaces and public buildings, the swimming-baths placed nearly in the middle of the river, the open-air festivities at the Champs Elysées, all bring constantly to our recollection that we are in an entirely new region.

The diversity between the customs of the two nations can be seen on every hand; but to view the contrast where it is most conspicuous, we must stay in Paris on the Lord's day, and see how a nation professing Christianity can,

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without compunction, violate the Christian law; how a people civilized, and acknowledging the Divine authority of the Scriptures, do yet, notwithstanding their nominal belief, disregard the commands of Him who has said, "Keep holy the Sabbath-day." Almost universally, from the Prince to the peasant, they refuse to accept that day, and appropriate it to the service of the Giver, who has justly demanded it; and those blind guides, the Priests, obey rather the traditions of men than the word of God. Thus unchecked, the tide of iniquity rolls on; whilst in the temples which adorn the city, superstition takes the place of religion; idolatrous observances are multiplied; the truth is kept out of sight; the voice of revelation, which would tell of liberty, of peace, of happiness, of pardon, is hushed into silence, or drowned in declamations delivered amidst forms and ceremonies, and glittering show of man's invention.

Business is carried on as in other days of the week: the shops are thronged; the markets crowded; the theatres, those hotbeds of iniquity, are filled; and pleasure-excursions are numerous. Indeed, it was stated that, on the Sunday the writer spent in Paris, no less than one hundred thousand persons went to Versailles, to admire the luxuriance of its gardens, the unequalled play of its fountains, and the seven miles' length of its paintings.

The charge of admission into the "Exhibition" was less on Sunday than on other days; and, in consequence, the poorer classes flocked in by thousands.

The great national museum and library of the Louvre also attracts myriads of visiters on the Lord's day, of all classes, from the wealthy millionaire, down to the poorest menial in the land, and the rude provincial who stares at, rather than admires, the works of art so profusely strewed about him. None are excluded; the richest and the meanest of the Emperor's vassals are admitted free of expense.

In walking along the streets, we hear incessant cries from sellers of apples, pears, figs, &c., and more especially upon the river-wall see long rows of books, with the pages kept open by a long line, exhibited for sale. But would we see Sabbath-breaking carried to the highest pitch, a walk into the Champs Elysées in the evening reveals an amount of ungodliness of which a stranger could have formed no conception. Here, surrounded by lofty trees, in the midst of tables, under no roof save heaven's wide canopy, lighted at once by stars and gas, are hundreds or thousands of Parisians, regaling themselves with coffee, wine, &c. A brass band and female voices entertain them with humorous and vulgar songs; and during the performance many a loud laugh and hearty *encore* is raised by the audience, who are not, as we might naturally be disposed to think, of the lowest orders, but the wealthy, the respectable, and even the great of the land mingle in that unholy mirth.

Immediately in the neighbourhood of such places as we have just described,—for there are several of them,—many sports are going on, such as swinging-boats, shooting at crockery-ornaments, bagatelle. Invention has, assuredly, been taxed to provide amusements; and much ingenuity is displayed in the formation of the different schemes in which the French take great delight, and for which they sacrifice that gift which is the property of universal man, lose the enjoyment of that sacred rest designed by the Lord and Giver of life for the whole human family, and incur the displeasure of that Being who has said, "The nation that will not serve Me shall perish."

The Lord's day was never meant to be a day of gloom or a time of bondage. Its institution is a bill of rights, and a charter of liberty. If rightly spent, our bodily and mental energies are quickened for fresh toils, and our spiritual

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powers, which would, without its benign and soothing influence, droop and die, are constantly revived. In the peaceful retirement to which on every seventh day it invites us, apart from the hum of worldly traffic, and the anxieties of earthly business, we have time to reflect upon our true condition, to search our hearts, and look up to the Holy One of Israel for purity, for salvation, for that peace which passeth understanding.

In looking upon Paris, with its gaiety and dissipation, we should almost inquire, doubtingly, "Can any good thing exist within its walls?" unless we remembered the faithfulness of God in preserving His saints in the midst of temptation, and reflected upon the fact that the same Being who upheld and sustained the martyr Antipas, even whilst living where Satan's seat was, looks upon His people wherever they be with an eye of care, and watches over their welfare with tenderest paternal solicitude. We need not, therefore, be surprised to find, even in the metropolis of worldly pleasure, witnesses for Christ. How delightful was it in the Wesleyan congregation, which assembles near the Madelaine, to mingle with those who, free from superstition, worshipped the Triune God in spirit and in truth; upon whose hearts the Sun of righteousness had cast His life-giving beams; who could tell, and that not from theory only, but from joyful, practical experience, that the Son of man has power upon earth to forgive sin!

Here was an oäsis in the wilderness, a stream of truth flowing through a barren land, a mirror reflecting the glory of God, surrounded on every hand with thickest darkness; here was a band of men whose hearts God had touched, dwelling in the enjoyment of that liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free; whilst the great, the overwhelming, majority about them, in bondage the most galling, captivity the most degrading, and thraldom the most ignominious, were governed by the enemy of souls, the foe of happiness and freedom.

T. W.

OUR DEPARTED FRIENDS.

We hear so frequently of the death of our friends, that it would seem, for any lasting impression that it makes, as if our hearts had grown callous to emotion. We do, indeed, just heave a sigh, and then mingle again with the living, and in a short time almost fail to recollect that we have even lost a friend. Possibly it might have been the design of the infinite wisdom of our Creator, so to organize the human mind that present impressions should prevail over the past. But there are friends who, though taken away, yet live with us in thought. They are those with whom we have taken sweet counsel; those with whom our spirits on the sleepless pillow have delighted to commune; those with whom we have spent our solitude. The busy world cannot take away such friends, and time cannot erase their forms from the memory. Our hearts have become their mausoleum; and we delight in the mournful joy of going into this mausoleum, there to read the tablets which their hands inscribed,—inscriptions that time cannot obliterate. Often do we sit down in solitude, and chisel deeper those inscriptions. We love the task; for though the task be painful, it brings us a fresh joy. Ah! these are the friends that, whether living or dead, we cannot do without; we will not forget them, but fondly cherish their memories, until the time comes when we may enjoy them in eternal society, to part no more.

H.

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Narrative Pieces.

"HAVE NOT I A SOUL TOO?"

"What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common."

"Good morning, to you," said I, addressing one of my aged adult scholars, who was learning to read by the aid of glasses. Her answer was characteristic, breathing fretfulness and despondency, making large claims upon my patience; yet Nanny was clean in her person, tidy in her house, and thankful for my visits. A female far advanced in years was seated opposite to her, presenting a decided contrast to her companion: faded artificial flowers, in a soiled cap, covered hair not her own; a dirty gauze handkerchief round her neck, and a tattered silk apron, covering larger rents in her shabby gown. On a small table near her was placed an old bandbox, filled with shreds of finery, coloured beads, broken feathers, spangles, tiffany, &c. Not thinking it a suitable opportunity of introducing the word of God, I told my pupil I should call another day. Nanny accompanied me to the outer gate.

"Who is your companion?" I inquired.

"Her name is D——: she comes from London, and has engaged my lodging, as country air is recommended to her for the benefit of her health. But she is not one of my sort: her head is full of actors and actresses, plays and farces."

"How long has she been with you?"

"She came last Saturday week: she rises late in the day, taking her breakfast in bed, and does not come down commonly until you have paid your visit."

I continued my daily lessons, until one morning I found Nanny's seat vacant, and the lodger busily engaged with her bandbox of treasures. Addressing her, I said, "Will you be so kind as to say that I have called, and will see her another time?" Mrs. D—— raised her eyes from her employment, and, in a mournful voice, uttered words which went to my heart: "Have not I a soul too?" I answered, with much compunction, "Your soul is a jewel of incomparable importance to you: if that is lost, all is lost; for 'what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'" I involuntarily glanced at her occupation: the intimation was quickly understood.

"These trifles," she said, "are only for my amusement, to beguile a weary hour: they shall be put aside directly,—if," she said, with an inquiring look, "it is not too late?"

"O, no!" I eagerly replied: "'Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.'" As I pronounced the words, I breathed a prayer that God might stay her departure until she knew the Way, the Truth, and the Life. The table was presently cleared, and the sacred volume opened. The ninth of John presented itself to my mind. When I had finished reading, she said, "I am blind, I know I am." "If you are," I replied, "Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." "But this man was younger than I am: I have lived a long life of darkness." "There is nothing difficult with God," I replied; "either to utter a promise, or create a world." She said, "He may be able, but is He willing?" "God shows that He is willing by raising the desire in your heart. He willeth not the death of a sinner." "Then you think there is hope?" "Take not man's opinion," I replied, "but God's word: 'Whosoever cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'" She clasped her hands together, and exclaimed, with much energy, "Gracious God, I will believe, and accept the promise!" Knowing that she had been much accustomed to impassioned language, I listened to her protestations with some reservation; but when, on the morrow, I found, to my great delight, that the contents of the box had been committed to the flames, and that the holy Scriptures were now engrossing her attention, I thanked God, and took courage. From this time she hungered and thirsted after righteousness. Awakened to a sense of her responsibility, she sought redemption through Christ, and cast herself, as a weeping penitent, at the foot of the Cross.

Upon one occasion I found her meditating over Heb. xii. 14,—"Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." She anxiously

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inquired, "How can I meet this? Surely these words condemn me; for, alas! my mind is anything but pure, while I am reading, even while I am praying, worldly thoughts arise, and snatches of old songs take possession of my memory, and keep me from my God." As I had observed in former interviews that she held the Bible in great reverence, receiving its threatenings and promises as it is, in truth, the word of God, and not of man, I was solicitous to answer every difficulty in the words of Scripture, and therefore directed her attention to Rom. viii. 26; vii. 23—25; and felt, while reading these passages, how mercifully our heavenly Father had provided for His helpless children. When the Lord is the Shepherd, the sheep cannot want; but are fed in green pastures, and led beside still waters.

The winter set in with great severity, and it was instructive to see how patiently the privations attendant upon an inclement season were borne by Mrs. D——, and how frequently she soothed and strengthened her weaker companion, poor old Nanny. But "He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." The solemn hour of dissolution approached,—that hour so fraught with universal interest, so important to every reader of this page: for "there is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death: and there is no discharge in that war." Thrice happy they who know in whom they have believed, and are persuaded that He is able to keep that which they have committed to Him against that day.

A hasty summons brought her daughter from London: life was ebbing fast; but ere it closed the anxious parent earnestly entreated her weeping child to turn to the Lord with prayer and supplication. "O, mother, I hope my latter end may be like yours!" said she. With surprising energy the dying woman exclaimed, "Live to Him now, now!" Her voice failed: she folded her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven. We knelt in prayer, commending all present to the care of Him in whose hands are the issues of life and death. Shortly after this exertion her spirit winged its flight for eternity.

"Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favour'd than thy own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm—
Thy brother or thy son.

"O! pass not, pass not heedless by:
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him."

—*Churchman's Monthly Penny Magazine.*

Our Children.

THE BROKEN PANE OF GLASS.

When I was a little boy, I went into a shop with a schoolmate, eating an apple. I wanted to throw a part of it out of the door; but, by some awkwardness, I threw it against a pane of glass, and broke it. Instantly the shopkeeper asked who had broken his window. In great fear, I told him I had.

"Then," said he, "you must pay for it."

I knew I had no money, and that the only way in which I could get any was by asking my father.

I went home with a heavy heart. I wanted to tell my father what I had done, but somehow I could not muster up courage. The longer I put it off, the worse I felt. I knew I ought to tell, but I kept putting it off. At last I could stand it no longer. I went up to my father, and said, "Father, I broke a pane of glass in the shop this afternoon."

"Well, my son," he replied, "I will give you the money to pay for it."

My dear young friends, were I to live a thousand years, I never could forget the load that was taken off my heart when I confessed to my father what I had done. I felt like another person. My heart fairly leaped for joy when I heard the kind tones of my father's voice.

Now, what caused this great change in my feelings? It was because I *confessed* to my father, and told him just what I had done. This, *this simple confession*, made me happy.

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Has no little boy or girl, who reads this story, done wrong? Yes, you will say: I have done what is wrong a great many times; and sometimes when I think of what I have done, I feel very unhappy. Ah, I can tell you how you can get the load taken away from your heart. You have a kind Father in heaven; you have disobeyed Him. Now go to some place where no one will see you, and kneel down and confess all that you have done wrong; open your heart to your heavenly Father, and ask him to *forgive you all your sins, because Jesus Christ died for you upon the cross.* My dear young friends, confess your sins to God, and through Christ you will have peace. Read what the Apostle John says in his First Epistle, first chapter, and ninth verse: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." —*Lamp of Love.*

Religion in Heart and Life.

THE MISPENT SABBATH.

"At the close of a mispent Sabbath, we come and humbly confess our sins before Thee." Such was the first sentence of my father's prayer at family-worship, one Sunday evening nearly thirty years ago, after an excursion by a canal-boat into the country, which had occupied the whole day. It was the only occasion on which I ever knew him break the Sabbath; for his observance of it, except on that one occasion, was uniformly regular and devout. Against his better judgment, however, he had yielded to the importunities of the friends to whom the visit had been paid, and of a relative by whom we were accompanied, with the idea, I have no doubt, that on reaching the place of our destination, he should be in time for public worship. He fulfilled his purpose in that respect, but still conscience was not satisfied. He felt that he had sinned against God; and that he had set an example to his family, as well as to others, that might prove most injurious. At once, then, to seek forgiveness, and as far as possible to repair the evil which he feared might be done to his household, he made us join in his lowly confession. On rising from his knees, he expressed briefly and decidedly his regret on account of the manner in which the day had been spent; and we shortly afterwards retired for the night.

I was then very young, not more perhaps than ten or eleven years of age; but I can scarcely describe the influence which the circumstance exerted on my mind. I felt that it was a manly and noble thing for my father to do; and I do not know that anything he ever did produced in me towards him a feeling of deeper veneration. I had been glad enough to accompany him; but, young as I was, I felt that the confession was a right one, and one in which I ought to join. The impression was indelible; and since, when tempted to desecrate God's day, I have remembered my father's prayer. And I have remembered it when I have seen other parents systematically breaking the Sabbath, and have wished that they could see, as he did, the evil they had done, and that acknowledging their sin in the same spirit, they would commit it no more.

The sin of Sabbath-desecration is, there is too much reason to fear, largely spreading. Even those who should know much better, and who profess to believe in the sanctity of the day, are not seldom seen, to the grief of their Pastors and of all who feel the importance of a right and religious observance of the Sabbath, taking their places in the crowded railway-train, or otherwise seeking enjoyment in change of society and of scene. They render it, to all intents and purposes, a day of recreation and pleasure, and nothing more. The practice is fraught with evils; to a few of which the writer would affectionately call the attention of those who may have yielded to the temptation thus to mispend the day.

And first, it might be asked, is such a mode of spending the day in accordance with the purpose of its institution? Whose day is it? Man's, or God's? It is God's.

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Very true, it "was made for man," for man's benefit; but then it was never intended that he should exercise his own discretion as to the kind of benefit to be secured from it, or the manner in which that benefit should be sought. Its nature is defined. There is to be rest for the body. All earthly toil is, as far as possible, to be laid aside, and man and beast are alike to rest. But that physical rest which man enjoys in common with the brute, is, in his case, only subordinate to a nobler rest; the refreshment and incorporation of the soul by communion with God. It was given that we might have the opportunity of wide-extended secret meditation and prayer; that we might assemble with God's people for worship and instruction; and that we might engage in works of loving Christian usefulness.

Admit that much of the stringency of the Jewish mode of keeping the Sabbath according to their special laws is gone, these purposes remain as the grand designs of the Lord's day. We sin, then, against Him who is the Lord of the Sabbath, and we set aside the great objects of its establishment, when we appropriate it to our own pleasure. It is to a very different observance of it that God accords His approval: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord." (Isai. lviii. 13, 14.)

It might be asked, again, Is it profitable? No doubt there may be, in some cases, the endeavour to blend, as far as possible, religious duty and pleasure; but, even admitting that such has been honestly your purpose, can you recur to such a Sabbath, and say it was really a Sabbath of true spiritual enjoyment and profit. You awoke in the morning, and your first thought probably was of your Sunday trip, and not of those religious privileges which the day brings with it. You could not leave your room without prayer, conscience would not let you do that: but could you pray with the calm seriousness, and that fixedness of spirit, which prayer especially demands? Did you not feel as though, for that day at least, you had scarcely any right to expect God's blessing, and as though, therefore, you could scarcely ask it? If family-prayer were not neglected, was it not felt, that morning at least, to be a formal thing with which you would have gladly dispensed? and was it not a relief when it was over?

You did not find the railway-train most favourable to collectedness and spirituality of mind. Besides the inevitable bustle and excitement of travelling, the society into which you were thrown, and the conversation to which you had to listen, were not at all conducive to devotional thought. You reached your destination with a lurking, if not a strong, feeling of self-dissatisfaction. If you attended public worship, you had very little of the true spirit of prayer, and your heart was ill attuned to unite in the praises of the sanctuary. Or, perhaps, you found friends in waiting for you, and, for that day, public worship was neglected that you might enjoy their society.

In any case, how large a portion of your time was spent in conversation which was not very profitable! for you felt that conversation of a different kind would hardly have been in keeping with the manner in which you had appropriated the day. Not improbably a part of the day was spent in strolling abroad in the company of your friends. So the day passed, and at length the time came for your return. You reached your home weary and ill at ease, with little disposition to read your Bible, and little disposition to pray; and your conscience told you that it had been a sadly mispent Sabbath.

And have you thought of the influence likely to be exerted by your mispent Sabbath on others? Did it ever strike you, if your Lord's days were so mispent in visiting friends, "I am not only sacrificing my own Sabbath, I am robbing them of theirs?" It is often alleged by persons lacking decision of character as an excuse for absence from public worship, "We had company from a distance, and we could not leave them." You have children, perhaps; keen observers always. If you take them with you, you make them partakers of your sin: if you leave them behind, you leave them without the care and instruction which they have a right to expect from you: in either case, there is all the force of an evil example, which

they will be only too ready to copy, and which perhaps they may carry out to an extent of which you have little idea, and which may one day cause you bitter sorrow. And besides, you are observed by others of whose observation you may know nothing, but who find in what you thus do a license and a plea for an habitual neglect of the Lord's day. In one word, you give countenance, before all the world, to the whole system of Sabbath-desecration, although to give such countenance may be the very last thing you would desire.

The claims of business, and the necessity for change of air and scene, will require in the case of most an occasional absence from home, and such absence is exceedingly refreshing; but, wherever we go, it should be our fixed resolve that we will not neglect the duties, nor trench on the appropriate enjoyments, of the sacred day. The evil influence of a mispent Sunday has often embittered the week; whilst one well-spent is not only a joy in itself, its light and peace project themselves, so to speak, on the days we have to spend in the bustle and toil of the world. And such a Lord's day is the pledge and type of the Sabbath which shall never end.—*Tract Magazine.*

MEMORY.

Many are discouraged from reading the Scriptures, because, as they say, their memories are so treacherous and unfaithful they can retain nothing. More pains will supply this defect. Memory is the soul's steward; and, if thou findest it unfaithful, call it the oftener to account. A vessel set under the fall of a spring cannot leak faster than it is supplied. A constant dropping of this heavenly doctrine into the memory will keep it, that though it be leaky, yet it never shall be empty. If Scripture truths do not enrich the memory, yet they may purify the heart. We must not measure the benefit we receive from the word according to what of it remains, but according to what effect it leaves behind. Lightning, you know, than which nothing sooner vanishes away, often breaks and melts the hardest bodies, and most firm bodies, in its sudden passage. Such is the irresistible force of the word: the Spirit often darts it through us, it seems like a flash and gone; and yet it may break and melt down our hard hearts before it, when it leaves no impression at all upon our memories. I have heard of one, who returning from an affecting sermon, highly commended it to some, and being demanded what he remembered of it, answered, "Truly, I remember nothing at all; but only, while I heard it, it made me resolve to live better; and so, by God's grace, I will." To the same purpose I have, somewhere, read a story of one who complained to an aged holy man that he was much discouraged from reading the Scriptures, because he could fasten nothing upon his memory that he read. The old hermit (for so I remember he was described) bade him take an earthen pitcher, and fill it with water: when he had done it, he bade him empty it again, and wipe it out clean, that nothing should remain in it; which when the other had done, and wondered to what this tended, "Now," said he, "though there be nothing of the water remaining in it, yet the pitcher is cleaner than it was before: so, though thy memory retain nothing of the word thou readest, yet thy heart is the cleaner for its very passage through."—*Bishop Hopkins.*

Poetry.

A FOUNTAIN IN THE DESERT.

On, wanderer, on!
The desert stretcheth far,—
Cool evening's earliest star
Yet gleameth not.
No green oäsis, bright with spring and palm,
Thine eye refresheth with its rest and calm.
Arid and bare,
The scorch'd sands mutely throb;
Clad in one fiery robe
Are earth and air:
But, lo! afar, the fountain! haste thee on!
Life, health, and gladness are its joyous boon.

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So, so to thee,
Whom God hath stricken kindly,
Though thou, perchance, all blindly
Scannest His ways!
Oft in the *desert* hath a fountain sprung,
And streams of mercy gladden'd heart and tongue.

The spoiler's hand
Hath touch'd thine idols, bade
Their radiant glory fade,
And marr'd for aye!
How hast thou gasp'd in anguish! yet *His* love
Hath won thee to their purer home above.

Earth's clouds have roll'd
Between thee and the light,
Shrouding in densest night
Fair hopes and high:
Yet hath His hand unseal'd the desert spring,
And thou hast drunk, and soar'd on joyous wing.

Bright dreams have fled
At time's Ithuriel spell:
Sweet visions loved too well!
Yet dearer blessings to thy soul were brought,
Realities more precious than thy thought.

To Him all praise!
Who in life's saddest hour,
'Neath grief's o'ermastering power,
Doth ope a fount of mercy from above,
And whisper to the spirit, "God is love!"

Selby. ADELINE.

THE TIME-PIECE.

MONITOR of failing man,
Measurer of life's short span,
Preacher of a life-long text,
Pointing from this world to next.

EPIGRAM.

WHAT is man's history? Born—living—dying:
Leaving the still shore for the troubled wave;
Struggling with storm-winds over shipwrecks flying;
And casting anchor in the silent grave.

THE HEART AND TONGUE.

ONE Mr. Tongue,
Of much renown,
Who lived at large
In Tattle-Town,
Was mischief full,
And wicked too,
As all could tell,
If Tongue they knew.

The statute brought,
The charge was plain,
That Tongue was full
Of deadly bane.
Tongue then was seized
And brought to court,
Pleading himself
The' impending suit:

"'Tis neighbour Heart,"
Pleads Mr. Tongue,
"Who leads me into
So much wrong.
I should be good
As neighbours are,—
As Mr. Nose,
Or Eye, or Ear,—

"If neighbour Heart,
Who lives below,
Were changed by grace,
Or made anew.
'Tis very hard
To bear the wrong
Of neighbour Heart,"
Said Mr. Tongue.

"This plea was sound,
Of Mr. Tongue,"
Jurors and Judge
Said, all as one.
"While neighbour Heart
Is all so wrong,
No good," they said,
"Can come from Tongue."

The court decide,
As the best good,
To renovate
The neighbourhood;
That Mr. Heart
Must be renew'd,
Or never Tongue
Can be subdued.

—*Christian Mirror.*

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Anecdotes.

THE LOST NOTE.

A TICKET was dropped in the street by a Sunday-scholar. A lady passing that way in her carriage discovered it; and, supposing it to be a Treasury-note, or small bill, such as were then used for change, ordered her servant to bring it to her. He did so, when, lo! instead of its representing a small amount of earthly treasure, she found upon it the following words: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The inquiry was deeply impressed upon her mind, and in vain did she attempt to banish it; in vain she sought the circles of folly and dissipation: the thought still pressed upon her mind, "What shall it profit?" nor did she ever find rest till she was brought to the feet of Jesus.

THE JESUIT CAUGHT.

BUT "a Jesuit's or enthusiast's declaring against Popery, is no test of their sincerity." Most sure; nor is a nameless person's declaring against Methodism any proof that he is not a Jesuit. I remember well when a well-dressed man, taking his stand not far from Moorfields, had gathered a large company, and was vehemently asserting that "those rogues, the Methodists, were all Papists;" till a gentleman coming by, fixed his eye on him, and cried, "Stop that man! I know him personally: he is a Romish Priest."—*Wesley.*

Missions.

DR. DUFF'S FAREWELL.

THE valedictory address of the Rev. Dr. Duff to the Edinburgh Presbytery of the Free Church of Scotland, when about to return to India, closed with these impassioned sentences:—

"And now, this my home-work being for the present finished, while exigencies of a peculiar kind appear to call me back again to the Indian field, I cheerfully obey the summons; and, despite its manifold ties and attractions, I now feel as if in fulness of heart I can say, Farewell to Scotland! —to Scotland! honoured by ancient memories and associations of undying glory and renown! Scotland, on whose soil were fought some of the mightiest battles for civil and religious liberty! Scotland, thou country and home of the bravest among undaunted Reformers! Scotland, thou chosen abode and last resting-place of the ashes of most heroic and daring martyrs! Yet, farewell, Scotland! Farewell to all that is in thee! Farewell,—from peculiarity of natural temperament I am prepared to say,—farewell, ye mountains and hills, with your exhilarating breezes, where the soul has at times risen to the elevation of the Rock of Ages, and looked to the hill whence alone aid can come! Farewell, ye rivers and murmuring brooks, along whose shady banks it has been often my lot to roam, enjoying in your solitude the sweetest society! Farewell, ye rocky and rugged strands, where I have so often stood and gazed at the foaming billows, as they dashed and surged everlastingly at your feet! Farewell, ye churches and halls throughout this land, where it has been so often my privilege to plead the cause of a perishing world; and when, in so doing, I have had such precious glimpses of the King in his beauty, wielding the sceptre of grace over awakened, quickened, and ransomed souls! Farewell, ye shades of the righteous, whether manses or ordinary dwellings, in which this weary, pilgrimed body has often found sweet rest and shelter, and this wearied spirit the most genial Christian fellowship! Farewell, too, ye homes of earliest youth, linked to my soul by associations of endearment, which time can never efface! Ay, and farewell, ye graves of my fathers, never likely to re-

ceive my mortal remains! And welcome India! Welcome India, with thy benighted perishing millions; because, in the vision of faith, I see the renovating process that is to elevate them from the lowest depths of debasement and shame to the noblest heights of celestial glory! Welcome, you majestic hills, the loftiest on this our globe; for though cold be your summits, and clothed with the drapery of eternal winter, in the vision of faith I can go beyond, and behold the mountain of the Lord's house established on the top of the mountains, with the innumerable multitudes of India's adoring worshippers joyously thronging towards it! Welcome, too, ye mighty, stupendous fabrics of a dark louring idolatry, because in the vision of faith, I can see, in your certain downfal, and in the beauteous temples of Christianity reared over your ruins, one of the mightiest monuments to the triumph and glory of our adored Immanuel! Welcome, too, thou majestic Ganges, in whose waters, through every age such countless multitudes have been engulfed in the vain hope of obtaining thereby a sure passport to immortality, because, in the vision of faith, I behold the myriads of thy deluded votaries forsaking thy turbid though sacred waters, and learning to wash their robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb! Welcome—if the Lord so wills it—welcome, sooner or later, a quiet resting-place on thy sunny banks, amid the Hindu people, for whose deliverance from the tyrannic sway of the foulest and cruelest idolatries on earth, I have groaned and travailed in soul-agony! Fare ye well, then, reverend fathers, and beloved brethren and sisters in the Lord,—fare ye well in time; fare ye well through all eternity! And in the view of that bright and glorious eternity, welcome, thrice welcome, thou resurrection-morn, when the graves of every clime and every age, from the time of righteous Abel down to the period of the last trumpet-sound, will give up their dead; and the ransomed myriads of the Lord, ascending on high, shall enter the mansions of glory; the palaces of light in Immanuel's land; and there together in indissoluble and blissful harmony celebrate the jubilee of a once groaning but then renovated universe! Farewell! Farewell!

OPEN-AIR PREACHING.

The following are brief, characteristic notes, extracted from the "Second Occasional Paper" of the London Open-Air Mission. They may serve to encourage some of our brethren who go out into the highways and hedges to call sinners to repentance.

Extracts from the Journals of the Agents of the Mission.

Two days after the above service, a man with a shovel on his shoulder stopped me, and said, "I heard you preach on Sunday last, Sir; and it made me feel so ever since, I don't know what to do with myself. I have been a travelling 'navvie,' and worked in all the counties in England a'most, and heard many discussions in Smithfield; but I never heard a 'genalman' preach like you. I have neglected religion all my life, and I want you to tell me what to do."

Some were induced to attend here today from seeing a notice in a newspaper that there was preaching every Sunday, at three o'clock, in —— Market; and although they came from Hackney, they said they were well rewarded.

An unusual event occurred at Tower-Hill. A Romanist took from his pocket a Douay Bible, and allowed us to use it for reference. I could not help thinking that in Rome he dare not do such an act as to make public use of the Scriptures. The Romanists are now compelled to refer to the Bible in controversy; and we should bless God for this, as it may lead to their conversion, and the overthrow of Popery.

A Scotchman said, "Ah, Sir! that's the stuff the people want, what you have been preaching."

I asked her if she had liked what I said. She replied, "O, Sir! I have heard you before; and every word you said tonight went to my heart. I am seventy-nine years old; and it is time I thought about these things. If I am spared, I will come again."

One man said, "I know what you say is true, Sir; for I now goes home and reads my Bible, and I find it all there as you say."

They were unwilling to leave the spot, though it was now past nine o'clock. After the concluding prayer, I found the

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number had nearly doubled: so we commenced a second service.

Some thanked me for coming: I could not but notice they were nearly all men. A bookseller near the spot very cheerfully lent us a Bible, and I think attended the service.

A man came up to me, and said, "I believe, Sir, the Lord will bless your word, or rather the Gospel you preach. It was by listening to preaching in the street that I was brought to the knowledge of the Lord."

The police do not interfere at this station now, but listen with attention.

One poor man came to me and said, with apparent anxiousness, "Is it true, Sir, if, as you say, I believe in Christ, I have eternal life?" I replied, "Yes, my friend, so the Scripture declares." He then walked away in deep thought.

The people gather best at all times when the lamps are lighted.

The attention of four boys very great. I spoke from Matt. xiii. 1—23. I was speaking of the Lord Jesus Christ; and one boy immediately said, "That's what you told us about last week, Sir." I had been particularly struck with the boy's attention this evening, but did not know he had ever been present before.

Several women said before I left, "Go on sowing the good seed." "I hope that man did not wound your feelings, Sir."

The Mormonite, who had appeared the Sunday previous, attempted to address, but could not succeed, in consequence of the dislike manifested to the doctrines of that system.

One woman was overheard saying, "The man speaks plain enough, however: anybody may understand what *he* means."

One man said, wiping away a tear, "I am a poor man, Sir; but I have a conscience! I have a conscience!"

Many were seen each evening walking near the spot where the service was held, evidently with the intention of waiting for it.

A gentleman on his way to Highbury-Barn was arrested by the preaching at the street-corner; was moved by what he heard, and was induced not only to refrain from visiting the tavern that evening, but also to resolve never in future to enter it.

Open-air preachers, PERSEVERE.

The Portfolio.

FRANCE.

MENDICITY is legally prohibited in many departments. The interdict is inscribed on the sign-boards of the street-corners. Poverty must therefore skulk aside, or disguise itself in some fantastic form of humour or legerdemain; an artifice sad enough when associated with misfortune and wretchedness, but quite agreeable to French taste. Nothing, indeed, is more melancholy here to a stranger than the broken, subdued, and sometimes gasping voices of decrepit men or women, uttering, in the court-yards or at the porticoes, humorous songs as appeals for charity. The humour of the ditty cannot disguise the broken heart; and the brow, smitten with prolonged sorrow, cannot yield the accompaniment of a smile to the comical strain. And when poor little withered children are heard, quite into the weary night, pleading thus for bread, or for suffering ones at home, one feels that the comedy of French life is, after all, the same sad tragedy that humanity enacts everywhere.

Our Protestant blood has bubbled quite up to the boiling point several times, at one fact here, in connection with this matter of mendicity; namely, that while poverty and misfortune are driven into close quarters, quite out of sight, or compelled to disguise their sorrows under comical grimaces, the Priests have really taken possession of the vacated field, and ecclesiastical mendicity is rife everywhere. At every door, at almost every pillar in the churches, the appeal is made to you for "*Charité, s'il vous plait!*" This is not the case in the poorer or suburban churches merely, but in the most magnificent and opulent temples—at Notre Dame, the

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Madeleine, the Pantheon, St. Sulpice. The latter is especially fervent and multiform in inculcations of the duty. Little "troncs" hang almost everywhere against the pillars and the walls, with beseeching inscriptions that you would remember such and such a beneficent design—the repair of the adjacent side-chapel; the purchase of a "reliquary" for the better preservation of the toe of Saint Somebody, or the ear of the martyr Somebody Else. The honest foreigner may stand, scratching his head, in devout thoughtfulness for hours, if he please, before these "troncs," to recall the historical claims of the defunct saint; but it will usually be in vain. Most of them are known only to the initiated, and to them only as crazy legends which people the preternatural world with ridiculous fantasies. If he evades the "tronc," let him beware how he attempts to relieve his eye with the pictures in the side-chapels. The chances are, that the very first one repeats the appeal of the "tronc" with an eloquence before which his terrified soul will stand aghast. On the pillar by his side, the "tronc" beseeches charity that "masses" may be purchased for souls in purgatory. On the picture, alas! he sees the poor souls themselves (as real as paint can make them) driven over the fiery wall, pursued by demons; while stooping angels, weeping over the scene, seem incapable of relieving them till the solicited charity is accorded. Some of these pictures are absolutely intolerable. The mob of the next revolution would pay a homage to humanity and religion by tearing them down. They sometimes represent families, widows and orphan children, bending with desolation over the open graves of their dead, while the departed soul shrinks away into the abyss of fiery suffering. Such attempts to wring from the heart of sorrow itself the pittance of charity—often the pittance of poverty—are a refinement of priestly cruelty and imposture which the good sensibility, if not the good sense, of the people ought to indignantly forbid.

Some of these "troncs" plead for charity in behalf of the poor. We will not suppose that they are not honestly used for the purpose; but it would certainly look better if they were not associated with so many sheerly ecclesiastical designs, and with legendary pretensions, the transparent imposture of which the most determined credulity can hardly deny. Many of the Parisian Priests are learned men; they sit in the chairs of the Institute: do they believe these follies? Can they believe them? And yet, when have you heard a whisper raised by them against such degradations of religion and of the people?

Besides the "troncs," and the "collection," (which never fails to go the rounds at any public service,) you often find lay gentlemen, (for such they appear, in dress, at least,) and oftener well-dressed ladies, at the doorways, thrusting gilded purses at you point-blank, and keeping up the everlasting refrain, "*La charité, s'il vous plait! la charité, s'il vous plait!*" These importunate representatives of the Priests must be numbered by thousands in Paris alone. Often, too, villages are canvassed, street by street, with the appeal, "*la charité*" from such messengers, or Sisters of Charity *en costume;* and this is done openly in departments where the interdict of mendicity stares down from every corner into the sad face of the poverty-smitten old man, the widow, or the fatherless. So extreme has this ecclesiastical beggary become in France, that the public press has had to attack it. The Paris *Siècle*, especially, has remonstrated against it as bringing religion into scorn; and its correspondents from the provinces have represented the country as infested with churchmen and churchwomen, who thus claim exemption from the proscription of mendicity; who, in fact, claim the field out of which the real poor of the land—the old, the halt, the blind—have been whipped by the scourge of the law. The evil is really an epidemic. Popery is supported by the Government; its Priests are salaried, and its edifices built or repaired, from the State budget; but it is not content: its grasp is upon the "means" of the humblest work-people. Besides its Government support, the churches in Paris alone receive no less than five million francs annually as *perquisites;* that is, for burying the dead, baptisms, marriages, &c. This includes not its immense receipts as donations and douceurs, nor the results of "*la charité*" appeals, which are incessantly ringing through the churches.

We pass, naturally, to the religious

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aspect of the country. Napoleon I. attempted an odd policy respecting religion; a very good one for himself, as it gave him the control of the leading religions; but one that struck the Papists with an astonishment from which they have not recovered to this day. They hardly know how to pronounce upon it, even at this date: it is, they affirm, unquestionably heterodoxical; but as it practically favours Popery, they do not violently demur at it. By that policy several faiths are now really *national religions* in the Empire: the Roman Catholic, the Protestant Reformed, (old Huguenotic,) the Lutheran Reformed, (chiefly in Alsatia,) the Jews, (everywhere,) the Mohammedans, (in Algeria,) are recognised state religions, supported out of the Treasury, and supposed to be protected in their respective rights by the Government; though it is found that not only the chief Treasury aid, but nearly all the "protection," is accorded to Popery. The Government says, virtually, "As you are all supported by the State, you must be at peace among yourselves." Very good advice, if it did not really amount to saying, "You, Protestants, must not go out of your petty limits: if you go 'evangelizing' into any neighbourhood where you are not already established, we shall fine and imprison you: if you publish a book, or preach a discourse, impeaching Popery, we must also punish you as attacking a State institution, and therefore disturbers of public order," &c. In fine, as Popery has precedence everywhere, this Government policy amounts simply to a protection of it in undisturbed possession of the land. Prelates and Priests, therefore, quietly accept it as a singular providence, which makes use of a heterodox fact for the protection of the "faithful." They would rather choose that there should be no recognition of Protestantism at all, and are amazed at finding the Jews and Mussulmans standing side by side with themselves under the ægis of the State; but as these heretics are in chains there, though lustily fed with Treasury pap, while Popery is both thoroughly fed and thoroughly free—is fat and kicking, like Jeshurun, and roaring like a bull of Bashan—what matters it?—the good Bishops shrug their shoulders with a *n'importe*.

Such, then, badinage apart, is the condition of religion here in its relations to the State. There is no right of *self-extension* to Protestantism; many chapels stand closed to-day because they have been obtrusively built; numerous public schools (no less than eight in one department) are at this moment closed, though they were designed for Protestant children alone,—they happened to be situated where none of the kind had preceded them. No Protestant Clergyman can legally obey the "higher law" of the apostolic commission, to "go" anywhere and everywhere, "*and preach the Gospel to every creature.*" What ought the Protestant Clergy to do in such a case? Is that a question? What ought they to do? What, but to cast all this State "protection" to the winds, and, lifting a universal voice of remonstrance, shout to the Napoleons, and all other tyrants, "We recognise a Sovereign higher than Cæsar: we are His ambassadors, and can die in your prisons; but not compromise His dignity and His supremacy." That would be worthy of them; and it would be policy too. A hundred or five hundred Protestant Clergymen, praying in the prisons of France, would emancipate the nation in one month, and quite probably emancipate Western Europe with it. But this is a hard saying, and who, there, will receive it!—*American.*

"NO BAKING DONE ON SUNDAY."

Such is the announcement made in connexion with advertisements in some of our religious journals for assistants in the baking-trade. It reflects honour on the character of those who, probably in opposition to others in a similar business, are careful to maintain, not only for themselves but their dependants, the rest and leisure of the Lord's day.

Some years since the writer called on a baker, in the town of P——, to invite him to attend the house of God. The answer he received was to this effect: "It is no use your asking me to come: I have to stay at home in the morning, and cook the dinners of your religious hypocrites. If they can save their own souls, they care not though mine should scorch in hell to all eternity.—In the evening," said he, "I

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find myself so wearied by the morning's work, that I am more inclined to sleep than anything else. People think we bakers have no souls." So far from thinking this, it may be that many who bake their dinners at a public bakehouse on the Lord's day have never thought at all on the subject. At the close of a Sunday morning's service the writer was invited to take dinner with a family who regularly attended the house of God. To his surprise, the matron requested a servant to fetch the dinner from a bakehouse. He had heard the request made, and felt it was his duty to testify against the sin of Sunday-baking by refusing to partake of it. This led to thought on the matter, and to its discontinuance whenever he visited the house.

Some engaged in the trade of baking on Sundays may be uneasy on the matter: let them be encouraged to put away the evil by a reference to the following case. One of the most useful Local Preachers in the town of W——, when he first gave himself to God, was employed as an assistant in his mother's bakehouse. They took more money, he states, on the Lord's day than any other day of the week. They were threatened with the loss of all their custom, unless Sunday-baking were persisted in. Consequently, the practice was continued in the midst of painful conflicts of mind, until it pleased God to remove a relative by death. This circumstance led the mother to inquire whether whilst indulging in what she knew to be wrong she could have died in peace? The resolve was formed to renounce the evil, and the next Lord's day found the bakehouse closed. The comfort of mind thus obtained, the son declares, was more than he could describe; and although for a few following weeks the business was reduced more than one-half, yet at the close of the year, by the good providence of God, it was found that a larger amount of gain had been realized than during any that preceded. This was not all: the parent shortly after died, in comfortable circumstances, and happy in the salvation of God. The son succeeded to the business, and still lives in the enjoyment of a respectable position in society, spending his Sundays in the administration of Divine truth, and has been the means of blessing to many. Public opinion being thus awakened to the practice of Sunday-baking, one baker's shop after another was closed; until in the town of W——, where the practice was universal, not one shop is now open for any such purpose on the Lord's day.

To the baker we would say, "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy."

Let the public remember, "bakers have souls;" and to promote their salvation, so far as you are concerned, let there be "*no baking done on Sunday.*"

R. G.

THE SPHYNX.

I CONFESS to strange, almost superstitious, feelings, (says a correspondent of an American paper,) as I halted before the sphynx, and gazed upward on this silent and mighty monument. A huge form rising sixty feet from the ground, one hundred and forty feet long, and the head more than a hundred feet round, with mutilated but yet apparent human features, looking out toward the fertile land and the Nile: it suddenly impressed me as if it were indeed the divinity of ancient Egypt. The Arabs of the present day call it Aboolhol, the "father of terror," or immensity. An ignorant people might be easily tempted to regard it with reverence and fear. "In its state of pristine perfection, no single statue in Egypt could have vied with it. When," says Mr. Bartlett, "the lower part of the figure, which had been covered up by the sand, was at length uncovered for awhile by laborious and Sisyphus-like toil, (the sand slipping down almost as fast as it could be removed,) it presented the appearance of an enormous couchant sphynx, with gigantic paws, between which crouched, as if for protection, a miniature temple with a platform, and flights of steps for approaching it, with others leading down from the plain above. A crude brick wall protected it from the sand. It is hardly possible to conceive a more strange or imposing spectacle than it must have formerly presented to the worshipper, advancing as he did along this avenue of approach, confined between the sand-walls of the ravine, and looking up

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over the temple to the colossal head of the tutelary deity, which beamed down upon him from an altitude of sixty feet, with an aspect of god-like benignity. On uncovering the paws, accordingly, many inscriptions were found, records of the admiration of Grecian travellers, and of careful restorations by Roman Emperors. One of the former, as translated by Dr. Young, and quoted by Wilkinson, is as follows:—

"'Thy form stupendous here the gods have placed,
Sparing each spot of harvest-bearing land,
And with this mighty work of art have graced
A rocky isle, encumber'd once with sand,
And near the pyramids have bid thee stand:
Not that fierce Sphynx that Thebes erewhile laid waste,
But great Latona's servant, mild and bland;
Watching that Prince beloved who fills the throne
Of Egypt's plains, and calls the Nile his own.
That heavenly Monarch, (who his foe defies,)
Like Vulcan powerful, and like Pallas wise.'

"The whole figure is cut out of the rock, excepting the fore-legs. The head formerly was adorned with a cap, which has been removed; but portions of the drapery at the side of the face remain. It may be stated that the circumference of the head around the forehead is given by Pliny as one hundred and two feet. It is supposed to have been begun by Thothmes III.; and the names of his son and of later Monarchs are inscribed upon it, and they are represented as offering sacrifice to a smaller representation of it."

FRIENDSHIP.

THE selection of a friend in childhood or youth—for that is the period of life when we are naturally most inclined to seek associates—is of equal, and even greater importance than the choice of books, because we are nearly all disposed to keep company with our equals in years and rank of life; but few, alas! too few, have a taste for reading, and cultivating their minds. Therefore, as the social principle runs so strongly through our nature, it becomes parents and guardians to exercise great vigilance in directing and controlling the companionship of the young. Sprightly, witty, clever boys and girls, are generally the ringleaders in mischief, and often corrupt those who are slow and dull and stultified. Not without reason, we sound the tocsin of alarm while we stand upon the "walls of Zion," and inquire, "Where are her children in their teens gone?"

We invite the attention of all, who are in charge of the young, to this subject, whether parents or Teachers. If it be true, "that every man is known" (as to his character) "by the company he keeps;" surely we may assert, that every child is modelled by the books he reads, and especially by the persons with whom he daily associates.

Is this weighty subject, often made a topic of serious conversation at the fireside? or a matter of earnest prayer for Divine direction and help? We fear not. And yet we all know that "prevention is better than cure;" and that our youth, in this corrupting age and perverse generation, are treading a slippery path, running near many dangerous pits and precipices. Bible and catechumen classes, and Sunday-school and congregational libraries, want forming, and reviving, in all our towns and villages; and we would add, Tract Societies.* These would help to employ, and attract, and preserve, the young in connection with our congregations and families. Why not a Bible-class, and a select library, in every large and well-regulated domestic establishment? The boarding-school, the shop, the farm-house, and the cottage might thus become nurseries of plants for the Lord's vineyard, which with this preparation might grow into trees of righteousness, large and fruitful. "Thine own friend," (the friend of thy early choice,) "and thy father's friend, forsake not." But forget not "there is a Friend" (even Jesus) "that sticketh closer than a brother." Nevertheless, as to books, we would say, Always prefer fact to fiction, however much the latter may be embellished. And as to friends, Prefer the thoughtful and pious, to the gay and frivolous.

"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweetener of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much: thou hast deserved from me

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* The Wesleyan Biographical Tracts are especially attractive and useful.

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Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labour of thy lore,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please."—BLAIR.

Solomon says, "As ointment and perfume rejoice the heart," (or regale the senses,) "so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel."

C. J.

DESULTORY STUDY.

WHEN I see a man enamoured by the charms of universal knowledge, and flying from the pursuit of one science to another, I think I see a child gathering shells on the sea-shore. He first loads himself indiscriminately, with as many as he can carry: when tempted by others of a gayer appearance, he throws the former away; taking and rejecting, till, fatigued and bewildered in his choice, he has thrown all away, and returns home without a single shell.

THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS.

"LIVE as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so while they are passing; they seem to have been so when we look back to them; and they take up more room in our memory than all the years which succeed them."

If this be so, how important that they should be passed in planting good principles, cultivating good tastes, strengthening good habits, and fleeing all those pleasures which lay up bitterness and sorrow for time to come! Take good care of the first twenty years of your life, and you may hope that the last twenty will take good care of you.

VAIN PROFESSIONS.

MRS. A— often dwelt upon the loveliness of humility. Its emblems were in her choicest bouquet. She caught the first sign of the opening snowdrop, and robbed the valley of its fairest lilies. And she would speak of the "meek and lowly" Jesus; so high in dignity, yet so humble among men; so wise, yet so condescending to the ignorant; so pure, yet so gentle and forgiving to the chief of sinners. And she took the fair gem from its casket, as it were, and admired and loved it; but, alas! she did not put it on. "Be ye clothed with *humility*;" "the spirit of *meekness*;" these were in her catalogue of graces, but that was all; and the harsh and hasty judgment, the censorious speech, the proud defence of a favourite opinion, figured glaringly in the place of the fair pearl which was often so sentimentally admired, but also often when wanted was out of sight

"Behold, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" said Mr. B., at a meeting of Christian brethren. "How I wish we had more of it! The church of Christ will never stand forth in her true dignity and beauty, until, putting away strife, and division, and selfishness, which is at the bottom of both, we present the aspect of the olden time, and again elicit the remark, 'See how these Christians love one another.'" And then love, and unity, and forbearance, and brotherly kindness, were admired and expatiated on, as they are in truth, as bright ornaments in the adorning of the believer's practice. And brethren shook hands warmly, and wished each other God speed, and declared their resolution to exhibit such jewels in their daily life.

Mr. B. really meant all he said at the time; but a little while, and a brother in Christ was obliged to cross his wishes in a matter on which his heart was set. Then the old nature wakened up in wrath and vexation; and harsh words, unkind surmisings, and broken friendship ensued. B.'s beautiful ornaments were not put on; and no mark of Christian love then manifested that he was Christ's disciple.

Mrs. C. could admire and delight in that feature of apostolic example, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content;" and yet she often ventured to act and speak as if there were some peculiarity in her state, to excuse the murmurings and repinings in which she might have detected the absence of certain appropriate characteristics of true faith.

Mr. D. read one morning, before his household, a sweet exhortation to gentleness and moderation, and spoke of the "soft answer that turneth away wrath," and the

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gracious temper that is "not easily provoked;" but in the course of the day, having neglected to adorn himself therewith, he was roused to passionate anger by the carelessness of a servant, and afforded opportunity to the unbeliever to walk away muttering, "If master calls himself a saint, I don't value his religion much; for he read this morning, 'If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, this man's religion is vain.'"

It is highly probable that these sins were confessed and mourned over before God; but the world knew nothing of the regret, the penitence, the prayer. A.'s pride and conceit were set up against all profession of religion. B.'s quarrel with a brother was charming food for scoffers, who delighted to cry, "There, there, so would we have it!" C.'s acquaintance pronounced emphatically, that they had thought religion imparted a contented spirit, but she was always careful and troubled about many things. And D. had cast a stumbling-block in another's way. Alas! at such times none would suppose these individuals, so niggardly in their manifestation of Christian graces, were possessors of eternal riches, jewels, from the heavenly mine, treasures which the enemy most envies, and rejoices to see hidden away. The exhortation to wear them, to show them, is plain: "Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering." —*Trust Magazine.*

LITTLE CHARLOTTE.

"What various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat!"

I WAS glancing over a hymn-book the other day, and saw these lines of Cowper's; and could not help mentally altering the two following ones thus:—

"And yet we *know* the worth of prayer,
And wish that we were often there."

So far behind our good desires is our lagging practice! And then my thoughts glanced back to scenes that took place in my aunt Mary's room a few days ago.

Little Charlotte—but you have not seen little Charlotte. She is rather a peculiar child: so bright, so thoughtful, so passionate, so *naïve*—no! that French word will not do, it must be—so old-fashioned, and affectionate. Little Charlotte,—she is six years old, and very tiny: well, she washed her face, and brushed her hair, (it was after dinner,) and folded up her walking-dress, and arranged her doll's attire, and counselled it; and then she said, "Miss H——, if you please, I think I should like to pray a little."

"Very well," said aunt Mary: "then I think I would."

"I think I will pray three times every day; a little in a morning, a little at dinner-time, and a little at night."

"Well, Charlotte, I think it would be a very good thing, and you would feel much better for it."

"But," pleaded Charlotte, "I do not know what to say: will you teach me? And please to shut the door; for if the ladies see me, they will laugh, and call me 'baby.'"

So aunt Mary put a simple prayer into her mouth.

When Charlotte rose from her knees, she looked up, and said,—

"I often think I should like to pray a little; but then, you see, I have so much work to do, that *I never have any time.*"

O, Charlotte! the hindrance is not from without, but from within. Baby Charlotte,—so tiny and so frail, that a slight matter, a trivial accident, might suspend thy *business* altogether,—has life taken such firm hold of thee? The taint of the curse, and "the trail of the serpent," is over the very buds of Eden. With the good seed ever spring up the tares.

When first I heard this of little Charlotte, the exquisite satire it seemed to contain, the ridiculous and imaginary importance of the trifles that made her *so busy*, amused me; but, after a while, I thought I saw an angel or a "spirit made perfect," looking down upon *my hindrances*, and I grew very quiet.

Then I saw him move about hither and thither amidst the bustle and hurry of life, and speak of holy things, in beautiful words.

I saw him stand beside a mother: and she was nursing a sick child; and she thought of prayer, and that it was her time to pray.

But then some shadow whispered,—"What! and leave your child?"

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Then the angel said, "No! God gave your child, and made you its mother. He is here! Bow down your heart, and *pray*."

Then I saw a man standing in a large shop; and the customers were coming in, and the goods were going out; and he was often tempted to lie and cheat; and he worked hard, and was anxious, for his children must be fed; and the shadow was often near him.

Then the angel said, "You must pray."

"But," he said, "I am too busy."

And the angel said, "God is here! Lift up thine heart; for 'His blessing maketh rich.'"

And the child recovered, and the merchant prospered.

And I saw again one who spent his life in pursuit of fame, and wealth, and pleasure. On the Sabbath-day he seemed to pray in the church, but in the week he forgot God.

And the angel said, "Pray!" But the shadow was around his heart, and he could not pray; for *then* he regarded iniquity, and the Lord *would not hear*. (Psalm lxvi. 18.) KATIE.

Memorials of the Departed.

DIED at Dover, September 14th, 1854, HARRIET JENNINGS. She was brought to God under the ministry of the Rev. James Mole, and continued for twenty-two years in uninterrupted communion with the Wesleyan church. From the commencement of her Christian course, in the year 1832, she had been in the habit of committing a record of the dealings of God with her to paper; and we regret that space does not allow the insertion here of several extracts from that record, which would show the depth and richness of her piety. A few sentences, however, appear to describe the general character of her experience:—

"Blessed Lord, I know not one on earth that has greater cause to love and serve Thee in truth than myself; for Thy ways of love towards me have been, and still are, very wonderful. O, how many sins hast Thou forgiven me! How many snares of the devil hast Thou broken me from, and delivered me! How many pains and afflictions hast Thou supported me under! How many fears and sorrows hast Thou from time to time banished from my heart! and now again Thou hast restored to me the joys of Thy salvation, and lifted upon me the light of Thy countenance, after I had grieved Thy Spirit during the past week. I thank Thee also Thou hast helped us in Thy providence. O that I could love and obey as fast as I learn! Truth appears to me every day with new lustre; new springs are open, and the best wine is kept to the last. Help me to love Thee with all my heart. Amen."

Her last hours were marked with fervent thankfulness and triumphant peace.

September 14th, at Hill-Top, in the Wednesbury Circuit, BENJAMIN DUNN. He was the son of a mother who added to good counsel a bright example. It was not until he had entered his twentieth year that he knew his sins forgiven. He then joined the Wesleyan church; and to the day of his death was never too late nor absent from his class, except when sickness prevented. He was one of the Lord's workers: for the Sunday-school, the prayer-meeting, and the sick room, he was admirably fitted. He was always cheerful; and in singing the praises of God took great delight. He was an early riser, and always prayed with his family before he left them in the morning. He rose at the usual hour on Sunday morning, not willing to rob God of an hour of that blessed day. As a servant, his employer had the greatest confidence in him. After a few hours' suffering, he fell asleep in Jesus, on his birthday, aged fifty-two.

September 21st, in Dublin, MR. JOSEPH M'KEOWN, for some years resident in Newtownbreda, Belfast South Circuit. His conversion to God in his youth was the immediate consequence of an invitation to attend a class-meeting, by his employer in Belfast. From childhood he was much devoted to the reading of the Holy Scrip-

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tures, and gave proof that he had not read in vain, by a life of singular conformity to its precepts, and manifestation of its spirit. He was remarkable for an exact observance of the Lord's day, and an earnest intention on all with whom he conversed of the great truth of justification by faith. Towards the end of his life he entered into the service of the Society for "Irish Church Missions," and chose this blessed truth as his chief weapon in contending against Romanism.

September 24th, Mr. John Lomas, of Egerton-Terrace, Hulme, Manchester. The fruits of his conversion were seen for forty years in "conversation," which became "the Gospel of Christ." His piety was singularly cheerful, and hence attractive. He "thought" on those "things which are praiseworthy, lovely, and of good report." His unswerving integrity won the confidence of those with whom he had business transactions. His kindness and fidelity led many to seek the advantage of his advice and management of their affairs. And for his unostentatious benevolence, the poor of his neighbourhood had reason to know him well. He was "eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame;" when "the ear heard him, then it blessed him." The doctrines and discipline of Wesleyan Methodism were dear to him: he generously supported its institutions whilst living, and at his death bequeathed legacies to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and the Worn-out Ministers' and Ministers' Widows' Funds. His love for the habitation of God's house was manifested by his constant and devout attendance on all its services. The calm, pleasant repose in Christ which had sustained Mr. L. in life, forsook him not in the time of affliction and death. He "sang aloud for joy upon his bed." On the day on which he died, he cried out with devout and joyous earnestness,—

"Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:"

and just before he breathed his last, his strength reviving for a moment, he exclaimed,—

"'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for what is to come."

October 2d, at Rudston, in the Bridlington Circuit, Mary Tindall. She had been a Wesleyan for forty years. She was a woman of much prayer; a plain, humble, devoted follower of Christ. Death came on her suddenly; but although she had often been troubled with dread of the last enemy, she had then no fear. The last time her voice was heard in the band-meeting, she observed that there seemed to be a very thin veil between her and her Saviour.

October 12th, at Llannelly, in the Abergavenny Circuit, in the eighty-second year of his age, Mr. Thomas Ellis. For nearly half a century he had maintained an honourable position in the church; and for a considerable part of that time was a diligent and successful Class-Leader. His death was somewhat sudden; but it found him prepared, and his confidence in God remained unshaken to the last.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

Names.	Residences, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bagg, John,	South Down,	Weymouth,	84	Sept. 13th, 1855.
Blackwood, Mrs.,	Baillieston,	Glasgow East,	65	Nov. 25th, 1855.
Casewell, Sarah,	Worcester,	Worcester,	69	Sept. 16th, 1855.
Clement, Charlotte,	Hilperton,	Bradford, Wilts.,	71	Oct. 4th, 1855.
Craig, Mary,	Farney Shield,	Allendale-Town,	50	Oct. 1st, 1855.
Gilbert, Samuel,	Blidworth,	Mansfield,	75	Nov. 29th, 1855.
Sharp, Mr. Phineas,	Heckmondwike,	Cleckheaton,	75	Aug. 11th, 1855.
Wallis, Thomas,	Winfrith,	Weymouth,	77	July 12th, 1855.
Webb, Matilda Ryall,	Brecon,	Brecon,	17	Dec. 17th, 1855.

H. T. & J. Roche, Printers, 25, Hoxton-square, London.

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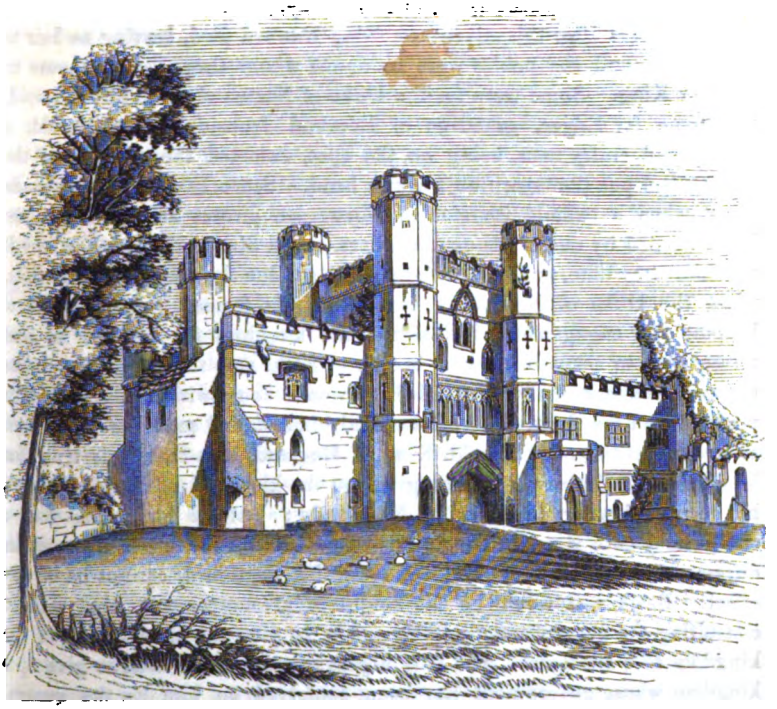
THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.



BATTLE ABBEY.

"Abbey of St. Martin of the Battle." A memorable passage of history explains this title.

Harold, son of Godwin, Earl of Kent, in the latter part of the reign of Edward the Confessor, either cruising for pleasure in the British Channel, or sailing for Flanders, was overtaken by a storm, and driven on the coast of Normandy. The Normans of that part, according to their custom, having made him and his men prisoners, Harold sent to William, Duke of Normandy, complaining of the inhospitality and insolence of his captors towards himself, who came thither with the intent of making some important communications to their lord. The Duke instantly ordered Guy, Earl of Ponthieu, in whose domain Harold and his crew lay, bound hand and foot, to release the strangers, and bring them to him

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in safety. Harold was well received, entertained sumptuously, laden with rich presents, and honourably sent back to England. But all this was not the effect of common hospitality. This young man pretended that he came voluntarily to Normandy in order to enter into a treaty with Duke William, and ask for his daughter to wife. He gained the suit; swore on the relics of many saints that he would fulfil this engagement at a fixed time; and swore, moreover, that on the decease of Edward, King of England, who was both old and childless, he would keep the kingdom for the Duke of Normandy.

A few years after this adventure, King Edward died, leaving no heir to the crown; and the nobles were in doubt whom they should choose to be their King. Some were for the Duke of Normandy, some for Harold, and some for Edgar, grandson of Edmund Ironside. But Harold, a daring and crafty man, being on the spot, extorted the consent of the nobles, and put the crown on his own head. Scarcely was he thus made King, when a twofold invasion of Norwegian pirates and Flemings, the latter headed by one of his own brothers, called him to the north, where it cost him some time, and no little trouble, to subdue the enemy. Meanwhile, when the Duke of Normandy heard that his former guest, instead of keeping his engagement, had seized the kingdom for himself, he sent messengers to accuse him with breach of faith, and threaten that, unless the sworn engagement was fulfilled, he would come within a year to take possession of his right. Harold excused himself, and sent the Duke such an answer as this:—"Harold, King of England, says that it is true that he did, under duresse, swear to give you the kingdom of England, when he betrothed your daughter in Normandy; but he maintains that a compulsory oath is not binding, and the oath which he made when under duresse, and without informing the King, his liege lord, cannot be of any effect. Besides, it would be the height of presumption in him, without consulting the great Council of the nation, to give the inheritance of the kingdom to a stranger. And it is unjust in you to ask him to give up a kingdom whose government has been conferred on him by the general assent of the nobles." And he further argued, that as the Duke's daughter was dead, the treaty could no longer be kept on either side. In all this there was some truth; and the Duke had certainly no right to bargain with Harold for succession to the throne of England. But the whole transaction was dishonest; and it is not easy to say which of the two was the more guilty, the English traitor or the foreign usurper.

The Duke was exceedingly indignant; but, unwilling to hazard a failure by precipitancy, and knowing that the Pope's authority would almost ensure success, he despatched messengers to Pope Alexander II., to state the case, and solicit the sanction of "apostolical authority." Pleased to be called upon in such a matter, Alexander heard the delegates of Harold and of William, declared the latter to be rightful King of England, and sent him a blessed standard. William thankfully received the sign, called his nobles together, and asked their opinion. They all

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promised him their aid; and in the month of August, 1066, assembled at the port of St. Valery, with horses and arms, in readiness to cross the sea. When an adverse wind for some days forbade their departure, the soldiers murmured that it was wicked to attempt to seize a strange kingdom by violence. William feared that they would refuse to follow him; and perhaps his own conscience grew doubtful on the matter. However, he had recourse to St. Valery: the dead body of the saint was brought out in procession; and after time had thus been gained, the exhausted wind fell, a fair breeze filled the crimson sails of the Duke's vessel, and the fleet steered for our coast. They landed at various neighbouring ports; but William disembarked at Hastings, and there the army was collected. Before marching for London, he reviewed his forces, and bade them abstain from pillage, and spare the property that would be soon their own. Whatever might have been the measure of his clemency, his authority did not restrain them from the license of war; and on a survey of the country soon afterwards, it was found that many estates were laid waste.

Harold, on his way home from the northern expedition, heard of the landing of the Duke of Normandy. He sent scouts to bring intelligence of the enemy's numbers and condition. The scouts were discovered, conducted through the Norman camp, and then sent back to their master. On their return, telling Harold what they had seen, they expressed great wonder at the enemy's army, which seemed to consist of Priests, inasmuch as the whole of the face and both lips of every man was shaven. Amused at their simplicity, Harold answered that those men were not Priests, but soldiers of stout hearts, and invincible in battle. On this, the King's brother Gurth, a young man of sound judgment, interrupted him with this caution: "As you say the Normans are so brave, I think it unadvisable that you should fight with them, to whom you are inferior in forces, and in the justice of your cause; for you cannot deny that, whether willingly or against your will, you took an oath to Duke William. Wherefore you will act more wisely, if, in the present necessity, you retire; lest, fighting as a perjured man, you be defeated, and lose your life. But we, who have taken no such oath, can go to battle with a clear conscience, fighting for our country. Your cause will prosper better, if we fight alone; while you can give us aid if we flee, or avenge us if we die." But Harold turned a deaf ear to Gurth and to his conscience, if indeed his conscience remonstrated at all. He called on the army that had conquered the Norwegians to march with him against the Normans; but they were discontented with his service, and many of them refused to venture their lives in the cause of a King who, after such a victory, had retained the booty for himself, giving the soldiers no share in the spoil.

At this time, a Monk arrived from Duke William, with three proposals to Harold:—to give up the kingdom, according to oath; or, to hold it as William's vassal; or, that the two should decide the matter by single combat, in sight of both armies. Still blinded by pride, he told the

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messenger that God might decide their quarrel, and sent him back with no other answer.

William advanced in battle-array, and encamped within sight. Night closed on the two armies. The English spent that night in singing and feasting; the Normans in repose, and, the chroniclers also say, in confessions and prayers. Perhaps this means that there was a general confession, as it is called, said after the Priest, and a mass before going to sleep. Next morning, October 14th, the invaders advanced, and both parties resolved to try which was best, the Saxon axe or the Norman sword. Placing his foot-soldiers and bowmen in the front line, and the cavalry behind, in two wings, himself being in the centre, William put on his armour in the sight of them all. Finding his hauberk with the back before, by mistake, he turned it, and said, with a smile, "So shall my duchy be changed into a kingdom." Then he struck up a Norman song—the song of Roland; the whole host joined, and the hearts of Harold and the Saxons quailed. Then the battle began. On both sides they fought bravely through great part of the day, neither giving way; for the English stood close and firm together, their shields presenting an impenetrable front. To break their ranks, William feigned a retreat, and so induced the English to pursue them in confusion; but before their axes could do any execution on the enemy, the skilful Captain had turned again, and they, broken and surprised, found themselves face to face with him. Now the English fled. Now some of them rallied on a hillock, and hurling their weapons, and flinging stones from the upper ground, easily repelled the attack of the Normans, and slew numbers of them. Then making way, by a path known to themselves, to an eminence surrounded by a deep trench, they slew there such a number of Normans, that the inequalities of the ground were filled with corpses. In this way victory wavered, without settling upon either side, so long as Harold's arm and Harold's voice were there. None could approach him with impunity: he severed both horse and rider with a blow. William, too, was everywhere among the foremost, encouraging his men with his voice, here to attack the foe, and there to retire from those locked shields, that no force of theirs could break. Three choice horses fell under William; and thus the forces on both sides were wasted, until an arrow pierced the brain of Harold, and the English fled before the enemy until night closed. This night came to veil the shame of England, thus lost by the folly, the ambition, and the perfidy of one man. This was *the battle;* the battle which brought England under Norman sway, which linked this island to the Continent by ever-changing ties, that have been perpetuated until the accession of Queen Victoria, when the Sovereigns of England ceased to be entangled with such connexions.

Not staying to conjecture whether a dynasty that began with Harold II. would have done most to depress or to elevate the character of England, or whether the ruder barbarism of the Anglo-Saxons would have been

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better than the more tyrannous and slightly-polished barbarism of the Anglo-Normans, we must confess our utter inability to solve the question. We know a little of the state of this country in the year 1066; and we see its glory, its hopes, its perils, in the year 1856. We may imagine what its condition was when Harold Godwin was wrecked on the French coast; and we know what it was when Queen Victoria landed at Boulogne, in 1855. Whatever it might have been, had events flowed in some other channel, it is certain that God overruled the shame of the Norman conquest, and has made this island the richest, the strongest, the best, of all spots of earth that stud the world's oceans.

But what of Battle Abbey? King William—for he was then King by conquest—found the body of Harold on the field. A soldier, they say, cut off a leg of the fallen Sovereign, for which brutality the Conqueror had him ignominiously beaten. Harold's mother, they also say, sent to offer a large sum of money in ransom for his corpse; but William, refusing the money, sent her the body, which she buried in a church he had built at Waltham. On the spot where Harold fell, William built a monastery to commemorate the event, and dedicated it to St. Martin, the saint being thus called, St. Martin *de Bello*, "of the battle." This is Battle Abbey. According to a custom prevalent in those times, the King gave it a remarkable charter, which now lies before us. With the assent of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Sigand, Bishop of Chichester, and his council of Bishops and Barons, he made the church perpetually free from all servitude, endowed it with all imaginable dignities and royal customs; the church, and the ground around, measuring a league every way, to be free from "all domination and oppression of Bishops;" but subject to the worse domination and more degrading oppression of an Abbat, whom he constituted absolute lord, temporal and spiritual, of that domain. Of course the Bishops of Chichester gradually gained power; and the laws of England became sovereign all over the once-privileged circle that inclosed the battle-field and Battle Abbey.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the monastic establishment—they were Benedictines—was suppressed. There were then living an Abbat and sixteen Monks, or at least some one over those Monks instead of an Abbat. The internal state of Battle Abbey was too bad to be told. "It was represented to be a little Sodom; so was Christ Church in Canterbury, and other houses." The inmates had consumed the wealth of the institution, and the furniture was old, broken, and almost worthless. Sir Anthony Browne, Standard-bearer of Henry VIII., purchased the property, and converted part of the Abbey into a mansion. The buildings on the left of the gateway were for many years used as a town-hall and jail.

Sir Augustus Webster is the present proprietor. By his courtesy, the drawing-room and hall of the mansion, together with the ruins of the Abbey and grounds, are open for the inspection of visiters on Tuesdays and Fridays, from two to four o'clock.

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The drawing-room is remarkable for its groined ceiling, and a line of cloister-arches running up its centre. This room is also tastefully decorated with stained glass and gilt fretwork.

The hall is a noble apartment, sixty feet by thirty, wainscotted, ceiled with oak, and contains a painting of the battle of Hastings, executed with great skill. The walls of this noble apartment are also decorated with paintings of the Webster family, and with ancient armour.

The most interesting portions of *the ruin* are the refectory, one hundred and fifty feet long, formerly used by the Monks for their banquets; the kitchen, with five fire-places; an altar, built over the spot where Harold fell; and two detached towers, standing to the south of the principal buildings, supposed to have been watch-towers.

The church is a large and superior structure, containing some good windows and columns: its principal features bear marks of the twelfth century. The building is in a good state of preservation, and contains some brass inscriptions; and, amongst other monuments, a handsome one to the memory of Sir Anthony Browne.

There are now in the drawing-room of the mansion some spoils from Sebastopol, which Sir Augustus, lately returning from the Crimea, brought along with him.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST QUARTERLY TICKET FOR MARCH, 1856.

"WHAT I SAY UNTO YOU, I SAY UNTO ALL, WATCH." (Mark xiii. 37.)

THIS is a solemn and impressive command. It comes from One who well understood the deep need of the duty He enjoins, and who, in His own unexampled history, was ever vigilant. It is from Him, too, whom we acknowledge as our Master and Lord; who has a right, not only to exhort, but also to command us. Every enunciation of duty from His lips demands our earnest and prayerful attention.

And what is this watchfulness? The word literally means wakefulness, like that of the shepherd who keeps watch over his flock by night, or of the sentinel who stands upon the wall of a city surrounded by the enemy. It thus indicates a state of wakefulness, in opposition to one of drowsiness or sleep. We are to be vigilant, constantly on the look out, lest some foe suddenly or stealthily rush in upon us, and carry off all that which we most highly prize. The New-Testament use of the expression suggests VIGILANCE to guard against our enemies, and EXPECTED PREPARATION for the coming of our Lord.

VIGILANCE against our spiritual adversaries, which are numerous, subtle, and powerful.

Our great enemy, *the devil*, is a stealthy, ever-wakeful foe. His schemes for our overthrow are deeply laid, and artfully executed. Artifice and cunning mark all his plans. He often transforms himself

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into an angel of light; putting on the appearance of truth, when he is in reality the father of lies. As the serpent creeps along the ground, or lies hidden in the grass, until he can give the poisoned bite; or as the lion watches for its prey; so he conceals himself until the favourable moment comes to spring upon his unsuspecting victim. With such an adversary constantly lurking in your path, now before, now behind, and now on either hand,—an adversary so crafty, so daring, and so unwearied,—ought you to be drowsy and indifferent? Is not the watch-tower your place? the sentinel's beat your daily walk? "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour: whom resist steadfast in the faith." (1 Pet. v. 8, 9.)

Then there is *the world,* against which we must exercise equal vigilance. In how many ways does it seek to gain our attention, and ensnare our affections! Sometimes it insinuates that we do not make such an appearance in society as our circumstances warrant, nor equal to the circle in which we move. The putting on of gold and costly apparel, with lavish expenditure in our establishments, passes for becoming respectability. Covetousness insinuates itself in the garb of prudence, or economy, providing for those of our household; while all sorts of pleasures and dissipations demand compliance, under the name of innocent amusements or lawful recreations. The polite ones of the age have so dressed up the wolf in sheep's clothing, that the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life steal upon us unconsciously, and win our compliance by their false attire. Watch, then, against the world; guard with all your care against the approaches and caresses of its customs, its fashions, its pleasures. Be scrupulous, and shun even the *appearance* of evil.

Our own *heart* requires quite as much watchful suspicion as either the world or the devil. It is a deceitful heart; and, even when partially brought under the influence of Divine grace, is often lured astray. Our desires wander from God, our affections linger on forbidden ground, our thoughts are absorbed in earthly things, unless we exercise a watchful oversight. Keep thy heart, then, with all diligence; suppress the first risings of evil; and defend it with prayer against all the temptations of Satan and the world.

These thoughts earnestly second the Lord's command to watchfulness. They suggest the idea of "a place where a man can hardly go to sleep, lest the plunderer or assassin be watching, or hovering near unseen; or a place where people can walk out no whither, without suspicion of some lurking danger or enemy not far off, and are to be constantly looking vigilantly and fearfully round; a place where they cannot ascend an eminence, nor wander through a sequestered valley, nor enter a blooming grove, nor even a garden of flowers, without having the image of the serpent, the wild beast, or a more deadly mischief in human shape, as vividly present to the imagination as the visible enemy is to the eye. It may be said, Who could endure to live in such a place? Then, my friend, who can endure to live in this world? for these are but emblems

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of the condition of danger in which the soul sojourns on earth." * What need, then, of vigilance to prevent surprise; of preparedness for attack; of readiness to repel assault! "I SAY UNTO ALL, WATCH."

"Jesus, inspire the watchful power,
And set me on Thy cross's tower,
Till life's sad moment's o'er;
Here may I still my station keep,
And never fold my arms to sleep,
And never slumber more."

There must also be a watchfulness of EXPECTANT PREPARATION for the Lord's coming.

How earnestly impressive are the passages which precede the exhortation which we find quoted on our Ticket, as if to repeat and enforce the Master's word on every Wesleyan Methodist, one by one! "Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is. For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrowing, or in the morning: lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping." Servant of the Lord, art thou ready? Porter at the Master's gate, art thou asleep or awake? Penitent, behold the Judge standeth before the door: art thou prepared to receive the Lord Jesus as thy Saviour? O, arise, and shake thyself from the dust, and put on thy beautiful garments, that thou mayest enter in with Him to the marriage. "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord." (Luke xii. 35, 36.)

"Full of earnest expectation,
Look we for our heavenly Lord;
Working out our own salvation,
Labouring for a full reward:
Happy in the task assign'd us,
If we still our lives employ,
Labouring on till Jesus find us,
We shall share our Master's joy."

THE PROTESTANT BIBLE.

THE following remarks relating to the corner-stone of our established religion are taken from the "Dublin Roman Catholic Review:"—

"Who will not say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on the ear like a music that can never be forgotten; like the sound of the church-bell, which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost things, rather than

* John Foster.

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mere words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The power of all the gifts and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments; and all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him for ever out of the English Bible. It is his sacred thing, which doubt has never dimmed, and controversy never soiled. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of righteousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible."

SCRAPS FROM "LACON."

THERE is a spot in Birmingham, where the steam power is concentrated on a very large scale, in order to be let out in small parts and parcels to those who may stand in need of it. And something similar to this may be observed of the power of mind in London. It is concentrated and brought together here into one focus, so as to be at the service of all who may wish to avail themselves of it. And Doctor Johnson was not far from the truth, when he observed that he could sit in the smoky corner of Bolt-court, and draw a circle round himself, of one mile in diameter, that should comprise and embrace more energy, ability, and intellect, than could be found in the whole island besides. The circumstance of talent of every kind being so accessible, in consequence of its being so contiguous, this it is that designates London as the real university of England. If we wish indeed to collate *manuscripts*, we may repair to Oxford or to Cambridge; but we must come to London, if we would collate *men*.

There can be no Christianity where there is no charity; but the censorious cultivate the forms of religion, that they may more freely indulge in the only pleasure of their lives,—that of calumniating those who to their other failings add not the sin of hypocrisy. But hypocrisy can beat calumny even at her own weapons, and can feign forgiveness, while she feels resentment, and meditates revenge.

It is curious that some learned dunces, because they can write nonsense in languages that are dead, should despise those that can talk sense in languages that are living. To acquire a few tongues, says a French writer, is the task of a few years; but to be eloquent in one, is the labour of a life.

Great wits, who pervert their talents to sap the foundation of morality, have to answer for all the evil that lesser wits may accomplish through their means, even to the end of time. A heavy load of responsibility, where the mind is still alive to do mischief, when the hand it animated is dust. Men of talent may make a breach in morality, at which men of none may enter; as a citadel may be carried by muskets, after a road has been battered out for them by cannon.

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MARRIAGE.

SATAN'S OPPOSITION TO THIS DIVINE INSTITUTION, AND OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST'S SANCTION OF IT.

THE Divine law of marriage, though fraught with blessings to man, has often been perversely and shamefully violated, but always to the grievous loss of peaceful and refreshing home-enjoyment. In sanctified domestic life, even cares, afflictions, and sorrows are made to strengthen the bonds of mutual love. Under its peaceful shadow, kindness, chastity, love, and all social virtues flourish; while the several members of the family, when governed by religion, mutually guard each other's purity and piety. Collectively and individually, they serve God, and are the instruments of His glory. They uphold the standard of morality in a corrupt world, and exemplify the graces of godliness before mankind. Such are "dwellings of Jacob," the dwellings which God loveth.

Now all this is very distasteful to Satan. The Divine order followed in marriage, with the moral fruit it bears, presents a grand obstacle to his purposes and plans. As it has ever been found to conserve effectually the principles of social morality, the only hope of man's great adversary for introducing a general corruption of morals has been in the breaking down of this great barrier which Divine Providence has raised against the world's tendency to a universal profligacy. And where Satan has extensively broken it down,—as, for example, in idolatrous nations, whether ancient or modern,—his success has been complete. Marriage may have still been observed in all of them, but *not the marriage which God ordained*; and the consequence has been, that instead of woman being raised to an equality with man, she has been degraded and enslaved. And wherever woman is degraded, man is brutalized, and domestic life is cursed; for it is only by exalting her to the place which her Creator has assigned her in the domestic constitution, that mankind can be socially and morally elevated. And those countries, over which Popery and infidelity have borne rule by turns, present us with scarcely less revolting social scenes than Heathenism itself. Marriage is often a mere disguise for an unbridled license; and while there are persons bearing the names of husbands, wives, and children, yet there are no peaceful, happy homes, where love and affection reign. In Spain, a Popish country, as well as in India, a land of heathen idolatry, infanticide exists; in the latter case, in consequence of the teaching of a false and cruel religion; and in the former, because of the indifference of licentious parents for their offspring,—the apt disciples of a Priesthood which, while it always depreciates marriage, does not often restrain, but more generally indulges, lust.

The error of extolling an ideal purity of single above married life sprang up early in the Christian church; and, like many other early corruptions, has reached its full maturity in Romanism. Hence the forced celibacy of its Priests, and its orders of Monks and Nuns. But have any of these been favourable to social purity? The history of the past and of the present wretched state of Popish countries, as to domestic immorality, will fully answer this question. Man cannot improve God's order; he cannot mend God's law; and when he attempts an imaginary purity beyond the requirement of that law, he will assuredly sink far below it. On the one hand, Paganism has departed from the Divine ordination respecting marriage by polygamy; and Popery, by disparaging the sacredness of the married state, and by authoritatively forbidding it, at least to its male and female Clergy. Speaking with apostolic authority, we may call this

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a doctrine of devils. Our object in these references is to show that a departure from the original institution, on either side, can only be what history proves it has ever been,—disastrous to social morals, and ruinous of domestic happiness.

But let us turn from the work of Satan to the acts of Christ.

Everything which our Lord said or did, in relation to this subject, was equally opposed to Pagan license, and Popish depreciation of the marriage state. His direct teaching we have already referred to. (See Matt. xix. 4—6, and parallel texts.) But He taught by example, as well as by word. And no act of His life was casual, nor without a direct object. There was a significance in all He did, as well as in all He said. And it is well for us to remember, especially in these days of licentious heresy, that our Lord, with His disciples, accepted an invitation to attend a marriage-feast, and "beautified it with His presence and first miracle;" and while many things which He said and did are not written, he has caused that fact to be particularly recorded. And why was Jesus there? Was it not of set purpose, to give the high sanction of His presence to marriage, as a Divine institution, and to bless it; not only in the case of those who were favoured thus to enter it, but also to indicate that it was a state which, when rightly entered, *He would ever bless?* Did not HE, to whom the future was as clearly revealed as the past was known, foresee "that some hereafter should arise in His church who would despise marriage, or, if not despise, yet fail to give the Christian family all its honour?" From Him they find no countenance, but are reproved and rebuked by the presence and miracle of Jesus at the marriage of Cana in Galilee.

For it must not be forgotten that it was at this marriage that Jesus wrought his *first miracle*. This occasion he selected for the first display of His glory—the glory of His Divine power. Whatever might be his immediate motive for working this particular miracle, its higher object was to testify to the end of time the Divine and sacred character of the marriage relation; and to do this a special honour, it was at a wedding-feast that the first miracle was wrought, in which "he manifested forth His glory." That miracle was regarded by the Son of God Himself as a fit inauguration to his whole future work; a work that has been, throughout its progress, a confirmation of truth previously revealed; "an ennobling of the common, and a transmuting of the mean; a turning of the water of earth into the wine of heaven." And every bridal-pair would do well to bespeak the presence of Jesus at their wedding-feast, and to remember that on His blessing alone it will hereafter depend whether the water of their earthly life shall be turned into wine of heaven, or become gall and bitterness to their soul. Yet let no one misinterpret the miracle of the holy Jesus of turning the water into wine, as if it might justify any license given to excess at marriage-feasts, or anywhere else. Can we suppose that Christ would sanction with His presence such an abuse of God's gifts, or that He would minister by His power to sinful self-indulgence? There was gladness in that guest-chamber; but sottish intemperance would never dare to lift up its degraded head in His presence, who was emphatically the holy and just One.

And, further, our Lord Jesus Christ taught by His presence at the marriage of Cana, that all married life is capable of being sanctified and made happy. It is the work of Satan to bring a curse on every established relation of society, and, by rendering it miserable, to drive men to despair. It is, on the contrary, the work of Christ to bless every relation in life, and make it an instrument for relieving the cares and anxieties of the world, that, in the

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strength of His grace, men may cheerfully and hopefully pursue their way to joys on high. The Popish Priest vainly pretends to bless the ring of the wedded pair, that external mark of their mutual pledge, as if the ills of life were capable of being thus charmed away; but, O, how much better is it to secure from the very beginning the real blessing of a loving Saviour, which purifies the hearts that in marriage are made one! And we would have all to bear in mind that a marriage may be after the letter of God's law, and yet be without Christ's blessing. Hence every wedded pair should seek, that the union which is made after God's ordinance be also hallowed and cemented by the Saviour's grace, as long as life endures.

Christ's presence and miracle at the marriage-feast were significant of His whole future work. Well has it been observed that the Son of God came into this world, clothed in human nature, to sanctify all the course of life; to consecrate its times of joy, as well as its times of sorrow: and all experience tells us that all such times of gladness especially need the sanctifying power and presence of the Lord. By His presence at Cana, He struck the key-note of His ministry. He should not be what Romanists pretend the Baptist was, a recluse that withdrew Himself from the common paths of men, a Preacher in the wilderness; but His was to be at once a harder and a higher task,—to mingle with and purify the common life of men; to witness for, and bring out the glory which is hidden under every sanctified relation.

Let not Popery, then, any longer be suffered to derogate from the holiness of the marriage state; nor let any Englishman suffer a filthy Mormonism to desecrate and dishonour the name, by daring to call that marriage which is nothing else than prostitution of the foulest kind. May the Lord in mercy prevent the further spread of such fearful delusions, both in this and other lands!

Bradford. D. H.

THE SILENT SERMON.

I WAS coming from a watering-place on the southern coast, in an open railway-carriage. The evening was fine,—one of those evenings we call "golden;" and round about us on our journey lay landscapes, ever shifting as we moved along, such as we see nowhere else but in England, and only in the south of England. The earth was exquisite in colour: all shades of rich brown were to be seen over the fields; dark ripe wheat drooped the golden ear, now ready for the sickle, which had been applied in many places, as was evidenced by the numerous sheaves which propped each other on the sloping farm-lands. A fresh cool breeze made the barley tremble and the oats quiver; patches of rich purple, and greens of all variety, shot in among the bright or tawny yellows of the grain; and beyond the farms and cottages lay the beautiful South Downs, very peculiar in their forms, with a restless loveliness, arising from their numerous undulations,—the great cups and hollows in which the cool blue shadows sink and rise as the sun passes over them, the soft changefulness of their (for the most part) rounded lines as they dip into the more level country, and the exquisite effect of the cloud-shadows which endlessly chequer and sweep over them.

My own mind was as chequered and restless as they were. I could scarcely tell why. During the week, without any external cause, a sense of imperfectness in my life seemed to follow and oppress me. I feared that I was living too much to myself; saw my life to be passing rapidly, in the main peacefully,

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but with an amount of thought and labour expended hitherto without much use to others. Either diffidence or pride, I felt, had made me seek a quietude and retirement much too complete for the perfect health either of mind or soul. Not able to accuse myself of wilful indolence, I was afraid that for all good purposes I might as well have been idle; and my soul was "disquieted within me." I could not feel, much as I discerned its beauty, that sense of perfect enjoyment which the scene was calculated to give to a mind in harmony with its beauties, and knew I did not deserve it. This made the loveliness of the scene painful to me; but I could not help acknowledging it to be just that it should suffer pain.

Turning round to look at my fellow-passengers, I saw in a corner of the carriage, placed so as to be sheltered from the wind, a young man somewhat my junior. Looking once, I could not help looking again, and was led to read something of his history in his appearance. A cloth cap was drawn low over his brow; the collar of a pilot-coat was turned up on his cheeks, which were very hollow and sunken; his eyes had the glassy look of advanced disease; his lips, that disposition to remain open which is characteristic of bodily weakness; his nostrils, the thin constricted state which perhaps most of all conveys the expression of mortal illness; and his whole frame showed the impassiveness produced by a slackening of the cords of life. His hands lay in each other, patient and unmoving; and he had an on-looking gaze over the bright and wavering fields, and a seeming unconsciousness of the presence of others, which could not but suggest trains of thought widely different from the changeful pleasantries usually arising among a number of railway-travellers. Whether his presence had the effect of producing silence all the way, I am not sure; but there was silence. What each thought, I do not know: what I thought, I may tell you.

I concluded that he was a young man, probably a mechanic, who had been arrested in his daily toil by the insidious approaches of disease. He had been, as a last resource, to try the warm air of a southern watering-place, and was now returning home to die. He was alone. Whether he was inwardly sad or no, I could not tell; for a look more impressive than all ordinary mortal indications, whether of wit, or thought, or beauty, absorbed every expression of passing feeling. It was unlikely that he would ever more be found in the haunts of men. Was this outlooking of his sad eyes an illustration of Gray's fine stanza?—

> "For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
> This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd?
> Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?"

Or was his vision reaching across all sensible things, and striving to pierce the unseen world towards which he was hastening? I cannot tell you. It might be so; but that absorbed look in dying men, as I said, consumes the flickerings of outward emotion in its quiet heat and radiance.

Whether he felt gloomy in the approach of death; whether he thought much about the country beyond it; or if he were ready to die; or if he thought what it is to die,—this look concealed it all.

Perhaps he needed no sympathy. It might be that "the day of his death" would be "better than the day of his birth." It is not necessary to pity some people when you see they are marked for death; for, even if they are not filled with the joy that may well make them sing aloud, they *know* that, "if the

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earthly house of their tabernacle were dissolved, they have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." When you feel a sudden emotion of pity arise at the sight of any one not likely to be "long here," stay one moment to consider *who* it is that you are pitying, and *why*.

But, whatever were his thoughts and feelings, it was evident that his *work* was done. If he had well employed his life, he was near to his reward; but if not, his prayers, his tears, his contrition, could not make his bad day's work a good one. If he had not, the Gospel (which you, reader, may use in order to your immediate entry upon a life eternal) has promises so rich and precious in its depths, that he might even after the striking of the eleventh hour find his way into paradise, a belated wanderer—almost excluded. If he had, the glance which he cast upon the sky might give him hints, and expectations, and joys more vivid than were distilled from the heavenly blue upon myself.

How bewitchingly beautiful it looked!

Can we get *no* testimony of God from the sky above us, my friends? We walk the earth disquieted, seeking rest, and finding none. We hang down our heads, and will not see how God smiles upon us from above. Why are we so downcast and so blind? Why do you, Christian, feel so averse to this *natural* theology? "God," truly, is "in Christ," and in Him only, as "reconciling the world unto Himself;" but is He not also "clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made?" Is He not too *plainly* seen there? Would you not rather read Him with a screen of doctrine, vaguely realized, to veil from your hearts that full light by which your deeds would be reproved? I fear it is so with me. The pure in heart surely should be most ready to look upwards, and see the heavens "which declare His glory," and the firmament which "showeth His handy-work."

The evening of my journey looked unutterably lovely. Over the downs and at the horizon were disappearing the nodding crests of some spent storm-clouds, that went to mix their anger with the sea. And in an opposite quarter of the sky rose several round, white, full-blossomed cumuli, over the corn-fields. But above was the vast, clear blue, laced with delicate cirri, curdled, and crisped, and twisted, and ribbed like the silver sand. Scattered and swept in light streaks, or filmy plumes, cast hither and thither, or entangled, as might be the blown fragments and sprinklings of the fine wool from snowy fleeces,—they gave as full an expression as the heavens can give of infantine, airy joy. I will not say they brought no joy to me; but I knew that I ought to have had much more: and, trying to search out the cause of my shortcoming, I stood leaning over the carriage-door and mused; while the west deepened into amber and tender silvery green; while the cloud-stripe became pink, rosy, crimson, dim; and, from the shadows of the train on the banks and of the trees in the meadows, I saw that a full-orbed harvest-moon was sailing up the sky. But the image of the young man had disappeared in the gloom of the unlighted carriage. I could just discern his face, like a pale blot, sunken on his breast. He seemed asleep. I did not think him so, but that he was still pursuing his unearthly tracks of "thought that wandered through eternity." I shall see him no more. The twilight and the darkness are deepening on him, speedily to all appearance. It may be, reader, *you* will see the bright white clouds and the autumn fields again and again; but the great pulses of day and night beat silently about us, and

"All alone, so Heaven has will'd, *we* die,"

ere long.

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I could settle no questions for *him*. I was a stranger, and could not intermeddle with the thoughts of his heart; but he had, however unconsciously, by his aspect if not by words, preached solemnly to me, perhaps to many others, on this, possibly his last, journey. I would not wish the echo of his discourse to cease with myself. If I can awaken others, as he awakened me, to any useful and practical self-searching, I shall be thankful to protract his influence yet a little further beyond the termination of his mortal life; and he, unknown to himself, being dead may speak: for to us also "the night cometh, when no man can work."

"MEN OUGHT ALWAYS TO PRAY."

"If our world," said a Preacher, "had rolled on until this date in its present depravity, and that agony of moral woe which yet overspreads it; and if it had possessed a less perfect revelation, one which afforded a true knowledge of its lost condition, and the awful character of God, but no notion of access to Him by prayer, through the merits of an atonement; if it, at this moment, were in such a state,—trembling under the knowledge of God, without daring to look up unto Him;—groping through a half-illuminated darkness, in which the realities of present wretchedness could be seen, but not the hopes of future relief;—what would be the effect of a proclamation made convincingly to the whole earth, say by an apparition of angels in the firmament, as once in the plains of Bethlehem, that *on a given day God would hear prayer*, and that supplication, offered on terms practicable to all, should secure any blessing truly appropriate to man, and should avail for the blessedness of the suppliant, even through everlasting ages? What amazement and exultation would such an event spread through the world! How would the hours and moments which were yet to precede that day be counted! How would the friends of the sick, by the virtue of medicines, and by tender cares, try to preserve the flickering existence, that the dying beloved one might pray before he departed, and the aged and despairing, who have longed for the grave, seek to prolong their lives to the auspicious morning! Surely such a proclamation, under such circumstances, would be like the trump of resurrection to the saints; and the emotions of mankind would be like those of the despairing lunatic, when some beautiful dream deludes his sleep, and mingles smiles and tears on his haggard countenance. Would any sleep the last night which was to precede it? And what a sight would the sun of that day witness in his course around the earth, of prostrate, grateful, imploring millions!

"Such, it is probable, would be the effect of novelty in a privilege which now, because it is always at our command, is reluctantly improved by many, and utterly rejected by most. How absurd, as well as guilty, is sin! How valuable, though unvalued, the privileges of the Gospel! A lost spirit would give all worlds to be placed in the probationary position of a living sinner; and if the hope of salvation were to be limited to one day, instead of being continued through years,—if, in other words, to-morrow were to be the judgment,—the sun of this day would go down amid the tears and prayers of the world."

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Narrative Pieces.

A REMEDY FOR MOTHS.

We were examining our wardrobe after the summer, and found, to our surprise and grief, many of our choicest articles of apparel sadly damaged by the moths. In the midst of our trouble, and the discussion as to the modes of protection against moths, which had been handed down by tradition, Aunt Julia came in.

"Aunt Julia, how do you keep your winter-clothing from the moths?" we both asked eagerly, as that good lady proceeded to lay aside her handsome shawl, which looked as fresh as ever after seven years' wear.

"I used to suffer from moths as much as any one," replied Aunt Julia, taking her knitting from her little basket, and sitting down; "but I found a recipe in an old-fashioned book, which has relieved me of much solicitude on the subject. It was many years before I could be persuaded to try it. In my young days money was not quite so plenty as now, but provisions were cheap, and a farmer's daughter began her married life better supplied with linen, blankets, and bed-quilts, than many a jewel-decked city-belle. As I was an only daughter, and was not married too young, a noble pile of blankets, feather-beds, bed-quilts, &c., became my portion. For many years after we removed to the city I used to dread my summer-work of airing beds, and packing very fine home-made blankets, and quilts stuffed with the softest down. I tried snuff, tobacco, camphor, pepper, and cedar-chips, and yet, as we changed our place of residence several times, some colony of moths, old squatters among the beams of the garret, or in some unobserved scrap of woollen cloth, would encamp on my choicest possessions."

"Why, Aunt Julia, I thought you had a cedar-closet."

"Yes, when we moved into our new house; but by that time my closet was too small for my increased wealth; and till I used this recipe, I seldom passed a year without some moth-holes. But now I have not seen one in nine years."

"What was it, aunt? Have you the book? or can you repeat it from memory? It is too late to save these things; but I will write it down, and try it next spring." So saying, Anna took out her little recipe-book and pencil, while Aunt Julia prepared to recall the moth-preventive.

The book was an old one, with the title obliterated, and title-page torn out by some careless child; but the directions were these:—

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

"O! Aunt Julia, is that all? How does that help the matter?"

"Wait, Anna, and hear my story out. One day, as I was mourning over my choicest blankets, eaten by the moths, and airing my down bed-quilts, and feather-beds, which had been rendered obsolete by the introduction of spring-mattresses, as I stood ready to cry with vexation to see my choicest articles eaten in the most conspicuous places, as you have experienced to-day, my eye rested on an old Bible, which lay on the top of a barrel of pamphlets in the garret. I opened it, and almost unconsciously read the recipe for avoiding moths which I have given you to-day. I then recollected that they seldom troubled the clothing in frequent use, and that the articles which caused me so much care were not needed twice a year. I then thought of Sophy Baker, with her large family and sick husband. They had been burned out the spring before, and were just entering upon a cold, long winter of poverty. I sat down, and, writing her a note, sent two feather-beds and four blankets, and an old-fashioned 'coverlid,' that very day; and two more blankets, I dispatched to a poor old rheumatic neighbour, whose destitution had never occurred to me before. I then began to breathe freely; and before another week, two more blankets were gone to comfort tired limbs and aching hearts. The cast-off coats, cloaks, and old pieces of carpeting which had long lain in my garret, were given to

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the deserving poor. A bag of woollen stockings and socks, which had been kept for cleaning brass, were sent to a charity institution, never again to become a temptation to the moths. I inquired particularly the next year, and found the beds and blankets were in such excellent preservation, that I cheerfully laid up more of my surplus property '*in heaven*,' and out of the way of moth and mould. My cedar-closet and trunks hold all I wish to preserve; and when they begin to run over, I commit more articles to the keeping of my widowed and fatherless acquaintances."

"But, Aunt Julia, yours is a peculiar case. You had the home-made outfit of a rich farmer's daughter, and could not expect to make use of it. Besides, the Bible don't encourage wasting our goods extravagantly."

"I do think the Bible leans to what is called the extravagant side. The rest of the chapter following the verse I have quoted gives little encouragement to much forethought, either in food or raiment; and in another place says, 'He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none.' This rule leaves very little to pack away in a cedar-closet. In my opinion, God's providence is far from encouraging extensive accumulation, either of money or possessions, especially among Christians. Fire and flood, drought, mildew, and moth stand ready to rebuke that spirit of covetousness which the Lord abhorreth."

"Surely, Aunt Julia, you wouldn't have me give away the new furs you gave me yourself last winter."

"No, my child; but let us examine for a moment this moth-eaten pile. Here are three coats of your husband's, which he never could wear again."

"Those are for fishing, Aunt."

"How often does he fish?"

"Once in four or five years, perhaps," said Anna.

"Well, here is a bag of out-grown, shrunken socks and stockings, and these old dresses of Ada's, and those overcoats of the boys, that I heard you say were unfit for wear, even in the playground; and, besides, I think you remarked that the whole difficulty originated in an old carpet, which has been harbouring moths many years, when it might have been out of harm's way upon some poor widow's floor."

"Well, Aunt, I believe you are half right."

"Try my rule, Anna; not after your property is ruined, but when you find you can spare it,—even at the risk of sending some of your treasure to heaven before you have obtained all you could from its use. Many an old garret have I known to be infested with moths, ruining many pounds' worth of valuable articles, when the whole evil might be traced to an old coat or carpet, selfishly or carelessly withheld from the poor. We are God's stewards; and our luxuries are not given us to feed a 'covetousness which is idolatry,' but are talents which may be increased ten times before the great day of final account. When people ask me how to prevent moths, I always long to say, 'Lay up your treasures in heaven;' because I have found from experience it is a sure and convenient way."

"Well, Aunt, I own I never thought much about it before as a matter of Christian duty. I will try, before another year, to confine my care to the articles I need, and shall hope for better success."—*American.*

THE FAITHFUL CORPORAL.

[The following extract from a letter to the Editor of the *Bulwark* is alike honourable to the writer, and to his military superiors, *so far* as their conduct towards him was concerned. We believe that there are few officers of standing in the British army who do not respect the religious principles of those under their command. —Eds. C. M.]

In Canada there are what are termed National Societies. The English is called St. George's; the Scotch, St. Andrew's; the Irish, St. Patrick's; and the French, St. Jean the Baptist's. The *professed* design of each Society is to relieve their destitute countrymen: they are, in other words, charitable institutions. Each of these Societies holds an anniversary on a particular day of the year, on which day they assemble at a principal hotel, from whence they march in procession to church; the English to an Episcopal church; the

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Scotch, and I think the Irish, to a Presbyterian church; and the French to a Roman Catholic place of worship. On these occasions they were in the habit of applying for the use of a military band to play to them going to and coming from church. During my regiment's stay in the garrison of Montreal in the summer of 1845, the principal members of the St. Jean the Baptist Society (French) applied to the commanding officer of my regiment for the use of the regimental band to play to the members of the Society in procession to the Catholic cathedral. The Colonel having complied with their request, and I happening to become aware of this on the evening previous to the day the procession was to take place, I became very much alarmed in my mind as to what was my duty as a witness for God and His truth on such an occasion. The Colonel being naturally very proud, headstrong, and inaccessible, and I feeling my own weakness and utter insufficiency if left to myself, I laid the matter before the Lord; and having seen it to be my duty to go to the Colonel, I called at his quarters, and, having apologized for intruding upon him at such a late hour, I informed him that I felt urged by a troubled conscience to come to him and beg protection from being compelled to take part with the band on the following day in playing at a Catholic procession, feeling that my taking part in such a work would, in my apprehension, be a practical violation of Christian principle, and contrary to the privilege and duty of faithful witnessing for the God of truth. He replied, that he would be very sorry to cause me to do anything that would offend my conscience; and assured me that he simply gave the band to the Society, it being merely a charitable institution. But, to make a long story short, we argued together for a length of time: at last I was prevailed to go, believing at the time that I would be merely contributing to the display at a charitable institution. But, alas! I soon found that the word "charity" was only a cloak to screen the mystery of iniquity; for, having accompanied the band on the following day to the cathedral, we were requested to go inside,—a request which, I am sorry to say, my fellow-bandsmen complied with; and, at the request of some Popish dignitary, performed military music during the time of service. I remained outside. I now became convinced of my error; and never shall I forget the anguish of mind I endured on that occasion. I trembled that through want of decision I had been tempted to become a partaker of the sins of the Beast, and that God in judgment would make me to partake of her plagues. I felt I was on unlawful ground. I wept bitterly, and vowed to the Lord, if He would forgive me and grant me repentance, that, if ever I was ordered to do the like again, I would, the Lord enabling me, prefer to yield my life up rather than comply with such an order. Well, it so happened in Providence that (the regiment being in Montreal) the band were ordered on the same duty that day twelvemonth. Now for the sacred performance of my vow. God being my strength, I resolved to pay it, let the consequence be what it might. I had solemnly engaged to my God to be faithful to His truth; and felt that to flinch would be dishonouring to God, tampering with the present and eternal interests of my own soul, and confounding the rights of a good conscience with the claims of a bad one. On this occasion I determined not to confer with flesh and blood. My duty became clear. That holy word became my rule and support. (See Exod. xx. 4, 5, especially the words, "*nor serve them.*") I am now speaking of what took place on the evening previous to the day of the Society's anniversary. Intending to go to the Colonel, I happened to go outside the barrack-gate on duty in charge of some men, when I met the Captain of my company, a gentleman whom I highly respected, and of whose kindness to me on many occasions I shall ever retain a grateful recollection. Meeting him on this occasion, it seemed to me as if the Lord had put him in my way. Having introduced myself to him, I informed him that I felt much concern about a circumstance which was to take place on the following day in connexion with the band. Having explained to him the matter, I happened to charge the system of Rome with the crime of idolatry: he said, "O, no! Corporal M'Pherson, the Catholics are not idolaters."

Corporal M'P.—"Well, Sir, may I presume to inquire if you are prepared to make the word of God the rule of your

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argument, and maintain your objection to my charge of idolatry against the system? If so, I am prepared to prove my assertion from that infallible word."

Captain.—"But you might object to turn out, if required and ordered to quell a riot in the city; and say that such a duty was contrary to the dictates of your conscience."

Corporal M'P.—"Sir, I expected that you would do me more justice than to think that I am merely regulated by a blind sincerity. Sir, I trust, through Divine grace, my mind and conscience are guided in the discharge of duty by an enlightened judgment, as well as a tender conscience; and therefore nothing appears to me more plain than that it would be my duty as a soldier, a Christian, and a patriot, to assist in suppressing outrageous violence, and supporting the just laws of my country; and as a soldier I should have no hesitation in rushing to the cannon's mouth in defending my country against the attack of the enemies of our country. But while I am clear and decided as to this, my mind and conscience recoil at the thought of giving the least practical countenance to a system which I am convinced the word of God condemns. To do the former would, in my view, be discharging the duty of a Christian soldier; but to do the latter would, in my apprehension, be violating the command of God, and consequently would be betraying a want of proper principle, and compromising my testimony as a witness for God."

Captain.—"If I were travelling in a foreign country, which I have sometimes done, I would be obliged to conform to the peculiar customs of the country I would be in."

Corporal M'P.—"Sir, in reply to that, if you wish to know my mind on the subject, I would just say, that were I in your place I would just comply with the customs of the people as far as their customs were in accordance with the word of God, but not one single hair-breadth further, feeling it to be at my peril to do so."

Captain.—"Are you aware that an officer was tried by a court-martial some years ago for refusing to obey orders, in not saluting a Catholic procession by firing, when they passed the battery, and that he was sentenced to be cashiered from the service; and that the Commander-in-Chief (the Duke of Wellington) approved of and confirmed the sentence?"

Corporal M'P.—"Yes, Sir, I have heard that such a thing happened; and I acknowledge the Duke of Wellington as my present Commander-in-Chief, and am at all times willing cheerfully to obey his LAWFUL commands. But, whilst a British soldier, I never forget that I am at the same time a British subject; and as such, I find myself at present shut up, and feel compelled to take shelter under the British constitution, and claim that which is the birthright of every British subject, namely, liberty of conscience."

Captain.—"Well, Corporal M'Pherson, I would feel happy in doing anything for you; but I really feel afraid to go to the Colonel to mention the subject to him."

Corporal M'P.—"Well, Sir, do you consider it to be my duty to go to the Colonel myself?"

Captain.—"Yes; I think you would get on better yourself with him; and I really think that, after hearing your statement, he would grant your request."

This finished my conversation with my Captain; and, to his honour be it spoken, I ever after this was treated by him in the most kind manner. Having performed the duty I had been engaged in, I returned to barracks, resolved to proceed to the Colonel's quarters; and, I can assure you, dear Sir, that the interval was a solemn season in my soul. Fear and trembling seized me; but I had no doubt as to the path of duty, but felt, at the same time, that the duty could only be properly discharged, both as regarded the motive and the action, by the strength which God alone could impart. By this time some of my fellow-Christians in the regiment having heard of the matter, and that I was about to go to the Colonel, assembled together, and proposed to remain in the exercise of prayer during the time I was to be along with the Colonel. Having presented myself before the Colonel, I found him in a very different mood from what he was in that day twelve months. He inquired what I wanted with him. I replied, that I felt myself under the disagreeable necessity of coming to him with the same message I had come with twelve

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months before; and that, as formerly, I felt urged by a troubled conscience in consequence, &c. The conversation then took such a turn, somewhat like as is recorded in the printed slip you sent me; only, that now, instead of professing to respect the feelings of my conscience as he had done before, he treated my statement regarding my conscience with peculiar contempt. But as he did so, so did the Lord increase my wisdom and boldness; and consequently I resolved not to be brow-beaten, or driven from my point, by a man whose breath was in his nostrils. If I may be allowed to use a military phrase, I may state, that I felt I durst not retreat; having God and truth on my side, I must either do or die. He evidently seemed reluctant to argue with me, but rather inclined to stand upon the ground of absolute authority. However, having put to him several pointed questions, he at last felt that he either must reply, or own that the force of truth had conquered him. Before he granted my request, as recorded in the printed article, he failing to answer an objection I had stated, we both remained for some time silent: at last I said, "Well, Sir, do you compel me to go?" I waited for a reply; and before he spoke I could perceive I had hit the nail upon the head. He became very impatient; he hastily paced the room; then, standing still, his whole frame literally shook: remaining some time in this irritable state, he said, with peculiar emphasis, at the same time darting his eyes upon me as if he were about to pierce me through, "No, M'Pherson! I don't compel you to go; but, remember, you are to be with the band when they are trooping the guard to-morrow, after they play to the procession. Do you refuse to do that?" "O! by no means, Sir; because it is evidently my duty as a soldier." "Very well," he said, "that will do."

Such is as correct an account of the matter as I can remember. But not unto me, Lord, not unto unworthy me, but unto Thy blessed name be all the glory! It was the Lord that enabled me to give this humble testimony to His name. I am conscious that, had I been left to myself, I would, as a base, unprincipled coward, have shrunk from the duty. My conviction and belief is, that when the truth is attacked, it ought to be defended, not with carnal weapons, but spiritual; and in order to be enabled to wield an humble and faithful testimony for the truth, I feel, from experience, that we must be guided with strength from above, and feel the truth through its saving application by the Spirit to be precious in itself, and to our own souls. May the Lord raise up many faithful witnesses, filled with unquenchable zeal for Jehovah's glory, in the present day of abounding iniquity, error, blasphemy, and rebuke. I ought to mention that the Colonel is now no more in the land of the living; and I may further state, that although I was frequently after this called, in God's providence, to meet the Colonel face to face, and protest against what I considered to be opposition to the truth, yet I must, in justice to him, confess, that I never experienced from him the least sign of ill-will, but the very reverse. Having on several occasions asked him for indulgences, he not only willingly granted me such favours, but also more than ever I had requested, or ever expected.

H. M'P.

THE FUNERAL.

It was a dark December day: the snow, which fell during the night, had begun to melt, but was followed by a thick, cold mist, and this again by rain and sleet, increasing the gloom which hung upon our spirits. Such a morning seemed as if it had been made for the occasion; yet, whilst we felt its saddening effects, we thought of that land which needs no sun, and of which the Lamb is the joy and the light; and whilst thinking thereon, and on the many mansions there prepared, our hearts were cheered.

The friends began to assemble at the house of the deceased, with sorrow visible on their countenances; for they not only sympathized with the bereaved family, but mourned themselves. The comparatively early age at which their friend and brother was called to exchange worlds, the recent loss to the family of the husband and father, and other circumstances, all tended to awaken and increase their grief.

We were conducted to the room where the lifeless remains lay; and there, where death had so lately entered, where the

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remains of the departed reminded us of our own end, we joined in singing a few verses of the hymn commencing,—

"Thee we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be."

How impressive was the scene! Its solemnity can never be forgotten. A friend then engaged in prayer that the consolations of the Gospel might be imparted to the distressed relatives, that God would be a Husband to the widow and a Father to the fatherless, and that He would sanctify the event to the eternal good of each. After this we prepared to convey the body to its last resting-place; where it will sleep until the angel's voice declares that time shall be no more; until the trump shall sound, and the dead be raised.

The spot selected was in a little churchyard pleasantly situated in a lovely vale, where a gentle stream meanders, and was about a mile distant. Little was to be observed as the procession moved along. We saw a few oak-leaves, quite withered, still hanging loosely to the sapless branches; and thought that however closely man may cling to this state of existence, he must soon drop into the silent grave.

Having arrived at the church, the venerable Pastor commenced reading the usual service; and as the great truths contained in the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians fell from his lips, we were much moved, and the ideas of a glorious resurrection, of a welcome to heaven, of a society where parting shall not be known, of a crown of righteousness, of a white robe and palm of victory, of eternal life and the song of Moses and the Lamb, rushed rapidly through our minds.

To perform the last sad office we approach the grave: the coffin with its contents is gradually lowered, and the cords withdrawn; and as the clods of earth fall upon it, a voice from the land of the departed, seems to echo and re-echo the words, "In the midst of life we are in death;" a voice from the past declares, "It is appointed unto men once to die;" one of the present exhorts, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth;" and one of the future says, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Reader, may we meet in that world where death itself dies, and where all is peace, and joy, and light, and love.

T. E. F.

Poetry.

THE VALEDICTORY SERVICE

At the Wesleyan Normal Institution, Westminster, December 15th, 1855.

Would heavenly prescience lift the veil
Of time and chance from earthly things,
Here shines a light with power to pale
The warrior's pride, the crown of kings,
Full on your earnest brows and eyes
Who sing these parting melodies.

The glowing cheek, the silent tear,
Attest your inward-breathing vow;
Immortal hope, or transient fear,
Or steadfast joy, that rules you now,
Who for the battles of the Lord
Are clasping on the Spirit's sword.

For those who sleep by Alma's height
The cannon roar'd, the standard flew:
Call'd to a long and noiseless fight,
A heavenly Captain marshals *you;*
And sends you, girded, each alone,
To pull the holds of Satan down.

But he who wears the victor's wreath
Must sternly, hardly, long endure;
And patient to the gate of death,
And fighting still, his crown secure.
This is your baptism:—can ye
Bear as your sprinkled Lord to be?

Can ye go forth to silent war
Alone, against a thousand foes;
No boisterous horn, or harness'd car,
To grace the battle as it goes;

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Unknown, unhonour'd, day by day,
Through cumbrous hosts to cut your way?

List to the beatings in your breast:
Is fierce ambition slumbering now?
Is lust of treasure lull'd to rest?
Does passion, chain'd by reason, bow?
Your work, your peril, do ye know?
Then in His name we charge you,—Go.

Deep hidden in the dusky town,
Where humming bobbins whirl and spin,
Go, strike the Moloch, Ignorance, down,
And lead the Angel, Wisdom, in;
Who, with white robe and shining eyes,
Spreads wide her wealthy paradise!

Go to the hamlets, far outspread,
Where heavy-witted rustics sleep,
More brutish than the flocks they feed,
Less harmless than their silly sheep;
And lay the' insensate Chemosh low,
And crush in dust his beetling brow!

Go, and we meditate the while,
And feed our faith with watchful prayer,
With work and song our way beguile;
Your contest and your hope *we* share;
And now we hear the victor's psalm
Who waves aloft the conqueror's palm!

Yes, ye *will* conquer! for our ear,
Quicken'd by faith, can catch the note
Of sweet child-voices, far and near,
In hamlet rude and town remote,
Rising and swelling, sweet and strong,
On infant breath and infant tongue.

They sing, and sing to Christ the Lord;
They pray, and pray to God most high;
They read, and read the blessed Word
Which who believes shall never die;
And, even from childhood's works and ways,
Your Captain Saviour perfects praise.

And faith can see a gathering host
Of angels, who are infants now;
And infants that the earth has lost,
With shining wing and cloudless brow,
Crowd round heaven-gates in company,
To wait your advent in the sky.

Be strong, be bold! ye see your prize;
Yet boast not with your armour on:
Ye hear the counsels, mild and wise,
Which tell you how the fight is won,
From men who long have kept the field,
And meekly borne both sword and shield.

"Ye *shall* be great, but not with men:
Ye *shall* be rich, but not in gold:
And ye shall rest; but only when
Together rest the great of old;
When every age, and all renown,
Has fought the fight, and won the crown.

"Strive not, but bear, and rule by love:
Haste not, but wait; the end will come:
Fawn not, but seek your help above:
Faint not, but cherish thoughts of *home*.
Be firm as steel, and pliant still,
With yielding heart, and moveless *will*.

"And learn that, sometimes, Wisdom walks
In russet garb, with speech uncouth;
That, sibylline, she rather talks
With thoughtful age than hasty youth:
So shall you learn her whispers clear,
With musing heart and subtle ear."

Raise once again your battle-strain,
Join round the table of your Lord;
And swear His quarrel to maintain,
And brace your shield, and whet your sword:
Then with firm breast, and steadfast eye,
March forth to fight, and win, and die!

LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT MIGHTY AT LAST.

A TRAVELLER, through a dusty road,
Strew'd acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening-time
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Among the grass and fern

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A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
Where weary man might turn.
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He pass'd again: and, lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cool'd ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true:
It shone upon a genial mind,
And, lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon-ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great;
A watchfire on the hill;
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That throng'd the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought, at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

—*Mackay.*

"BEHOLD THE MAN."

THERE He stood,
Fresh from Gethsemane; His pallid brow
Damp with the sweat of blood; His sunken cheek,
Profaned with ruffian blows, and His marr'd form
So drooping, so erect,—"Behold the Man!"
Within that human shrine the effluence
Of uncreated Deity conceals.
He that "before all things," all worlds, all time,
Reign'd with the Father on His lofty throne,
Where, round the sea of glass, with outstretch'd wings,
Legions of subject seraphim remain'd
Awaiting His behest; or, as they swept
On by the seat of glory, hid their face
Behind their radiant pinions, and exclaim'd,
With reverent tone, "Holy art Thou, O Lord,
Who wast, and art, and evermore shalt be!"
He that, in wisdom infinite, traced out
The diagrams of universe, and lit,
From the bright lamps before His throne that burn,
The countless suns that deck the field of space.
Yet *there* He stood; for thus of Him 'twas writ,
And thus to suffer was His high behoof.

MARY NICHOLSON.

Our Schools and Children.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN A BOARDING-SCHOOL.

IN the month of August last, when the writer was closing his labours in his last, and anticipating those of his present, Circuit, he was privileged to witness a blessed work of God among a number of dear young persons, in a respectable boarding-school, a few miles from his place of residence. He had been much distressed at not witnessing a larger amount of success in connexion with his own and his colleague's labours during the year, when he received the heart-cheering intelligence of the above gracious visitation.

At the earliest opportunity he paid a visit to the school, wishing to ascertain for himself that it was indeed God's work, and hoping to contribute to promote it. Never will he forget the deeply interesting and affecting scene that then presented itself; for, upon being introduced to the Teachers and boarders, numbering nearly thirty, he

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found, on careful examination, that some twenty of them could bear the glorious testimony that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned their sins, and that they could rejoice in His manifested love.

In reply to inquiries which he recently addressed to one of the principals of the school respecting the stability and perseverance of the young converts, he received the following particulars, accompanied with an assurance that they were holding fast their confidence, and resolved to persevere in the ways of the Lord:—

"On Sunday, August 12th, Mr. ——, being on a visit, preached to us morning and evening. On Monday (13th) evening, after serious conversation with Mademoiselle —— and Miss —— (two of our Teachers), and finding them in great distress of soul, it was resolved, after family-prayer, when the young ladies had retired to rest, to engage with these Teachers in special prayer, which was accordingly done. But our ways are not His ways; and those who would either see the salvation of God themselves, or plead on behalf of others, must patiently wait for it. Having continued in earnest prayer and supplication, and endeavoured without success to lead them to the Lamb of God, until one o'clock, it was resolved to call in the aid of our dear friend Mr. ——, a pious and zealous Local Preacher, who lived near. He came: we gave ourselves with renewed earnestness to supplication and prayer; and, glory be to God, He heard the cry of the penitent, and at two o'clock in the morning Miss —— lost the burden of her sins, and could rejoice in God her Saviour; and at three o'clock Mademoiselle —— experienced the blessing of pardon and peace. And then in the still hour of morning-dawn how unspeakably delightful was it to hear these newborn souls sing,—

> 'My God is reconciled,
> His pardoning voice I hear,
> He owns me for His child,
> I can no longer fear!'

It seemed indeed as if heaven was come down to earth.

"Mr. —— preached again on Thursday evening. One of the senior young ladies was deeply impressed under the sermon, and found peace with God in the prayer-meeting afterwards.

"On Friday and Saturday, on account of the special Divine influence which rested upon the young ladies, the ordinary school-duties were laid aside, and our drawing room was a continued scene of alternate prayer and praise, until eighteen of them were made happy in a Saviour's love. To God be all the glory."

Here we have a fulfilment of "the promise" which is not only unto us, but also to "our children," and a striking confirmation of the great truth, that the work of conversion is "not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord." This case also supplies very great encouragement to all who have the care of children, especially in our day and Sunday schools, to pray and labour for their conversion to God.

JOHN TUCKER.

CHILDREN AND PROMISES NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN.

"YOU FORGOT ME."

A GOOD joke is told at the expense of one of our church-going citizens, who is the father of an interesting family of children, and among them a bright-eyed boy numbering four or five summers, the pet of the household, and unanimously voted the drollest little mischief alive. On Saturday night he had been bribed to keep peace, and retire to bed an hour earlier than usual, with the promise that on the morrow he might go with the family to church. On Sunday morning it was found inconvenient to put the youngster through the regular course of washing and dressing necessary for his proper appearance in the congregation; and the family slipped off without him. They had not, however, more than got comfortably seated in their pew, when in walked the youngster, with nothing on but a night-wrapper and a cloth-cap.

"You forgot me," said he, in a tone loud enough to be heard all over the church.

The "feelings" of the parents can be more easily imagined than described.—*Lafayette Journal.*

The above paragraph, which is going the rounds of the secular papers, (says the "Sunday-School Advocate,") has more in

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it than a good joke. It embodies an innocent but very practical lesson for all parents who make it a mere matter of convenience whether to take their children to church or not, or who make promises with no special intention of keeping them. We have no objection to such people being practically reproved by the better recollection of the children themselves.

Anecdotes.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ANECDOTES.

I HAVE a little fellow in my class, James F—— by name, who is *a thinker*. He has much to learn, and an evident thirst for learning. Of course such a scholar deeply interests me, and sometimes he amuses me too. We had lately a lesson embracing John the Baptist's history.

"Teacher," says my young friend, "Teacher, didn't John baptize *with nails?*"

At first I was puzzled as to what he could mean; but soon found that he knew not the difference between "baptizing" and "crucifying," though he had been at least a year in school.

How careful should we be to ascertain the stability of every inch of the ground upon which we are about to build! Well, the respective meanings of baptizing and crucifying were carefully explained, and the dreadful nature of the latter illustrated by a detail of the fearful process, as applied to our suffering Saviour.

The boy was engrossed with the subject, and presently, in deep thought, said, "Teacher, was all that *really* done to Jesus Christ?"

"Indeed it was, James."

"Well, it must have been very bad for Him; but I have been thinking how very dreadful it must have been for His mother."

The same boy unintentionally showed me how necessary it is for us to attend to our scholars' little questions; that they expect such courtesy, and require it too. Another little boy in my class, during the lesson upon Old Testament history, asked me "whether Sarah was Isaac's grandmother?" I inadvertently allowed the question to go unanswered; and at the close of the school James F—— very gravely asked, "When my mother gets old, Teacher, must I call her grandmother?"

"No, my boy: what makes you ask such a question?"

"Why, because when James asked you if Sarah was Isaac's grandmother, you did not answer him; and so I thought he was right."

On the first Sunday of the new year I was encouraging my class to be regular and *punctual* in their attendance at school, and remarked, "I am always in time: now let us see which will be the most punctual, you or I."

One child quickly replied, "*You ought not to be late, because you are a Teacher.*"

A boy about three years and a half old was taken to the city. He visited, among other places, the Royal Exchange. On his return home, he related to an elder brother what he had seen,—the Duke of Wellington on horseback, and Queen Victoria. These statues appeared to have struck him with admiration. He was asked jocularly by his brother, "And did'nt you, Harry, make a bow to the Queen?"

The little fellow looked up with a sort of doubtful look, and said, "We musn't make a bow to images."

He had never been *taught* this truth. He had heard it enforced in the familiar talk of the household, and thus quickly apprehended it. Trifling as the incident may appear, does it not teach us what we are apt to overlook, carefulness in what we say and do before the very youngest of the little ones committed to our charge? We know not how soon the seed of truth or evil may germinate in the tender heart of an infant child.—*C. of E. Quarterly S. S. Magazine.*

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Parental Monitor.

TO CHRISTIAN PARENTS.

"We are to bring up our children for God." No doubt you have often heard these words used. They are very common words; yet they have pressed much upon my mind lately. Let us think of them for a little while. We constantly hear parents congratulating themselves as to their conduct in reference to their children: no sense of sin or failure seems to trouble them, or even to come into their minds. But what do we really mean, when we speak of bringing up our children *for the Lord?* I do believe, if we fully realize the meaning of these words, we shall find much, very much, to humble us. Certainly, they imply that our one great object, in training our child, has been that he may be a child of God; and, therefore, that everything else has been comparatively of little account in our eyes.

Now, dear friends, Christian parents, fathers and mothers, let us be honest with our own hearts in this matter. When we next go to God, to plead with Him for our children, should we be sincere or hypocritical, were we to say to Him, "Lord, I bring my children to Thee; for Thee have I trained them. I have ever desired that they may be Thine. Every thing which appeared likely to hinder their salvation, I have done my utmost to keep from them. Every worldly advantage, that I thought would interfere with the safety or good of their souls, I have refused for them. The love and approbation of my friends, and the opinions of others, I have set aside, whenever duty required. I have taught them by precept, guided them by example, and pleaded for them with Thee. Lord, take them for Thine own; sanctify them wholly, for Jesus's sake. They were given to Thee from the birth."

Dear friends, do not for a moment mistake me. I am far from advising any one to go, just in this way, to God; far less to entertain a single thought of boasting in the matter. I put it simply, and most earnestly, as a test for our self-examination. I do think that we, who are believers, ought to be able to use such language. Let us be candid in the matter, and seek to walk in the light; for, if we hide our motives from ourselves and others, all is known to our Father above.

It is true that our circumstances in this world differ very much, and that some of us can keep our children more under our own influence than others can; and, dear friends, strive for this, if you love your children, if you value their salvation. Let nothing but necessity cause you to send them away from you. If you have a choice in the matter, take heed how you use it; and, for your children, ever "seek FIRST the kingdom of heaven."

I shall never forget a Christian mother, once speaking of a public school, to which she had felt obliged to send her boys, and where she feared they would learn much that was wrong: she said to me, "But I cannot think God will let *that* hinder their salvation. Do you think He will?" No, dear friends, I believe that, if we are faithful with respect to our children, our Father will assuredly keep them in all situations of danger and difficulty, when duty or necessity call for their being thus placed; only let us look well to ourselves that we never listen to Satan, or our own deceitful hearts, in the matter. These are not days for a compromise between the church and the world. The distinction is oftentimes hardly to be seen, as it is.

For my own part, I cannot but feel that strict as our forefathers are said to have been in their discipline, and gloomy in their notions, yet God did signally bless them by the conversion of their children. Some of us can go back for many generations, and trace the faith that dwelt first in one and then in another, from whom we rejoice to feel we are descended. Are Christian parents as much blessed in their children now, as they were then; and, if not, what is the reason? Surely, the fear of God seemed to descend like an heirloom. The mantle rested first on one, and then on another; and I can yet remember an aged Christian, who used to pray, (as his father had prayed before him,) "Let not the priesthood depart out of my family

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until the coming of the Son of Man." "Kings and Priests" truly there had been in his family, for centuries back. O! may God grant that our children may be "Kings and Priests." Amen.—*Mother's Friend.*

"WE SHALL HAVE A REPORTER THERE."

THUS remarked a young friend, thoughtlessly, as he was about to leave home to attend a social ball given in a country village. My heart responded with deep and solemn interest to his assertion, as I thought of the immortal souls who would gather there, thus to employ the fleeting moments in mercy allotted them to prepare for eternity. A reporter was there. A report was written which must finally be made. A report of what? Of every thought, word, and deed; of violated vows to live for Christ, and not for the world; of paternal vows solemnly made and now forgotten, as parents with their children measure off time, precious time, to the "sound of the viol?" Where is the report written? On memory,—to be traced by conscience, as it shall wake from its slumbers, and recall wasted opportunities, abused mercies, slighted admonitions, loud warnings, when death is at the door. Where will the report be read? At the bar of God.

Mother! you have a reporter in your family every day. All your words, actions, and looks will be reported by those little watchful eyes and thinking minds when you are gone to the grave. Yes, reported to children's children; and reported, too, by the Recording Angel, when all the sons of earth shall stand together before the great white throne. What report shall be read of your sayings and doings on that dread day? Will there be many there to call you blessed, and join you in the celestial city? Tell us, mother.—*Ibid.*

HINTS TO PROMOTE HARMONY IN A FAMILY.

1. WE may be quite sure that our will is likely to be crossed in the day: so prepare for it.

2. Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves; and therefore we are not to expect too much.

3. To learn the different temper of each individual.

4. To look upon each member of the family as one for whose soul we are bound to watch, as those that must give account.

5. When any good happens to any one, to rejoice at it.

6. When inclined to give an angry answer, to lift up the heart in prayer.

7. If from sickness, pain, or infirmity, we feel irritable, to keep a very strict watch over ourselves.

8. To observe when others are so suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to them.

9. To watch for *little* opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.

10. To take a cheerful view of everything, and encourage hope.

11. To speak kindly to the servants, and praise them for little things when you can.

12. In all little pleasures which may occur, to put *self* last.

13. To try for "the soft answer that turneth away wrath."

14. When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed, to ask ourselves, "Have I not often done the same, and been forgiven?"

15. In conversation not to exalt ourselves, but bring others forward.

16. To be very gentle with the YOUNGER *ones, and treat them with respect.*

17. Never to judge one another, but attribute a good motive when we can.—*Christian Treasury.*

The Portfolio.

THE SYRIAN LADY.

A SYRIAN lady (says Elijah George Saleeby, of Mount Lebanon) was married to a Greek Romanist of Mount Lebanon, Palestine; and she was the only woman in the village who could read. When she

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left her father's house, she took her Bible with her.

As soon as she became well acquainted with her husband and his family, (who all live in the same house in my country,) she began to read her Bible, and explain it to them. She told them that worshipping pictures was contrary to the word of God, and that confessing to the Priest was also sinful.

When her husband heard her speak in this way, he was very angry, and he told her that he would give her twelve months to change her opinion; but he resolved in his own mind to poison her, if she remained steadfast.

The Lord strengthened her to persevere. She still read and explained the word of God; and in course of time the Holy Spirit opened her husband's heart. He listened to what she said, and began to think it might be true.

He still, however, worshipped in the Greek church: but one Sunday, while he was adoring a picture of St. George and the Dragon, he observed a hole in it; and when he saw it, he thought it was very foolish to worship a god with a hole in it. He wished to examine it, and remained till all the people had left the church. When he looked behind it, and saw it dirty and covered with dust, he could no longer look upon it as a god, but said, "I will not come again to this church;" and went home very serious.

From this time he showed more kindness to his wife; and now he liked her to read the Bible to him. His brother, too, joined with him, and left the false religion. The house became divided; three against three: the father, mother, and sister on one side; the two brothers, and the wife of one of them, on the other.

Now Satan began to try their faith. The father said to the youngest son, "If you join me, and go to my church, I will leave you all that I possess." The answer was, "Father, leave your property to whom you please: I must look to the world to come."

When the father did not succeed in this way, he went to the Druse Governor, and said to him, "Take care of my sons: they are to become Protestants." One day the son was called before the Governor, and asked why he thought of leaving his father's religion, and becoming Protestant. He answered, "You have no power over me in religious matters. If I kill or do any bad thing, you can punish me by the law; but I can worship as I like." The Governor then said, "Go, and do as you please."

When the father was again disappointed, he thought he would sell his property, give his money to strangers, and leave his family to work for their bread.

One day the man came to me in great distress, and told me all that had happened. "It is hard," he said, "that we must give up all we have if we follow Christ: to follow our father's way we know to be very wrong." I answered, "Friend, be not concerned. God takes care of the birds, He feeds them: will He not feed you? and 'whosoever will not leave father, mother, houses, and lands for Christ's sake, is not worthy of Him.' If we pray for your father, and have patience, he will become a better man."

After I had been four months from home, I heard that prayer had been answered; that the Lord had touched the father's heart; that he saw the truth, read the word of God, and opened his house every Lord's day to a Preacher of the Gospel.

The Syrian's lady's troubles were now over: she saw the reward of her faith and patient courage, and could praise God for His mercy in making the whole family —father, mother, sister, and brothers—to join with her in loving and serving the Lord Jesus according to the truth; and through their influence and example many others are now seeking the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward.

Let wives who have unbelieving husbands take courage, from this interesting narrative, to persevere in prayer and effort for their conversion. Confess the Lord Jesus with all humility in your households. Be bold for Him and His word; and in His own time He will not fail to own your faithful testimony. In this family the "little leaven" soon leavened "the whole lump;" and she "rejoiced, believing in God with all her house."

Is my reader the only converted member of a family? the only believer in Jesus in his home? Be not discouraged, but

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pray and labour in faith and love for the conversion of the entire family, and the Lord will "grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel."—*British Messenger.*

A MODEL COTTAGE, AND A MODEL IRISH WIFE.

We entered one day a cottage in the suburbs of Cork: a young woman was knitting stockings at the door. It was as neat and comfortable as any in the most prosperous district of England. We tell her brief story in her own words, as nearly as we can recall them:—"My husband is a wheelwright, and always earned a guinea a week. He was a good workman; but the love for the drink was strong in him, and it wasn't often he brought me home more than five shillings out of his one-pound-one on a Saturday night; and it broke my heart to see the children too ragged to send to school, to say nothing of the starved look they had out of the little I could give them. Well, God be praised! he gave up the drink; and the next Saturday he laid twenty-one shillings upon the chair you sit upon. O! didn't I give thanks upon my bended knees that night? Still I was fearful it would not last, and I spent no more than the five shillings I used to; saying to myself, May-be the money will be more wanted than it is now. Well, the next week he brought me the same, and the next, and the next, until eight weeks had passed; and, glory to God! there was not any change for the bad in my husband; and all the while he never asked me why there was nothing better for him out of his earnings. So I felt there was no fear for him; and the ninth week, when he came home to me, I had this table bought, and these six chairs; one for myself, four for the children, and one for himself; and I was dressed in a new gown, and the children all had new clothes, and shoes and stockings; and upon his chair I put a bran new suit, and on his plate I put the bill and receipt for them all; just the eight sixteen shillings, the cost that I had saved out of his wages, not knowing what might happen. And he cried, good lady and gentleman, he cried like a child; but 'twas with *thanks to God.* And now where's the healthier man than my husband in the whole county of Cork; or a happier wife than myself; or decenter or better-fed children than my own?"—*Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

THE WORLD'S DEAD.

There are millions in the grave where there are hundreds out of it. Age has followed age for six thousand years; and each has contributed its quota to swell the numbers of that "bourn from which no traveller returns."

From extensive calculation, it seems the average of human births per second, since the birth of Christ to this time, is about 815; which gives 32,000,000,000; and, after deducting the present supposed population of the world, (960,000,000,) leaves the number of 31,040,000,000, that have gone to the grave; giving death and the grave the victory over the living to the number of 30,008,000,000. Of this number in the grave had died—

By war, about.....	9,000,000,000
By famine and pestilence	7,930,000,000
By martyrdom	500,000,000
By intoxicating drinks	580,000,000
Natural or otherwise	13,000,000,000

THE MASKS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHMID.

A nobleman made a magnificent supper. While the guests sat at the table, two masked figures came into the hall. These figures were not larger than children of five or six years of age. One of them personated a great gentleman, the other a great lady. The little gentleman wore a scarlet coat trimmed with gold lace; his curly wig was white with powder, and in his hand he carried an embroidered hat. The little lady was clothed in a rich velvet cloak, spangled with silver. She wore upon her head an elegant hat trimmed with large feathers, and she carried a fan in her hand.

Both danced finely, and made very ingenious movements. All the guests

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agreed that the agility of these pretty children could not be sufficiently admired. Then an old officer, who sat at the table, took up an apple from the plate, and threw it toward the dancing pair. Suddenly the little gentleman and lady rushed for the apple, pulled each other, and quarrelled about it as if angry, tore off each others' masks and head-dresses, and, instead of a couple of agreeable children, they turned out to be two hateful monkeys.

The guests at the table burst into a loud laugh; but the old officer very earnestly remarked, "Monkeys and fools may take care to dress themselves up grandly, yet their true character will very soon come to light."—*American Sunday-School Advocate.*

A CHILD'S IDEA OF HEAVEN.

Little ones have frequently bright ideas, and beautifully true. Such was Ada's. She was a lovely child of nine years, possessing an unusually vivid imagination. She had nearly gone through the "Peep of Day," in which she had traced with exquisite delight, step by step, from Bethlehem to Calvary, the course of the incarnate Saviour. And, further, she had ascended Olivet's grassy mount, and there with the wondering disciples beheld Him whom she had learned to love pass into the skies. Here she stood, for a moment perfectly unconscious of everything around her, with her hands raised, and her bright, intelligent eyes fixed upward: she beheld the Saviour in *heaven*, (as she could no longer picture Him on earth,) and she longed intensely to follow Him.

At this interesting crisis, when her Teacher was gazing on her with excessive admiration, a little fellow, half her age, who evidently could read her thoughts, broke the silence, by remarking pertinently, "Miss Ada, there won't be *two* in heaven: God and Jesus are both *one!*" O that the pencil of an artist could have portrayed faithfully the change that passed, quick as lightning, over the astonished child! Words cannot express it. In that moment her brightest hopes were dimmed. Her little hands fell, her eyes filled with tears, and, in a melancholy yet beautifully eloquent tone, she exclaimed, "O, Master Johnny! you have spoilt heaven now! you have spoilt heaven! *There couldn't be heaven without Jesus!* That was all I wanted to go for,—*to be with Jesus*; but I shall *never* want to go now." Between each of these sentences she made a pause, and then exclaimed with increased earnestness, alternately raising and letting fall her arms, in the eloquence of despair.

Her Teacher was literally spell-bound, and for the moment unable to speak. However, she took her hand in hers, drawing her to her, and endeavoured to calm her troubled spirit, and remove the sad impression from her mind which her little companion's remark had created, by assuring her that the risen Saviour, whom she loved, would be the chief object of attraction in heaven; that she would see His very wounds, behold the same hands, the same arms that took up and blessed little children when on earth.

"*There couldn't be heaven without Jesus!*" We have often thought with great pleasure of this sentence. Does not the heart of every Christian reader beat responsive to it? O, yes! he feels,—

> "Thy presence makes my paradise,
> And where Thou art is heaven."

Reader, is this the language of your heart? Do you think of heaven merely as a rest for the weary; or long for its possession, that your intercourse with Jesus may be heightened and uninterrupted? Do you love the presence of Jesus now? Is His smile precious to you? Unless He be your heaven on earth, no future heaven awaits you. Unless He fold you in His bosom now, He will disown you for ever. If you lose Him, you lose all. If you gain Him, you gain all; for Christ is all in all.

> "Without Jesus!" could there be
> A heaven of happiness for me?
> "Without Jesus!" could I dwell,
> Redeem'd from sin, and death, and hell?
>
> "Without Jesus!" No! Ah, no!
> It is to Him my all I owe:
> "Without Jesus!" 'tis His blood
> That reconciles my soul to God.
>
> "Without Jesus!" He's my heaven!
> In Him I know my sins forgiven;
> "Without Jesus!" there could be
> No heaven of bliss, my God, for me.

Prestwich. E. A. G.

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Memorials of the Departed.

MARY DREWETT, of Maidstone, born of pious parents, began to meet in her mother's class when only nine years of age. She died Oct. 23d, 1864, aged twenty-one. Although she had enjoyed so many religious advantages, it was not until her last sickness that she found peace with God. That blessing she sought with great earnestness, and gave satisfactory evidence of its possession. The day before her departure she sweetly sang,

> "O how happy shall I be!
> I shall soon my Saviour see;
> I shall gain the victory!"

ON the 24th, at Berden, near Bishop's-Stortford, in the Hertford Circuit, MR. DANIEL SIBLEY, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He had worshipped in an Independent congregation in the neighbourhood, until the conversion of a beloved daughter, and her entrance into communion with the Wesleyans, strengthened convictions produced by the sermons of a devoted Local Preacher. Impressed by her burning zeal and self-denial, he joined the same church, and pursued his course with humility and steadfastness until his death. In the various departments of labour in our Master's vineyard, he toiled unobtrusively and cheerfully; and some of his last words expressed the faith which constantly sustained him: "Jesus died for me! Jesus died for me!"

ON the 7th of November, at Gayton-le-Wold, in the Louth Circuit, MRS. SUSAN SMITH, in her fifty-fifth year. She was a member of the Wesleyan church for nearly fifteen years. Trusting in the precious death of her Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and living by faith in His atonement, she left the things that were behind, pressed onwards towards those that were before, and found no time to meddle with strife. Seeking after things which make for peace, and endeavouring to edify all around her, she was overtaken by sickness, and met death without fear. Rejoicing in perfect love, her last words were, "Come, Lord Jesus!"

JANE TINDALL, a native of Ballymena, in the north of Ireland, died Nov. 12th, in the fifteenth year of her age. She had attended class-meetings, and valued the means of grace; but when her Minister visited her in her sickness, he did not find her in the enjoyment of the peace of God. About eleven weeks before her death, he received from her the gladdening news that God, for Christ's sake, had given her assurance of His pardoning mercy, had "owned her for His child." She suffered much, but not a word of murmuring or impatience escaped her lips. She looked on death with the greatest calmness, as on the last enemy already conquered.

ON the 14th day of the same month, MRS. ATKINSON, of Hunton. She was born at Arrathorn, (a small village in the Richmond Circuit,) of serious parents, members of one of those hungry flocks that, in those days, looked up, but were not fed, until, in the year 1780 or 1781, the Methodist Preachers were invited to a farm-house near their village, and there they saw clearly the way of salvation by faith, and soon rejoiced in reconciliation with God through the merits of the crucified Redeemer. Then they established family-worship, and opened their house for religious meetings. This aroused the inhabitants of the village: persecution arose; the mob gathered, and broke the windows, and broke in the door of their cottage. The steward of the estate interfered, and part of the land they occupied was taken from them. The cottage, however, being the property of their own family, in spite of persecution, they continued to receive the Ministers and Preachers there. Their daughter, a girl of fifteen, not possessing the grace that sustained them, could not bear persecution, and was on the point of leaving her home to seek refuge in the world, where the scandal of the Cross that fell upon her parents would not reach her, when the Rev. Thomas Harrison, then stationed in the Ripon Circuit, called at the cottage as usual; and, after conversation and prayer, spoke kindly to the girl. Affected by his kindness, she heard him preach. The Lord opened her heart, like the heart of Lydia, and she found refuge

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indeed, not in the world, but in Christ her Saviour. In the year 1811, she became a wife; and, when also a mother, faithfully discharged every maternal duty. Often she sang,—

"With thanks I rejoice in Thy fatherly choice
Of my state and condition below;
If of parents I came who honour'd Thy name,
'Twas Thy wisdom appointed it so.

"I sing of Thy grace, from my earliest days
Ever near to allure and defend;
Hitherto Thou hast been my Preserver from sin,
And I trust Thou wilt save to the end."

And again would break out and exclaim, "I bless God that I was not born of the great ones of the earth, where no one durst have told me that I had a soul; nor of those poor outcasts for whose souls but few care; but in the middle walks of life has the Lord cast my lot. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" She rejoiced greatly when the work of the Lord prospered. With triumphant expectation of joys eternal, she entered into that glorious rest. Her daughter, kneeling in prayer at her bedside, heard her say, "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. God is mine, and I am His. Glory be to God!" She had been a Wesleyan nearly sixty years.

Mrs. Elizabeth Leigh was in her eighty-eighth year when the Lord took her to Himself, at St. Ives, on the 17th of December. She had been a professing Christian nearly seventy years. Her mother was brought to God under the ministry of Mr. Wesley, who once preached in a barn, when passing through St. Ives, at five o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Leigh was then an infant, held in her mother's arms. As there were not any Methodist classes in St. Ives, the family attached themselves to an Independent church, in which communion she continued until three years before her death, when she removed to St. Ives to reside with a son who had become a Class-Leader, and met in his class. She was most exemplary throughout her Christian course for faithful attendance at the house of God, and diligent study of His holy word. Hers was a lovely old age, and, amidst pain unusual for so old a person, a peaceful and happy death.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

Names.	Residences, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Arundel, Mr. John,	Thorn,	Doncaster,	52	Dec. 3d, 1855.
Brummett, Mr. John,	Lincoln,	Lincoln,	53	Sept. 4th, 1855.
England, Mrs. Margaret,	Hampsthwaite,	Ripon,	29	Dec. 9th, 1855.
Griffin, John,	Devonport,	Devonport,	45	Nov. 18th, 1855.
Grimshaw, John,	Rawtenstall,	Bacup,	64	Dec. 7th, 1855.
Holmes, Mrs. Jane,	Lincoln,	Lincoln,	25	Dec. 10th, 1855.
Horton, Elizabeth,	Garlingo,	Margate,	83	Dec. 21st, 1855.
Moore, Mitchell,	Derryoguc,	Newry,	18	Dec. 13th, 1855.
Payne, Mr. John,	Thetford,	Thetford,	85	Dec. 30th, 1855.
Plaskett, Patience,	Washingboro',	Lincoln,		May 31st, 1855.
Rogers, Eleanor,	Bassingham,	Lincoln,	87	Dec. 5th, 1855.
Rolph, Mr. Richard,	Lakenheath,	Thetford,	55	Dec. 29th, 1855.
Rowe, Mr. George,	Margate,	Margate,	74	Dec. 22d, 1855.
Sills, Ann,	Mansfield,	Mansfield,	32	Jan. 9th, 1856.
Stroud, Mrs. Frances A.,	Lincoln,	Lincoln.	27	Nov. 16th, 1855.
Tarley, John,	Lackan,	Killala,	19	Dec. 17th, 1855.
Timms, Elizabeth,	Stourton,	Chipping-Norton,	72	Dec. 19th, 1855.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

TILTEY ABBEY.

After the battle of Hastings had made England the property of the Conqueror, a very large portion of the land fell into the hands of Ecclesiastics. An estate that would not be worth possession until money and labour had been spent on it, would often be worthless, or nearly worthless, to a soldier; yet a Monk might covet it. The Monk had only to obtain the estate as in gift to his church, sit down on it quietly without any other capital than the superstition of the neighbourhood, live upon alms, and offer the military benefactor the recompense of prayers that were thought sufficient to bring him good-fortune in this world, and deliverance from purgatory in the world to come. The Norman Kings and their military Lords, were equally lavish in their vices and in their religion; for theirs was a religion which ministered to vice, teaching

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men that they might purchase deliverance from eternal punishment, as well as relaxation of canonical penances, by gifts to the Church. At first these gifts were of comparatively little worth, but grew in value as time advanced, under the cultivation of the new proprietors, and rose to a far higher scale than could be fairly taken to represent "the piety of our ancestors." That was a sorry piety indeed; and it is undeniable that the most licentious and cruel of mankind were in those days most liberal in donations to the Church. This liberality constituted the sum total of their piety.

There was a piece of ground in the county of Essex, a little to the north of the villages of Great and Little Easton, bearing the name we now spell Tiltey, but it was then probably known as *Tiltha*, the Anglo-Saxon word for cultivated land, continued in the old English *tilth*, tilled. So Milton,—

> "He beheld a field
> Part arable and *tilth*, whereon were sheaves
> New reaped."

On the 20th of May, 1133, Maurice Fitz-Geoffrey (that is, *son* of Geoffrey) gave his whole land of Tiltha, or Tiltey, to the Cistertian Monks, for the foundation of an abbey. These were the "White Monks," so called because they wore a white habit in choir; a congregation of Benedictines recently imported from France. The foundation of Maurice was increased by his successor, Robert Ferrers, Earl of Derby, in 1152, and confirmed by a charter of King Henry II., which the curious may find in Dugdale's "*Monasticon Anglicanum*." King Richard I. Cœur de Lion, in the tenth year of his reign, made a considerable addition to the fortune of the Abbat and brotherhood of Tiltey, by giving other estates "for the good of his soul, and of the souls of his predecessors and successors." In 1221 the church of Tiltey was consecrated, and, besides the previous endowments, the great and small tithes, paid by the tenants, were settled on the church, and, with it, made over to the abbey. At the same time fifteen more grants were made to the fortunate fraternity of Tiltey.

An old chartulary, described by Tanner in his "*Notitiæ*," may interest persons familiar with the neighbourhood. "From the register or ledger-book of this abbey, in possession of the Right Hon. Charles Lord Maynard, it appears that it had lands and revenues in Chaurey or Broksted; in Eistan ad montem, besides Croys Grange, in Thacksted, in Depeden, in Widington, in Newport, in Wenden, Littlebury and Langley, in Elmeden, (namely, Dudenho Grange,) in Cristehale, and Crishale Grange in Fulmere. They had also a grange in Chigwell, two hundred and eighty acres in Chickney, four parts of a fee in High Estre in Suffolk, a carucate of land in Bentley, pasture for three hundred sheep in Fakenham; and lands in Babraham and Ducksworth in Cambridgeshire."

Another chartulary has come to light, by which it appears that one Abbat Robert held no fewer than sixty charters and confirmations of grants of land. Rich and luxurious must those White Monks have been. No

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wonder that during one short and memorable civil war, when that cowardly King John, whom the Barons forced to sign the Magna Charta, took up arms against his own subjects in order to get rid of that bond—no wonder that his hungry soldiers should break into Tiltey Abbey, feast themselves on what they found, and play havoc in the place. This occurred in 1215; and perhaps the gift of church, tithes, and fifteen farms, six years afterwards, was intended to be a solace for the sufferings of the Monks. The church, too, acquired a certain degree of merit in the country at that time, as Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, took the side of the Barons against both King and Pope, and contributed to give England some little measure of civil liberty.

Happily, no more of Tiltey Abbey now remains than a bit of worthless ruin. It was for ages an incumbrance to the country, and was accordingly suppressed by Henry VIII. on February 28th, 1535. Of all its wealth, however, the Monks had so managed their affairs that the King found a revenue of no more than £177. 9*s.* 4*d.*, or, as another estimate made it out, £167. 2*s.* 6*d.*, *per annum*. The site was granted to Lord Audley.—And now, let us assure our kind readers that they shall not be troubled with any more tales of abbeys for some time to come.

ANTHEMS.

It may not be uninteresting to trace the origin of those compositions which in our day are known as "anthems," but the history of which is very generally misunderstood. The English word is a corruption of the Greek *αντίφωνος*, through the Anglo-Saxon *antefen*, and later, *antemp*. In the primitive times it was a hymn (*φωνή*), sung in alternate verses by opposite (*ἀντί*) bodies of singers, as the Psalter is now chanted in cathedral and collegiate churches. In process of time the term was applied to hymns in the Latin Church set to music specially composed for them, the name "anthem" not having any reference to the music of the composition. These soon formed regular parts of the Latin mass, and other offices of the Romish Church: several of them, both good and bad, are well known among Protestants; such as the hymn "*Dies Iræ*," "*Veni Creator Spiritus*," "*Adeste fideles*," &c. The music of the antiphon gradually assumed a more complex nature; both words and music being frequently written by the same person. A very good instance of this occurs in the "Evening Hymn," said, on good authority, to have been written by King Henry VIII. It is the "Hymn in the Compline," taken from a book entitled, "King Henry's Primer:" the words we give *literatim*:—

"HYMNE FOR FOUR VOICES.

"O Lorde, the Maker of al thing,
We pray the nowe in this euening
Us to defende, through thy mercy,
From al deceite of our enemy.
Let neither us deluded be,
Good Lorde, with dreame or phantasy.

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Oure hearte wakyng in the thou kepe,
That we in sinne fal not on sleepe.
O Father, throughe thy blessed Sonne,
Grant us this oure petition,
To whom with the Holy Ghost alwaies
In heaven and yearth be laude and praise.—Amen."

This curious "hymne" formed part of a Romish service; but the "anthem," according to its more modern signification, is essentially Protestant, both in its origin and use. The first composition of the kind was written in the reign of King Edward VI., and its history may be comprised in a few words. A.D. 1553, a work was published, the title of which is so explicit that it needs not any illustration or comment; namely, "The Actes of the Apostles, translated into Englyshe metre, and dedicated to the Kynges moste excellent Maiestye, by Christofer Tye, Doctor in Musyke, and one of the Gentylmen of hys Graces most honourable Chappell, with Notes to eche chapter, to synge and also to play upon the Lute, very necessayre for Studentes after theyr studye, to fyle theyr wyttes, and alsoe for all Christians that cannot synge to reade the good and godlye storyes of the liues of Christ his Apostles." This is dedicated to "The vertuous, godlye, learned Prynce Edwarde the VI.," in twenty-five stanzas, of which the following form part:—

"Your Grace may note frō tyme to tyme
That some doth undertake
Upon the *Psalmes** to write in ryme,
The verse pleasaunt to make,

"And some doth take in hande to wryte
Out of the booke of *Kynges*,†
Because they see your Grace delyte
In suche like godlye thynges.

"And last of all, I youre poore man,
Whose doinges are full base,
Yet glad to do the best I can,
To geue unto your Grace,

"Have thought it good nowe to recyte
The stories of the Actes,
Euen of the twelve, as Luke doth wryte,
Of all their worthy factes."

Dr. Tye proceeded no farther than the fourteenth chapter of this work, as it did not answer the proposed end. The music is of a most elaborate kind, abounding in fugues and canons, apparently very inconsistent with the class of metre of which we give a few specimens:—

Acts i. 1. "In the former Treatyse to thee,
Dere friend The-o-phi-lus,

* Alluding to Sternhold's Version, first published A.D. 1549.

† The work alluded to is that entitled, "The History of King David, taken from the Books of the Kings, drawen into Metre by John Marbeck."

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I have written the ve-ri-te
Of the Lord Christ Jesus,
2. Which he to do and eke to teache
Began until the day
In which the Sprite up him did feache
To dwell above for aye.
xiv. 1. It chaunced in Iconium,
As they oft tymes dyd use,
Together they into dyd cum
The sinagoge of Jues.
Where they dyd preache and only seke
God's grace then to atcheve,
That they so spake to Jue and Greke
That many dyd beleve.
27. How he the doore of faythe untyde
The Gentyls in to call,
28. And there long tyme they dyd abyde
With the disciples all."

This composition of Dr. Tye's was sung in the chapel of Edward VI., and in other places where choral service was performed; but not fully answering the author's expectation, he applied himself to composing music to words selected from the Psalter, in four or more parts: "To which species of harmony, for want of a better, the name of 'anthem,' a corruption of 'antiphon,' was given." (Sir John Hawkins's History of Music, vol. iii., pp. 250—258.) It must be borne in mind that Sternhold's version of the Psalms was the delight of the Court of King Edward VI.; and Dr. Tye, in thus versifying "the Actes," followed the plan of Sternhold, which evidently was to give a metrical version of the Psalms, and not a mere paraphrase, as in that of Tate and Brady. That Dr. Tye has accomplished this may be easily seen by comparing the extracts given above with our Authorized Version; and although that of Sternhold and Hopkins has now generally ceased to find favour, it must be said that it not only gave a correct rendering of the original, but that in many places the metre is respectable. We subjoin an example; namely, Psal. viii. 3, 4:—

"And when I see the heavens high,
The works of thine own hand;
The sunne, the moone, and all the stars
In order as they stand:
What thing is man (Lord) think I then,
That thou dost him remember;
Or what is man's posterity,
That thou dost him consider?"

If these lines be compared with our English version, it will at once be seen how truly they represent the ideas of the royal Psalmist; and the metre, though it can hardly be called poetry, is available for all practical purposes.

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To return to whence we have digressed: The first anthem after the Reformation set to English words ensued on the failure of the "Actes," and was composed by Dr. Tye, the words being taken from Psalm xxx. This was soon followed by others of great note and celebrity; so much so, that some of the very best composers of church music, who appeared shortly after this time, devoted their attention to these compositions in such a manner as to render them the standard in after-years. The words of anthems were not, however, always selected from the Psalms: even so late as the reign of Charles II. some were used which were metrical, and sometimes embodied curious sentiments. The following extract is from a book of anthems, probably the earliest printed for the use of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin:—

"ANTHEM L. AFTER THE CONSECRATION.

"*Quum denuo exaltavit Dominus coronam.*

Treble. Now that the Lord hath readvanc't the Crown,
Which thirst of Spoyl and Frantick Zeal pull'd down;
Tenor. Now that the Lord the Miter hath restored,
Which with the Crown lay in the dust abhorr'd;
Treble. Praise him, ye Kings. } *Chorus.* All sing,
Tenor. Praise him, ye Priests. }
Glory to Christ our High Priest, Highest King.
Treble. May Judah's Royall Scepter still shine clear;
Tenor. May Aaron's Holy Rod still blossoms bear.
Treble and Tenor. Scepter and Rod still rule and guide our land,
And these whom God anoints feel no rude hand.
May Love, Peace, Plenty, wait on Crown and Chair,
And may both share in blessings as in care.
Chorus. Angels look down with joy to see,
Like that above, a Monarchie;
Angels look down and joy to see,
Like that above, an Hierarchy.

RICH. HOSIER."

This composition gives a good description of the state of politico-religious opinion in those days, when every effort was made to exalt party spirit; the pulpit, the bar, and the senate being apparently devoted to proving the orthodoxy of a man's Christianity by his adhesion to one or other particular political creed.

The anthems now in use are selected chiefly from the Psalms, and sometimes from other suitable portions of Scripture. Need we mention such names as Greene, Purcell, Croft, Travers, and Sir John Stevenson, who in his beautiful anthem, "O Lord, our Governor," has so exquisitely rendered, "Lord, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" and in the soul-stirring strains of the concluding chorus, "How excellent is Thy name in all the world!"

T. W. B.

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THE WINTER IS PAST.

How glorious the contemplation of Deity!

If we diverge for one moment from the common pathway of life, how very soon find we that the Master has been before us! for His footsteps are there, even in every nook, and no corner seems to be left unexplored or uncared for.

How beautifully parts of the Scriptures apply to the common things around us! One of the passages of an inspired Psalmist is amongst the most delightful:—"He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes."

* * * * * *

He brings the cold breath from the north: He gems the grass with diamonds, and clothes the trees of the forest with pearls.

Again the Master's smile is seen, and the sunny rays of spring begin to rouse the sleeping earth: Flora starts her flight, leaves her orient home, dips her hand in her own rich treasury, flings her gifts once more o'er nature's chequered path. Then the heart revives, and hope delights in the rainbow-tints of the laughing blossoms.

Yet, still, behold the sleeping earth. Hark! how silence pervades the whole: the hill, the vale, all mute,—mute! yet charming in its quiet rest, whispering still some glorious thoughts; for—

God makes the earth a pearly scene,
  Each glittering waste all spangles white;
The gnarled oak, and leaflet green,
  As cover'd o'er with gems of light.
O! say not, then, the wintry breath
Robs us of hope, makes all as death.

Though weary earth would seek repose,
  A quiet calm, a transient rest;
She renovates beneath the snows,
  Prepares again her summer vest.
Ay, sleeping still, till the storm goes by,
Which brings a fair, a brighter sky.

Sleep, then, O earth! Thy mighty Sire
  Hath breathed His will o'er hill and dell.
Though tempests spend their midnight ire,
  They may not break time's mystic spell,
Till He again makes known His power,
And bids the pearl-drop kiss the flower.

Yes; and when the winter is past, the valleys break forth into singing, and the ends of the earth rejoice together.

Macclesfield. THE WANDERER.

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MARRIAGE.

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE AS TO CHRISTIAN BELIEVERS INDICATED.
PART I.

WITH whom may Christian believers marry? This question is unspeakably important, and claims the careful and devout consideration of those Christian disciples who have not entered the marriage state. Any false step in life may be followed with serious consequences; but a matrimonial union contrary to the Divine law must certainly be productive of many trials and sorrows, which time will not lessen, nor floods of tears wash away. And of all the sorrows of this mortal life, those are the heaviest and bitterest which are *self-imposed;* and in the present case they will be of daily and perpetual occurrence. Other alliances, when found irksome or injurious, may be abandoned; other bonds, when found oppressive, may be broken; but this union is for life, this bond death alone may sever. Nothing can be clearer to those who have carefully perused their Bible, than that the marriage of religious with irreligious persons is equally contrary to the teaching of Scripture and the spirit of piety. Let worldlings marry with worldlings; but Christians with Christians, and with no others.

Christians can never ally themselves with the world without endangering their spiritual safety and happiness; yet, in spite of this, we see an obvious tendency in the church towards the world. We fear there are but few who have been elevated by Divine grace entirely above the world, and in whom there is a thorough disrelish for its company, pleasures, and pursuits. And when some appear to have clean escaped from it, they are not unfrequently ensnared again by surrendering their affections to persons destitute of religion, marriage with whom generally induces entire subjection to the world. And the process is often rapid. First they lose God's favour, then their place in His church; and nothing remains to hinder the consummation of their union with the world, in its gaieties, frivolities, and sins. Thus do they become friends of the world, and enemies of Christ.

And of all forms of union with the world, we believe this to be the worst; for there is none more pernicious in itself, or more injurious to personal piety and domestic peace. The reason for this must be apparent to every reflecting mind. It is in itself *sinful*, and therefore cannot be without penalty. Notwithstanding this, we grieve to admit that it extensively prevails. We can scarcely hesitate to call it one of the plague-spots of the church. While we mourn the loss of many from our Christian fellowship who have perversely or blindly contracted such marriages, we also lament the indifference of those religious parents who look with perfect composure upon unions of this nature, as if nothing could be spiritually wrong which seems to be temporally right. Such are either ignorant of the Bible, or have ceased to follow its precepts; and in either case the Lord will not hold them guiltless.

We are compelled, by Scripture example and doctrine, as well as personal observation, to regard the marriage of believers with unbelievers as grievous in the sight of God, an extensive injury to the church, and a fearful blight upon the souls of parties thus offending.

We should very much like our readers to view this question first in the light of Old Testament history. The principle for which we are contending—namely, that believers may not marry with unbelievers—has been frequently

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violated in the history of mankind, yet in no instance without incurring the Divine displeasure, and those punishments which sooner or later follow the transgression of God's law.

There is a memorable instance in the brief history of the world before the flood. The sin was committed on a large scale; and what was the consequence? The sixth chapter of the book of Genesis will inform us. Let us turn to it, and read to the thirteenth verse. What a revolting picture is here given of the moral state of mankind! and what a terrible sentence went forth against a race which had only existed about fifteen hundred years! With the exception of a single family, vice in many of its worst forms universally prevailed. Infidelity, with the licentiousness which is inseparable from it, had corrupted the entire mass of mankind. But what were the causes of this deep and wide-spread corruption? The *first* was that defection from God and truth which began in Cain's rejection of the divinely-appointed method of worship, and was perpetuated in his posterity. The *second* was *the marriage of the worshippers of God with the profane and ungodly seed of Cain*. This was the sin which filled up the measure of the world's iniquity, and brought on its fearful doom; for why should a race which had become incurably corrupt, any longer continue to rebel against God, and pollute the earth? The church united itself to the world, and by so doing corrupted itself, and in the end both came to ruin.

In that chapter it is stated, that the wickedness of man was so great, his thoughts so evil, and his ways so corrupt, that God repented that He had made him. By man's sin the earth was filled with violence. The whole race had become depraved and lawless, while almost every check to vice was borne down and swept away by the swelling flood of evil which rushed in upon the world. For the immediate cause of this state of things is found in the fact that "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they took them wives of all which they chose." We take the title "sons of God" to designate the worshippers of God, in contradistinction from those who neglected or despised the obligations and privileges of religion. Up to this time, mankind were evidently divided into two classes. The people of God were not only distinguished from the ungodly by their moral and spiritual characteristics, but also by a marked outward separation. The population was divided into two great branches,—the family of Cain, and the family of Seth; the former representing the *world*, the latter the *church*. When Cain, the impenitent murderer, went out from the presence of the Lord, it is said that he built a city; but no mention is made of his erecting an altar to God. He was the very opposite of Abraham, who, though he never built a city, erected an altar to the Lord wherever he came. Not so Cain, who abandoned the worship of God; and if he retained a belief in His existence, his faith was so cold that it neither enlightened nor purified his heart. Nor was it otherwise with his *descendants*. They followed his example; for it is remarkable that there is not a single religious act related of any one of them. Lamech was in the line of Cain; and we know, on his own confession, that he was both a polygamist and a murderer. Yet, though the family of Cain was so deeply fallen from God, the arts of life flourished among them; for we find the mention of artificers, architects, musicians, and poets. They were not lacking in skill, ingenuity, and enterprise. They were undoubtedly clever, but they were *godless people*.

Not so the branch of the human family of which SETH was head. His name signifies "appointed," and he was so named of Eve; "For

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God, said she, hath *appointed* me another seed instead of Abel, whom Cain slew." Of the spirit of Abel, Seth and his brethren appear to have largely partaken. He was appointed instead of Abel; and though his family was less celebrated than Cain's for skill and enterprise, and followed a pastoral life, yet it was distinguished for what is far better, *devotedness to religion*. It was in the lifetime of Enos, the son of Seth, that an important change took place among the true worshippers of God; for "then began men to call upon the name of the Lord." Religious worship had probably been only domestic; but abounding wickedness then rendered it necessary that it should be publicly celebrated. Or, as the marginal reading suggests, "Men began to call themselves by the name of the Lord;" that is, they called themselves worshippers and servants of the Lord, to be distinguished from those profane people who had forsaken Him. And it was from this family that Enoch sprang, who walked with God three hundred years; and also Noah, the faithful Preacher of righteousness. It is thus evident that the several designations, "sons of God," and "daughters of men," represent the *spiritual* and the *carnal*, the CHURCH and the WORLD.

Until this period, the spiritual seed were a manifestly separate people, governed by different principles, affections, and hopes. They were avowedly the people of God, His worshippers and witnesses before men. It was their acknowledged duty to uphold the standard of religious truth, privilege, and responsibility before the world. Their life was a constant protest against the sin of Cain's posterity, who abandoned God's altar and service. They sought to win the Cainites back to the way of righteousness and peace, as lights of the world, and salt of the earth; and, had they continued faithful, they might have saved the world from destruction. But they became unfaithful. In their turn they also forsook the way of righteousness; and, by allying themselves in marriage with the infidel and ungodly, sank down to the same level of wickedness. "The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose." They ceased to be guided by religious principle, and a regard to the honour of God: where beauty attracted, and passion urged them forward, thither they went, to their own ruin, and that of the world. To this sin you may trace up, as to their legitimate source, the streams of guilt and pollution which overflowed the old world, sweeping away every landmark of piety, until Noah alone remained to witness and to plead for God.

There are other facts of Bible-history which also demand consideration.

Bradford. D. H.

AN INFIDEL DOUBTING INFIDELITY.*

I MIGHT have asked myself the question, "If I am an infidel without assistance, what shall I be when aided by the arguments of all these books?" I was led, casually, to read a book whose author I knew stood at the head of the infidel army. The man with whom I boarded bought at an auction "Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary," and cast it into his library. I read it; and some months after, not knowing but I might have been mistaken in my first impres-

* From "Infidelity, its Cause and Cure. By the Rev. David Nelson, M.D." (Routledge.) Upwards of one hundred thousand copies of this work are said to have been circulated in America; it is welcomed in England, and should be recommended to young men, and to all persons who wish to meet the objections of vulgar infidels.

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sion, I read the work again. When I state different impressions made on me by this and other productions, in different months and years, I cannot be accurate as to date or order. I cannot vouch for time or priority, only that such and such influences were made on my mind by such and such arguments. I did not renounce infidelity at once. The struggle occupied many months.

I opened the volume already named, and read the remarks of the author on a verse where he quotes Solomon as speaking of wine sparkling in *the glass*. This he avowed could not have been written by Solomon; for there was no glass, he said, in Solomon's day. My blood ran somewhat cold on reading this; but I had then read some history. I knew that Archimedes was said to burn the Roman fleet with burning-glasses, which no one thinks of disputing; and we have no more account of glass in the days of Archimedes, than we have in the days of Solomon. I knew that Voltaire knew this, and it was not through ignorance that he penned his assertions. I knew that the author was aware that ten thousands of boys and ploughmen would read them who would know nothing of the facts, and of course the statement of the Dictionary would appear to them plain and conclusive. I was aware that if I had known nothing of ancient history, this false position would have appeared to me an incontrovertible argument. How strikingly were my impressions of the unfairness of this author afterwards confirmed, by finding that the words quoted by him, "sa couleur brille dans *le verre*"—"it giveth its colour in the cup," Proverbs xxiii. 31—stands in the common French Bible, "sa couleur dans *la coupe*;" and that the word which he will have to be *glass*, is in the original Hebrew כּוֹס "a common cup, such as is used for drinking out of at meals," without the slightest implication that it was *glass*.

But I was compelled to feel, when standing in the infidel ranks, "We should not blind the uninformed. We surely should support our side by sound fact, and not by half-way lies. But this, perhaps, is merely a weak page of the author. I will read on, and notice his masterly positions, and his unanswerable objections against the Bible."

I read again: and what was my surprise to find every article of this description! I read on and on, and there was a seeming objection to the Scriptures, but to the unlearned only. That which was painful was, that each of these objections was mostly built upon a statement really false; and if a half-read youth could see its fallacy, then the learned writer could of course. He must have known its falsity at the time of writing. I then continued to read on until I passed through the book; and, in the entire volume, there was not a solitary article which was not a kind of ridicule, which proved nothing for our side; or a little castle erected on historic falsehoods, but of such a shape, that those who had never read a tolerable course of history, could not tell but they were truths. I knew that those who had made no more than one year's close perusal of ancient history could detect these lies of my champion, the leader of the army of sceptics, as easily as a skilful judge of money can tell a counterfeit dollar from one that is genuine; yea, as readily as the naturalist can tell a goat from a sheep. The thought passed through my mind, that a good cause never did need a stream of falsehood to sustain it. I must ask myself, "Why resort to lies as weapons, if ours is the right side in this controversy?" It seemed strange, that in the "Philosophical Dictionary," a book written by one so able and so famous, there should not be one fair argument, one truth unmixed with a lie. I could have felt more like retaining my infidelity, if there had been only a few positions based on historic fact; a few fair, truthful objections to the Bible amid the chapters of misrepresentation; but I could not

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find one. I looked over it again, and I could not find *one*. I knew that a mask might be so painted, that a child of one year old might take it for a human visage, but one more grown could not be thus deluded; and the maker of the mask, especially, would know that it was not a human face. Thus I was forced to remember that the paintings of the great Voltaire would seem reality to the infants in history, while those more advanced could not be so deceived. But the most painful of all to the heart of the deist is, that the philosopher himself was not deceived, but knew his productions would blind the ignorant alone. I found that I must read on. Was it so in other authors, or in other writings of the same author? I continued to read; and I must give the reader other examples of what I found, that it may not appear either prejudice, exaggeration, or passion, when I state again, that I could find no seeming argument in any book advocating my system of unbelief, which any boy who had made a moderate research in history could not see was a mixture of hatred and untruth.

After reading the "Philosophical Dictionary," the inquiry presented itself, "May not something more able be found in other productions of this author, whose fame has reached around the earth? May he not have reserved his strongest weapons for other volumes and other times?" I opened another book, and read. What was my surprise to find there the same spirit, the same manner, and the same texture of plausible falsehood and expert ridicule! I might present the reader with volumes of instances, but it is not expedient here. It is, however, necessary that a proper number of fair examples should be presented, to show what is meant by a mixture of untruth and irony. It is a matter of perfect indifference from what page these examples are taken, or from what author. I shall continue for a time to notice items from the author already before us; and I shall take such articles as come first to my recollection.

I read from the pen of this prince of philosophers, the following declaration: "Men saw Isaiah walking stark naked, in Jerusalem, in order to show that the King of Assyria would bring a crowd of captives out of Egypt and Ethiopia, who would not have anything to cover their nakedness. Is it possible that a man could walk stark naked through Jerusalem without being punished by the civil power?"

What impression must this make on one who had opened the book in search of support in his system of infidelity? I had read the Bible, and heard it read often, through necessity, when I was young. I knew that many who read this would think it true, and make their inferences without further examination; but I knew it false, and I knew that the author must have known its untruth. He knew that the man without arms was and is called *naked*, in a military sense. Armed troops, and naked troops, are terms in common use. Those who are not only despoiled of arms, but destitute of robes and upper garments, as slaves commonly are, were called naked. No one means by this, stark nakedness, except those who choose so to understand; and those who thus choose have something in their hearts which so actuates them. I began to feel as though I was not to look for much support from those who had received Europe's applause. I did think it strange, that men of so great talent could not offer some argument of weight in their cause, and having truth for its basis.

I read again, in another place: "How could God promise them that immense tract of land, the country between the Euphrates and the river of Egypt, which the Jews never possessed?"

I was under the necessity of making the following remarks: "All that prevents this being argument is, that the Jews did possess it. Joshua did not

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conquer it, but David did. If others should choose to swallow lies without investigation, and build their whole creed upon them, it cannot make the same course safe for me. The objections of the greatest man on earth must have a portion, at least, of truth in their composition, or I cannot receive them."

I read again: "How could God give them that little spot of Palestine for ever and ever, from which they have been driven so long a time since?"

I knew that the author of this question must have known that God had told the Israelites, over and over again, that if they disobeyed Him, they should be driven away and scattered over all the earth. I knew that all who had read the Bible, had seen these promises were made conditionally; and I thought that my companions in unbelief ought to have honesty enough to confess that which they knew, even if it did favour the Bible.

I read again: "Among the Jews, a man might marry his sister." All that I could say to this was, "Among the Jews, a man was forbidden to marry his sister." All the reason why my unbelief was not strengthened by this assertion was, that I felt there was some difference between a falsehood and the truth. I knew that if an instance could be produced where a Jew, contrary to their law, had married his sister, it would prove that this marriage was allowed among them, in the same way that a case of murder in America proves that murder is allowed with us. I began to feel startled for my creed and for my religious views; but I did not yet renounce them. I was an infidel still. The heart of man in these cases receives error readily, and relinquishes it slowly and reluctantly.

I continued to read: "It is said in the book of Joshua, that the Jews were circumcised in the wilderness." All the difference between this and fact is, that it is said in the book of Joshua, that the Jews were not circumcised in the wilderness. It is true, that upon this false assertion, and others like it, a very ingenious infidel argument is based; but what influence was that to have upon one who had read? I read over the foundation to that very plausible inference once more. "It is said in the book of Joshua, that the Jews were circumcised in the wilderness." The following was the language of my feelings: "This would support the argument attempted against the Old Testament, only the opposite is asserted in the book of Joshua. Are these the kind of assertions which so many ten thousands are believing implicitly and repeating triumphantly, and upon which they build their entire belief? Out of the millions who applaud, and who cast away the Bible, do none of them pause and investigate?"

I began to see that things said against that book were certainly popular. I began to have some little discovery of the fact that able arguments in favour of inspiration were not read, or, if read, not noticed or remembered, while such things as I have quoted were loved and applauded at once. I did not, however, know the reason of this: I saw something of the fact, but did not at that time suspect man's fallen nature of giving him more love for darkness than for light.

I would not continue to place before the reader the cases of falsehood after falsehood, and perversion after perversion, were it not that it is scarcely credible to those who have never examined, that nations should have been turned away from Christianity by volumes of unmingled untruth. In order to make the impression of this fact as perfect as the naked truth deserves,—the fact, that there is no one truthful statement from which an important argument is drawn, in any volume of Voltaire I have ever read, but every article is either partly or totally made up of falsehood,—I must continue the presentation

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of instances longer, and until there is danger of these items becoming wearisome: then I shall turn to other authors of the same belief.

I read a page where the learned author concluded that the Jews were *anthropophagi*, cannibals, eaters of human flesh. The first argument which seemed to be presented in favour of this opinion was, that there had been cannibals in other parts of the world. This did not seem to me altogether conclusive. I read on until I came to the most commanding proof given by the philosopher, that the Jews did indeed eat human flesh. This he gave by telling us that Ezekiel promised them the flesh of horses, and of captains, and of mighty men; and if they were promised the flesh, no doubt it was that they might eat it, &c. I knew that this might be read and believed by myriads who never would take the trouble to read the Prophet referred to; by thousands who would rejoice in it without consulting the Bible: but as for myself, I had read it when a boy. I knew that the call and the invitation by the mouth of Ezekiel, was to the birds of the air and carnivorous animals of the forest. They were told that they might eat the flesh of horses, and the flesh of their riders! I felt that if the Prophet were ordered to declare the approach of a bloody battle, and, in order to impress all hearers with the amount of the threatened devastation, was directed to call upon ravenous beasts and birds to come and fill themselves, it was a low kind of lying to tell those who never read, that the call was to *men* to come and fill themselves. I did not think it any more excusable because there were millions who were reading and joyfully adopting all such statements, without ever reading the Prophets, or a sentence penned by any one in their favour. Still, this was the kind, and the only kind, of reasoning written by any one, as far as I could discover, who had received admiration and applause beyond measure. I thought that if I could find nothing stronger among reputed giants, I should be under the necessity of reviewing my system, and noticing once more the objections which I myself had fabricated against holy writ, lest they should resemble in some respects those which I was reading in the works of my infidel brethren.

About this time, when passing from place to place, it was no uncommon night's occurrence to meet a circle around the tavern-fire, and, before the evening passed, to hear remarks on Christianity.

I listened, and the objections were all of the same class as those I had been reading, or weaker. It is strange that I should have remained an unbeliever; but, as yet, I was only sufficiently shaken to cause me to read, inquire, and listen. I observed that those who hissed at the Bible were very impatient, if any one on the opposite side crossed them in argument. Even when talking with each other, their eyes flashed, and the countenance assumed an expression singularly vindictive. Others, again, chose irony for their weapon, and laughed aloud where others were not always able to discover anything indubitably jocular. But that which gave me most pain, was what I met with so frequently, and which occurred almost hourly from day to day. I saw those who assumed the lordly look, as soon as the subject was mentioned. They put on the consequential air of high authority, and with the tone of emphatic decision they pronounced others more than idiots, while at the same time it was evident that they did not know Alexander the Great from Alexander the coppersmith. It was true of the most positive and the most overbearing in this controversy, that they were unacquainted with all ancient history, and would not know Peter the Apostle from Peter the Hermit, had you seriously tested the matter by particular examination. I was not surprised that men should be uninformed. That this was so with most of our race was no new discovery. Being ignorant

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myself to my own consciousness, I was not disposed to judge harshly of a man merely because he did not possess knowledge. I must have included myself in the same condemnation, had I spoken severely of the uninformed; but that those who had never read a hundred volumes of anything, should so confidently and so repeatedly sneer at the learned, and the grey-headed, and the meek, who had been toiling in a fifty years' research, began to make me suspect that men hated Christianity with a spontaneous and a special dislike. I did not hear the ploughman deciding, with oaths, sarcasm, and vehemence, in matters of navigation, wherein he was totally ignorant. I did not hear the apprentice-boy pronouncing all who did not hold his theory of astronomy deluded or hypocritical.

I doubted whether in anything, religion excepted, men would so generally decide so quickly and so haughtily, while they were uninformed.

TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY AND THE BIBLE.

HELL'S deepest ire has been leagued, the most violent machinations of earth, devils damned and devils incarnate have ceaselessly vented their direst rage and united with infernal malice to subvert the Bible and Bible-Christianity; but so frequently as they have made the attack, so frequently have they been repulsed. Error may accept the proffered hand of enmity to combat their progress and annihilate their power; but their march is *onward*. Unerring prophecy—that can point to a thousand instances of fulfilment, in the confused heaps of ruined cities, the convulsions of empires, the subversions of dynasties, the issue of battling hosts, and the fate of nations—has declared them victorious. The taunts of the infidel press, the mimic thunder of Atheism, the groans extorted by the torture of the inquisitorial rack, and the lurid glare of the martyr's pile, have only tended to accelerate their progress, and advance their interests; and in them the Christian has heard his God cry, *Onward!* and by them has been led to ascend some Pisgah, some mount of vision: and while gazing upon the dim shadows and faint outlines of futurity, he has been wafted in imagination along the stream of prophetic truth, and the dense mists have been chased away, the dark clouds dispersed, the rayless gloom illuminated, and in the cloudless light and undying radiance of Divine revelation he has witnessed their reverses and triumphs; and, drawing back still further the curtains that conceal their progress, he has beheld their followers crowned with the wreath and presented with the palm of victory, robed in the vestments of immortality, smiled upon and welcomed by their triumphant risen Lord.

METHODISM.

"METHODISM," once said Lord Teignmouth, "is a very convenient word: the general meaning of it, by those who use it, is, that the person or work to which it is applied has more religion than the speaker. I have known many religious persons in my life, but never one who had too much religion. A man must indeed be a simpleton, with little true religion, who will suffer himself to be laughed out of his principles by a nickname. Cant I detest; but religion I revere, and honour those who seriously profess it. If the Bible be true, as it most assuredly is, woe to them who are ashamed of Christ's words!"

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Narrative Pieces.

"PRAY, AND NOT FAINT."

In one of the cottage-houses of a densely-peopled village in the West Riding of Yorkshire, about nineteen years ago, a pious woman was sitting, waiting the return of her husband from his daily toil. It was almost midnight; her children were in bed: they were accustomed to rise early, from the eldest to the youngest, to earn something to add to the common stock, a stock diminished by the intemperance of the father, who for some time had been in the habit of spending his evenings at a neighbouring public-house. His wife was an industrious woman, and the duties of her family had engaged her attention up to that hour. She put away some article of clothing she had been mending for one of the children; and, wearied in mind and body, anxiously waited for the well-known step of her husband. Her thoughts wandered back to her early wedded life: they were both at that time thoughtless and gay. She thought of the gradual estrangement from home of her once-devoted husband; of the birth of her first child; and how, when watching over it, she had been led to think of the prayers of a now glorified mother; how she too had knelt and prayed for forgiveness of sins, and obtained mercy through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and how she had been enabled to hold on her troubled way, at times rejoicing even in tribulation.

She had prayed long for her husband's conversion, and thus far seen no answer to her prayers: but her confidence in God remained unshaken; and now, placing the Bible (her solace and joy since she had found the way of peace) on the seat of the arm-chair, she knelt, and read some of the precious promises of God; then, pouring forth her soul in simple, child-like prayer, such as only a woman strong in faith could have offered, she rose, refreshed, strengthened, and calm. Throwing a shawl over her head, she wended her way to the too well-known public-house. As she raised the latch, the clock struck one.

Martin —— was sitting in the bar, with some of his fellow-workmen and the landlady, when his wife entered. In an angry tone, he bade her go home. The landlady said, "Wait a little: your husband will go home with you." She advanced to the table where they were sitting, and said in a calm voice to the landlady, "Mrs. ——, seven years is a long time to wait for anything, is it not?" "Yes," said Mrs. ——; "but fourteen years is longer, is it not?" "Yes," answered Mrs. ——; "but twenty-one years is longer still. I have waited and prayed twenty-one years for the conversion of my husband: and, as sure as he is sitting in your bar, I shall live to see him pass this house, and have no inclination to enter; for God will answer my prayer." She turned to leave the room, and her husband followed her; but no angry word passed his lips: he seemed to quail before her.

About this time the Rev. J. Rattenbury was stationed in Leeds. On the Sunday following the night just mentioned, Martin was induced to accompany his wife to hear him. The text announced was the pious resolution of Ruth: "This people shall be my people, and their God my God." The word came home with power; the arrow of conviction sank deep into his soul. For several days he groaned for mercy; but the hour of deliverance came.

> "The Spirit answer'd to the blood,
> And told him he was born of God."

On the Sunday after his conversion, Martin returned from the chapel to his now happy home with a firm step: the mid-day meal was spread upon the table; the children were already seated; but his heart was full. "Children," said he, "your mother's prayers are answered. I have passed that house where I spent so much time and money, without the least desire to enter. Let us praise the Lord together." They fell upon their knees,—he by the arm-chair, on the spot which had been in times past a Bethel and an Ebenezer to his wife,—and, with joyful hearts, they two raised their hearts and voices in gratitude and praise to God, who had plucked him as a brand from the burning; alike acknowledging his weakness, and asking strength to stand in

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the hour of temptation. His children speak of that season as a time never to be forgotten.

Martin —— had been valiant in the cause of Satan, and he felt it incumbent upon him to become a valiant soldier of Jesus Christ. He had felt the word precious, and he was desirous others should enjoy it. He joined himself in fellowship with God's people, and he endeavoured to bring others into like holy communion. The Lord blessed his humble labours: the church laid their hands upon him; he became a Leader, and for several years he had a large and influential class. He was not a stranger to sorrow and affliction; but those prepared him for further usefulness as a visiter of the sick, and a friend and counsellor in the houses of the poor, around his own neighbourhood.

The good man is not exempt from the severest trials: this Martin experienced. A daughter just blooming into womanhood, and the wife of his youth, his best earthly friend, were called to join the blood-washed throng. They died triumphantly; and from that time, it might be said, his conversation was in heaven. He seemed to throw a sacred halo over the common circumstances of every-day life. One little trait we will record. On a night, when he returned from his toil, it was his wont, on taking the towel for the purpose of washing himself, to sing,

"Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart!"

The last week in January, 1855, special services were held in the village. Martin joined with all his heart and strength in them; for the Lord was pleased to bless the labours of His servants, in the awakening of sinners. On the Saturday evening he took part in the band-meeting, telling his friends he was so happy he should like to slip away to heaven; if he did, he should enter port, like a ship in full sail. The day following he took part in the prayer-meeting at the Sunday-school, where many of the senior scholars were the subjects of the Spirit's awakening. On Monday he returned from his work very poorly, and retired to bed early; but nothing serious was apprehended until Friday. On the evening of that day some of the members of his class visited him. He inquired how the revival was going on; and, amid much pain and weakness, rejoiced in the extension of Christ's kingdom. On bidding them good-night, he exhorted them to be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

A little after midnight his soul left its clay tenement, almost unperceived,

"To range the sweet plains, on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation, for ever and ever."

W. B.

THE DISCIPLE OF JESUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

The greatest proof of love which can be felt for a fellow-creature is exhibited in anxious desire for his happiness in time and eternity. A worthy Minister, named Fruhauf, who laboured for upwards of thirty years in Holstein, of whom the following interesting circumstance is narrated, was remarkably filled, even to overflowing, with this genuine love towards his fellow-creatures.

This devoted disciple of Jesus was accustomed in his walks to pray aloud, both for himself and others, and on this account chose lonely and unfrequented by-paths, as being convenient for thus holding intercourse with his Saviour. It was to him an elevating thought that God's kingdom flourished over all the earth, and that the will of God should one day be done upon this earth, as it is in heaven. Most of the meadows and fields in the neighbourhood of Holstein are surrounded by hedges, the entrance consisting of a door, somewhat similar to a turnpike-gate. One of these meadows had long been used by the inhabitants of Holstein as a thoroughfare; and the owner, a neighbouring peasant, determined no longer to permit this, resorted to physical force as the most effectual means of preserving his ground from intruders. Accordingly, about the time of the usual stroll of the Holsteiners, he concealed himself behind the hedge, armed with a cudgel.

He had not thus lain long in wait, when the gate opened, and the worthy Pastor Fruhauf entered the meadow alone.

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All was still, save the voice of nature: the birds twittered in the leafy hedges, as if praising the God who preserved them; the gurgling of the near stream seemed to his ears to speak of a beneficent Creator, and, together with the rural landscape, appeared to make a deep impression on him. Raising his eyes toward heaven, and folding his hands, he entered the meadow praying, and distinctly spoke these words:—"O Thou bounteous God, Father in heaven, bless the owner of this lovely spot! Manifest to him the drawings of Thy Holy Spirit. Give him to feel the love of the Father in His Son Christ Jesus our Saviour, who has died for him on the cross, and thus secured to him the pardon of his sins. Yes, loving Saviour! grant that he may, by virtue of Thy expiatory death, obtain an entrance into Thy kingdom of joy, where he may, with us, Thy redeemed ones, praise Thy holy name." Not a word of the heartfelt prayer of the hoary-headed Divine escaped the peasant, who lay in wait with his cudgel while he was thus pleaded for. Letting his weapon fall, and scarce knowing what had happened, he fell upon his knees, and there remained for some hours. When he arose, he was about to hasten after the man; but he had long since passed on, and the same stillness reigned in the meadow. Lost in thought, he turned towards home, where his wife, aware of his previous determination, met him.

"Well, have you caught any one?"

"O, dear wife!" said he, tears streaming down his cheeks, "there was one, but he caught me."

"Caught you! how so? Surely you could defend yourself?"

"Yes, yes: but he was stronger than I; for he had wholly different weapons. Listen. Late in the afternoon, there passed some one through my meadow; but he offered for me the most heartfelt prayer I ever heard in my life. He seized me like the arms of a giant, threw me on my knees before God, and made me feel that I am a desperate sinner. And more: listen again. To-morrow I will go to the Pastor in Holstein, and ask him how I can become like the old man who passed through the meadow; and you shall go with me."

When the peasant arrived the next morning, he was still more surprised to see in the Minister, Fruhauf, the same old man who had so earnestly prayed for him the preceding day. "This is the man of God himself," exclaimed he to his wife, "who prayed for you and me." Bidding them both be seated, the Pastor then heard how God had answered his prayer for his neighbour, which, in the fulness of his love towards him, he had breathed forth. The man was truly awakened; and the circumstance made such an impression on his wife, that by exhortation and entreaty she too was led to seek mercy and salvation from eternal ruin through Christ Jesus, through whose expiatory death all who believe may be saved. M.

Missions.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE BIBLE.

Within the limits of Turkey in Europe and Asia, containing a population of twenty-seven millions, we shall find about seventeen millions of Mohammedans, the believers in a false book; at least two millions of Jews, Armenians, and Nestorian Christians, the representatives of the ancient churches; with eight millions of Greeks and Romanists, by whose teachers the word is kept from the people. The element of home-circulation is likewise included, in the Protestant additions to the population (which may be reckoned temporary) of the armies of the Allies, especially those of England, Scotland, and Wales.

Let us proceed, then, to Constantinople, the Byzantium of the ancients, the Stamboul of the modern Turks, always a magnificent spot on the confines of Europe and Asia; but which might look back, in vain, perhaps, through all its antique

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history of two thousand five hundred years, for a time when it was of such importance as it is now, alike to the nations of the East and the West. The eye of a Christian, which had roved over its domes and minarets ten years since, could not possibly have foreseen that it would stand as it does at present, the centre of all that may concern the destinies of a fourth of the human race, for time and eternity.

Constantinople, which has been called the "Queen of the Universe," is, like Rome and Moscow, seated upon seven hills; yet, unlike those cities, it enjoys the advantage of the refreshing ocean-breezes. The Sea of Marmora washes it on one side, and an arm of the Bosphorus, called the Harbour of the Golden Horn, on the other. It is built on a promontory of triangular shape, of which the base is landward. The natural beauties of its situation are so great, that writers of history have exhausted their eloquence to describe it. It makes its best impression as approached from the sea, when terrace rises above terrace from the margin of the water, interspersed with the marked foliage of the cypress-groves.

The new Seraglio of the Sultan, with its gardens, occupies the apex of the triangle, surrounded by a wall flanked with battlements and towers, which is three miles in circumference, and has twelve gates. This wall encircles palaces and mosques, "a city within a city:" from six to seven thousand persons reside within its bounds. Art has here lavished all her power to grace an abode for the "King of Kings." It contains, besides apartments for the eight hundred ladies of the harem, chambers filled with robes, brocades, velvet, gold cloth, bridles and saddles covered with jewels, scimitars and pistols glittering with diamonds, with subterranean vaults of treasure. The walls enclose an extensive square, where the annual caravan to Mecca still assembles, that the Ottoman Court may witness its departure.

The Seraglio commands an unrivalled prospect across the Bosphorus. It is opposite to Scutari, the Asiatic suburb, the Chrysophrasus, or Golden City, of the ancients; so called, from the magical effect produced upon it by the setting sun. Behind it rise the mountains of Asia Minor, with Mount Olympus, snow-clad and supreme, over them all. The matchless Harbour of the Golden Horn, five miles in length, yet capable of having its mouth closed by a single chain, has all the flags of Europe floating on its bosom; hundreds of *caiques*, or sharp-prowed boats, plying hither and thither among them. On its further side lie the suburbs of Galata and Pera, connected with the city by a floating bridge: these are the Frank quarters; and here the Ambassadors have their palaces, the rich Jewish bankers reside, and an air of European civilization is apparent. Looking from Pera across the harbour to the imperial city, with its three hundred and sixty-two mosques, its thirty bazaars, its three hundred fountains, and its hundred thousand wooden houses, it often lies cut out on the clear sky, like a picture, without a curl of smoke to break the illusion.

But these charms are all external. The illusion vanishes on entering the streets, which we should often call lanes, and finding an indescribable pavement, interlaced with muddy holes, and impeded by heaps of filth, which the herd of unowned dogs, always foraging, do not suffice to clear. The houses present dead walls to the passenger: they have neither name nor number, and derive their light and air from interior court-yards. Many parts of the city are in ruins, from the fires that are constantly occurring, and which have been known to consume twelve thousand dwellings at one time. Indeed, Constantinople is said "to be burnt to the ground, and to rise again from its ashes, about every fifteen years;" yet the sufferers rebuild without any attempt at improvement, and make no efforts to prevent a recurrence of the calamity.

But there is now a new element in the history of Turkey: well-nigh swallowed up by the encroachments of Russia, it has laid aside its haughty exclusiveness, and has appealed for help to the Western Powers. The energy of the West has taken possession of the dreamy "capital of the universe," and, having defended its rights, will impart new life to its heart. The West has been but a growth from the East, and received from the East, from this very Turkey in Asia, the Divine talisman,

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to which we owe our superior civilization and freedom. "Whatever England's superiority may be to the most enslaved and debased of nations, she owes to a free Bible, set free by the Protestant Reformation. When an African Prince sent an embassy, with costly presents, to the Queen of Great Britain, and asked her in return to tell him the secret of England's greatness and England's glory, our beloved Queen sent him, not the number of her fleets or her armies, the cost of her crown-jewels, or the details of her commerce; but she sent him a beautifully-bound copy of the Bible, and said, 'This is the secret of England's greatness!'" *

Now, England has been sharing this treasure of late with her honoured Allies, and spreading it in the kingdoms of France and Sardinia; and she has brought it with her to the help of Turkey,—a Turkish Bible,—a translation which had lain hidden in manuscript in the University of Leyden for one hundred and fifty years; but which, forty years since, was brought to light, revised with great labour, and printed, in 1828, by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Dr. Pinkerton, one of the foreign agents of the Society, who was the means of securing the loan of this manuscript in 1814, also diligently concerned himself in obtaining a translation of the Bible into modern Greek, for the use of the Greek population of the Turkish dominions. He speaks, in 1819, of wandering up and down the narrow lanes of Constantinople, and meeting at every turn with men sick of the plague, or being carried to their graves, having died of the disease, whilst he, fearless of infection, steadily pursued this object. The Bible Society published a translation in modern Greek, under the superintendence of the Rev. H. D. Leeves, another of their agents, which is considered very correct and idiomatic: various editions, comprising more than two hundred thousand copies of it, have been circulated through the Greek nation. It is remarkable that this version, in their vernacular language, was placed before the people at the commencement of their modern career of freedom. Only a few years ago, they knew but of the existence of the holy Scriptures, from the few portions that were read in the service of their Church; and the children, who were taught in the schools from the Psalter in ancient Greek, had no knowledge that the Psalms formed part of the sacred volume. Strange that this could be said of the nation in whose language the New Testament was first written! Since then, schools have been multiplied, both for girls and boys, in which the whole Bible is continually used and explained.

Under the imperial signet, and in "the protected city of Constantinople," which is the date of the Sultan's firman, a hundred Turkish Testaments are sold monthly, principally by Colporteurs. The Turkish grandee now ventures to buy the formerly scorned Bible from the Colporteur sitting by the way-side. The veiled lady, attended by her black slave, now stops to purchase it from the same useful agent, and carries home the New Testament into the recesses of the harem.* Many Turks of high rank are known to be reading the Scriptures. "Everybody buys," say the Colporteurs; "and the word speaks to everybody!" It is the book against the priestcraft of the world! One tells another, and each will examine for himself. The Ulemas will not much longer persuade the people against the acquisition of the sciences, for fear they should turn them from the Koran; and "Christian Missionaries perceive," says a lady in a letter from Pera, "that the time is not coming, but is come already, for doing good to the poor Turks. They read our Scriptures with avidity, in defiance of all Ulemas. A Turkish bookseller has even offered to sell for them as many Bibles as they liked to give him. They were afraid of bringing the man into trouble; to which he replied, 'I have no fear. Give them to me: the time is come; and, as I have read the book, I will say it is worth its weight in gold. Why should not I sell it to my people, and let them read it too?' The Missionaries said, 'Not yet,

* Speech of the Rev. Canon Stowell, at the Manchester and Salford Bible Meeting, October 23d, 1855.

* A fact recently communicated to the Bible Society.

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my friend: we fear the time is not yet quite come. If we give it you, it may lead you to disgrace and death.' He importuned them every week: 'You are wrong: the time *is* come: I have no fear: so give me as many of your books as you like to sell, and I shall soon come for more. We are tired of the Koran: there is no food for the soul in it, as there is in your book.'" —*The Book and its Missions.*

Popery.

NO POPERY!

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADDRESS.

My dear young Friends,—As I suppose you have all heard, of late, a great deal about Popery, I purpose addressing a few words to you on the subject. I shall be very plain; and, as I must be very short, I beg that you will listen with more than your usual attention. Of course, no questions can be more natural for you to ask, than "What is Popery? and why is there so great an outcry raised against it?" and, "Why should I be a Protestant rather than a Papist?" I will try to give you short answers to these important questions.

You ask, "What is Popery?" Now, to give a minute and particular answer to this question,—to speak of its rise and growth, its spread and influence,—would fill many folio volumes. The answer is woven into the world's history for the last twelve hundred years. I can only speak in very general terms, and say, that one leading feature of Popery is the assumption of *infallibility*. A person has been set up, called the Pope, who, they affirm, cannot decide wrong. This they did to palliate errors, and stamp enormous guilt with counterfeit sanctity; thus "turning the truth of God into a lie," by forging the sacred name of God to their iniquitous decrees, and making the most monstrous crimes a part of their religion. Instead of honouring Christ, as King in His own church, and "head over all things;" and bringing forth the royal diadem, to crown Him Lord of all; Popery has elevated a man (always a crafty, and frequently a very wicked man) to the throne of Christ in His church: there he sits, "exalting himself above all that is called God, and showing himself as God;" there he sits, receiving Divine honours as "our Lord the Pope!" calling himself Christ's Vicar; wearing the keys of the kingdom of heaven at his girdle; opening, and no man shuts; shutting, and no man opens; assuming Divine authority over the bodies and souls of men; pretending to miraculous power; daring to represent God, and to act for God; claiming the homage of the whole world: his centre, Rome; his circumference, the globe. Of course, men would rebel against such blasphemous assumptions of power; such lying, even in the garb of piety, would not be believed; such atrocious tyranny could not be submitted to; and the great question arose, How may men be made willing to yield to such authority? Let Popery answer by its acts. One fatal corruption of Christianity was established. The Pope was infallible, and the rest followed: they did not come into existence all together; one error brought on another; and every new corruption introduced a second. The master-stroke was to bring the minds and hearts of its votaries into entire subjection; thus making every Papist morally and mentally a slave. When the citadel of the mind is surrendered, all the rest is easy. Only believe in priestly absolution, in the Popish sense, and you resign soul and body into the hands of another. You will then believe that the Priest can save or damn; can dispose of his hapless victim as he pleases; who may have heaven, if he will purchase it by submission to the Church, and payment of all its claims. But hell is his portion if he dares resist. Thus the dignity of man is debased, and his honour laid in the dust. He is sold into worse than Egyptian bondage: he becomes the galley-slave of Rome: he is no longer as God made him, "a little lower than the angels," filled with lofty aspira-

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tions after knowledge and moral power, and aiming at purity of heart; no longer a "creature capable of God," and thirsting to regain His holy image, erect in all the majesty of conscious rectitude; but he lies down in the mire of abasement, degraded, betrayed, undone. A serf of the Pope; a vassal of the Priest; an instrument of spiritual corruption; a menial who is taught that he must do the bidding of the Church, or sink to perdition under its curse. And what does the Church bid? What must the faithful Papist believe? I will tell you in few words. He begins by yielding, soul and body, to the Priest: the next demand is to give up the word of God. The Priest, who keeps soul and body, must also keep the Bible. Popery locks up the word of God. A Papist may not read it. The Church reads it for him; and he may have it second-hand, translated and interpreted by the Priest. What must the faithful believe? Surely he is now ripe for believing anything. He must, therefore, believe in purgatory, or a middle state of punishment betwixt heaven and hell; and the length of his suffering there is regulated by the amount of money he leaves for masses to be said for his deliverance. A Papist must believe that he ought to pray to dead saints, and bow his knees to ask for their intercession: he must also pray for the dead: he must worship the Virgin Mary, and pay Divine honours to the mother of God; yea, in many places, greater devotion than to Christ Himself. A Papist must listen to a service in an unknown tongue, content to mutter prayers, like a parrot, without knowing, or desiring to know, their meaning: he is dazzled by the glare of lamps; bewitched by the scent of incense; charmed by vocal and instrumental music; until he flatters himself, "This is religion!" A Papist must submit to penances, nowhere imposed in God's word: he must starve and chastise himself; wear a hair-shirt next his skin; make a pilgrimage with nails piercing his feet; visit shrines of saints; mutter his Pater-nosters and Hail Marys on his bare knees, until (as even now in Ireland) his track is red with his own blood; he must bathe in holy fountains, and drink at holy wells; he must carry some charm in his bosom to ward off the devil, and ensure good luck; he must count his prayers by his beads, and cross himself with holy water; he must fully and steadfastly believe that pieces of the real cross of Christ are still in existence; he must join the two millions of pilgrims who lately worshipped the holy coat at Treves; he must believe that Madonnas wink, and fall down and smite his breast in raptures of devotion; he watches with awe-struck reverence the picture of the Crucifixion, whilst drops of blood ooze from the canvass; and, instead of seizing and chastising the impostor of a Jesuit concealed behind it, he must kneel in adoration, and believe the audacious trick to be a miracle; he must admit the enormous supposition of the phial of blood which liquifies once a year; he must preserve the relics of saints, and believe that to touch them is to live in a higher degree, and reach loftier attainments in holiness; he must believe the greatest impositions to be the greatest miracles, the greatest hypocrites the greatest saints; and the more monstrous and revolting the absurdity, the better the person who believes in it. Let him but dare to reject any dogma, or question any fable, the alternative is the Inquisition, or imprisonment, or death (if he lives in Italy); for Popery argues by thumb-screws and fires, and whom she cannot convince, she burns.

(To be continued.)

Parental Monitor.

FOR MOTHERS.

Let no mother suppose that her child's education does not begin before it is sent to school: the quick perceptions of children are more active and observant than we are often aware. Mothers, speak circumspectly, tenderly, truthfully to your children. Never attempt to deceive them;

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but set them an example of honesty in all things. What is likely to be the effect of such a scene as the following on the mind of a child?

Child. "Mother, I want a piece of cake."

Mother. "I haven't got any;—it's all gone."

Child. "I know there's some in the cupboard: I saw it when you opened the door."

Mother. "Well, you don't need any more: cake hurts children."

Child. "No, it don't:" (whining:) "I do want a piece: mother, mayn't I have a piece?"

Mother. "Be still. I can't get up now, I'm busy."

Child. (Crying aloud.) "I want a piece of cake. I want a piece of cake."

Mother. "Be still, I say. I shan't give you a bit, if you don't leave off crying."

Child. (Still crying.) "I want a piece of cake. I want a piece of cake."

Mother. (Rising hastily, and reaching a piece.) "There, take that; and hold your tongue. Eat it up quick. There's Ben coming. Don't tell him you've had some cake, now."

(Ben enters.) *Child.*—"I've had a piece of cake, Ben. You can't have any."

Ben. "Yes, I will. Mother, give me a piece."

Mother. (Very cross.) "There, take that. It seems as if I could never keep a bit of anything in the house." (To the child) "You'll see, Sir, if I give you any another time."

(Another room.) *Child.*—"*I've* had a piece of cake."

Younger sister.—"O, *I* want some too."

Child. "Well, you *baud*, and mother'll give you a bit: *I* did."

Did this mother love her children? No doubt she did: she is toiling early and late for their support and comfort; and yet she is thus thoughtlessly training them up in the practice of selfishness, greediness, falsehood, and deceit. Let every mother bear constantly in mind the injunction, "*Train up a child in the way he should go;*" for, if she have no other motive, it will save her a world of trouble in her family, and repay her care a hundred times.

Every mother, on the birth of a child, should imagine herself addressed by the Creator, in the words of Pharaoh's daughter to the mother of Moses,—"Take this child, and nurse it for Me."

Religion in Heart and Life.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TONGUE.

"Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us; and we turn about their whole body." Do you perceive the force of the image? He who has not the government of his tongue, is like a person riding a horse without a bridle; the consequence of which, especially if the beast be spirited and fierce, may be easily conjectured. "Behold also the ships, which though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth." Do you see the force of the comparison? The man that has not the control of his tongue, is like a passenger on board a vessel without a rudder, rolling as the waves direct, and in constant peril of shipwreck. "Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell." As if he should say, Everything is transacted by speech, in natural, civil, and religious concerns: how much, therefore, depends on the good or evil management of the tongue! What an ardour of holy love and friendship, or of anger and malice, may a few words fan into a flame! The tongue is the principal instrument in the cause of God; and it is the chief engine of the devil: give him this, and he asks no more; there is no mischief or misery he will not accomplish by it. The use,

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the influence, of it, therefore, is inexpressible; and words are never to be considered only as effects, but as causes; the operation of which can never be fully imagined. Let us suppose a case; a case, I fear, but too common. You drop, in the thoughtlessness of conversation, or for the sake of argument, or wit, some irreligious, sceptical expression; it lodges in the memory of the child, or a servant; it takes root in a soil favourable to such seed; it gradually springs up, and brings forth fruit, in the profanation of the Sabbath, in the neglect of the means of grace; in the reading of improper books, in the choice of dangerous companions. Who can tell where it will end? But there is a Being who knows where it began. It will be acknowledged that some have it in their power, by reason of their office, talents, and influence, to do much more injury than others; but none are so insignificant as to be harmless.—*Jay.*

IS IT WRONG TO DANCE?

In reply to the question, "Is it wrong to dance?" or, "Is it sinful for professing Christians to give or attend gay, worldly parties?" God's holy word replies, plainly enough to satisfy any sound conscience, in the sentences following:—

"Abstain from all appearance of evil." (1 Thess. v. 22.)

"See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil." (Eph. v. 15, 16.)

"Only let your conversation be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ." (Phil. i. 27.)

"And be not conformed to this world." (Rom. xii. 2.)

"But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven." (Matt. x. 33.)

"And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him." (Col. iii. 17.)

In every doubtful case we would ever say, "To the law and to the testimony." Should any of our readers be disposed to ask the question at the head of our paper, we would commend to their prayerful consideration the above texts of holy writ.

Worldliness and a love of pleasure are sure signs that the heart is not right with God. Gay Christian, beware! "Be not deceived; God is not mocked." St. John says, in plainest words, "*If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.*"

Prestwich. E. A. G.

Poetry.

OUR SABBATHS.

Wake, British Christians, arm!
The enemy is nigh;
Blow ye a loud alarm,
Erect your standard high.
Take helmet, breastplate, sword, and shield,
Fight, conquer, die, but never yield.

Our much-beloved Queen,
And rulers of our land,
Our weapons are unseen,
We are no rebel band,
But faithful, loyal, loving, true;
We fight with error, not with you.

The foes of God and man,
Array'd in friendly guise,
Are "leagued," and, if they can,
Will waste our paradise,
And make our much-loved island-home
As Sabbathless as France or Rome.

Sin stalks throughout our land,
We own, with grief and awe;
But shall we tamely stand,
And see that sin made law,
And hear, unmoved, the dismal sound,
Raze, raze her Sabbaths to the ground?

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No! in Jehovah's name,
And in Jehovah's might,
We must maintain His claim,
His undisputed right.
To Him, and Him alone, be given
One whole unbroken day in seven.

Arm of the Lord, awake!
Our trust is all in Thee:
Thou canst the mountains shake,
Thou driest up the sea;
And Thou canst curb the human will,
And say to tumult, "Peace, be still!"

MARGARET.

PRAYER FOR REVIVAL.

SEND Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
Give Thy blessing with the word;
Let it now on all descend,
While before the throne we bend.

Now the soul-convincing power,
Quickly, Lord, on sinners shower;
Let them feel Thine arrows, Lord,
Pierce them with the Spirit's sword.

Are they stricken down with fear?
Let them see the Saviour near,
Able, willing now to save:—
All that ask shall surely have.

Let them ask in faith, till they
Feel their sins are wash'd away;
Help them fully to believe,
Pardon they shall then receive.

Pour the rich reviving grace
Down from heaven, on every place:
Let it come in floods of light,
Banishing the moral night.

Let it come in tongues of flame,
For the glory of Thy name:
When it comes like flashing fire,
Sin within us shall expire.

Let it come like gentle rain,
Falling on the thirsty plain;
Let it come like early dew,
Making all look glad and new.

Let it come like peaceful rills,
Through the valleys, from the hills;
To *my* heart, its happy home,
Let reviving blessing come.

T. R. JONES.

Methodism.

TO WESLEYAN METHODISTS.

METHODISM I believe to be one of the best systems that has ever been given to the world, and the best calculated to do good of any system now under the sun. This we have full proof of from its past history at home and abroad. No one, in his senses, will question the mass of good that Methodism has done, and is doing, in the world by the blessing of the Great Head of the church. Millions have already reached the abodes of eternal bliss, and millions more are tending their steps thitherwards, under her favourable auspices. But though Methodism has done, and is doing, much for the world, by the grace of God, yet I cannot help thinking that she might do much more, if faithful to her great trust. Who among us can say that we have done what we could, or what it was our duty to do? Let any man read Mr. Wesley's Sermons on the Danger of Riches and on Dress. Then let him seriously ask himself, in the presence of God, and as one who must give account to the Proprietor of all that he has received, whether or not he has acted as a faithful steward of the manifold gifts of God. Whether his Lord could say unto him, if he were now called before the judgment-seat, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Permit me now to ask you to read the two above-mentioned sermons. For your own sake, for your neighbours' sake, for the sake of the heathen world, for Methodism, nay, for Christ's sake, I beseech you to read them, and try to live and act in some sort accordingly. The Lord help you. Amen.

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A DESCRIPTION OF A METHODIST.

In a letter addressed by Miss Sarah Ward, of Oxhill, to Mrs. Guest, of Morton-in-the-Marsh.

Oxhill, Sept. 1st, 1768.

HONOURED AUNT,

I THINK it my duty to inform you what a Methodist is; for I perceive from your letter that you do not know what it is that they preach or practise.

A Methodist is one that loves God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; who is continually crying out, with the Psalmist, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee;" whose sole aim, in all his thoughts, words, and actions, is the glory of God, and the salvation of his own and others' souls; who hath, through faith in Christ, obtained remission of sins, and hath the Spirit of God dwelling in him, bearing witness with his spirit that he is a child of God, and an heir of eternal glory. Being born again of the Spirit, and his conscience purged from dead works, he is become a new creature, and walks in newness of life, crucifying the flesh with its affections and lusts: therefore, he can no longer conform to the customs of the world, but denies himself, takes up his cross, and follows his Lord and Master, through evil report and good report, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of the world, having an eye to the crown of glory which is promised to all who love God. He despises the shame, and presses forward, with joy unspeakable and full of glory, towards the mark of the prize of his high calling, which is of God in Christ Jesus.

This is a Methodist; and though my aunt dislikes the *name*, I hope she does not dislike the *character*, which is but imperfectly drawn. I can assure you that they have in them the mind that was in Christ; and so walk, even as He also walked. This is what I aim at, and am resolved, by the grace of God, to count all things but dung and dross that I may win Christ, and be found in Him. I hope I shall approve myself His true soldier and servant by manfully fighting under His banner against the world, the flesh, and the devil, to the end of my life, that I may receive an immortal crown in the highest heavens.

I remain your dutiful niece,

SARAH WARD.

This is a description of a Methodist a hundred years ago. It is not fanciful, or overdrawn; not simply what a Methodist ought to be, but what a Methodist actually was. O that the world were full of such Methodists now! E. A. G.

The Portfolio.

RESTITUTION.

THE following incident in the life of a good man is thought worthy of a permanent record.

Mr. W., a native of a country-town in the west of Yorkshire, commenced business as a small cattle-dealer. On one occasion, when going to market, he was requested by a neighbour to take a calf and sell it for him, along with his own. He consented to do so; but on his way thither, one of his own calves died. To make up his loss, he immediately resolved to rob his neighbour. Accordingly, on his return home, Mr. W. informed him that his calf had died on the road, paying at the same time the price he had received for the animal's skin. The man took the money without expressing any doubt of Mr. W.'s honesty; merely saying, it was a bad loss, but could not be helped. Some few years passed away, until the time came when Mr. W. was awakened to a serious concern for the salvation of his soul. Powerful convictions of his lost and ruined condition brought him into great sorrow for past sin; and he gladly accepted the invitations of his Christian friends to attend the prayer-meetings. On several occasions, while united prayer

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was offered on his behalf, to that good and gracious Being who is slow to anger and ready to forgive, and his friends were joyfully expecting to join in the newborn song of praise, as he appeared just stepping into liberty, his hidden sin rushed into his mind, and stood between him and salvation.

One night, when Mr. W. was in great distress of mind, his friends were wrestling with God in prayer, and he was almost ready to cry, "My God is reconciled," the calf came before his mind's eye, and in a moment his efforts were paralysed. Without remark to those around him, Mr. W. rose from his knees, went direct to the house of the person whom he had defrauded, confessed his sin, and made restitution. He refused remuneration for his trouble, returned to the prayer-meeting, and almost immediately was enabled to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God. Ever after his conversion Mr. W. maintained an unblemished character for uprightness, integrity, and genuine piety. His business prospered, and he became a liberal friend to the poor and supporter of the cause of God. He is now reaping the reward of doubtless many a hidden deed of charity. One may be instanced. A poor but pious widow, living by the roadside between Mr. W.'s residence and a market he was accustomed to attend, frequently found a half-crown under her door, without any trace from whence it came, with the exception that it was always found after the market-day. She, in her simple piety, thought the Lord, knowing her wants, sent His angel to relieve them, as He sent the ravens to feed Elijah; but this explanation failed to satisfy her neighbours, and at the time the money was usually found, they set a watch. Mr. W. was seen to leave his gig at a short distance from the house, quietly deposit the half-crown under the door, and proceed on his journey. Thus the veritable good angel was discovered, through whose instrumentality the God of Providence supplied the wants of his humble but sincere follower.

C. H. H.

SPITZBERGEN.

His Excellency the Grand Master of Denmark had in his service a Spanish gentleman named Leonin, a naturalist, of a learned and inquiring mind, whom he sent to Spitzbergen, that he might hear from him on his return what he saw and heard. The report he made is briefly this. The country is in the seventy-eighth degree of elevation, and rightly called Spitzbergen, on account of the pointed mountains which are, so to speak, sown or planted upon it. These mountains are composed of gravel and little flat stones, like small pieces of grey slate, one on the top of the other; they are formed of these little stones, and of the gravel which the wind collects together, or which the vapours bring with them. They grow perceptibly, and the sailors every year find new ones. Leonin went pretty far into the country, and only found this kind of pointed mountains, with which the country was covered, and met with nothing on the road but reindeer. He was, however, surprised to see at the top of one of these mountains, and a league from the sea, a little mast of a vessel, to which was attached a pulley at one end; and when he asked his sailors whom he had brought with him who had brought it there, they told him they did not know, and they had always seen it there. It is probable that the sea washed formerly near this mountain, and that it was the remainder of some shipwreck. There are meadows in this part; but the grass is so short that it can scarcely be discovered from the land or from the stones; for, properly speaking, this land has no earth, but is composed of little stones, between which and this small grass springs up a kind of moss, like that which grows on the trees in our climate, on which the reindeer of this country feed, and become so fat, that the Grand Master brought some of them which had four fingers' breadth of fat. This country neither is nor can be inhabited, on account of the cold: for although the sun does not set at all for four months, and during six weeks of that time does not descend within three ells of the horizon (speaking in the Danish fashion, and conformably with Virgil's measurement of the heavens); that is to say, although at the midnight, if one may so speak, of that country the sun for six weeks does not approach in its descent lower than within about nine or eleven and a half degrees of the

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horizon; yet, for all that, the clearer and brighter the sun is, the colder it is. * * There are great numbers of bears in this country; but they are all white, and much fonder of the water than the land. They are found in the open sea, swimming and climbing upon large pieces of ice. The Grand Master got some live ones, and fed them at Copenhagen. When he wished to amuse his friends, he went on the water, and made these bears jump in some sandy place, pretty deep, but sufficiently clear for them to be seen through the water. He told me it afforded him particular delight to see these animals playing at the bottom of the sea for two or three hours, and they would have lived there for whole days without difficulty, if they had not been brought up by cords and chains to which they were fastened.—*White's Spitzbergen.*

A FRAGMENT.

Every scrap which belongs to those we esteem and love seems as a holy thing, which must never be effaced from the memory; and if fragments make up the sum total of this our terraqueous globe, so we must, by the fragments of thought, make up the history of human life. And, above all others, of late years, anything which speaks of the mighty dead, mighty in deeds and mighty in human sympathies, ought not to be passed over as a thing of nought.

Another little fragment which associates our old acquaintance, the Rev. Dr. Newton, with the happy yet somewhat chequered past, may not be forgotten. Ah! we can see him with the eye of our memory, wending his way to Oldham-street chapel; we can see him mounting the pulpit-stairs; we can see him, as it was his wont, placing the flat of his hand upon the top of his wig, to strengthen or possibly to fix it the more securely; we can see him, as in the days of his glory, pointing us to that land where all is hope, where all is peace, and in the most simple language he was capable of; for in this respect he followed in the footsteps of his Master, so that most of us could understand him perfectly. But on one occasion a poor woman followed him to the vestry. "The Doctor was courteous to all; hence the poor had no fears." This poor body was all complaints at the Doctor using such fine words. She said that she could not understand him. "Indeed," said the Doctor; "I thought that I used none that was above the capacity of any of my hearers." "There you are again with your capacities," shouted the woman; and the Doctor was at once thrown on his beam-ends with wonderment, exclaiming, "What then am I to do!"

Macclesfield. THE WANDERER.

HARVEST-HOME SUPPERS.

The thanks of the working classes are due to the Earl of Albemarle, Earl of Leicester, Hon. and Rev. E. S. Keppel, Rev. W. Beal, Charles Buxton, Esq., and other landed proprietors of Norfolk, for the efforts they have recently made in seeking to break up the ruinous drinking-customs associated with the harvest-home suppers of that county. Instead of the public-house scenes which have annually disgraced this county, the year 1855 had to record various interesting open-air festivals, tea-meetings, and fruit-soirées, at which not only the agricultural labourer, but also *his wife and children* have not only been regaled with an excellent repast, but also gratified with the sweet strains of music, and various excellent speeches from titled and talented visiters.

There is something pleasing in this blending of the wealthy with the workmen of our country; and we trust the good example set by Norfolk will be followed in other counties.

THE TORTOISE AND THE EAGLE.

A tortoise, dissatisfied with his lowly life, when he beheld so many of the birds, his neighbours, disporting themselves in the clouds, and thinking that, if he could but once get up into the air, he could soar with the best of them, called one day upon an eagle, and offered him all the treasures of the ocean if he could only teach him to fly. The eagle would have declined the task, assuring him that the thing was not only absurd but impossible;

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but, being further pressed by the entreaties and promises of the tortoise, he at length consented to do for him the best he could. So taking him up to a great height in the air, and loosing his hold upon him, "Now, then!" cried the eagle; but the tortoise, before he could answer him a word, fell plump upon a rock, and was dashed to pieces.

Pride shall have a fall.—*James's Æsop.*

NOTICE TO LEAVE.

A YOUNG man who had lived in the service of the late Edmund Thompson, Esq., of Armin, near Goole, in Yorkshire, hired himself to a master who never had family-prayer. The master, who valued his new servant, was surprised, at the end of the first week, by his coming to him and saying, "I am very sorry, Sir, but I must leave your service." On inquiring into the cause, he respectfully replied, that in Mr. Thompson's family there had always been morning and evening worship, and that he found it impossible to live where there was not prayer. The master was rebuked: he had known the way of righteousness, but through prosperity in life had forsaken the ways of the Lord. The family-altar was now restored, and the man-servant retained.—*Life of E. Thompson, Esq.*

THE MARRIAGE FESTIVAL;

OR, THE USAGES OF WORKSHOPS.

JAMES BACKHOUSE, Esq., the well-known African and Australian traveller, stated, on his return to England some years ago, that during his sojourn in Van Diemen's Land he conversed with several hundreds of convicts, and was surprised to find that a very large proportion of those poor fellows, who had been transported from their native land, referred to the "fines and footings" of English workshops as the *first steps* in their ruin.

This and other testimonies stimulated the untiring Scotch philanthropist, John Dunlop, Esq., in his important investigations in the manufacturing districts, and resulted in one of the most surprising compilations we have ever read. The perusal of Mr. Dunlop's extraordinary book on the drinking-customs of various trades, the *fines*, the *footings*, and the *wettings*, excites the deepest surprise; not at there being so much intemperance amongst the working classes, but that *any apprentice* who has had to pass such a fiery ordeal has escaped being burnt.

We rejoice to state that in many parts of the country, and particularly in Yorkshire, both men and masters are heartily uniting in breaking up these injurious drinking-customs; adopting, in lieu thereof, new and more rational workshop-usages.

We have just been informed of a manufactory in Barnsley, where for many years the new apprentices have had to furnish drink as their "footing," (a course which has not only inflicted evils upon the workmen themselves, but has been in many cases a cruel tax upon the poor parents of the apprentices,) where now the drinking has been abolished, and the hands, by subscribing a trifle from each workroom, purchase a *box of tools* for the new comer. An example worthy of imitation.

At the brass and iron works of Messrs. Guest and Chrimes, Rotherham, when a workman gets married, a subscription is made through the works, to which the firm contribute, for the purchase of some useful articles of furniture, to be presented to the newly-married couple. A tea-meeting is held, at which the employers, the workmen and their wives, and the apprentices employed at the works, are present. After the removal of tea-tables, the festive occasion is enlivened by the singing of pieces of music by the singing class, performances on the pianoforte, harmonicon, accordion, &c., with recitations and occasional addresses. About the middle of the entertainment the articles of furniture are presented in due form to the young couple.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 3d, 1855, the sixth festival of the kind, during that year, was held in the large room of the Mechanics' Institute, when about two hundred sat down to a plentiful repast; after which, the usual course of music, &c., as set forth on a printed programme, ensued.

About nine o'clock the articles of fur-

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niture, consisting of a clock and mahogany dining-table, were presented to the young married couple by Mr. Guest, who, as spokesman for the workpeople, delivered the following short address:—"I have once more the great satisfaction of being the mouthpiece of your fellow-workmen and their wives in presenting you with the articles of furniture now before you, as a testimony of their good-will and kind feeling towards you at the outset of your married life. I cannot but congratulate you both, on what seems to me the favourable circumstances under which your married life commences. Under other circumstances, and in other places, you, the husband, might on your marriage being made known to your fellow-workmen, have been coerced by them into parting with the greater part of your week's wages to be spent in a drunken spree, ending perhaps in a bloody broil, which might have sent you home to your young wife an object almost of loathing, instead of fond expectant love. I congratulate your fellow-workmen on the truly manly, ay, noble usage they have substituted for those selfish, bad, and brutal drinking-customs, which yet degrade and disgrace the working classes in some parts of our country: *with us I trust they are for ever extinct.* I congratulate you, the wife of a sober husband, on the happier auspices which introduce you into the responsibilities and duties of the married state, inasmuch as the good-will and kind feeling which is evinced towards you and your husband by his fellow-workmen and their wives on this occasion, must be a pleasant assurance to you, that he is, in the midst of his daily toils, amongst those who are not likely to mislead or injure him; in short, that he is surrounded by safe associates, who now give a gratifying proof that they mean him good, and not harm: and it must be a solid satisfaction to you, in the midst of your household duties, with these articles of furniture before your eyes, to feel that such is the case, and that your husband is amongst those who will rather help than hinder him in the path of life.—I can now only wish that you may long live happily to use these articles of furniture which, in the name of your fellow-workmen and their wives, I have now the pleasure of presenting to you.—My remarks have as yet been confined to the promotion of your welfare and happiness in *this* life. It remains for me, on behalf of my respected partner, Mr. Chrimes, and myself, to present you each with a BIBLE; and I beg earnestly to recommend to you its regular and prayerful perusal, as a safe and sure guide to that higher happiness in eternal life, to which it is my prayer that you and all of us here may, through God's mercy, attain."

At one of these Rotherham marriage-festivals, which was celebrated only a few weeks previously, the number of visiters was greatly increased in consequence of Mr. Guest having presented tickets to between sixty and seventy workmen (and the wives of such as were married) who had been employed in erecting two villa-residences for him, at Moorgate-Grove. This excellent course, founded upon truly philanthropic principles, and worthy of imitation by all employers under the same or similar circumstances, was adopted by him in lieu of giving them what is generally called the "*rearing supper*," usual on the completion of new buildings. We are informed that all the workmen who were spoken to on the subject, after the festival had taken place, expressed their great satisfaction, and *highly approved of the change;* stating, that it was "the pleasantest evening" they had ever spent, and that they had been talking together as to whether or not such a change might not be wisely adopted by them at *all* such celebrations. No doubt it might. Two important points are secured by the alteration so wisely carried out by Mr. Guest; namely, the evening's amusement being such as will bear the morning's reflection; and also that the *wife* of the working-man shares in the enjoyment,—and this is only fair. Why should not *she* have the few sunny, as well as the many lonely, hours of a working man's wife? Let us hope that the "good time coming" will, among its many promised blessings, doom to an early and unlamented death the *infamous* DRINKING-USAGES OF THE WORKING CLASSES.—*British Workman.*

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Memorials of the Departed.

On the 7th of August, 1854, Thomas Crossland, of Askern, a much-esteemed Local Preacher in the Doncaster Circuit. He was born at Conisborough, near Doncaster, in the year 1795. Drawn by curiosity to hear Methodist preaching, he suddenly ceased to ridicule the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, became a penitent, found peace with God, joined in the fellowship of saints, was soon appointed to preach, and for nearly sixty years persevered in the way of life. He acquired no small degree of local celebrity by ingenuity and industry, maintaining, in general society, the integrity of his Christian character.

In the autumn of the same year,—the day is not given by our correspondent,—Benjamin Hunt, of Pilton, in the Shepton-Mallet Circuit. In his youth he went to Jamaica, soon became the manager of a sugar-plantation, and conformed, without scruple, to the licentious customs of the country. With impaired health he returned to England, landing at Bristol. Having accompanied the friend at whose house he was guest to an Independent chapel, he heard a sermon on the return of the prodigal son, felt himself to be a prodigal indeed, and, covered with holy shame, cried to his Father in heaven for mercy. That mercy he quickly found; and, after worshipping for a short time in the parish-church, gained a happy resting-place in one of the Methodist Societies. From this memorable day, to his dying hour, he held on his way,—a happy, consistent, zealous, and useful man of God; ready to every good work. He was eminently "a man of an excellent spirit;" and by his distinguished integrity, and humility of character, commanded the esteem both of the church and the world. For several years prior to his death, and in the prime of his days, it pleased God mysteriously to afflict him with the loss of sight, and an extreme nervous debility. But "the fire" did but "refine his graces;" and during this most distressing affliction, he was a rare monument of the sustaining power of Divine grace. Seldom, if ever, have those words of our own sweet singer,

"All praise, all meekness, and all love,"

been more fully realized than in the experience and example of Benjamin Hunt.

It was the joy of religion, as it appeared in the countenance and manner, and it spoke in the conversation, of her brother, which led Ann Wilford, of Arnold, in the Nottingham South Circuit, the subject of this memoir, to choose religion as her chief good. Ann had attended the Wesleyan ministry from her earliest youth. On a Sunday-school being opened about the year 1808, although sixteen years of age, she had entered it as a scholar, in company with several members of the family; and God had often applied the instructions given to her inmost soul. The ministry of the Rev. J. Hollingsworth had been also of great service to her; renewing her convictions of sin, exciting her fears, and calling forth the repeated expression of desire for mercy. All seemed unavailing, however, until her younger brother found the Saviour; when the overflowing joy of his glad and full heart, together with the pleasing change in his life, so affected her with powerful emotions of desire after such happiness, as to lead her to commence its search for herself. Some short time afterwards, she accordingly gave herself to God and to His people, and soon found the treasure of grace and gladness which had appeared so rich and lovely in her brother. From that time her course was marked by undeviating and resolute perseverance heavenwards. Her place at the house of God was scarcely ever vacant at any public service; and it was her custom to rise on the Sunday morning before five o'clock, in order to prepare, by private services of devotion,—reading the word of God and prayer,—for the solemn and blessed engagements of the day. So late in life as December 3d, 1854, having heard that the class was to be met for the renewal of tickets, by the Rev. James Parkes, she managed to be present,

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although in a state of great feebleness; and, while expressing there her apprehensions as to the shortness of her remaining life, renewed the devotion of her heart and her all to the God of her salvation. A few days after that "communion of saints" the disease which had been enfeebling her assumed an aggravated form, and on the 28th of December brought her to a triumphant death.

For the year 1855 our first record is the decease of Mary Waterhouse, of Chinley, in the Buxton Circuit, aged twenty-two years and four months. She found a sense of acceptance with God under a sermon preached in the adjacent village of Upper Fold, on Sunday evening, November 24th, 1850. Her career was unobtrusive but constant, and her experience was an undeviating testimony to the happiness of true religion. Her last hours were memorable for the importunity of her exhortations to undecided relatives; and with almost impatient joy she entered into life.

On the 23d of January, aged nineteen, Grace Gaynor, of Ballingarry, in the Cloughjordan Circuit, Ireland. Brought up in the fear of the Lord by pious Methodist parents, she entered into the liberty of His children about three years before her death, which was unexpected, yet untroubled.

On the 27th of the same month, at Ladderage, in the Leek Circuit, Sarah Mayer. The history of her life is happily comprehended in a few expressive words: "She was a praying, working, practical Christian." This character she sustained during forty years of honourable membership in the Wesleyan-Methodist church.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

Names.	Residences, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Buckingham, Susan,	Clovelly,	Bideford,	46	Dec. 25th, 1855.
Burrows, Joseph,	Sherborne,	Sherborne,	56	Jan. 11th, 1856.
Carrodus, John,	Keighley,	Keighley,	77	Jan. 17th, 1856.
Collins, John,	Milborne Port,	Sherborne,	65	Dec. 16th, 1855.
Cullingford, William,	Ely,	Ely,	82	Feb. 5th, 1854.
Cullingford, Martha,	Blow Norton,	Diss,	42	Dec. 3d, 1850.
Gorran, Mrs.,	Landcross,	Bideford,	55	Feb. 11th, 1856.
Green, Thomas,	Keighley,	Keighley,	31	Oct. 19th, 1855.
Harper, Richard,	Keighley,	Keighley,	69	Jan. 19th, 1856.
Hattersley, Mary,	Keighley,	Keighley,	54	Sept. 8th, 1855.
Hawksworth, Thomas,	Pool's Close,	Ashbourne,	42	Feb. 7th, 1856.
Hesom, Mary,	Rugby,	Daventry & Rugby,	62	Jan. 24th, 1856.
Hocking, Mrs. Ann,	Marazion,	Marazion,	67	Feb. 18th, 1856.
Holmes, Isabella,	Keighley,	Keighley,	27	Dec. 30th, 1855.
Knight, Sarah,	Evesham,	Evesham,	24	Dec. 1st, 1855.
Lee, Mrs. Mary,	Clovelly,	Bideford,	67	March 3d, 1855.
Lunn, Ann,	Steeton,	Keighley,	32	Sept. 21st, 1855.
Naylor, John,	Keighley,	Keighley,	71	Nov. 13th, 1855.
Payne, Charles,	Ludgran Lees,	Marazion,	82	Dec. 23d, 1855.
Rich, Mr. John,	Goldrithney,	Marazion,	47	Nov. 17th, 1855.
Shepherd, Mr. W.,	Bideford,	Bideford,	65	Feb. 13th, 1856.
Spencer, Richard,	Keighley,	Keighley,	64	Dec. 19th, 1855.
Walker, Mary,	Evesham,	Evesham,	60	July 26th, 1855.
Whitefield, Mrs. Mary,	Clovelly,	Bideford,	67	Dec. 3d, 1855.
Wilson, Mrs. M. A. G.,	Haverfordwest,	Haverfordwest,	55	Aug. 10th, 1855.
Woollett, Norwood,	Acrise,	Dover,	68	Jan. 29th, 1855.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

THE BIBLE IN THE CAMP.

Never, in all the history of Christendom, did the world hear of such a strange union of the sword and the olive-branch, as it has lately witnessed in the East. In Constantinople and Scutari, Sebastopol and Balaklava, in short, all over the seat of war, in city, camp, fleet and hospital, the holy Scriptures have been distributed, and the Gospel preached.

None of the peoples found within the range of war have been unvisited with new messages of heavenly peace. The Russ prisoner of war has been among the first to receive the sacred gift, free, like the life itself, without money, and without price. Unable to speak their thanks intelligibly to English and American distributers, Russian officers and men, after proving their ability to read, have received the precious volumes in silent gratitude, pressed them reverentially to their bosoms, and proceeded

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to beguile the hours of captivity by perusing the Bibles, New Testaments, and religious Tracts given them gratuitously by their most friendly enemies. Poles, too, reluctantly mingled in the ranks of the Russian army, where nothing would ever be done to improve their mind or heart, are now reading sentences of mercy which teach them how to attain to a far, far nobler liberty than that which their fathers lost. The German and the Frenchman, in whose homes there is too generally a famine of the word of God, have been reminded of it in the East amidst the din of battles, and in spite of the dissipation and profaneness of the camps. The highest officers in the French army have encouraged the agents of Bible Societies to distribute the sacred volume freely among their soldiers; and the Sardinian officers have done the same. Almost everywhere these benefactors have been welcomed; and although the reception given them has been various, it has more generally been respectful than otherwise, often cordial, and often marked with most affecting gratitude. Encouraging, indeed, it must have been to the American distributers to see poor military serfs, freer when in the power of their conquerors than when they were driven into the Crimea by their own Generals, coming with bowing heads to beg for *blessings*—since, not knowing how to read, they were not qualified to receive *books*. And so the countrymen of Cromwell and Moreland meet in the Sardinian army with Waldensian soldiers, exulting in the recently-acquired boon of religious liberty, and helping their Protestant friends to make their way through the Italian tents, and distribute the purer version of Diodati the Protestant among the men of Piedmont, recently emancipated from the thraldom of the Court of Rome.

More wonderful still. While nominal Christians—Greek, Italian, German, French, Russ, and Pole—accept the copies of holy Scripture that are offered, and while the donors rejoice that men so long forbidden to read God's holy word in their own language now consent to take the books into their hands, instead of trampling them under foot as aforetime, and are willing to give—not money, but—*thanks* in return, there are others who rejoice to pay down gold and silver, and account themselves much the richer for the bargain. These are the Turks. In Constantinople itself they have been buying Bibles during the whole war at full price, by hundreds upon hundreds. All over Turkey, or, at least, wherever a Missionary or a Bible-agent establishes a depôt, there are Turks of the better sort openly buying, and as openly reading, and as openly commending "the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms." Nay, they now read the Gospel and the Epistles also. They admire the inspired text, ask its meaning, and in all directions begin to avow belief in the narrative, and confidence in the teaching, giving hope that, ere long, they will also attain to faith in the Saviour.

This is, indeed, a mighty work. Priests rage, and Jesuits pretend to laugh; but under their anger and their scorn there is a real terror of the consequences of such a wide diffusion of the Scriptures of truth, and so grand a display of Christian zeal. Bigotry cannot rear its head around

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the waters of the Black Sea; and men the most opposite, if their tempers were to be answerable to their origin and their traditions, forget all feuds and all cursings, and permit the Gospel to be freely introduced, that it may sanctify their alliance. How different in Austria! There, the soldiers are startled by orders to fast in Lent; an obligation from which even the Church of Rome allows the military man, when on service, to be exempt without purchasing indulgence. In the Austrian army it is attempted to compel the soldiers to confess their sins to Priests under the authority of a general military order. In the Austrian army the Bible is almost an unknown book. But here, in the allied camps, the English, French, Sardinians, and *Turks* enjoy a community of religious liberty, however unprepared most of them may be to use it. Such gifts, such freedom of intercourse, such open and unrestricted manifestation of Christian truth, cannot be without effect; and this effect cannot be ephemeral. Perhaps it will be more fully appreciated fifty years hence than it can be at this day. There is now a gift of tongues, not sudden and miraculous, but the fruit of munificence, learning, labour, faith, and *prayer;* and these tongues are speaking already to the soldiers and the families of many nations east, west, and north; and on the written Gospel thus dispersing and to be dispersed, prayer can draw down the Pentecostal Spirit.

But for this crowning blessing we have not entirely to wait. It comes already. Christians of many names, forgetting sectarian restraints, have met for the first time in Turkey and in the Crimea, and joined in the more simple and fervent exercises of devotion. Here, there, and far away yonder, little companies of Methodists have sought out places for themselves where they might enjoy the class-meeting, the prayer-meeting, and the "word of exhortation." "Where are the Methodists?" the stranger asks, and soon finds that they have not put their candle under a bushel. "They are up the hill in that Greek church."—"They may be found on the other side this Mohammedan burial-ground, under the shade of cypresses."—"They have cut a way for themselves into a field of thistles, and cleared an open-air chapel in the middle of it. Follow their track, and you will find them." Yes; there they are,—a party of soldiers of the 13th Regiment, for example, lately come from Gibraltar; and there the stranger finds them. Doubtful, at first, whether or not these be the men, a word settles it. One of them gives out,—

"Jesus, the Name high over all,"

and a grand burst of willing voices takes up the words,—

"Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly."

Tell us not of Popish *Pater-nosters*. Tell us not that the devotions of "Catholics" put Protestants to shame. No.—No.—No. A muttered *Pater-noster*, a mechanical sign of the cross, a sentence of unintelligible and

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unfelt devotion, done because it must be done, and forthwith followed by a profane oath or an infidel jest, is not the thing to put our brave brethren to shame. O, no! In honest English they confess their Saviour. Without a whisper they speak up. And making their clear voices do the work of bells, they raise them on the skirts of the camp, and many a weary soul, catching the sound, comes away to join them, casts in his lot amongst them, and, if spared to take his discharge and live again under the roof of his fathers, will tell how the honest Methodist soldier in the Eastern wilderness cried aloud, and there prepared a highway for his God. Well might a correspondent say, speaking of the thistle-chapel of Kadikoi, "This was like the place where Jacob slept; and they said, 'This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.' And never in their lives did they experience more of the power and presence of God, than among the thistles of Kadikoi."

"Our own Correspondent" of the *Times*, apparently a Papist, a person who continually attempts to ridicule the distribution of Bibles and Tracts, and every other act of Christian zeal, lately undertook to complain of the British Government for having sanctioned the appointment of a Wesleyan Chaplain to look after our brethren at the seat of war. But the Rev. Peter Batchelor, followed by the prayer of the Church, is welcomed by the hundreds to whom he goes; and we trust that God will put that kind of honour on him which "Our own Correspondent" cannot yet appreciate. Those who read the communication to which we now refer, would also read an admirable rebuke, in the same paper, from the pen of Sir Andrew Agnew, M.P. May it ever please God thus to sanctify war, but to hasten the universal reign of our PRINCE OF PEACE.

THE SABBATH MADE FOR MAN.

THE Sabbath was made for man *as a perpetual ordinance.*

At a time when lax notions are extensively prevalent respecting the Christian Sabbath; when a number of individuals, under the title of "The National Sunday League," have been clamouring for the opening of the Crystal Palace, the British Museum, and other places of amusement at certain hours of the Lord's day; when there is a strong tendency in certain quarters to sweep away the barriers which remain for the protection of this sacred day, and to throw open public-houses, and taverns, and theatres, unrestrained by legislative enactments; and when we see steam-boat companies and railway companies, attracted by the lure of a glittering recompense, running their conveyances in every direction, without any plea of necessity, and even lowering their fares in order to secure a multitude; it is time for Christians to raise their voice in honour of their God, and proclaim throughout the land that this is the day which the Lord hath called "holy." There is nothing in our land that more powerfully attracts the attention of a Continental visiter than the order,

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the stillness, and the apparent devotion which prevail in our country on the Lord's day; and to obliterate this proud distinction between England and the Continent, would be to fling away, in the blindness of infatuation, the dearest birthright of all classes of the community, and to turn one of Heaven's choicest blessings into a great public nuisance and a national curse. Never may that Lord's day dawn upon our land when the doors of national places of amusement and recreation shall be thrown wide open, and when public-houses shall be crowded from morning till night with the multitudes of the intemperate and thoughtless. May God avert so great a calamity, and still preserve to Britain the sacredness of its Sabbath-day's rest and devotion! Nay, more, may the privileges of our Sabbath be those of universal man; and on the morning of God's own day, may the sun rise upon a world hushed in the sweetness of repose, fragrant with the holy influences of the Divine Spirit, and sending up to heaven the praises of grateful and ransomed populations!

The first mention we have of the Sabbath is immediately after the creation of the world; and then the Sabbath was instituted, and made a binding ordinance upon man to the latest moment of time. It is said that, after the sixth day had been celebrated by the noblest act of Divine workmanship,—the creation of man,—"God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made." We regard the argument that would represent the Sabbath as instituted by way of anticipation for the Israelite whose nation was not to exist until many centuries later, as a contradiction of the clear letter of inspiration. It is most clear that the Sabbath was consecrated for the man whom God had just created, and consequently for the whole of his posterity. As now Jew and Gentile are the offspring of the same Creator, and members of the common family, so it follows that the Sabbath was not made for any nation in particular, but for every nation on the face of the earth.

Our conviction is strengthened, if possible, when we find the precept enrolled in the Decalogue. You regard these ten commandments as the grand epitome of the Divine laws, the enunciation of those principles of eternal right which remain in full force in all parts of the vast empire over which God sways His moral government. The merely ceremonial laws of the Hebrews have been abolished; and certainly the manner in which the Jews in the time of our Lord observed their corruption of the Sabbath cannot be obligatory upon us; but the moral law, engraven by the finger of God upon tables of stone can never be altered or repealed. Now, it is in the midst of these moral laws that we find a declaration of the original institution of the Sabbath. "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. . . . For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." This is the fourth commandment, last of those by which the honour and worship of God are secured. In the first, we are taught that there is only one God, and that to Him must worship be

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exclusively offered. In the second, that God is a Spirit, and cannot be represented by any graven image; and that worship offered to Him must be spiritual. In the third, we are taught the sacredness of the Divine nature, that we may worship God with reverence and awe. And in the fourth, that God has sanctified a portion of time, to be devoted to His service and worship amid the engrossing toils of life.

But the words of our Lord are clear and definite: "The Sabbath was made for man." "Man" is here a generic term, and includes the whole race. It is not man as a Jew, or man as a Gentile, but all mankind. "For man," as he crowds the cities of Asia, or peoples the continent of America, or wanders over the deserts of Africa, or dwells amid the civilization of Europe. "For man," whether black or white, high or low, rich or poor. "For man," by the bench, in the counting-house, on the market-place, or in the Senate. It is one law of wide-spreading and universal obligation, made for all ranks of society, and carrying its obligations to the remotest dwelling-place of man.

The Sabbath was made for man *as a commemorative and emblematic service.*

At the original institution of the Sabbath, it was made a memorial of creation. (See Exod. xxxi. 16, 17.) Because on the seventh day God rested from His works, we devote to Him a seventh, rather than a third, or a tenth, or any other portion of our time, to commemorate this great event.

It is an interesting and important inquiry, whether the dedication of *any* seventh day, or of a *certain and particular* seventh day, is required. It will be admitted by all, that God might, for any reason that seemed fit to Him, alter the day without infringing upon the spirit or design of the original institution. Now we find that when observance of the Sabbath was commanded in the law of Moses, another reason was given: "Remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God *brought thee out thence* through a mighty hand and by a stretched-out arm: *therefore* the Lord thy God commanded thee to *keep the Sabbath-day.*" So important was their deliverance from Egyptian bondage, that it was associated with creation in the commemorative services of the Mosaic Sabbath. We ask, then, if there be any such signal event connected with the introduction of Christianity as may be worthy of a weekly commemoration, to distinguish the Sabbath of the Christian from the Sabbath of the Hebrew. We at once point to the resurrection of Christ. This grand event took place on the first day of the week, and not on the seventh, which was the Sabbath of the Jews, as it had been the Sabbath of their fathers; and therefore, in honour of it, our Sabbath is kept on the first day of the week. And surely, if deliverance from Egyptian bondage was of sufficient importance to be commemorated with the creation of the world on the Mosaic Sabbath, the great event which seals our deliverance from a thraldom ten thousand times worse than that of Egypt,—which ushers in a grand and glorious economy, by which those who had frustrated all the purposes of their

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creation, and had brought upon themselves the withering condemnation of Heaven, might become the subjects of a new creation, and be restored to the smile and benediction of God,—is of sufficient importance to be linked with all that is marvellous in successive acts of creation, and commemorated in all the services of the Christian Sabbath. Accordingly, we find that our Lord Jesus Christ signalized this day by appearing to His disciples, and by pouring out His Spirit to heal the disorders of the moral world, and raise it from chaotic confusion into pristine order and loveliness; that the Apostles observed this day, and directed the early Christians to do the same; that it is designated, by way of eminence, THE LORD'S DAY; and that it has been universally observed by the Christian church from the days of the Apostles to the present time.

The Sabbath was made for man *as a period for rest and tranquillity.*

God rested on the seventh day. The creative voice was hushed in silence. No new stars spangled forth in light and beauty. No new orb rose on the morning of this day to roll in the clear firmament of heaven. There was a pause; for the grand process of creation was completed; and a profound tranquillity settled on all parts of the universe. And therefore did God ordain that man should rest every seventh day from the wearing toil of life, that the worn-out energies of his body might be recruited, and that his mind might regain its buoyancy and elasticity. The husbandman is to cease from sowing and reaping; the weaver from plying his shuttle; the miner from entering the bowels of the earth. All the marts of commerce must be closed; and all the operations of industry must cease. No other works must be performed than those of necessity and Christian benevolence. The veriest drudge in the whole round of human existence is to feel that at least on one day in seven there is respite from the exactions of grinding covetousness, and that no other burden is placed upon him than that which his conscience allows and clear necessity demands. Without such a regularly recurring rest as the Lord's day affords, the human system would soon sink under its every-day burdens.

How greatly do those men err who, proclaiming themselves friends of the working man, advocate the providing every kind of amusement on the Lord's day for the labouring population! They wish railway-trains and other conveyances to run in every direction, carrying multitudes to squander away the precious Sabbath in idle frivolity. But they do not tell us when the clerks, the porters, the engine-drivers, and the whole tribe of busy attendants, are to have repose. The fact is, they would rob one portion of the busy community of rest on the Lord's day, in order that the other portion might exchange it for sensual gratification. What working man, with any sentiment of honour and honesty in his bosom, would accept a Sunday's pleasure on terms like these? How could he consent that the Sunday of his fellows should be turned into a day of toil, in order that his own might be degraded to the low purposes of sensual gratification? No one more than the working man has need to guard his Sunday; for they that would take it away from the few would not scruple to steal it from

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the many. Any Act of Parliament that would make Sunday a day for mere pleasure and amusement would also make it a day for work. Very soon the many would be the toilers and the few the pleasure-seekers; for avarice would drive an increasing multitude to obey the calls of the idle, the dissipated, and the sensual. But this is the grand charter of the sons of toil: "The Sabbath was made for man;" not for statesmen to fritter it away by the encroachments of a demoralizing legislation; not for the purveyors of public amusement to engross it by throwing open halls and palaces; not for companies and employers to dole it out in miserable portions to their servants; but "for man," that he might be relieved from the exactions and cares of every-day life, and devote it to the best, the highest, and the noblest purposes of existence.

The Sabbath was made for man *as a means of moral and spiritual improvement.*

The great business of man on earth is to secure a suitable preparation for the immediate presence of God and the holy joys of eternity; and whatever renders him assistance in this important matter is to be highly prized and diligently used. In this light the Lord's day is beyond all calculation precious. It brings the grand concerns of eternity before us. It reminds us, as with a voice from heaven, that we are strangers and pilgrims on earth, looking "for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." It comes to tell the mechanic, the farmer, the tradesman, that the six days' labour is ended; that the demands of the world have been met; that the body has been provided for; and that now the soul with its lofty powers and high destiny must receive undivided attention. O, precious boon! O, priceless blessing! Without the pause of the Sabbath amid the whirl of life, I should be soon degraded to a mere drudge; but now the Lord's own day, with its hallowed privileges, associations, and employments, constantly reminds me of the grandeur of existence, and wakens up in my bosom the purest and loftiest aspirations. It secures me time and opportunity to study the grand themes of human redemption and eternal glory.

Brethren, your love to the Lord's day is a criterion of your spiritual condition. The exercises of this holy day on earth shadow forth the blessed exercises of the heavenly Sabbath. A relish for the one is the only fitting preparation for the other. If you are acquiring no taste for Sabbath devotions and employments; if to you the rest of this day is weariness; if its sacred business is drudgery, then are you a stranger to the most ennobling delights, you are casting away the most precious gifts of Heaven. Yes, let the truth be told,—you are preparing for a world where the dawn of Sabbath never breaks, where misery and woe fill up the circle of eternity, and where the inhabitants may say, "We were not made for the Sabbath," but must also mourn, "There is no Sabbath made for us."

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MARRIAGE.

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE AS TO CHRISTIAN BELIEVERS STATED.

PART II.

SINCE it is God Himself who caused the facts of Bible history to be recorded for our learning and admonition, let us not fail to discover those salutary lessons which they contain. To deter believers from marrying with unbelievers, we have, in a previous paper, referred to a fact in the history of the world before the flood, which is pregnant with warning and instruction on this subject. When the "sons of God" took to themselves wives of the "daughters of men," who were aliens to God and religion, the corruption of the whole race soon reached its consummation in guilt and godlessness. But the Scriptures present us with other instances of a similar nature, against which the Lord declared His displeasure, and which He visited with punishment; showing us most clearly that He requires His people ever to keep themselves distinct from the world.

The end of their existence as a church, a people whom He has set apart for Himself, can only in this way be secured. They must maintain their separation, in order that they may fulfil their duties to their redeeming God, and to a sinful world. Without this, they cannot maintain their personal purity and spiritual influence, by which alone they are qualified to glorify God and bless mankind. Fellowship with the world tends to obliterate those border-lines which the Lord has placed between it and His people, and to destroy their spiritually leavening power; and hence the strictness of the Divine prohibition of such unions.

Thus, for example, when the Lord chose Israel of old for His people, and placed them as His witnesses in the midst of idolatrous nations, He charged them that they should in no instance allow their sons and daughters to intermarry with the Heathen. Moses forbade their making any covenant with them, and added: "Neither shalt thou make marriages with them; thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son. For they will turn away thy son from following Me, that they may serve other gods: so will the anger of the Lord be kindled against you, and destroy thee suddenly." (Deut. vii. 3, 4.) The union is forbidden because it would certainly result in the alienation of their hearts from the Lord. And can we have a more striking and affecting example of the inevitable tendency of such marriages, than in that of Solomon? And yet no man, surely, could ever more have been thought likely to resist the evil influences of a worldly alliance than he! Look at his education, his early piety, and his consummate wisdom; beside the obligation he was under, as King over the Lord's people, to maintain the purity of Divine worship. But when he transgressed the law in this matter, a more pitiable example of moral weakness the world had scarcely ever seen. Solomon, no more than the meanest of his subjects, could carry fire in his bosom, and not be burned. Hear the testimony of the sacred historian. "But King Solomon loved many strange women,—of the nations concerning which the Lord said unto the children of Israel, Ye shall not go in to them, neither shall they come in unto you: for surely they will turn away your heart after their gods." (1 Kings xi. 1, 2.) Nor was this wisest of men an exception; for undoubtedly his heart was strangely turned away from the Lord his God. And, again, when Nehemiah, after the return of the Jews from Babylon, found that many of them had married wives of Ashdod, Ammon, and Moab, he reproved them,

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and referred them to the sin of Solomon, as a warning to themselves; for he asked, "Did not Solomon, King of Israel, sin by these things? yet among many nations was there no King like him, who was beloved of his God, and God made him King over all Israel: nevertheless even him did outlandish women cause to sin." (Neh. xiii. 26.)

Probably it will be objected against these examples, that they occurred under an exclusive economy, and that the unions were formed with positive idolaters. Our circumstances differ from theirs; but our duty as the servants of God is the same, namely, to keep ourselves separate from the world. And it is clear from the precepts of Christianity, that a *believer* is not permitted to marry an *unbeliever;* that is, one in whom is dominant a carnal mind, which is enmity against God. The restriction imposed on every believer who enters the married state is, that it be "ONLY *in the Lord*." (1 Cor. vii. 39.) And, more at length, in his second epistle to the Corinthians, (chap. vi. 14—18,) does St. Paul exhort, warn, and encourage Christian believers against union with the world. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." And what true Christian would dare to act in defiance of this Divine teaching, and practically set aside God's law? And could he pray for a Divine blessing on a union which is not after God's holy ordinance? Or could he expect God to put dishonour upon His own ordinance, and bless him, in spite of his transgression? And are there not difficulties already sufficiently numerous in the way of our final salvation, without needlessly multiplying them? It is a fearful thing for any one deliberately to place a barrier in the way of his soul's salvation; a barrier, too, which may prove insurmountable.

This is a subject which no one should treat with levity. No step in life is fraught with consequences more momentous, in regard to the present, future, and eternal interests of those who take it. Can any one, who feels the influence and power of religion, go and unite himself for life to one who does not enjoy it, and may never seek it? He who does, will, by such an act, either be turned aside from the paths of piety, or make his entrance into heaven extremely difficult. Every Christian needs, in the companion of his life, a help in the way to heaven, and not a hindrance. He desires happiness in the marriage union; but if God smile not upon it, he will not realize it. On the subject which is dearest to his heart, he can have no fellowship with one who is a stranger to it. The natural joys and sorrows of life they may in some sort share; but there can be no communion in those things which are spiritual. Nor is the future brighter than the present; for while he finds that at best he himself will but hardly be saved, so will he have no hope of a re-union beyond the grave. Death separates the believer and the unbeliever for ever.

But one may marry an unbeliever in expectation of becoming the instrument of conversion. *Many* have indulged the hope, but *few*, very few, have realized it. It is seldom sincere, and generally doomed to disappointment.

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Some have sought the support of Scripture for that which the Scripture uniformly condemns, perverting the meaning of St. Paul's words, where he says, "The unbelieving husband is sanctified by the [believing] wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband." (1 Cor. vii. 14.) But surely this has nothing to do with the subject before us. The cases referred to by the Apostle were those in which both parties, at the time of marriage, were idolaters, but one, having been converted to Christ, might then pray and hope for the salvation of the other; and so far, in this case, does one sanctify the other, that their children become, through the faith of the saved parent, entitled to all the blessings of the church. This passage, therefore, gives no license to believers to marry with unbelievers. Such alliances cannot be formed without treachery to Christ and peril to the soul. The prohibition is sufficiently plain,—"Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers." "Be ye separate, saith the Lord." As these precepts are followed, family piety is upheld, and pure and undefiled religion maintained.

And now, will our young Christian readers suffer, for a moment, the word of exhortation? We entreat them not to allow their affections to become entangled with those who have not yet given themselves to the Lord. In the objects of their choice, true piety must be an essential pre-requisite. Both parties must love the Saviour, and be able to call God "Father" by the Spirit. Husband and wife will then be heirs together of the grace of life. They will have light in their dwelling, and peace in their habitation. Then, whatever sorrows, afflictions, and trials may come, they will unitedly apply to Heaven for support in the day of evil, and blessedly prove that all things work together for good to those who love God. The troubles of life, instead of alienating them from each other, will, under the influence of religion, tend to unite their hearts and cement their union. They will rejoice and weep together, and pursue together their journey to the skies. If they have children, they will unitedly dedicate them to God, and bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. And should death sever them on earth, they will part with the assurance of meeting again before the throne of the Lamb.

Bradford. D. H.

WESLEY'S MISSION.

To form a correct estimate of the mission of Wesley as an evangelist, we ought to consider the spiritual aspect of the kingdom when he went forth to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation. The simple doctrine of how and by what means a man might become reconciled to God, had been for a long time (since the age of Baxter, Howe, and others) overlaid with philosophic fancies, Calvinistic notions, and an indifference to all truth, which clouded the vision of the people; and, if I should be asked, "What point in the annals of Britain can you fix upon during the last hundred years illustrating that familiar term, *God in history?*" I should have no hesitation in affirming it to be when Wesley was soundly converted to God, and sent forth to proclaim that all must be converted; that the Lord called all; that all might come; and that a measure of Divine illumination was imparted to all, which, if not wilfully quenched, will impress upon their hearts its vast importance, and lead them to Jesus as the Friend of sinners. *All* were invited, and *all* might come. That all *did not* come, does not in any way set aside the

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truth of the willingness of God to bless them; but rather shows the character of the human heart, and the important position in which man is placed as a free agent. "Constrained obedience" is a perversion of the term obedience. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver. Armed with the great evangelical truth contained in that memorable conversation of our Lord with Nicodemus in John iii., Wesley went forth, himself a partaker of that new birth unto righteousness,—an inward transformation by the Holy Spirit's power; and thus could testify, as a living witness, that others might obtain the same blessing. He was opposed by Bishops and Clergy; who themselves affirmed the truth of the new birth whilst reading their Church Service; and yet deemed him an enthusiast who came before them as a *living* man who had been made partaker of a *living* reality. That Service says that God "pardons and absolves all who truly repent, and unfeignedly believe His holy Gospel." It was for contending for the VITALITY of this truth,—the fact that it is *even so*, that a man *may*, *can*, and *does* know, and that it is the will of God that man should know, inwardly, this *pardon* and *absolution*,—that Wesley incurred the ire and opposition of multitudes of the Clergy, and the fury of mobs. And yet he was right; a true messenger of the Lord Most High. Evil spoken of as he was, he acted on the principle of Athanasius, "TRUTH AGAINST ALL THE WORLD;" and thousands are now in heaven who were drawn to Jesus and His converting grace by the blessing of God upon the firm testimony of Wesley and his companions.

The Lord giveth not His glory to another; and it is well for us, at all times, and under all circumstances, to bear this in mind. The power which raised up Wesley was from God, and the power which worked with him was from God: yet we cannot forget that the Lord works by human agency; suitable, most assuredly, to a human audience. Whilst all the glory is justly to be ascribed to God, it is man who must yield to spiritual influence, present his heart, repent and believe, yielding thus in his day of grace, following and believing in that light which enlighteneth every man which cometh into the world. In other words, submission to Divine authority,—knowing that we are redeemed not with corruptible things, but with the precious blood of Christ, and that the *conscious possession* of pardon flows from the shedding of the blood of the Cross,—is a fact, a living reality, as firm as the pillars of heaven. Here is the mission of Wesley; and if an anxious thought can in any way cross the breast of a glorified spirit in heaven, I fancy it must be in Wesley's, as he gazes on his Lord, and joins the chorus of the redeemed; such a thought as this: "O that more would seek the Lord! O that those who attend a free Gospel ministry on the earth would seek the pardoning love of God!"

The condition of Christianity in the nation at Wesley's outset was extraordinary. Buried in controversy on Calvinistic points, the Ministers would seem to be intent on hair-splitting, rather than eager for the salvation of the people; and the consequence was, in them and in their hearers, *absence of spiritual life*. These are indisputable facts; and, to prove them, read Fletcher's "Checks," and Wesley's replies to the unmerited aspersions cast upon his ministerial work. Calvinism frowned at the shout, "Glory be to God!" New-born souls, and penitents crying for mercy, under visitations of the blessed Spirit, were deemed enthusiasts. The inculcation of holiness of heart and life as a condition of retaining the Divine favour in

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the converted soul, (in other words, obeying the Holy Spirit's teaching,) was opposed by presenting that cup of poison, "Once in grace, always in grace;" a doctrine contrary to the warnings and teaching of Jesus, who calls on the children of God to glorify Him by obeying His commandments, to follow Him, and to take up their cross daily. Wesley was correct as an interpreter of the doctrine of *obedience* for the man who received *pardon:* and there can be no doubt on my mind that the carnal security which the reception of "Once in grace always in grace" produces, is the cause of spiritual death in many a church; inducing loose living, and inattention to the requirements of the Gospel. Yet "Once in grace, it always *may be* so," is a Gospel truth. That it may be so, is assured by *glorifying God*, and *walking worthy* of their high vocation. Who doubts that such can fall? They are *in the way;* and to such Jesus promises that none shall pluck them out of His Father's hand. Whilst they walk in the narrow way, that way leads to life eternal,—they never fall; but *it is conditional.* The reader can at once draw the distinction. They may fall back; but there is no necessity for it. The banqueting-table is spread, and all are invited to partake. Whose fault is it if men will feed on husks when the fatted calf is ready, the ring and shoes prepared, and the garment of salvation at hand? Say not that because the garment is thy Lord's thou needest not put it on. Every mouth will be stopped in that day. GOD IS LOVE, indeed. But if we trample on mercy and love, we must fall under justice, and abide under it for ever.

The Scripture doctrine of justification and sanctification by faith is a true doctrine. The Wesleyan church fully recognises it, and many have been and now are *living* witnesses to the *living reality.* Wesley was right here; and it is the high privilege of man to have his heart cleansed from *all* sin, and to have the abiding witness of the Holy Spirit to that fact,—the plenitude Divine. Glory be to Him who purchased it for rebellious sinners! A kingdom indeed, not of this world.

Southey's "Life of Wesley" was written on a false principle. He was unfit to handle his subject, being at that time an unconverted man. A man may have the wisdom of the world, yet be as unfit to treat on spiritual subjects, as a babe is unfit to steer a ship. And in all spiritual things we do well to make this distinction. Some are very forward in Bible-discussions, and in handling spiritual things. Ask them whether they are converted; whether they know anything of the new birth? Listen not to them unless they are changed in heart. Head-knowledge without spiritual life is always superficial. German neology is the child of intellectual light. Professors in colleges are turning infidels, in England as well as in Germany. They are too proud to stoop to learn the way from Jesus; Satan is at the head of the conspiracy; and eternal death will overtake the deluded victims, unless they repent. "Learn of ME," saith Jesus; but such listen to the devil.

I have given you my impression of Wesley's mission. It is disinterested, as I do not belong to your church; and the result of reading his "Life," his "Works," and "Journals," and reading, too, with the previous knowledge of Jesus as my Saviour, whose I am. Glory be to Him for ever! Would that Wesleyan congregations everywhere knew the day of their visitation, and took advantage of truths presented to them, and that there were more fervent prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and faith to believe in the Giver! Then Wesley's days would be seen again, and thousands would be converted. I am happy to inform you that at Tywardreth and St. Blazey, in this neighbour-

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hood, there has been a most gracious visitation from on high. Scores have been converted, chapels crowded, and, "Lo! God is here," may be said of a truth. May this go on! May it be but droppings before a mighty shower, that the Lord may be glorified in the earth! Amen.

Fowey, Cornwall. W. H.

TIMOTHY KATOA, THE FRIENDLY ISLANDER.

TIMOTHY KATOA was born in Vavau, the most northerly group of the Friendly Islands. At that time, his land was covered with moral darkness, the abode of cruelty and superstition; desolating wars raged; the people were hateful, and hating one another, while Heathenism reigned around. But a few years after his birth, the Friendly Islanders were visited with "the Day-spring from on high:" "the people who sat in darkness saw great light; and to them who sat in the region and shadow of death, light sprang up." Katoa, while yet a little boy, removed with his Heathen parents from Vavau to Tongataboo. Here he became acquainted with "the messengers of the churches," the "ambassadors of Christ," who had recently arrived. He listened to their instructions, and was amongst the earliest of his countrymen who embraced the outward form of Christianity. Being an intelligent youth, he soon learned to read his native tongue, and sing the sacred songs of Zion. He thirsted for knowledge, and eagerly sought information. He began to pray, and seek the Lord; the Holy Spirit graciously wrought upon his mind, and savingly applied Divine truth to his heart, and he was made wise unto salvation through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. By the sacrament of baptism he was admitted into the Christian church, and received the name of Timothy. Having tasted that the Lord is gracious, and being made free from the law of sin and death, by the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, his heart burned with desire to spread the news of salvation, and become the humble instrument of winning some of those around him from idolatry and ignorance to a saving knowledge of the true and living God.

The Missionaries being anxious to employ the greatest amount of agency they possibly could, in order to extend the religion of Christ throughout the island, and instruct those who were casting "their idols to the moles and to the bats," selected Timothy to be a Christian Teacher. He was appointed to take charge of a class, and placed on the plan as an Exhorter and Local Preacher.

About this time, great troubles arose in Tonga. The Heathen raged at the threatened downfal of their corrupt system by the ever-continuing spread of Christianity. The storm of persecution burst with fury upon the *lotu* people. They had to abandon the different villages, and congregate at Nukualofa, where the late King Josiah Tubou resided, and the island was convulsed by a civil war. This calamity proved detrimental to the piety of many of the Christians; and among this number was Timothy. The war-spirit entered into his heart, and the spirit of Christ in a great measure departed. By neglecting to "watch unto prayer," his love grew cold, and he became worldly and vain. He did not fall into gross sin; yet, so far did he backslide in heart from God, that for a time he withdrew from his companions, who were suffering for righteousness' sake, to a Heathen fortress, to get tattooed, which used to be universally considered as a mark of manliness by the Tongues, during the long reign of Heathenism. From this place and company he was

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mercifully reclaimed. A good Local Preacher, returning one day from his appointment in the country, turned into the fort of Bea, to seek his erring brother. When Timothy saw his friend, and former fellow-labourer, coming towards him, he burst into tears, in the presence of the Heathen Chiefs, by whom he was greatly caressed; and, by the conversation and influence of this good man, he was induced again to return to the Christian party whom he had forsaken. Ashamed and humbled before God, on account of his unfaithfulness, his heart smote him; he saw his error, he remembered from whence he had fallen; he repented in dust and ashes, and earnestly sought, with prayer, the return of that Holy Spirit whom he had grieved. The Lord was merciful unto him, healed his backslidings, and restored unto him the joy of His salvation.

From this period he devoted his energies afresh to God's hallowed service, diligently attended to the cultivation of his mind, steadily increased his stock of knowledge, took a lively interest in every department of the work of Christ, and was anxious not to be outdone by any of his fellow-labourers.

The late and present Kings of the Friendly Islands showed him marked respect. By his habits of observation, and habitual intercourse with the Chiefs, he acquired a correct and extensive knowledge of the peculiar idiom of his native language: hence he was employed for several years by the Missionaries, as a Pundit, or teacher, to assist them in translating the holy Scriptures; and, by his kind and gentlemanly conduct, continued fidelity, and sterling piety, he greatly endeared himself to them and their families.

His Christian experience was clear and scriptural. In a letter to the writer, in 1842, he says: "I know your love to me; for you led me on in the way of the Lord, and I am still walking in that way. No time has yet elapsed since we parted, wherein the grace of God has been getting less in my heart; but ever since that time I have had constant fellowship with the Lord. Tell the friends in England, where you may labour, that I earnestly entreat them all to pray much for us, that we may be blessed; and that those who are still Heathen may turn to Jesus Christ, that He may save them from the wrath of God, and the fire of hell."

Timothy was a faithful antagonist of Popery. He was greatly pained at its introduction to Tonga, and justly designates it, "This *false* religion, which leads people astray."

In 1848 he offered himself as a Teacher to the Heathen parts of the island, and was accordingly appointed to Makaunga, where he rendered good service to the cause of truth and righteousness. His station was near Heathen and Papist idolaters, with both of whom he often met, kindly but faithfully warned them of the error of their ways, and preached to them the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ. This situation was very laborious. He had relinquished many comforts, and subjected himself to many privations, with excessive toil, especially in walking over the island. He gave up a good house, and a large and fruitful plantation, for a miserably small, wretched hut, while sometimes he was pinched with hunger. All this began to tell upon his delicate frame and weakly constitution; but, happy in his blessed work, he still laboured on, striving to save souls. His bereaved widow says that he spent nearly the whole of his time in his closet, and in the Heathen villages around. His only cry was for the *maonioni haohava*, that is, "perfect holiness;" and God granted him the desire of his heart.

He took a deep interest in the establishment of the Training Institution at Tonga, where Christian natives, designed for scholastic work, and Assistant-Missionaries, receive preparatory instruction. Timothy was appointed, as

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Assistant-Missionary, to Wallis's Island, a stronghold of Popery, where a Bishop and several Priests reside; but where we have several members. He became an unwearied student, and rapidly acquired knowledge, especially acquainting himself with the errors and subterfuges of that corrupt system, with whose agents he was likely to come into immediate intercourse.

But God's ways are not our ways. Instead of employing His servant longer in His vineyard, He was pleased to remove him,

"From a suffering church below,
To a reigning church above."

Indications of consumption appearing, the best medical aid was sought, but with little permanent effect; and it became evident that his days were numbered.

As his end drew near, amidst great weakness, his consolation and joy abounded; for he had been begotten again to a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, and which he knew was reserved in heaven for him. The night before he died he said to his Teacher, "I rejoice that I can speak to you before I remove hence. My sins are forgiven. Christ sits in my heart. I fear not to die. I am very happy. God has made my love perfect. I am dying fast." And so he was; for on the following day, December 13th, 1849, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. C. TUCKER.

Our Schools and Children.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN DAY-SCHOOLS.

FOR some time past, letters have been received at the Normal Institution, Westminster, bearing the joyful intelligence of awakening and conversions among the children of day and Sunday schools. We are favoured by the Rev. M. C. Taylor with permission to publish extracts of two letters addressed to himself, and hope that those of our readers who are in any way connected with schools, either public or private, will be encouraged and aroused to persevere with faith and prayer until they also can rejoice in scenes like these.

"I FEEL assured that it will give you pleasure to hear of the gracious outpouring of the Spirit of God in the hearts of some of the children committed to my care. There are ten in the day-school, and seven in my class in the Sunday-school, who, within the last fortnight, have sought and found peace with God, and are bold to confess that He has power on earth to forgive sins. Among this happy number are my pupil-teachers. Several others are earnestly seeking mercy. A class has been formed for the purpose of meeting them weekly; and twenty-three have joined it. O, Sir, nothing on earth can ever erase from my memory the scenes which I have witnessed; neither can I describe the agony in which some of them were. This work has been for some time going on in their hearts silently but safely: they have received the seed, and now the fruit is appearing. They have had, to a large degree, for some time, the spirit of inquiry as well as hearing. It has caused quite a move in Dartford. The parents of some of the children have been induced to come to the house of God through their entreaties; the congregations are improved, and the prayer-meetings are better attended. Several persons have been awakened to a sense of their danger, and joined themselves to God's people."

After mentioning various incidents which preceded this blessed work, the writer proceeds to describe its outbreak:—

"I endeavoured to point them to Jesus as

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a Saviour, but it only appeared to increase their distress. I felt that prudence demanded my sending them all to their classes for the sake of those who were not so affected. Being the morning for the grammar-lessons, the first division fell to my charge; but no grammar could be learned,—they could do nothing but weep. They begged of me to talk to them of Jesus instead; which I did.

"During the work-hour on Monday morning, it is the custom for each of them to repeat a text of Scripture of their own choice. The texts which every one of those who were so affected had chosen were so applicable to their feelings, that some could not repeat them, and others repeated them in broken sentences, mingled with sobs and tears. Some of the texts were as follows:—'Cast me not away from Thy presence,' &c. 'Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness,' &c. 'For Thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon my iniquity; for it is great.' 'Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me,' &c.

"Four of them found peace during the dinner-hour at their own homes; others have obtained the blessing since, to the number above-mentioned. I was obliged to suspend part of the usual work of the school in the afternoon and the next morning. Mr. and Mrs. B., also Miss H., have kindly assisted me in this gracious work. I never felt my own nothingness as I do now. If the Lord had not given grace, I could not have even received this shower of blessings, though in answer to my own request. I would prostrate my soul as in the dust before my heavenly Father, because of my unworthiness. I have been led to think of the motive which induced me to give up my former employment to become a teacher, and the providential way through which God has brought me to my present position. Now to have allowed me to see a little fruit of my feeble efforts to extend His kingdom encourages me to

"Labour on at His command,
And offer all my works to Him."

Might I ask an interest in your prayers, that I may walk before God with a perfect heart; that, after instructing others, I may not myself become a castaway? My anxieties are increased by these circumstances. My own happiness seems to depend on their every movement. I watch them with a jealous eye, and fear the power of the great adversary."

"I AM anxious to tell you with adoring gratitude what great things the Lord is doing for us here. A gracious influence has for some days attended the religious instruction in the school, and some of the most refractory have been subdued. Yesterday morning, during the Bible-lesson, many were melted, and came to beg for another, instead of play. For special reasons this request could not be complied with: so they took their Bibles, and sat down to read them during the play-time.

Before recommencing lessons, all the elder ones came to ask that I would hold a prayer-meeting with them at the conclusion of the day. When the time came, I was alone, Miss B. having left unexpectedly, and repairs were going on in the school-room; so that, had I not seen them very earnest, I should have deferred. In a few minutes the influence of the Holy Spirit was powerfully felt: nearly all were earnestly crying for the pardon of their sins. After staying with them for some time alone, I sent for one of our Ministers, who remained with us till it became necessary to try to induce them to leave. They were with difficulty persuaded to do so, on being told they should be met this morning. I am going immediately, but was anxious first to write to Westminster. May I not ask, dear Sir, that you will pray for these precious deathless spirits, that they may be *saved;* that these convictions may result in conversions? The thought of its passing as the morning cloud would be extremely painful. O, how can I be sufficiently thankful! I will now expect great things from God. Would there be any impropriety in meeting them weekly for religious conversation, previously to inducing them to meet in class?"

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Religion in Heart and Life.

RELIGION NO FOE TO ENJOYMENT.

It has been objected, that so much regard, or, as the objectors would call it, over-regard for religion, is inconsistent with the interest and welfare of our families, and with success and prosperity in our worldly affairs. I believe that there is very little ground for this objection in fact, and even as the world goes: in reason and principle there is none. A Christian divides his time between the duties of religion, the calls of business, and those quiet relaxations which may be innocently allowed to his circumstances and condition, and which will be chiefly in his family or amongst a few friends. In this plan of life there is no confusion or interference of its parts; and unless a man be given to sloth and laziness, which are what religion condemns, he will find time enough for them all. This calm system may not be sufficient for that unceasing eagerness, hurry, and anxiety about worldly affairs, in which some men pass their lives; but it is sufficient for everything which reasonable prudence requires; and it is perfectly consistent with usefulness in our stations, which is a main point. Indeed, compare the hours which serious persons spend in religious exercises and meditations, with the hours which the thoughtless and irreligious spend in idleness and vice and expensive diversions, and you will perceive on which side of the comparison the advantage lies, even in this view of the subject.

In addition to the above, there exists another prejudice against religious seriousness, arising from a notion very commonly entertained; namely, that religion leads to gloom and melancholy. This notion, I am convinced, is a mistake. Some persons are constitutionally subject to melancholy, which is as much a disease in them, as the ague is a disease; and it may happen that such men's melancholy shall fall upon religious ideas, as it may upon any other subject which seizes their distempered imagination. But this is not religion leading to melancholy. Or, it sometimes is the case that men are brought to a sense of religion by calamity and affliction, which produce, at the same time, depression of spirits. But neither here is religion the cause of this distress or dejection, or to be blamed for it. These cases being excepted, the very reverse of what is alleged against religion is the truth. No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty. On the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest purely for conscience' sake, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits beyond what either indulgence or diversion or company can do for them. And a succession and course of such actions and self-denials, springing from a religious principle and manfully maintained, is the best possible course that can be followed as a remedy for sinkings and oppressions of this kind. Can it, then, be true that religion leads to melancholy? Occasions arise to every man living—to many very severe as well as repeated occasions—in which the hopes of religion are the only stay that is left him. Godly men have that within them which cheers and comforts them in their saddest hours: ungodly men have that which strikes their heart, like a dagger, in its gayest moments. Godly men discover, what is very true, but what by most men is found out too late; namely, that a good conscience, and the hope of our Creator's final favour and acceptance, are the only solid happiness to be attained in this world.—*Paley.*

A CONVERSION-DAY COMMEMORATED BY A FEMALE SERVANT.

At the close of a Sunday-morning service, a Wesleyan Minister had placed in his hand, by a female servant, the following note, with two half-sovereigns enclosed. A copy is sent for the perusal of the readers of the "Christian Miscellany," with the hope that many of them may go and do likewise. R. R.

"I desire to give ten shillings to aid in sending the Gospel into Heathen lands, sincerely praying that the blessing of God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit may

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accompany every means used to promote the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, in our own and in foreign lands. If I am spared, by the tender mercy of God, till the eighth day of this month, it will be twelve months since I heard the glad tidings of salvation in B—— Wesleyan chapel, and was enabled by the Holy Spirit to embrace Jesus as my Saviour and Redeemer. Since that time, how innumerable the mercies I have received, and how little gratitude, in comparison, have I returned! How unworthy I am in myself! But I rejoice in Jesus, my all-sufficient Saviour. I desire to give ten shillings to aid this Society. I know my dear Saviour will not reject this mite from his unworthy but believing servant.

"Not unto me, not unto me, but unto Thy name be all the glory given, for Thy mercy, and for Thy truth's sake."

By "*this* Society" we understand the donor to mean the Society of Christians assembling in her place of worship. One half-sovereign is given to promote the extension of the Gospel abroad, and another half-sovereign for the same blessed work at home. This is just as it should be; for the cause is one, and on the prosperity of one part of it depends greatly the prosperity of the other.

The Letter-Carrier.

TO MR. WILLIAM EDEN, OF BROAD-MARSTON, FROM THE REV. JOHN ALLEN.

Wednesbury, January 12th, 1769.

My dear Billy,

I have been thinking that one and another are often writing to Harry and Tommy, but I am afraid most of them forget you. And certain I am that *I* have hitherto forgot you among the rest: yet it was not for want of love to you; for if I am anyways guilty in this respect, it is loving you too well. Sure I am, that it does me good to see you, and gives me much joy to think that the Lord has inclined your heart to seek His face. O, my dear Billy, many are there that have no concern at all respecting their souls, no more than if they had no such things; and surely it is only grace that hath made the difference between you and me.

I hope, my dear brother, you are seeking the Lord with all your heart; and sure I am, if you do this, you will certainly find Him; for they that seek shall find, and to them that knock will the Lord open. And again, we are told that they that seek Him early shall find Him. God is love; and His delight is in them that fear Him, and His delight is to do them good. He will surely fulfil the desire of your heart. Only cast your care upon Him, and put your trust in Him, and, my soul for yours, He will not deceive you.

"Behold, for you the Saviour bleeds,
His wounds stand open wide;
For thee the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks thee justified."

If thou canst believe, thou shalt now see the glory of God.

"Believe, and all your sin's forgiven;
Only believe, and yours is heaven."

My dear Billy, am I now exhorting thee to what thou hast already attained? Canst thou already say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His?" If thou canst, hold fast what thou hast, that no man take thy crown. If thou art still in unbelief, now look up, and see thy Saviour nigh. Behold thy name engraven on the Redeemer's hands. Follow Him into the garden, and view Him all in sweat and blood. See it starting from every pore, O, my soul, it falls down to the ground! Pursue Him to the cross, to the place of execution: there, behold, He hangs; and hark, how He groans! He bows His head, and dies! And all this, my dear creature, He did for *thee!*

"Believe, believe the record true."

Thy soul is bought, thy soul is redeemed with Jesu's blood. Does not

"All within thee feel His power,
And all within thee shout His praise!"

The prison-doors are opened to thy captive soul; thy bonds are loosened; thy chains are broken; and, if thou canst believe, thy soul is free.

O, my dear brother! what could Christ have done more for thee? And now He

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is ready to receive thee! Never think that thou must be made better, or have a deeper work of repentance, before thou canst come to Christ. But come *just as thou art*, and come *just now*,

"Ready for thee the Saviour stands."

Cry, "My Lord, and my God!"

Dear Billy, thou seest I talk plain to thee; and the reason is, because I love thee. If I live to see thee, I hope to know thy state: in the meanwhile, pray for me, and I trust I shall pray for thee. Pray much in *private*. Give my dear love to Harry and Tommy, and ask them why they wrote me such long letters to Worcester. Give my respects to the whole family, and all friends.

I am, my dear brother, thine affectionately in Christ Jesus.

The good Lord bless thee! Amen.

JOHN ALLEN.

TO MR. WILLIAM EDEN, OF BROAD-MARSTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

London, March 10th, 1770.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I WAS glad of your letter, but not well pleased at the account you give of yourself: but I hope that by this time it is much better with you; especially as I hear that our gracious Lord is so powerfully working in your family. I think you cannot be content to remain in that uncomfortable state, when you see those who are so dear to you rejoicing in the God of their salvation. No; surely you will be stirred up to cry mightily to that God who is always waiting to be gracious, that He would cause the light of His countenance to shine upon you also. You know well that it is impossible for you to be truly happy till you are brought into the favour and family of God, till you do indeed experience His peace and love in your own soul: and if so, why do you rest so long in that desolate land? I mean in that woeful state of alienation from the God of your life,—the Fountain of all comfort and consolation.

My dear Billy, why do you tarry in the plain so long? Why do you not fly with all speed to the mountain, lest you should be consumed? Indeed, my dear, it grieves me much to think that one so dear to me as you are should loiter in the plain: this thought distresses me. O, let me entreat you to set out afresh; to begin in good earnest to seek the Lord, in order that you may be brought to enjoy that peace, comfort, and consolation which you have hitherto sought in vain. I would advise you to sit down and seriously consider with yourself what it is that hath kept you back from God; yea, pray that the Lord would be graciously pleased to discover this unto you; and when you have found it out, let it be what it will, look upon it as your worst and greatest enemy, and accordingly take vengeance of it. Cast it away with the greatest abhorrence and disdain; trample it under your feet as that which would eternally destroy your precious soul. Give it no quarter; suffer it to remain with you no longer; but pray much that the Lord would entirely destroy it by the breath of His mouth, and by the brightness of His appearing. This He will certainly do, if you make your requests known unto Him. If, upon due consideration, you find this to have been light or trifling conversation, do set a double guard against it, and pray much that the Lord may give you a more serious spirit. Or, if you find that you have given way to slothfulness, or a kind of spiritual indolence, O, strive to arise and shake it entirely off; and, in order that you may do it effectually, pray that the Lord may show you more clearly and fully what a poor, vile, sinful, wretched, and miserable creature you are, considered as living in a state of estrangement from God. Or, if you find that you have neglected secret prayer, reading, or meditation, see to it that you do this no more; and then you will find that the Lord will not only bless you in the performance of these duties, but He will bless you more abundantly when you wait upon Him in His house; when hearing His blessed word, that word will be fulfilled in you, "My Father, who seeth in secret, will reward you openly."

In order that the word preached may be a blessing to you, take care that before you go to the house of God, you always spend some moments in secret prayer, if you can by any means find time so to do. Then go from your closet to the temple, in full expectation of hearing God speak in His word, by the mouth of the Minister,

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to your heart. Hear the word with prayer, and it shall be made spirit and life unto you. And in order that the fowls of the air may not pick up the good seed sown in your heart, take care to water it with prayer, and cover it by serious meditation; and you shall find that it will then take deep root, and bring forth fruit to the glory of God. You must always remember that when the devil cannot hinder us from using the means of grace, he will do all that he can to prevent our profiting by them; and if he can do this by any means, he gains his point. You should, therefore, be upon your guard, looking to Jesus for the assistance of His blessed Spirit, that He may seal instruction on your heart; and be assured He will never be wanting to you respecting this matter, if *you* are not wanting in your duty herein. But all this time never think of making yourself better, or more worthy to receive the grace of God; but come unto Him as a poor sinner, and He will graciously receive you. You will not think me unkind for speaking to you in this close manner. You know, Billy, it is because I sincerely love you, and long after your soul's prosperity. I want you to enjoy all that peace, comfort, and consolation which I know God is this moment willing to bestow on you. I want my dear brother to be happy in the enjoyment of God. Now let me hear this good news from you the next time you write, and my soul shall rejoice and give thanks to God on your account. I hope that this is your determination, never to rest till you rest as on the bosom of your dearest Redeemer, who, in love for your soul, hath laid down His life for your sake. O, my dear Billy, do think, and think again, how great that love was wherewith He hath loved you! What hath He not done to bless and to save you? "Could He more than shed His blood?" And will you, or can you, slight His bleeding love? No, no; give up your soul into His gracious hands, that He may bless you with the abundance of peace and love. He is willing to do this for you, and for all that come unto Him: therefore no longer delay, but fall down at His feet, and cry, "Lord, save me, or I perish!"

Give my kind love to sister Sukey, to the shepherd and his wife, and to William, the servant.

I remain, in great sincerity,
Your affectionate brother,
In the unity of the Spirit,
J. PAWSON.

Biography.

PIETY IN CHILDHOOD.

MARY ELIZABETH SYKES was a child of a very lively, amiable, and affectionate disposition. Her manners were simple, pleasing, and attractive; in consequence of which, from her infancy, she was greatly beloved by all who knew her, of whatever age. Her parents have reason to believe that she was very early the subject of Divine influence; and towards the end of 1854 it was their happiness to know that she became fully decided in her religious views, and consecrated her heart and life to God.

One morning, on awaking, she beheld a reddened sky, which led her to think of the day of judgment, and to feel that she was altogether unprepared to appear before the Judge. From that time her conviction of sin deepened, until Sunday evening, December 17th, when she and her mother were sitting together reading; and she said, "O mamma, I do wish my sins were pardoned. I feel I am a great sinner. I do want to be a child of God." Her mother reminded her of the love of God, of His willingness to save sinners through Jesus Christ, and of the inspired declaration concerning God's ancient people, (Deut. xxvi. 17, 18,) that in the same day that they avouched the Lord to be their God, the Lord avouched them to be His people. She observed that evidently the Spirit of God was at work with her, in making her willing; and what a blessing it was to be brought to that. She, dear child, was much encouraged, and said, "Will you pray with

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me, ma!" During prayer she wept much, and on rising placed her arms very affectionately around her mother's neck, saying, "O ma! I do love God; and I love you better than ever. I will try to be good." She continued to seek the Lord; and in a short time obtained forgiveness of sins, and peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. A few days after receiving the blessing of pardon, being in doubt as to whether *all* her sins could be remitted, she inquired of her father, "When God pardons a person's sins, does He pardon them *all, all at once!*" Being assured of this, her joy was increased, and she spoke with the utmost confidence of her sense of pardon and adoption into the family of God.

The first Sunday of 1855 was approaching; and knowing that the Covenant would be renewed, and the sacrament of the Lord's supper administered, she asked her parents whether she might be allowed to remain. They told her that if she was fully decided to serve God, she might. She expressed her determination to do so; remained, joined herself in solemn covenant unto the Lord, and sealed her vows by receiving the sacred emblems of bread and wine in memory of the precious death and sacrifice of our Saviour Jesus Christ. The following evening she went to a class-meeting, and from that time to her death never wilfully neglected it.

In the discharge of her duty towards her parents, brothers, and sisters; in her earnest desire for their salvation; sincere attachment to good people; ardent love of the Lord's holy day; constant attendance on the means of grace, and general deportment, she afforded unequivocal evidence of change of heart. We may specially remark that she had great delight in attending the Sunday-morning prayer-meeting; and often on her return her eyes have shown that they had been suffused with tears; joy has beamed in her countenance, and during breakfast she has said, "O, what a happy meeting we have had!" as on other occasions, "O, what a delightful meeting we have had! Such and such persons prayed so beautifully, and the singing was so delightful!"

She had also great pleasure in conversing with children on spiritual things, and in listening to the conversation of those who were older than herself, and had more experience of the things of God.

She also displayed a taste for what is beautiful. On discovering the beauty and loveliness of a dewdrop glittering in the sunshine, so delighted was she with it, that she took a younger sister, four years of age, and pointed it out to her. What was said we know not; but the impression made upon the younger child led her afterwards to go in search of the beautiful drop, that she might again see its loveliness.

Her confidence in God was simple and unhesitating. Once, in the month of August last, she was visiting in a pious family a few miles from home, and the governess, writing to the bereaved mother, says, "In reference to your sainted child, so far as I was able to judge from her brief sojourn with us, no one could associate with her without loving her; and the principles of goodness were foundations of her actions. I found her exceedingly susceptible of good; which, added to the buoyancy of her spirits, made her attractive and a general favourite. During her stay at Clacton, an alarming thunder-storm, which raged for some time, drew forth her simple trust in Jesus; and she requested that prayer, in gratitude for our preservation, might be offered. Subsequently she conversed with me on heavenly things, and spoke of your own efforts to attract her to the Saviour; so that I did rejoice in the belief that she was a lamb of Jesus's fold. I write this, hoping it may add to your joy when dwelling on her present state of blessedness. She is

> 'Far from a world of grief and sin,
> With God eternally shut in.'"

On her last earthly Sabbath she was twice at the house of God, beside being at the Sunday-school in the afternoon, and on the following evening attended her class. During her last week several conversations with her sister showed that her mind was completely weaned from earth, and her thoughts much occupied on heaven. She had suffered from violent headache, but was most cheerful and active when not in pain. The day before her death she said to the servant, "O, nobody knows how happy I am when I am well!" On the same day, she said to her sister, "I wish I might die, and go

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to heaven." And early in the morning of the day of her departure, she said to her eldest sister, "Catherine, I did not wish to awake you, but I felt as if I must sing; and so I sing *so*,"—repeating the strain. The hymn she sang begins,—

"My God, I am thine, what a comfort Divine;"

words which, latterly, she had sung with great delight and joy. She departed this life, Wednesday, October 10th, aged thirteen years. Her death was awfully sudden: she was at school in the morning, and by school-time in the afternoon she had "leaped the bounds of time." Now, after a safe and rapid passage through "the valley of the shadow of death," she is a spirit bright in glory, for ever with the Lord, and joining the blood-redeemed and sanctified multitude before the eternal throne, in singing the new and endless "song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb."

While her parents deeply mourn their painful bereavement, they are comforted by the assurance that their loss is their child's infinite gain. And earnestly do they pray that her death may be an occasion of spiritual life to many, and that it may be greatly sanctified to all.

The event is admonitory to all, and speaks loudly, "Be ye also ready." It admonishes the young that they may be called to an early grave; that the flower fadeth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth; and that long ere it attains perfection, it may be suddenly struck down into the dust. To others it says, "Prepare to meet thy God." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." May we, finally, like the dear departed one, bloom and flourish for ever in the paradise of God; to whose name be ascribed all honour, and glory, and blessing, world without end. Amen.

Manningtree. J. S.

Poetry.

LINES

Written in a young Lady's Album, upon her going to Australia to become the Wife of a Wesleyan Missionary stationed in that Country.

I.

HARK! from yon Australian shores,
Kind aid the man of God implores:*
Narcissa, dear, he calls for thee;
Then haste away! his "help meet" be.†
Go, share his toils; his spirit cheer;
His hands hold up,‡ by constant prayer.§
Thy Saviour calls thee, too, *His cause* to serve:‖
That call obey, without the least reserve;
Thy heart, and soul, thy mind, and all unite¶
To make His cause thy joy and thy delight;**
And when thy work is finish'd here below,
He will on thee the "crown of life" bestow.††

AUNT WILLIAM.

* 2 Kings iv. 10. † Gen. ii. 18.
‡ Exod. xvii. 11, 12. § 1 Thess. v. 17.
‖ Rom. xiv. 18. ¶ Matt. xxii. 37.
** Psal. xxxvii. 4. †† Rev. ii. 10.

II.

How many leave Britannia's happy shores,
In quest of pleasure, short-lived fame, or gold!
Dear Niece, a nobler object shall be thine:
To distant lands go thou to serve thy God,*
To comfort and to cheer *His* servant's heart.
Confide in *Him*, who points the clouds their course,†
And whom the raging elements obey.‡
He will direct thy wandering feet aright,§
And gently clear thy way through wave and storm.‖
Be not dismay'd;¶ but put thy trust in God;**
And then go on thy way, and live for *Him*
Who bled and died on Calvary for thee.††

UNCLE WILLIAM.

* Matt. xix. 29. † Psal. civ. 3.
‡ Psal. cvii. 25—29; Luke viii. 24.
§ Prov. iii. 6; 1 Sam. ii. 9. ‖ Psal. xxxvii. 5.
¶ Deut. xxxi. 8. ** Prov. xxix. 25.
†† Luke xxiii. 33.

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LAST SONG OF THE SABBATH.

Is my time gone by? am I old and grey?
I have watch'd the world for many a day,
And the sons of men they come not now,
With willing knees at my call to bow;
The sound of my voice hath stranger grown,
And my footsteps grate with a harsher tone.

Yet bright were the hours of my early birth,
Mid the stars' glad song to the cradled earth;
For the mighty Worker ceased from toil,
And the creatures bask'd in His sunlike smile;
And the morning red, and the evening grey,
Were the blessed light of the Sabbath-day.

Not scorn'd nor fear'd was my presence then,
Ere the world was rife with the throngs of men;
While the sinless pair with the angels stray'd,
And the apples of death untasted stay'd;
But they pluck'd me the fairest of Eden flowers,
As they walk'd and talk'd of immortal bowers.

The years roll'd on; and when half forgot,
Yet here and there was a brighter spot;
For the patriarchs' grove my footsteps knew,
And a richer flame from the altar flew;
And children paused in the tent from play,
And ask'd their sire of the hallow'd day.

When the Lord came down in the thunder-cloud,
And the hoary hills at His presence bow'd;
When the law from His hand went forth like flame,
And the people fear'd for the glorious Name,
There was heard this word 'mid the trumpet's bray,—
"Ye shall hallow and keep my Sabbath-day."

But they heeded not; and the armies came,
All hot with the lust of gold and fame;
And the land enjoy'd her Sabbaths then,
Untrod but by beast, untill'd by men;
While the captive pined on a distant shore,
And the harp was tuned to its songs no more.

'Twas thus of old: shall it be so now?
Shall I hang my harp on the mournful bough?
For I hear the rush of the godless throng,
And the gates of sin wide open flung;
And the feet are few on the holy ground,
And the church-bells fall with a fainter sound.

Farewell to the land that loves me not!
I seek my home in a purer spot;
Roll on in your whirling cars of mirth,
Till ye blot my name from the blighted earth;
No more shall I charm your ceaseless care,
Or turn your feet to the house of prayer.

Lost pleiad of light, and love, and bliss!
Come back, come back to a world like this!
We have done thee wrong, we have spurn'd thy name,
And the sons shall reap of the fathers' shame;
Yet leave us not for our sins to mourn:
Sweet Sabbath of rest, return! return!

Such voices I heard in the dreams of night;
So ne'er may it be in the waking light;
But long may the star of Sabbath-smiles
Shed soft sweet rest on these weary isles!
So the light of my land shall ne'er decay,
But brighten and beam to the perfect day.

St. Mary's, Colchester. VIGIL.

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Popery.

NO POPERY!

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADDRESS.

(*Concluded from page* 118.)

Such, children, and a thousand-fold more monstrous, is Popery; such is the system which myriads call Christianity, and to which Cardinal Wiseman and his underlings call you to submit: a system so unlike that which our Divine Saviour established, that we cannot forbear calling it, Satan's parody of Christ's religion. Such is the Pope of Rome, claiming God's prerogatives of infallibility and omnipotence, and forbidding the world to examine his claims; extending his authority over earth, and heaven, and hell, and purgatory; accumulating immense riches, arising by impost from the sins of mankind; in a word, to use the language of a late writer,* Popery "is a system of senseless axioms, called the divinity of the schools; preachments of buffoonery or blasphemy, or both; cruel casuistry, consisting of a body of dangerous and scandalous morality; false miracles and midnight visions; spurious books, and paltry relics; oaths, dungeons, inquisitions, and crusades; the whole denominated 'the Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church,' and laid to the charge of Jesus Christ!"

Surely, children, it is hardly necessary for me to answer the second question which I proposed, "Why should I be a Protestant rather than a Papist?" Why, I think every child is prepared to reply, "Because Protestantism is from above; Popery from beneath. Because, as a Protestant, I am raised and dignified; while, as a Papist, I should be trampled on and defiled. Because, as a Protestant, I am in the hands of a merciful God, whose Son has died to save me; while, as a Papist, I fall into the hands of merciless men, Inquisitors, and Priests?" What do I believe as a Protestant, and what are my privileges? I believe in God, and in *one* Mediator between God and man, "the man Christ Jesus." I come to God without the intervention of the Pope; and with "humble, lowly, and contrite heart," confess my sins, and obtain pardon. As a Protestant, (as a great writer has said,) "I have an English Liturgy, and an open Bible." I can read "in the tongue wherein I was born the wonderful works of God." I can exercise my reason; and, when enlightened by the Spirit of God, I may use the right of private judgment. I can hear the word of God read and preached, and join in intelligible and rational worship. I am not bound by pains and penalties to believe what others tell me; but, like the noble Bereans, I am at liberty to test everything I hear by the Scriptures of truth, and receive nothing as "necessary to salvation, but what may be read therein, or proved thereby." I pray not *to* the dead, or *for* the dead. I worship not the Virgin Mary, because God has nowhere commanded it. I venerate no relics or images, nor can I worship idols; for "an idol is nothing in the world." I want not the sacrifice of the mass, because it insults my blessed Saviour, who was offered as a sacrifice once for all.

> "Whose blood for me did once atone,
> And now it pleads before the throne."

My faith is simple enough for a child to understand, but sublime enough for God to teach. My Bible will eventually destroy Popery. As an eloquent author† says, "The Bible is the thunderbolt; let it but fall on the roof of that mighty subterranean, where, like Homer's Pluto, the King of darkness sits from age to age, marshalling his shapes of subtilty and terror, and, with the first light, we shall see him fly howling from his throne." Darkness must retreat before the sun. Satan's errors *must* give way before God's truth. Christ is stronger than all His enemies in earth or hell. *He* can scatter His foes in Rome, as He did of old in Jerusalem, and place them under His feet. The Captain of our salvation inscribes on His banner, "Conquering, and to conquer!" And if Popery be the greatest obstacle to His universal reign, here Christ will display His mightiest power, and achieve His greatest

* Robert Robinson, of Cambridge.

† Dr. Croly.

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victory, by its certain, entire, and eternal overthrow, and by establishing His kingdom throughout the world which He redeemed by His own blood. Then will religion, stripped of human additions, and purged of all its corruptions, resolve itself into its primal elements—love to God, and love to man. May God hasten the time, and now and ever fill our hearts with His love, and keep and strengthen us in the true faith, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

The Portfolio.

WHAT CAN A CHILD DO?

MR. HONE, a man who did not believe in God or in God's word, was one day walking in the country, and saw a little girl sitting at a cottage-door reading a book. "What are you reading, my child?" said he. "My Bible, Sir." "O, you are learning a lesson out of it, I suppose?" "No, Sir." "Why are you reading the Bible, then?" "Because I love it," the little girl replied. He who had never before been humbled before God or man, said afterwards, "I felt humbled before that child."

What, then, can little hands and hearts do? They can *love*. What a pleasant thing a loving child is! with its kind little whispers, and its clinging arms, and soft kisses. What a contrast to the rude, spoiled, disagreeable child that loves nobody but itself, or perhaps its nurse and mother a little, as long as they give it its own way in everything! The one is a constant plague and annoyance, and everybody loves its room better than its company, according to the old proverb; the other gives joy wherever it goes, and is like a little ray of the blessed sun. "There was a poor servant-maid who had got a very cross mistress, and who was very unhappy. Little Tim had come unperceived by her to the back-door, and, as he stood looking in, he saw Patience crying. The sight touched his heart, for little Tim was no stranger to tears; so he went up to Patience, and said, in his kindest little voice, 'What for you *kie?*' 'Because no one loves me here,' said Patience. 'I will love you!' said little Tim, putting his hand upon her cheek; and then, when Patience still cried, slipping his arm round her neck, he said, 'I will love you very much —don't *kie* any more.' Patience clasped her arms around the child, and laid her head for one moment on his shoulder, as he stood beside her, and sobbed; then, looking up, she made an effort, and wiped away her tears, and said, 'If you love me then, I will not cry!' From that time little Tim seemed to feel that it depended on him to keep Patience from crying: he would often come and look at her from the kitchen-door, and, when she was alone, would stay beside her, and talk to her; and the heart of poor Patience grew content in her place, because of the love and care of that one little ministering child."

They can *think*. How pleasant it is for a father or mother, governess, friend, or servant, who have been thinking about the welfare of their little favourites every hour of the day, to see some signs of their being thought of in return! A little thing will be enough to please them. If children do not bang the door because they *think* of some one having a headache, or refrain from teasing and questioning because they think to themselves, "Nurse is very busy just now, I had better wait;" even that shows the kind, thoughtful disposition.

They can *remember*. Little boys and girls are not generally remarkable for good memories: on the contrary, it would seem as if they made a point of forgetting everything they are told to do, or not to do. It would make a great difference in point of comfort and happiness to those who have the charge of them, if they simply set themselves to remember the rules, and cautions, and commands which are given them for their good. Children often forget what their earthly friends say to them, but I am afraid they still oftener forget the words of their Friend and Father in heaven: they forget that His eye sees them at all times, in the dark as well as in the

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light; when they are alone, and when they are in company: they forget that when they say what is not true, or fly into a passion, or learn their lessons ill, or grieve their friends and their teachers, they are all the time grieving God, and making Him angry. I will tell you a story, called "Short Memories."

"'Sir,' said a man, addressing a Minister going home from church one Sunday afternoon, 'did you meet a boy on the road, driving a cart with rakes and pitchforks in it?'

"'I think I did,' answered the Minister; 'a boy with a short memory, wasn't he?'

"'What made you think he had a short memory, Sir?' asked the man, looking surprised.

"'I think he had,' answered the Minister; 'and I think he must belong to a family that have short memories.'

"'What in the world makes you think so?' asked the man, greatly puzzled.

"'Because,' said the Minister, in a serious tone, 'the great God has proclaimed from Mount Sinai, *Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy*, and that boy has forgotten all about it.'"

They can *obey*. Good memories ought to lead to good actions. An obedient child is always a useful child; for he saves much suffering, and gives much pleasure, to those around. And, sad to say, obedient children are not common: it would seem as if they were animated by the spirit of contradiction which possessed the little cock in the old fable, whose mother said to him,—

"'My son, my son, avoid the well:'
He straight look'd in, and down he fell:
From thence a piteous voice was heard,
And murmur'd thus the' ungrateful bird,
'I ne'er had been in such condition,
Save for my mother's prohibition!'"

Even children who manage to obey, very seldom do so without murmure, and questions, and teasing, which is almost as bad as not obeying at all, and gives a great deal of trouble. Quick, cheerful, trusting obedience is a great thing for little hearts and little hands to learn and practise.

They can *work*. When children are loving, thoughtful, and obedient, it is not very difficult for them to go a step further, and find active work for their hearts to devise, and their hands to perform; but what can it be? When your father comes in tired, you might bring his slippers, take away his hat and greatcoat, hand his tea, find his newspaper, and watch quietly to see when he wants anything else. When your mother is busy, could you not help her in any way with willing, active little hands and feet, carry this and bring that, or tie something else; not with a great fuss and noise, as if you only wanted to amuse yourself, but as if you really wished to save her from unnecessary trouble? When she sends you a message, there are two very different ways in which you may do it. You may be off in a moment, looking pleased and happy, remember the message rightly, and return as quickly as you can; or you may rise slowly, looking at your toys or your book with a very cross face, walk away as if you were made of lead, do it all wrong, and come back as cross as you went. Which is the best way, do you think? Or your governess is in bed with a headache: perhaps you can think of a book that you can take to amuse her, or a bunch of her favourite flowers to make her room bright and sweet, or the pretty scent-bottle which you got as a present last birthday. Then your friends and companions,—can you do nothing to make them happy? A little spare time spent on a pincushion of your own work, given to one; or a nice cake, that you might have all to yourself, shared with another; or giving up your own wishes about a game to a third; or smiling kindly when a fourth takes your place in the class—would be doing a work which the good angels who watch over little children (as we are led to believe in the Bible) would see with pleasure, and which would be accepted by your Saviour, who is very gracious to those who strive to please and honour Him, however young and weak they may be. I would not be contented, however, with trying to work only for your father, mother, and friends. Is there no sick old woman, in a little cottage near your gate or your door, who seldom now sees a young face, or hears a merry laugh, or is thought of by little, loving hearts; for all her own children are buried in the grave, or far away from her? How happy it might make her if you were to go and talk kindly to her! She might like to see that last pretty

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picture-book, or hear that nice story; and I am quite sure it would do her good if you were to repeat to her some of the beautiful hymns you learn every morning; while an orange bought with part of that bright new shilling which grandpapa gave you, or a few strawberries saved from your own portion, would refresh her poor, parched lips, and make her heart happy also. Then you have a servant or servants: remember how even little Tim comforted that poor servant-girl. You are probably older than he was; and I dare say you could do a great deal to help and please the servants, instead of teasing and annoying them, and speaking rudely.—*Leisure Hour*.

A RELIC OF BARBARISM.

It is both curious and instructive to observe how the old Inquisitorial custom of slaughtering people with public ceremony is continued in the manner of conducting the execution of criminals in Spain. The infidel hardihood of the culprits, who sat smoking and drinking on the scaffold, is not less characteristic of the land of the Inquisition. The following account of an execution near Gibraltar has appeared in the newspapers.

The execution of Eduardo Abad, *alias* Lutgardo Abadia, for the murder of Mr. Fenton, an Englishman, who was shot and robbed in the vicinity of Tarifa in April last year, lately took place at Algesiras. An accomplice, who witnessed the murder, was sentenced to be imprisoned for life. A large crowd was present, but behaved with great decorum. The scaffold was erected just outside the town, and on it were two chairs, opposite one another, and about six feet apart: one for Abad, who was to suffer, and the other for his accomplice, who was to witness the execution, and afterwards to be imprisoned for life. Some infantry were drawn up round the scaffold, and a few lancers kept the space clear between the infantry and the crowd. At twelve o'clock the culprits were brought from the jail to the place of execution. They were mounted on donkeys, and escorted by a guard of infantry, and preceded by drums playing a slow march. The accomplice, who rode the first donkey, had nothing particular about his dress, except that, in lieu of a hat, a red handkerchief was tied on his head; whereas Abad was dressed in a long black cloak, with a black cowl over his head: the wrists of each were tied together, but not so tight as to prevent the hands being slightly used. On arriving inside the square formed by the military, the accomplice, after being assisted to dismount by the executioner, mounted the scaffold, and seated himself in the chair appointed for him, and was immediately secured therein by the executioner, by means of ropes round his arms and legs, and an iron collar round his throat was strapped to the post behind him. Abad ascended the scaffold soon after, and the crier then proclaimed his sentence. Three Priests accompanied the culprits, and one of them was engaged for nearly half an hour on the scaffold with Abad, the Priest sitting in the chair, and Abad kneeling at his feet. Abad had a cigar in his mouth when he arrived, and continued smoking it at his devotions as long as it lasted. He seemed to pay very little attention to the Priest, frequently looking about him, and apparently nodding to acquaintances in the crowd. Both the culprits partook of wine during this time; and when Abad had finished his confessions, he came forward, and asked the people to pray for his soul. He said he was sorry for what he had done, and begged forgiveness of all those whom he had injured. He then sat down in the chair, and was secured by a rope passed round his body to the back of the chair; other ropes fastened his ankles to the legs of the chair, and his arms to the arms of the chair; and his hands were drawn down between his knees by a rope passed under the seat of the chair. The iron collar was then adjusted on his throat, and a black handkerchief tied over his face. The executioner then stood behind him, grasping the iron rod which turns the screw; and, when the Priest had arrived at a certain point in some prayer or creed he was repeating, the hands of the executioner went round like lightning, and the collar was drawn up to within a very little distance of the post. Death appeared to be instantaneous, as not the slightest motion of the body was visible; which was no doubt prevented, in

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a great measure, by the manner in which the culprit is fastened in the chair. After a minute or two, the handkerchief was removed from the face, which did not exhibit any evidences of a violent death, except that the tongue was hanging out of the mouth. The Priest, who had confessed Abad, then harangued the crowd for about ten minutes; immediately after which, the accomplice was released from his chair, and taken back to jail in the same manner as he came. Three or four sentries were posted to guard the body, which was to be left till sunset, and then buried: the soldiers were marched away, and the crowd, after satiating themselves with gazing at the body, quietly dispersed.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST.

Solomon says, "The memory of the just is blessed: but the name of the wicked shall rot." Potto, a small place in the Stokesley Circuit, was favoured with ten visits from the founder of Methodism. Here, while in the above Circuit, I usually preached once in six weeks. On one of my later visits, I called at the house of Stephenson Thomas, who had been recently removed from Stokesley. I soon learned that I was on more than classic ground; for in that very house the venerable Wesley had preached the Gospel of Christ. Here, too, several of the early Methodist Preachers proclaimed salvation from the Lord for wretched dying men. Some of those devoted servants of the Lord have left mementos of their visits by inscriptions on the windows of the above house. On the kitchen-window is written:—

"Eternity is near; prepare for it. Be filled with the Spirit, and abound in good works.

"Nicholas Manners.

"*Sept. 24th*, 1769."

"Thou, Lord, seest me.

"J. Bredin. *Sept. 26th*, 1772."

"Repent, believe, love, and obey; the easy way to heaven.

"*Aug. 27th*, 1793. J. Crosby."

"Robert Moon.

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

On the parlour-window:—

"God is love.

"*Aug. 4th*, 1772. J. Bredin."

Upstairs:—

"Thy power, my weakness may I see,
And wholly dedicate my soul to Thee.

"J. Thompson."

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men; avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away. (Prov. iv. 14, 15.)

"*Aug. 14th*, 1772. J. Bredin."

"Perfect love casteth out fear.

"*Aug. 10th*, 1773."

"God is love.

"*Jan. 16th*, 1773."

"That life is long which answers life's great end:
The time which bears no fruit, deserves no name."

It is pleasing to know that the house so honoured, is now occupied by a truly Wesleyan family.

John M. Joll.

DENSITY OF LONDON POPULATION.

In the eastern parts of London, population has reached the extraordinary density of 185,751 persons to each square mile.

QUEEN VICTORIA I.

There is a disposition to propagate an absurdity quite at variance with all precedent and common sense, by denominating our gracious Sovereign "Victoria *the First*." Do we ever speak of Matilda *the First*, or John *the First*, or Mary *the First*, or Anne *the First*? The ordinal distinctions can never surely, with propriety, be appended to the name of a Monarch until there shall have been a second bearing the same name. On the propriety of styling the especial royal court of judicature, at which the Sovereign anciently presided in person, the Court of "*Queen's* Bench," some hesitation may arise, deter-

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minable, however, by former practice. Does the Saxon derivation of Queen extend further, in strict meaning, than a royal consort? and is not the Queen regnant *de facto* King, as exercising the kingly office? In the Liturgy, we pray for "our gracious Queen and *governor*," not our *governess*; thus distinguishing at once the sex and the office.—*Things not generally known.*

Memorials of the Departed.

JANE, the beloved wife of Walter HEARLE, of Pennalewey, in the Truro Circuit, died "in the Lord," January 30th, 1855. Her father was the late Mr. Edward Lovey, of Ponsanooth, in the Gwennap Circuit, for many years an esteemed Wesleyan Methodist. The religious advantages of her early life were of no common order. The late venerable William Carvosso was a frequent visiter at her home, and the counsels and prayers of that remarkable man were delightfully associated with her holiest recollections; and, at the age of fourteen years, she gave her heart to God, and became the subject of His converting grace. While residing in her native place, she was diligently and usefully employed as a Sunday-school Teacher, and a Collector for the Bible Society; and was ready, in any way, to evince her unobtrusive zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. At her marriage, she left Ponsanooth for Pennalewey; and the rest of her life was spent in comparative seclusion. But, though her opportunities for active usefulness were diminished, she continued to grow in grace, and adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour by devoting all her energies to the temporal and spiritual welfare of her family, and by diffusing in the limited circle in which she moved the light and joy of her own happy spirit. The last twelve months of her life were clouded with affliction; but she bore it with admirable cheerfulness and resignation. On her death-bed she exclaimed, "O, what a time would this be for *seeking* religion! But, thank God, I have *found it!*" And often would she exhort, in the most earnest and affectionate manner, those who visited her, and were not prepared to die, to begin their great work. She died in the thirty-ninth year of her age, "in sure and certain hope."

SAMUEL HENRY, the last surviving son of Mr. Henry GATES, of Louth, and grandson of the late Rev. Samuel Gates, was born on the 7th of August, 1843. During his infancy, his parents almost despaired of his attaining boyhood, and regarded him as one of those little ones whom the Good Shepherd would early take to His bosom. But with advancing years came increasing strength; and the intense solicitude which his extreme delicacy had caused his parents had almost altogether given place to confident anticipations of a prolonged life, when suddenly all those hopes were blighted, and the strength of eleven years was dashed to pieces in one day. On Tuesday, January 30th, 1855, he appeared in his usual health, and spent most of the day in out-door exercise. In the evening, he complained of being poorly, but went to bed, and slept as usual. On the Wednesday morning, when he awoke, he complained of feeling sick, but did not suffer any pain. He gradually became worse; medical assistance was called in, but weaker and weaker he became, until, about ten o'clock P.M., the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, and, without one sigh or groan, the spirit left the clay tenement, and entered that bright world where, as a holy seraph before the throne, it shall employ eternity in one perpetual song of praise, and in one continued act of worship. During that day, he gave repeated assurances of his confidence in that salvation which Jesus Christ died to procure for him; and for some time previous to his dissolution, he had manifested a spirit of unwonted seriousness, and displayed much concern respecting eternal things. His love for the house of God and the ordinances of religion had much increased: indeed, he had arranged with one of his

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young friends to go to class for the first time on the day but one after that on which he died.

Mr. Riffingale was born at Orston, Notts., in the year 1783, and awakened to concern about his soul at the age of sixteen. He began to pray and read the Scriptures; and as he had not time for these duties in the day, he redeemed the hours by abridging the period of rest, and was on his knees and at his Bible when the family had retired to bed. One night, after several hours' pleading with God in prayer for the pardon of his sins, he was enabled to rely on Christ, and to believe that God then pardoned him. As yet he knew nothing of the Wesleyans or their doctrine, and the preaching he had been accustomed to hear was strongly Calvinistic; but, by accident, he met with a volume containing Mr. Wesley's tract entitled, "What is an Arminian?" The first sentence arrested his attention, and induced him to read the book. Shortly after this, he had an opportunity of hearing the Wesleyan Ministers; and, believing that their views were more scriptural than those he had hitherto entertained, after deliberation, prayer, and conversing with his former Minister on the subject, he joined the Wesleyan church, of which he continued a member and an ornament till his death.

At fifty years of age, he began to rise at an earlier hour, that he might have more time for reading the Scriptures before he commenced the labours of the day. Three times in the day he read the Scriptures on his knees, and continued this practice till the last year of his life. He had formed the habit of smoking; but, on reflection, abandoned it, calculated what it had cost him, and doubled his subscriptions to the cause of God. His private journal proves how conscientious he was in the performance of his duties. At sixty he makes an entry to the effect that he had been a Methodist thirty-six years, had entertained the Ministers of the Gospel for thirty-four years, and had in thirty-five years preached more than two thousand two hundred and twenty sermons. The infirmities of age and affliction found him thankful, patient, and resigned. At length, on February 5th, at the age of seventy-three, he peacefully slept in Jesus.

On February 7th, at Ballisborough, in the Cootehill Circuit, Ireland, Mr. John Cowan, aged sixty-six years. In the year 1812, he was awakened, by attending on the ministry of the Wesleyan Methodists, to a sense of his guilt and danger; and having "fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before him," found redemption in the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of his sins. He immediately united himself to the people through whose instrumentality he had been brought to the knowledge of the truth, and began to commend to others the Saviour he himself had found. For the last fourteen years of his life he was Teacher of the Wesleyan Mission-school at Stone-walls, and fulfilled his duties with fidelity and punctuality. During his last illness, no murmur escaped his lips. Consciousness of the presence and favour of his Saviour sustained, cheered, and comforted him; and he died "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

On February 22d, Mrs. Hannah Dawes, whose maiden name was Messenger, born February 7th, 1785. Her parents were professed members of the Established Church, the ordinances of which she habitually observed, and at that time thought it strange that any one should deviate from its prescribed services. She was, however, a stranger to the true spirit of Christianity,—in other words, to vital religion. In 1826, Mrs. Dawes joined the Wesleyan church, and became an indefatigable Sunday-school Teacher, and diligent Tract-Distributer. She also, as long as the state of her health allowed, occupied two districts, one for the visitation of the sick and destitute poor, and the other in promotion of the objects of the British and Foreign Bible Society; and, in addition to these engagements, was an assiduous Collector for the funds of the Wesleyan Missions, and other benevolent institutions. In this "labour of love" she was successful in winning souls. Several instances of sound scriptural conversion were the fruit of her persevering toil. Her guileless demeanour, meekness of spirit, and Christian charity were uniform and unequivocal. She "walked in the light, and did not stumble."

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Mr. Josiah Russell, born at Drayton, died at Britwell, in the Watlington Circuit, February 26th, in his eightieth year. During his childhood and youth, Gospel Ministers and godly people were few indeed, and opportunities of hearing the Gospel but seldom occurred. But it was amidst this state of things that, through the operation of the Holy Ghost upon his mind, he became anxious about the state of his soul. Feeling the need of spiritual instruction, and earnestly desiring an answer to the vital question, "What must I do to be saved?" he invited Mr. Osler, of Abingdon, a faithful Wesleyan Local Preacher, to preach in his father's house. The Divine blessing so attended this effort, that, shortly afterwards, the late Rev. Jacob Stanley, then in the Oxford Circuit, visited the place, and formed a Methodist Society, of which Mr. Russell was one of the first members. Very soon the preaching-room became too small for the crowds who attended to hear the word of God: so that he was induced to erect on his own property a convenient chapel, which, by his will, he bequeathed for Wesleyan use in perpetuity. His efforts for good extended further: for he became a Local Preacher, and laboured faithfully, acceptably, and usefully for many years, until obliged to desist by the infirmities of age. His heart yearned over the children of the poor of his own village, for whom a Sunday-school was established, over which he watched with great care. His final hour was eminently peaceful. He had nothing to do but to wait for the summons from the kingdom of grace to the kingdom of glory. His last words were expressive of the greatest confidence and hope, until he calmly fell asleep.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

Names.	Residences, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Blyton, George,	Swinderby,	Lincoln,	47	April 5th, 1853.
Clayton, Tamar,	Thurlby,	Lincoln,	71	Nov. 8th, 1855.
Clemence, Phœbe,	Bromham,	Melksham,	57	July 20th, 1855.
Dawson, George,	Raithby-Grange,	Spilsby,	21	March 12th, 1856.
Gee, Mrs. Mary,	Bromham,	Melksham,	83	Feb. 12th, 1856.
Gee, Sarah,	Bromham,	Melksham,	85	Feb. 14th, 1856.
Hannah, Mary,	Grimsby,	Grimsby,	62	Feb. 2d, 1856.
Harrison, Mr. Moses,	Margate,	Margate,	72	Feb. 12th, 1856.
Hart, Edward,	Bassingham,	Lincoln,	27	March 13th, 1856.
Hewson, John,	Manningham,	Bradford, West,	20	March 8th, 1856,
Jarvis, Elisabeth,	Melksham,	Melksham,	57	Dec. 10th, 1855.
Johnson, Susanna,	Laceby,	Grimsby,	70	Jan. 5th, 1856.
Keal, Ellen,	Laceby,	Grimsby,	31	Jan. 21st, 1856.
Lawrence, Ellen,	Retford,	Retford,	81	Nov. 15th, 1855.
Minchenton, Mr. C.,	Milborne-Port,	Sherborne,	38	Feb. 19th, 1856.
Morris, Matthew,	Ludgvan,	Marazion,	52	Feb. 29th, 1856.
Nowell, Martha,	Bingham,	Bingham,	75	Feb. 23d, 1856.
Raston, Mr. Patience,	Doncaster,	Doncaster,	86	Feb. 24th, 1856.
Rushby, William,	Headen,	Retford,	69	Feb. 14th, 1856.
Sansom, Joice,	Bromham,	Melksham,	73	April 4th, 1855.
Sewards, George,	Haddington,	Lincoln,	59	March 1st, 1856.
Spittlehouse, Rebecca,	Besthorpe,	Lincoln,	69	March —, 1854.
Storr, Ann,	Kilworth-Beauchamp	Market-Harborough	45	Dec. 16th, 1855.
Vipond, Mrs.,	Hardwick,	Attleborough,	72	Feb. 24th, 1856.
Walkley, Richard,	Lincoln,	Lincoln,	73	March 11th, 1856.

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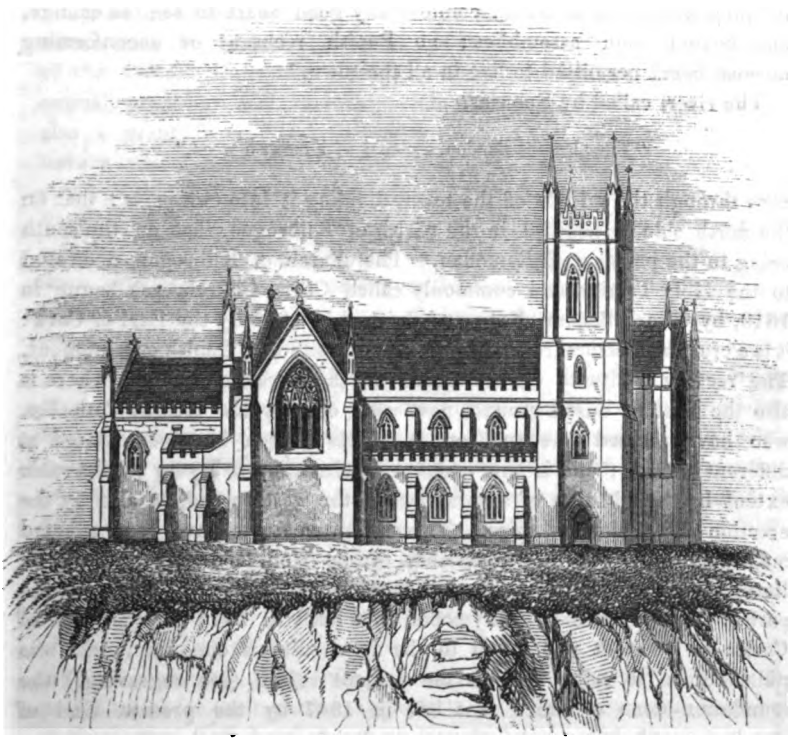
THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.



BANDON.

Bandon, or Bandon-Bridge, has been named "the southern Derry," from the constancy with which it upheld Protestant principles during very troublous times. The first notice of it appears in the year 1609, when King James I. granted certain privileges to Henry Becher, Esq., "at the town lately built on the south side of the river Bandon." A second grant was made in 1612, which with the former was purchased by the celebrated Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, who used great exertions in building and improving the town; so much so, as to be accounted its real founder. He peopled it with a Protestant colony from Bristol, and in a very short time it increased greatly in extent and importance. By his interest it was incorporated, in a letter bearing date "26th Sept., 10 Jac. I.," which was followed by others at subsequent periods: all

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were, however, abolished in the general destruction of corporate rights in Ireland, effected chiefly by Mr. O'Connell during the heyday of his political prosperity. The state of the town and inhabitants, in the year 1632, is well described by Lord Cork, who, in a letter to Mr. Secretary Cook, says: "In my town there is built a strong bridge over the river, two large session-houses, two market-houses, with two fair churches; which churches are so filled every Sabbath-day with neat, orderly, and religious people, as it would comfort any good heart to see the change, and behold such assemblies: no Popish recusant or unconforming novelist being permitted to live in all the town."

The river, called by Spenser,

"The pleasant Bandon, crown'd with many a wood,"

runs through the middle of the town, dividing it into two parts: that on the north side is situated in the parish of Kilbrogan, that on the south being in the parish of Ballymodan. The church of Kilbrogan, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and commonly called Christ Church, was begun in 1610, by Henry Becher, Esq., and finished in 1695 by the Earl of Cork: it is a cruciform structure, and is built on the site of a Danish encampment. The rectory is situate farther north, on the parish glebe-land, where is also the ancient burial-ground, now used only by the Roman Catholics, who have erected a chapel on it. This church has been altered at different periods; and is now undergoing alteration to a very considerable extent by the addition of several feet to the western end, as also by the erection of a tower and spire. These improvements have been effected mainly through the instrumentality of the Hon. and Rev. Charles B. Bernard, (second son of the Earl of Bandon,) the esteemed Rector of the parish. The church of Ballymodan was built in 1614 by the Earl of Cork: in 1846 it was found to be in a ruinous condition, and was pulled down to make way for the present edifice, (see engraving,) the foundation-stone of which was laid in 1847 by the present Earl of Bandon; and it proved, when completed, a most elegant structure, capable of accommodating a great number of persons. In it there is a large and beautiful organ, presented by the late Hon. and Very Rev. Richard Boyle Bernard, D.D., Dean of Leighlin.

The Wesleyan Methodists have a large interest in this place, which was one of Mr. Wesley's oldest stations in Ireland, and was frequently visited by him. There is a commodious and extensive Wesleyan church in Bridge-street, being the third built in succession within the last hundred years: to it is attached a Minister's dwelling-house, a library, and other buildings for religious purposes. There is an organ in this building, in which, as well as in the two parish-churches, there are excellent choirs constantly kept up, and these have been greatly benefited by the establishment of a choral society in the town. There are places of worship for the members of the Kirk of Scotland, the Unitarian Presby- body that take the name of "Primitive Methodists." The

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members of the Society of Friends formerly were a numerous and respectable portion of the community; but for some years there has not been one residing in the borough. Romanists have for some time been allowed to live in the town, but they are still in numerical minority: they have two chapels, which, as well as a convent of the Presentation order, are all outside the borough, nor (with scarcely an exception) has a Popish Priest ever resided within the limits of the old walls.

There are several schools in full operation. Two are parochial, and, with a normal school for the training of Teachers, are under the direction of the Church Education Society. The Duke of Devonshire gives an annual grant to each parochial school; and that of Kilbrogan has also a grant from Erasmus Smith, Esq. The Wesleyan Methodists have a school for boys, one for girls, and one for infants. There is a classical school founded by the Earl of Burlington, the head-master of which has a commodious residence, very fine offices and play-ground, together with an annual allowance from the Duke of Devonshire. Here were educated many who subsequently distinguished themselves at the University, several having obtained Fellowships, and many others distinctions of the first class.

The favourite motto of the Bandonians was, "*Ne cede:*" ("No surrender:") this forms part of the inscription annexed to the town-arms. Here formerly Orange Lodges were numerous, the 1st of July being religiously observed each year. During the latter half of the seventeenth century, they were always engaged in some warlike adventure: first against the rebel Lords, M'Carty Reagh, Lord Muskerry, and their followers; next they took the part of Cromwell during the "great rebellion;" and finally adhered to the fortunes of King William III. During this last war, they on one occasion rose, and discomfited a garrison of James II., which had possession of the town; but Lord Clancarty attacked them, and, their defence failing through want of provisions, they paid £1,000 for their pardon, immediately on which the walls were rased to the ground, and have not since been rebuilt. This event was called "the Black Monday insurrection;" and one way in which the Popish enemy rejoiced over the Protestant foe consisted in placing a piper on the communion-table of Kilbrogan church, (the oldest erected in Ireland for Protestant worship,) and causing him to play thereon, to the great indignation of the natives. They, on the other hand, would not permit a piper to play in the town; and so rigidly was this rule adhered to, that until a comparatively recent period no such musical personage would dare to appear in the streets.

The town gives the titles of Earl, Viscount, and Baron to the family of Bernard: the present Earl, the Right Hon. James Bernard, is a Representative Peer, also Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county and county of the city of Cork. His eldest son, Francis Viscount Bernard, has been M.P. for the borough for several years, and is Colonel of the Royal Cork City Artillery Militia: he has ever been a steady and

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consistent Conservative; and the well-known worth of his private character renders him an able supporter of everything good and excellent. The family of Bernard are constant residents at their seat, Castle-Bernard, near Bandon. In 1787, Mr. Wesley visited that place; and his description of an ancestor of the present Earl gives a correct view of the family character, which is now as it then was. "Though he is far the richest person in these parts, he keeps no race-horses or hounds, but loves his wife and home, and spends his time and fortune in improving his estate and employing the poor. Gentlemen of this spirit are a blessing to their neighbourhood. May God increase their number!"* The town also gives the inferior title of Baron of Bandon-Bridge to the family of Boyle, Earls of Cork and Orrery.

Here was born Sir Richard Cox, Bart., an eminent statesman, and author of a History of Ireland, as well as of many other literary productions. "In 1701 he was made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and a member of the Privy Council. In July, 1703, he was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland; and soon after sworn one of the Lords Justices of this kingdom, as he was again in 1705. In 1706 Queen Anne created him a Baronet. In 1710 he was made Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, and held it to the death of Queen Anne."† In this town was also born, A.D. 1659, Dr. Nicholas Brady, who, with Mr. Tate, composed the "New Version" of the Psalms in metre. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and at Trinity College, Dublin, at which latter University he graduated D.D.: he was Chaplain to King William III. and Queen Mary, and to Queen Anne. He died in London, in 1726. Captain Sir William Jumper, R.N., was born in this place. Dr. Smith‡ in a few words describes his daring and successful exploit. He "in a single ship of twenty guns took and surprised the garrison of Gibraltar from the Spaniards in sight of the rest of the English fleet." From this circumstance, a battery in Gibraltar was named "Jumper's Battery."

Until the peace of 1815, the Bandonians kept a well-ordered corps of Yeomanry, which was always necessary to their defence from the incursions of the natives, between whom and the townsmen very bitter animosity formerly existed, principally resulting from the difference in religion, which was the line of demarcation in political matters also. In illustration of this fact, I may quote the following anecdote, publicly narrated by the eminent author of "The Successful Merchant." He stated that on one occasion duty led him to visit during illness an old man in London. Recognising a fellow-countryman by the well-known Hibernian accent, he said to the sick person, "You are an Irishman." The other quickly disclaimed connection with old Erin; and on Mr.

* Watson's "Life of Wesley," p. 384, 8th Edition.
† Smith's "History of County and City of Cork," vol. ii., p. 424.
‡ Op. Cit., vol. ii., p. 428.

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Arthur reiterating his conviction that the person before him was indeed an Irishman, he got a reply in such terms as these: "I am a Bandon man, but not an Irishman." Mr. A. now stated that Bandon was in Ireland, and that therefore his case was quite clear; when our loyal Bandonian answered, "The Israelites were four hundred years in Egypt; but that did not make them Egyptians." Their share in history has been obscure; but in their own locality the town was in rebellious times "a city set on a hill," the focus of loyalty, and the only place in a large extent of country where our beloved and common Protestantism reigned secure. Now the progress of centralization has injured its commerce, and paralysed its industry. Of our fathers, uncelebrated by the historian, forgotten by the poet, and slighted by the statesman, it may be said, in the expressive lines of Gray,—

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

T. W. B.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST QUARTERLY TICKET FOR JUNE, 1856.

"THY WATCHMEN SHALL LIFT UP THE VOICE; WITH THE VOICE TOGETHER SHALL THEY SING: FOR THEY SHALL SEE EYE TO EYE, WHEN THE LORD SHALL BRING AGAIN ZION." (Isai. lii. 8.)

IT was the preaching of the Gospel that Isaiah predicted in the verse preceding, as is testified by the spirit of inspiration in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. (Chap. x. 15.) "How beautiful upon the mountains," said the Prophet, "are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"

Does the intelligence of revival and restoration reach the city of God, which is His church? The manifestation of Divine power is its own witness. God Himself draws near, doing His own work of mercy. No eye could see His approach, although every heart was longing for it; but at length He came. His footprints were the impressions of spiritual power. His presence was manifested with signs no less glorious than those of the Pentecostal fire. Souls long buried in death of sin arose at His voice, and came into the holy city. The watchmen, the Ministers of Christ, set upon the walls of Zion, witness the signal answer to their prayers, and to the prayers of the Lord's people, and joyfully "lift up the voice," a voice of thanksgiving and of exultation. In holy praise they sing together, and not a note of dissentience is heard to spoil the harmony. Their teaching was the same, their patience and their faith united them in one, and now their gladness is common. In doctrine there was but one voice, one answer for all who asked them to be shown the way of salvation; and now they have nothing new to teach those whom the Saviour of Israel

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has called from darkness into light. And as for their work, it is plain, their success, too, is unequivocal, and they see it clearly, "*eye to eye.*" Their consent is not merely a cold uniformity of judgment, but the lively interchange of affection, the mingling of a strong assurance; the eye that sees looks forth in confidence to cheer and brighten the eye of that brother who also has witnessed the mighty work. Tear for tear, smile for smile, joy for joy, the happy watchmen reciprocate congratulation, and the city resounds with notes of triumph.

"Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted His people, He hath redeemed Jerusalem. The Lord hath made bare His holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God." If these words had been written specially for the perusal of our Wesleyan brethren in several parts of the kingdom, they could not have been more exactly expressive of what they now feel; and where the promises of God have not yet been so certainly fulfilled, the Ticket for this quarter may nevertheless remind them of these promises, and the blessed experience of others may serve to awaken their confidence, and to revive their hope. Stand, then, upon the watch, set thee upon the tower, and watch to see what He will say unto thee, and what He will answer when thou art reproved,—when thou art brought into argument,—to be convinced of His unwavering faithfulness to His most gracious promise. "For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." The revival which has been partial may be universal: kind reader, make sure of it quickly in thy own soul. Seek it by prayer. Pray for yourself and others too, and let the supplication be importunate and ceaseless, until the descending shower of Divine influence bring the answer. And, when the answer comes, be not content only to praise God for it, but cherish the gift, and with holy watchfulness seek to abound in fruits of righteousness; and urge and encourage all new converts to whom you can find access to flee from sin, from every occasion of offence, and from every appearance of evil.

TO YOUNG SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

PERHAPS one of the chief faults in the present Sunday-school system is the want among many of those engaged in it of an intelligent apprehension of its real aim. They enter this department of Christian labour with little knowledge of the work they have to do, or of the best way of doing it. The consequence is, they adopt the most obvious parts of the routine of their predecessors, without any consideration of its suitability, and are content to follow without trying to improve upon it. They have a tedious, unvarying plan, consisting of little else than the reading of the lesson, sometimes followed by a desultory lecture, and the committing to memory, if their scholars are willing, of a verse or two from the Bible. If those who do this come regularly, they think them-

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selves model Teachers, martyrs to their work, and talk about "seeing fruit after many days."

There are many Teachers far superior to such as these; and of those that resemble them, a large number are earnest, well-meaning people. Their fault is neither objection to the work, nor lukewarmness in it; but rather that they have taken this duty upon themselves, without due consideration of either the end or the means.

Every one knows that Sunday-schools now are different from that first one by which Raikes endeavoured to secure order and prevent blasphemy in the streets of Gloucester. His plan, like the foundation of almost every great institution, was very insignificant in comparison with its development, and looked only to present necessity. But now, so has it expanded and grown in popular favour, that a Sunday-school is thought necessary to every place of worship. With this has come a danger. Young people are apt to take place in them, and, being satisfied with the popular verdict, fail to form an opinion for themselves.

"Are Sunday-schools necessary at this time?" should be the thoughtful inquiry of every one who is about to accept the office of a Teacher.

It is still necessary that children should be occupied on Sundays. Instruction in writing or arithmetic is obviously, under present circumstances, a breach of the Fourth Commandment. What, then, was the Lord's day given to children for? For exactly the same thing as that for which it was given to grown-up men and women. It was given that, on this holy day, children, who are as likely to become secular and earth-bound as men and women, might be freed from the debasing power of the world, and come under influences, stronger to refine, exalt, and ennoble, than any it is possible to experience in the six days. On this day A B C, dissyllables, and polysyllables, are generally exchanged for the teachings of the Bible, carefully simplified and administered by skilful and earnest hands, so as to be the pure milk of the word. Pothooks, capitals, and blots are joyfully forgotten, when the pupils see, from the interesting examples of holy writ, models of a benevolent, beautiful, and stainless life.

The best preparation for both worlds is clearly and convincingly shown to be a change of heart. And the child is conscious that to hear his Teacher on these themes, is holier employment than his arithmetic or his games. Thus a corrective is applied to all those influences of the week which are likely to degrade the child as a moral being.

The Sunday-school is for children what the church is for men and women. The public worship is but partially intelligible to a child, who is to be better prepared for it by the devotions and religion of the Sunday-school. This is one of the reasons for such an institution. Many parents, from want of skill and information, or from want of opportunity, find themselves unable to meet the religious necessities of their children on the Lord's day. Though the fireside has its work, yet undoubtedly the Sunday-school has its work also, and neither can displace the other.

Something of this kind might perhaps form the reply which a thoughtful

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person would make to the question, "Are Sunday-schools necessary in these days?" But he would continue his deliberations, by inquiring further, "What means must I, as a Teacher, take to secure that object?"

It is certain that the multitudes of children that attend Sunday-schools, cannot, on the present plan, be taught by professional Teachers. It remains, then, for this duty to be fulfilled by others, who must qualify themselves as best they can. It is now considered that the profession of a schoolmaster, like that of a lawyer, a physician, or a Minister, requires years of study, and much outlay in preparation. This cannot, and need not, be done in the case of a Sunday-school Teacher. But surely if it be thought necessary to expend so much toil and pains to prepare for teaching thirty hours in a week, it is necessary to put ourselves to a little trouble to be able to teach three. It cannot be, that, because on that day exclusive attention is given to things of the greatest importance, therefore the Teacher should be least careful of his fitness for the duty. Or is it that, so ready are the children to learn the things of God, that it matters little how they are taught? We wish it were. But the fact is, that, if any one needs to mind what he is doing,—if any one needs to be careful lest he blunder, and do irretrievable damage,—if any one needs to be prepared for his duties, it is the Sunday-school Teacher.

In the majority of cases, the objection of want of time is of no weight. A half-hour may often be redeemed from almost profitless occupation; and if this were spent in earnest study for the Sunday class, the effect both upon scholar and Teacher would be astonishing.

The knowledge and skill required for a Sunday-school Teacher are not extraordinary. First, he should not be entirely ignorant of the science of education; and especially should he understand child-nature, and something of mental science. He should know how to interest, how to touch the feelings, and how to turn the sympathies of the class, so as to reward and extol good actions, and to shame and punish offenders. On this point he need not long be ignorant. The world is his book, and it can be studied at every leisure minute. What he wants, with regard to mental and educational science, he may easily obtain from one or two books.

Next, he should have a knowledge of the Bible, not only of isolated passages, but of the argument and design of each book, and the detail of each history. The manners and customs of the people, the topography of the places that it mentions, the peculiarities of its language, the circumstances attending the writing of each book or epistle, should be studied, until the volume can fairly be said to be *known*. No Teacher of a Bible-class, at least, should be ignorant of a systematic account of the doctrines and evidences of Christianity: all should be able to state and to defend them. This is surely not asking too much. Every Christian, if possible, should study as well as read his Bible, and be an intelligent, as well as a firm, believer of its truths. A Sunday-school Teacher should also be well-informed. History and literature should

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not be quite strange to him; or some of his children will detect it, and despise him. He may be certain that the mind acquires a nobility and a polish, from a sense of knowledge, and a habit of study, which is eminently useful at all times, but especially when mind has to come in contact with mind for the purpose of instruction. It may be confidently pronounced, that he who does not care to be well-informed, and to whom it is a task to read, is *not fit for a Sunday-school Teacher.*

To these acquirements the Teacher should add energy, earnestness, perseverance, and a due degree of independence of thought and action. He should stake his credit on his endeavours, and try to forward them by straining every nerve.

It may be noticed that, in this sketch, nothing has been said of the religious element. This is not because it is not thought an essential part, but rather because all people allow it to be necessary. A Sunday-school Teacher should be a Christian in heart and life; a steady, determined Christian; a lively, growing Christian; and a praying Christian.

But while this is believed, we should be careful to guard against presumption. Men seem apt to pray for a miracle in the Sunday-school, though they never asked for one in their business. They hold that in their business they must, to gain success, pray as if all depended on God, and work as if all depended on themselves; but when they enter a Sunday-school, they forget this. The fact is, many here neglect the work of sowing; or do it so clumsily, that it will be a wonder if they ever reap. Let us be careful lest, while we believe much, we work little. The service that a Teacher is asked to perform out of the school, is not extraordinary or impossible. No one can have reason to complain, because he is asked to do a little more than eat, drink, sleep, and get a living. If neither a sense of deficiency nor a feeling of ambition urges a Sunday-school Teacher to improve himself; if, for his own sake, he cares not to cultivate the mind his Maker has given him; if neither the shafts of ridicule, nor the sympathy of numbers, can impel him to go forward, he should surely listen to the voice of duty, and be careful lest he offend his Maker by serving Him with only half his powers.

P. P. P.

"WORK WHILE IT IS CALLED TO-DAY."

On one occasion, when the late Rev. W. Blunt was arranging for some charitable measures, he requested a lady, whom he thought qualified, to undertake some charge in district-visiting, or some kindred engagement. She answered him, rather declining the proposal,—"My stay here will be probably too short for me to be of use. I do not know that I shall be here three months." His answer was brief, calm, and solemn. "I do not know that I shall be here one." He alluded to the uncertainty of his life in this present world. She saw his meaning, answered no more, and heartily embraced the work offered her to do.

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THE SPIRIT OF REVELATION.*

"CLOUDS and darkness are round about Him!" Truly God is hidden; and the very manifestation of His glory is but "the hiding of His power." We sing of His glory, and we talk of His power, but we can comprehend neither. To the highest seraph in heaven, as well as to Moses hidden in the cleft of the rock, Jehovah says, "*Thou canst not see My face.*" Speaking in an absolute sense, God only hath seen, or can see, the face of God; that is, know the nature and comprehend the works of God: the undivided Trinity alone knows HIMSELF,—the one God eternal.

"Clouds and darkness are round about Him;" yet, relatively, man, yea, even man fallen, may behold the face of his Maker. "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." Else how could we know the fact that "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne?" How breathe from our unworthy lips, a truth the highest in the treasury of an archangel's mental wealth, "God is love?" Or how, in a world of darkness, should we be able to look beyond the awful panoply which surrounds Him, and learn that "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all?"

For the Spirit of revelation, we are taught to pray by the example of St. Paul, who implores it on behalf of the Ephesians. But there are some timid souls,—apt to doubt, though sincere believers,—who, in the hour of mental and bodily depression, in loneliness or sorrow, are prone to fancy that former revelations of God's love have been in reality the fruit of a disordered imagination, and that the extraordinary tokens of the Divine presence, which they sometimes received, were merely creations of their own imagination. Unwise Christians! Unsound philosophers! As if the Eternal changed with their variable temperament. As if man's imagination ever created anything. The poet can take things that are, and, with an infusion of sentiment and passion, form new combinations. The novelist can make puppets of his fellow-mortals, and elaborately distort facts and principles. The philosopher may discover old truths; and the divine may search the Scriptures, until he meet with some phase of revelation as yet unobserved or little known. But as we are entirely dependent on God, on His ever-present energy for every particular act of our thinking, reasoning souls, so we are entirely dependent on God, the sole Creator of every primary object of thought, for the thoughts which occupy our minds. Whether they be thoughts directly given, or thoughts suggested by creatures, we still receive them from Him. We and those creatures may falsify, confuse, and distort them, but nothing can be added. We can remould truth into error, and good into evil; but we can neither create nor destroy the materials. The very turpitude of sin lies in the fact that it is *a perversion of that which is right.* (See Job xxxiii. 27.) To deny this, is to imply that God has created something evil, and to make the ineffably Holy One the Author of sin.

In modern times, as well as in the apostolic age, instances have undoubtedly occurred in which men were favoured with one or more visions, or with one or more extraordinary revelations, or impressions of saving truth upon the mind. In such cases, the Divine work of communication cannot be ascribed to the ordinary laws of nature and providence, but solely to the laws of God's moral government as laid down in His word, and carried out in special providence over those upon whom His Spirit is working.

* Eph. i. 17.

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We have, indeed, kind friends who condescendingly tell us that visions are to be accounted for on physiological principles. This may be true in certain instances, if we view physiological facts as second causes; but it does not alter *the fact of the vision*, nor *the nature of the revelation*. "Ah! but such things are nothing more than optical illusions, resulting from some slight derangement of the brain." Derangement? Illusion? Admirable derangement of body, that gives the soul a glimpse of the harmonies of truth! Profitable illusion, that rends away the gross curtain of sensuality, and reveals to the soul the Divine image!

And of such a nature are the visions and revelations to which we refer. Such instances as those of Colonel Gardiner, Tennent, &c., &c., are not to be accounted for by the supposition of a distempered intellect or a disordered body; for in these cases every faculty of the soul was awake and at its post, unusually quickened to discern the various phases of truth. They cannot result from mere sympathy: sympathy unites hearts, but cannot create either thoughts or things: Colonel Gardiner, bent on an amour, was not likely to dwell with interest or sympathy on the story of the Cross. They cannot result from optical illusions: the almost corrupt body of Tennent—a body that seemed to ask a hiding-place in the grave—was not likely to present before the mind visions more glorious and grand than poets ever conceived.

Referring to the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine" for the year 1838, for some interesting anecdotes of the Rev. William Tennent, we content ourselves with extracting the account of his trance, given by himself, with the utmost solemnity and reverent reluctance:—

"While I was conversing with my brother on the state of my soul, and the fears I entertained for my future welfare, I found myself in an instant in another state of existence, under the direction of a superior being, who ordered me to follow him. I was accordingly wafted along, I know not how, till I beheld, at a distance, an ineffable glory, the impression of which on my mind it is impossible to communicate to mortal man. I immediately reflected on my happy change, and thought, 'Well, blessed be God, I am safe at last, notwithstanding all my fears.' I saw an innumerable host of happy beings, surrounding the inexpressible Glory, in acts of adoration and joyous worship; but I did not see any bodily shape or representation in the glorious appearance. I heard things unutterable. I heard their songs and hallelujahs of thanksgiving and praise, with unspeakable rapture. I felt joy unutterable and full of glory. I then applied to my conductor, and requested leave to join the happy throng; on which he said, 'You must return to the earth.' This seemed like a sword through my heart. In an instant I recollect to have seen my brother standing before me disputing with the doctor. The three days, during which I had appeared lifeless, seemed to me not more than ten or twenty minutes. The idea of returning to this world of sorrow and trouble gave me such a shock, that I fainted repeatedly."

"Such was the effect on my mind, of what I had seen and heard, that if it be possible for a human being to live entirely above the world, and the things of it, for some time afterwards, I was that person. The ravishing sound of the songs and hallelujahs that I heard, and the very words that were uttered, were not out of my ears, when awake, for at least three years. All the kingdoms of the earth were in my sight as nothing and vanity; and so great were my ideas of heavenly glory, that nothing, which did not in some measure relate to it, could command my serious attention."

Every act of faith (that is, saving faith, not mere assent to the truth

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implies the certainty of an act of revelation on the part of our Redeemer, just as every breath we take, and every throbbing of our pulse, denotes the presence and the sovereign will of the Spirit of all life. Every act of mature faith implies a revelation of God the Father *to* the soul, a revelation of God the Son *for* the soul, and a revelation of God the Spirit *in* the soul. Now, the gifts of extraordinary dreams, visions, &c., are in perfect accordance with this particular kind of revelation imparted to those who believe with the heart unto salvation. Of the two, however, the former appears the more simple work; and therefore *mere reason* should really find less difficulty in receiving it. For when God speaks to us in the ordinary course of His providence,—addressing us sometimes by an appeal to reason, sometimes by an awakening of conscience, sometimes by a parable presented to the imagination, sometimes by influencing the affections,—the things He reveals are things with which human reason, conscience, imagination, and affection are at enmity. But when He speaks to us by the extraordinary method referred to, He merely throws an instructive dream, or vision, or revelation upon the passive mind; or else (for, in some cases, whether in the body or out of the body we know not) conveys the soul itself where the things seen, and heard, and felt exist.

We acknowledge, without any reserve, the unfathomable mystery surrounding both these works of the Almighty. Only by the analogy of faith can man grapple them to his soul: in vain will he trim his lamp of human wisdom, thinking, by philosophic search, to find out God. But if God's ways be a mystery to him, so is man's life a mystery to himself. If God's hand in providence be a mystery to him, not less a mystery is the power of the human brain over the muscles of action. If the eternal love of the Passionless One to his soul be a mystery, so also is that sublime newborn sympathy of his soul with the God who made him. If it be at all wonderful that God should be his Father, it is much more so that such a one as he should be God's child.

A friend once said, "It has frequently been a matter of amazement and perplexity to me to receive the doctrine of 'God manifest in the flesh:' the Lord help my unbelief!" "Have you ever asked yourself," was the reply, "*whether it is like Him?*" The idea seemed to strike him forcibly: he thought and prayed until unbelief was as still as a stone, and his weak faith victorious.

"But," says one, "analogies are not arguments; probabilities are not facts." This cannot be denied; but we think ourselves right in classing them among the greatest *aids* to faith. They may remove obstacles out of the way, by showing that the doctrines presented for belief are not contrary to reason, but are in strict harmony with the first principles of thought and knowledge. For example:—We have a kind friend, whose charities abound; he has never been known to fail in his engagements, or to draw back the hand of generosity. We hear that he has performed some act of benevolence: the circumstances attending it are characteristic of his benevolent nature, and, full of delight, we exclaim, "It is just like him!" Shall we not be truly wise if we observe in like manner the doings of the ALL GOOD, in order that we may understand the loving-kindness of the Lord, and be able to say of a Divine revelation, "It is just like our heavenly Father?" For all God's revelations harmonize as perfectly with His attributes, and with the principles of His moral government, as does the sprouting of the acorn's germ, or the instinctive movement of embryo life, with the laws of universal nature.

Indeed, if we refuse analogy, we cannot sit comfortably at the feet of the Great Analogist the Man who spake as never man spake, and who so spake

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because his sinless human soul sunned itself in the pure harmonies of truth, beholding every individual ray proceeding from its grand Source and Centre,—the supreme Godhead to which his humanity was united.

And again. It were well to think of these things in this manner, that we may be on our guard against the lying wonders of the Church of Rome, and other pretenders to inspiration, miracles, &c., &c. A broad line of distinction will be found between those which are *like God*,—like His ways,—and those which are the product of superstition, enthusiasm, fanaticism, monomania, or downright hypocrisy. Was there anything in the gloomy mysteries of the land of Mizraim, or is there anything in the unholy secrets of Papistical craft, like Him who sent His own Son among us as our Life, our Truth, our Way, as the Light of the world? "He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God."

Let it be remembered, moreover, that we ought not to be discouraged in our observations of the Lord's extraordinary dealings with men, by the fact that some of the subjects of them have been afterwards guilty of grievous declension. Did not even St. Paul need a thorn in the flesh after his flight into the third heaven?

It seems reasonable to suppose that those who are less favoured by nature or education than others, should become either subjects or witnesses of especial revelations. The man who has time and opportunity at command, and who possesses good powers of mind and body, may take history, science, and revelation, and, in a prayerful, honest spirit, speedily discover an outline of truth: he shall know the truth, and the truth shall make him free. Such a one is not likely to experience extraordinary revelations, although, for some special purpose, either for his own consolation or the good of others, they may be granted even to him. But the ignorant, the weak, and the tempted seekers after truth, have especial need of Divine communications; and the feeble-minded believer, whose thoughts are few, and his troubles many, carried as he is in the Redeemer's bosom, is not unlikely to hear whispers of love, which do not reach the ears of the healthy and strong ones of the flock.

CLEMENT.

SET YOUR THOUGHTS OUTSIDE YOU.

ARE you of any use in the world? You perhaps *doubt* whether you are or not. This is a doubt which, in the language of the philosopher of Chelsea, who has often a more forcible than pleasant way of saying things,—"This is a doubt which can only be ended by *action*." There is as much relation between mental and spiritual health and action as between bodily well-being and exercise. Do you not remember the hypochondriacal feeling with which, one crisp December morning, you warmed your feet on the fender, out of humour with yourself and the rest of the world, and almost wondering if happiness was to be found anywhere but in fiction? and how some kind friend scolded you till you put your hat on, turned out into the hard and silent roads, and came back wondering—*you* wondering!—how anybody could be miserable in a world like this? A little exercise had set you quite right. And did you never have dim and uncomfortable ideas about the truth, lamenting its uncertainty; wishing, almost, for some further supernatural communications to end your doubts and fears; feeling like a little frail shell tossed on the shore by the vast waves, and surprised that you had not long ago been crushed and ground on the rocks?

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What a sad case you were in! But were you ever relieved in the way you desired? Confess to yourself, did it not come to this at last, that, quite weary of brooding and idling, you simply got *to work* again, and, without new revelations or clearer views as such, you found yourself walking in the light with erect head and expanding heart, and your health lasted till—till you grew lazy again, and began to warm your slippers? But one of the last things we poor self-deceivers do is to confess to ourselves the *true* reason of our failures and shortcomings. Perhaps, too much confession to others, constituted as the world is, would be dangerous; but let us try to be more true to ourselves, and not make out a case against the truth because of its seeming dimness, when we ought rather to rebuke ourselves for indolence and neglect in using the truth we have. You might as well aim at laying up a stock of animal spirits in a bottle as try to lay up peace and joy by the operations of the intellect alone. "He that doeth my will," says the Saviour,—he who is for ever *acting out* the inward life,—"shall know." The man who *lives* as well as *thinks* the truth shall have the penetrating vision and the tranquil heart.

One reason why you have slackened, perhaps again and again, in your exertions is, that you have not seen far into the necessary results of action. You feel spiritual life to be an inward thing, and look for *all* your life within. But you have, so to speak, an artistic power of placing some portion of your life outside you. The sculptor has within his mind a beautiful classic vision of form. On its first conception, his

> "Great thought strikes along the brain,
> And flushes all the cheek;"

but, before long, he must either realize it, or the vision begins to waver and fade. He brings home his clay, and he models; he fetches his block from Carrara, and carves; while latent beauties which his first conception never embraced come from the rasping file or delicate chisel. His *idea* is *now* substantive, and in making it so he feels that his soul has "built itself a live-long monument."

> "Fair statues! blind ye look, but full within
> Of vision, more than mortal eyes can show:
> A race ye seem of some transcendent kin
> Apart from our dim lot of joy and woe.
> Yet human hands could frame you: such the power
> Of man to rise beyond his own weak hour."

He may die now: his thought will live! But observe that he has done more than quiet the creative longing of his mind. The thought-life to which he has given birth has commenced an existence of its own. On its pedestal it stands, night and day. Ten million eyes behold it. The man of business in his hasty walk catches a ray of gladness from it. The youth on his way from school has his emulation roused, or his imagination awakened. The churl gets one smoothing stroke on his rough brow. The student, under the night-sky, watches it with swelling emotion as it lifts its arm to the stars, and it teaches him how in his studies he may worthily embody his heroes. And when sculptor, merchant, school-boy, churl, and student have become old, have died, and their children, and their children's children; the marble thought, revered, protected, still lifts its finger to the zenith—and lives, and *lives*. Why does

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it live? Because the wise Phidias did not let the thought remain within him. He placed it outside himself, and it is immortal. Did you ever think of the work which a dumb statue performs? Do many of you, with living tongues, speak as loudly? How the birth of his thought was influential over his own future earthly life I have not told you. How the sight of it induced the poet to come and tell him his thoughts in return; the scholar to enlighten him with knowledge; the statesman to stimulate him with words of wise commendation; and how, thus, his own soul emerged from its former condition into a higher life;—all as a direct consequence of thus placing outside him his thought!—I could not worthily express my ideas of this reflex action upon himself.

Here I would suggest to you, however, how widely different would be the effect of this reflex action according to the quality of the thought embodied and given to the world. A base or sensual thought would bring round him the poisonous flies, whose evil tastes would be gratified by evil food; a proud haughty thought would surround him with "the princes of this world, that come to nought;" while a noble, manly, holy thought would embody his own soul, and form a tacit but public command to the evil to keep far away, and an invitation to the good to draw nigh and speak with him.

Do you frequently think that what the sculptor did with his marble you may do every day in various ways? In some ways you cannot *but* do it continually. You put your thoughts outside you in the expression of your face, in your gait and gestures, in your words, in your letters. Do you think of the unconscious return you are almost hourly receiving from the capital thus put out to interest? But the thought that I am most anxious to enforce is this,—that you may deliberately, consciously, and under your own guidance, multiply your life tenfold by placing it "outside you." How feeble it often seems; a low smoky flame often nearly expiring! Let me try to tell you something that may help you to increase it.

It is a dull winter evening; your office-work is over; you have had your tea by yourself; (it is to young men who will have yet time to do something that I speak chiefly;) you meditate, and meditation develops very little to the purpose you design. Obscure faith, dull hope, imperfect love. Books will not rouse you, your favourite study has little interest for you. Rather a difficult case; fog outside and fog inside; I scarcely know what you *can* do. Can you talk? Perhaps so, but you have no one to talk to. Well, then, can you write? Is there no young man whom you love, and who loves you, no person below your station, if above your own age, who thinks a good deal of what you say. Do try, then. Never mind the stupid head and the weary hand. Get out your writing-desk. Don't be stopped because your inkstand is dry: send for a penny bottle of ink. Date your letter. Begin with a warm expression of feeling: never be afraid of this in letter-writing; it exposes you a little, but is best in the long run. Tell him what a dull evening it is, how gloomy the fire looks, what a headache you have got; abuse the fog outside, and see if, by and by, a little, little glow of soul does not begin to glimmer, like the red snuff of a candle, through the mist. Confess your state of mind; use your letter as a means of making it clear to yourself; and your mind and heart will begin to thaw, and soften, and enjoy; and then, taking up my hat, I will "be off,"—for you will have no time for *me*. The sluices of your soul are opened, and I am quite sure of a happy evening for you. You have put your present life "outside you."

Perhaps you seldom write letters; you grudge the time bestowed on them;

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always behind hand; doing it with the feeling that it was so much time lost. My friend, you have, pardon me, been immensely stupid and selfish, working against yourself by all such thoughts. I think you never *talked* so much good in a whole week as you have written in your letter this dull December evening. For, consider: you have opened your heart as you could not have done in conversation. You have said just what you wanted to say, and no more. You have been able to *write* faithfully to one who would have turned your words aside with a jest; and be sure that in the secrecy of his chamber and in his lonely walks he will open that letter and read it, twenty times, till the tears moisten it. You do not know but that out of the deadly fog of December you may send him sunshine that will turn him from darkness to light. And here let me recur to the thought of how different it might have been if, instead of the letter you have written, you had sent him a compulsory, cold, satirical, joking, instead of a cheerful and faithful one.

You, perhaps, do not often reflect, either, that letters do not always end with the person to whom they are addressed. I think the *life* of one, only one, good letter is far more enlarged and intense than any of us realize. We think little of the life of writings and pictures, because, in our selfishness, we do not think of any one seeing them but ourselves. We never *see* others looking them over. I know of at least one letter which, if it missed the mark at which it was aimed, found the joints in the harness of one unknown to the writer, and was greatly instrumental in his conversion. Nor do you know when your letter will die. Old letters! brown, worn, faded. I see the hot tears of great-grandchildren falling on them in the silent chambers when on some winter day the bureau is ransacked for its memorials of the past. Shut up in your letters your own spiritual life, that when their pale ashes are brought out of their urns by some future generation, they may yet, in feeble tawny words, glow with truth that lives and abides for ever. A *dead* letter! it *will* die some time, but in the course of things long after your speech is dead. If you *can* write, then, do not forget that often it is better to write than to speak.

Do you think that you *have* a sort of literary taste? and does your ambition rise above letters by post? Believe me, the very best thing on which to try the strength of your wings, without risking the fall of Icarus, is to write plenty of letters by post. If you think them beneath you, I am not only sure that you are unfit for more public writing, but that your motives are too low, and your pride too great; and I do not wish to read what you have to say.

I have spoken, and very hastily, of one mode of putting your life "outside you." I could name others; but it is the *principle* I wish to enforce. Every man may do it in some way. God will help every man to find the *right* way, if he earnestly seek it; but see that you *do* it.

> "What you can do, or think you can, begin it;
> Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
> Begin it, and the work will be completed."

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Narrative Pieces.

A LAST JOURNEY.

The children were not told of their journey* till ten days beforehand. You may believe how glad the prospect made them; for at Manchester there were many whom they loved, and it had been the home of little George for a whole year, while we were on the Continent. Freddy was in his element. You will remember how delighted he used to be when preparing for a journey; and on this occasion he was quite impatient to begin. "Why not pack my things now? Why wait till three days before we go? Why not speak much about getting to a new place until we come to it?" These were frequent questions; but they readily accepted the reasons given them, and were overheard repeating them, with wise looks, to each other. "You know we must not be too sure of going, for something may happen to keep us here; or we might die." And then, turning round, they would say, "But if we are alive, and if God does spare us, when may we pack? On Monday, Freddy's birthday?"

They were very exact in expecting us to keep to our word; and on finding a parcel made up two days before the time fixed, they came to ask the reason. "Have you changed your mind? Did you not say that nothing was to be done till Monday?" On showing them that it was baby's doll, and that she was too young to pack her own things even when Monday should come, they were satisfied.

"And what shall we see when we go?" Their eyes rather brightened when they were told that the only promise we should make was to take them to see their little brother's grave. Thoughts of death never made them gloomy: indeed, they attached no meaning to the word but that it was the way of getting to heaven. "Can nobody go to heaven in fiery chariots now?" asked little George one day. When we answered him, we little dreamed how nearly such would be the manner of his departure. During the long snow-storm of February, he was looking out, and said, "See what a lot of it: the sky's coming down....hear the wind! The Arran sea will be rising now! Poor children that have no shoes and stockings, what will they be doing? But we've got a nice home." Freddy, then sitting in his little wicker arm-chair by the library fire, said so sweetly, "The Grange isn't ours: it belongs to ——. It's heaven that's our home." George, also, when praying (as he seldom omitted to do) for Mr. Johnston, the Madras Missionary, who had been very ill, and whom the child tenderly loved, would say, "O Lord! do take him quick to heaven, and make him quite ready to go." He could not see why he ought not to pray for his removal thither, since it would make him so much happier to be there. "Why is Mr. Johnston not gone to heaven yet? I thought he would have been there by this time." But the emaciated and toil-worn man outlived the child, and some days before he descended into the river of death, had given thanks for the children's easy passage through.

Freddy's birthday having arrived, he said, "I wish there were birthdays in heaven: I'm sorry there will be none there." Some packing-boxes were brought down, in one of which was found his "Peep of Day," where it had been left since our return home the autumn before. Vainly had it been searched for during the winter, and much had the want of it vexed him. He now ran into the room in delight, saying, "What do you think has been found on my birthday but little Peep?" We asked him what books or playthings he wished to be taken to England: he replied, "Leave what you like; take what you like; only take my 'Peep of Day.'" "I hardly know what to do. Helen says there will only be room for one Bible for me: my Testament has the largest print, but then there's more reading in my Bible." He fixed on the latter.

On their birthdays they did not receive any presents from us, but they had the promise beforehand, that if they had been good boys they should have some tea given them to take to a sick person who had long been bed-ridden at a neighbour-

* In 1852.

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ing cottage. They set off with it on that morning in great spirits, along with their little sister. In the evening kind friends came, bringing Freddy a gun and sword, with a book of engravings, at which they were overjoyed. We had brought them in to pray with us at the beginning of that happy day. Freddy seemed to feel that he must no longer be a child, but an example to his brother and sister. He heard Georgy his lesson, saying to him, "Mamma must not have to teach anything twice: she teaches *me*, I must teach *you*; and you must learn fast to teach little sister. If you say your lesson well, I'll read you a chapter of 'Line upon Line.'" Poor Georgy's love for books was not so great, and the promised reward was no inducement. however, the lesson was gone through, and, with a look of resignation, the little fellow sat down on a stool at Freddy's feet to receive the recompense, saying, "It won't be very long, will it?"

Freddy was asked to print in an album the words, "All we like sheep have gone astray." "Ah, no! the bit I like best is, 'The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquities of us all.' May I print that?" He then sought out the verses for the following Sunday, little imagining what lessons that day would bring to him,—lessons of immortality.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow;
For thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

These were the last words the children learned. At family-worship on the morning of their journey, as they took their accustomed places on either side of their papa, Freddy, who was sometimes asked to choose the verses to be sung, fixed on the paraphrase,—

"How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?" &c.

Being told that it was quite unconnected with the chapter in course, which was Prov. xxvii., he still urgently pressed his choice, but gave it up for the twenty-third Psalm. The first verse of the chapter was usually read by him: it was on that occasion, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." During breakfast the boys learned it by heart; and Freddy being asked its meaning, replied, "It means that we may all be killed before to-morrow." George, on coming up to see me, said the verse all the way, lest he should forget it; and, stumbling on the boxes piled up at the door, they both came in. "Tell the verse for to-day, Georgy," cried Freddy. In his clear, powerful voice, the gleeful, bold-hearted boy, who was to have no to-morrow, repeated it. It sounded cheerless. "Did papa tell you nothing else?" "O, yes! stories about Florence, and what Captain Trotter said about the Madiai; and that a girl in Ireland told the Priest, when he took her Bible, that he could not get away what was written in her heart. Have you no messages to give us? for now we must be off."

We left Edinburgh in one carriage. The boys, perched side by side on the elbow-rests opposite to us, said their morning hymn:

"My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise," &c.

Freddy had been on many long journeys, and never omitted his brief morning lesson in travelling: he read to his papa about Solomon and the two babies, from "Line upon Line." Thus we passed a long track of snowy ground, the air being exceedingly cold. At Carlisle they were sent to dine; but Freddy was too timid to sit without his nurse at the table in the station, and soon was seen running past the carriage-window, crying, "I've lost my way, and I don't know where my home is." Little George took his dinner in haste, and, with hat and gloves unremoved, clasped his hands, saying aloud, "O Lord! bless my food, and pardon my sins, for Jesu's sake. Amen." It was his last prayer, not forgotten in the bustle and haste of a railway-station. We did not hear of it till many weeks after, when perhaps it might also be remembered by some to whom at the time it was a cause of merriment.

The carriages dashed on, and struck. For an instant the danger seemed past, when a noise of an engine rumbled as if beneath us. With closed eyes and a firm grasp we sought to commit all to God, as our carriage broke upon the engine which

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had fallen across the line,—the flooring gave way, and the back fell in. There was only time to realise that God was with us,—*safety*, therefore,—and a sense of it.

In that moment of collapse, the spirit of little George had escaped from the form that held it, leaving it to appearance uninjured. Beside it lay the empty sheath of a toy-sword lost two days before. But the soul had leapt upwards to the bosom of the Angel of the Covenant; and long before the other bodies, then apparently lifeless as his, had agonised back into that consciousness which we call life, his peaceful remains were laid in a soft wrapping rug on the green grass bank, and he had taken in the first draught of immortality. It seemed as though death had not time to grasp him.

Beyond a very faint recollection of lying under a mass of fragments, and of hearing the voices of those who removed them, we were all entirely unconscious. The awaking took place on the line, a good way from the carriages. No living person was then to be seen. The servants lay alongside with their arms outstretched, apparently dead, and close together. A long whistle first rang through my ears,—respiration seemed impossible; but a severe blow which had been received on the seat of the nerves of the head produced an immediate and intense consciousness. "What promise will be sufficient now?" was the first idea. All that the circumstances demanded was fully met by these words, so remembered as if heard: "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

It seemed as though the first strange night would never pass away. Yet dismal as its hours were, we almost clung to them, knowing that with the morning there must come the certainty as to George's fate, while the silence of those around regarding him gradually diminished our hope of his being still left to us. More than once his name had been whispered by us to each other. At last his papa said, "Poor Georgy!" The face of the kind friend who watched by our bedside grew pale. There was silence. "*The Lord gave*," I said: his papa added, "*And the Lord hath taken away;*" and then together we repeated that wondrous conclusion of Job's, when *all* was gone, "*Blessed be the name of the Lord.*" Song of faith, heard in the storm which rolled over the patient Patriarch till it had wrenched from him every shred of joy, how many have been its echoes from bereaved hearts since then! What will the chorus be, what the thunder-hallelujah, when every tongue that has feebly uttered it here shall, with its first speaker and all the church triumphant, sing it yonder! Then it shall be sung in the presence of the lost riches found again in the treasure-house of paradise restored,—the very loss of which first taught us to use it.

About five o'clock next morning, after another troubled night, we were told that Freddy was sinking. To us the stroke came in an instant. It was as if some flower, that had grown in one's heart for years, and rooted itself into our very being, was to be torn out. But, looking up, it was seen to be the hand of Him who first had planted it, and engrafted on it, as we believed, the new creature in Christ Jesus. We had only two hours given us to prepare to see him go away. There was delay in the doctor's arrival, as he was told by mistake that it was Freddy's little sister who was alarmingly ill, and she was a little way off at the house of a relative. We were not to see Freddy till the physician's leave was obtained: so there was a silent time given us to realise fully the agonizing wrench which nature was about to sustain, and to lay hold anew of the glorious hope we had for our darling. Every prayer of six years was going to be answered, every desire fulfilled, every fear extinguished, every effort to lead our boy Christward, and to set him with his back to the world and his face to heaven, was going to be crowned by the coming of the Shepherd for His lamb on the morning of His own day. "Next Sunday I shall learn this verse," he said the previous Sabbath, "'The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.'" How he learned it! A second time, as in his brother's case thirty-six hours before, death seemed to miss its grasp: he had not an idea of dying. Per-

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mission being now given for us to have one look of him, he was carried downstairs on a small mattress. Room was made across our feet, and he lay there so sweet and bright-looking, with his eye half raised; so little changed from that last look on the railway-bank,—lovelier than he had almost ever looked before,—that we could not believe he was unconscious. It was only when the physicians had raised us in bed to kiss him, and taking his hand, we asked him if he did not know us, that we saw he was already deaf to all earthly voices, and that his time was counted by seconds. His papa prayed for him, and gave him up to God. "O Lord, Thou hast heard his earnest cries for a new heart, and to be washed in the blood of Jesus, and taken to heaven when he died. Answer them all, and take him to Thyself."

He was carried away again, and expired in a few moments. A Sabbath sun had lighted him home; and, O! how much of our poor hearts went with him! To be enjoying Sabbath-rest above, waiting on God in His temple, looking into the great mystery of godliness with an unclouded understanding,—it was no effort to imagine Freddy so engaged. We had now three children safe; our anchor cast by a threefold chain upon that shore which never seemed so close to our reach as then. To see a child go away so peacefully to Jesus gives a real foretaste to those who behold it of the victory Christ's people shall one day obtain over death and the grave. By faith we press hard after the departing spirit, till the wave which has borne it into the haven seems almost to have carried us in also. But second thoughts force on us the truth that to us there still remain the warfare and the wilderness, and that we must consent to say that hard and bitter word, FAREWELL.—*Mother's Narrative.*

Religion in Heart and Life.

THE PALM-TREE.

THE palm has no holiday clothing. Its branch is equally green, whether an Emperor or an outlaw pass under it. Summer and winter it is always the same. And so a beauteous Christianity is that which loses none of its loveliness to the eye that oftenest views it. If you be respectable in public, if you be serious and fervent in the sanctuary, if your conversation be rational or religious in society; but if you be common-place at home, if you be cross and censorious, frivolous and silly, worldly and wearisome at your own fireside; if you be one of those trees which need brushing before they are fit to be seen, such dusty affinities prove that your nature is not that of the palm. If full of sap, your leaf will be evergreen; and those who know you best will love you most, and be the best persuaded of your simplicity and godly sincerity. And, to crown the whole, if yours be a palmy growth, yours will be a religion of happiness and praise. A fair sight it is when the breeze flits by, and every ray of the feathery coronet twinkles to the morning sun: the desert's anthem, the palm-tree's orison. Nature gave the hint to man, and to God's glory waved her verdant plumes before the victor learned to wave them to his own. And so, dear friend, if yours be the right religion, it will be imbued with blessedness, and clothed with praise. You "will be fat and flourishing," "to show that the Lord is upright." Through the greatness of His work, your heart will be made right glad. His greatest work, redemption, will often swell in upon your spirit with new surprise; and the Christ that is yours, and the Comforter that is yours, and the heaven which is soon to be yours, will bear back your waking glory into astonished silence and heart-murmured adoration; and lesser gifts, less, but most precious, will be a sweet relief to the overmastering emotion;- and, by giving outlet to the gratitude, you will sanctify the gift, and seal it in sacredness and sweet memorial on your own soul. Habitual faith will give perennial cheerfulness. If "fat," you will

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be "flourishing." The peace of God within will force off the withered twigs of care, and foreboding, and worldly-mindedness, and give you the daily freshness of one careful for nothing. "I am now," writes one, "near the end of my warfare. I never had such a variety of affairs to manage as a man in so much business as yourself: but I had a large young family very dear to me, and not enough for their maintenance from year to year; and, in case of my death, they were to be destitute. I was, however, wonderfully free and cheerful in my heart. I think I should not have been more so, if I had been without a child. My preservative was wholly this: 'He that hath the Son hath life.' A full and powerful conviction of this truth was attended with constant prayer for them and myself, that we might have this one thing needful, which by this means grew in price and value. Was Christ enough for peace, comfort, and joy to the first Christians; and is He not now the same? Will He not be enough for me and my children?" And to like purport writes another: "Yesterday I was very much taken up in house-affairs. Various things occurred which would at some times have been a burden; but everything seemed blest. These words were all day the language of my heart:—

'With Thee conversing, I forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.'"

Few trees can equal the palm in absolute usefulness. Its shadow refreshes the weary traveller. Its sweet and abundant fruit restores his strength. And when his soul faileth him for thirst, its welcome telegraph announces, "Here is water." The lighthouse of the wilderness, nature's simple hostelry, its beacon has darted life into many a glassy eye, and has forwarded to the home which he hardly hoped to see again many a sinking wanderer; so that glad associations and grateful offices have gone far to enhance its beauty. And in the tender mercy of God, there are distributed through the church of Christ, and consequently through the world, many persons who, in beneficence, flourish like the palm. To do good and communicate they never forget. They cannot avoid it. It is now spontaneous with them; for God gave them the disposition when He gave them their new nature. Like a cool shadow in a scorching day, their counsel revives the perplexed, and their sympathy cheers the sad. Like the clustering dates ungrudgingly showered on the passenger, their generosity and hospitality are a boon to all who need them. And, like the palm-tree pointing to the hidden well, their sure direction guides the weary seeker to the Fountain where he drinks and lives for ever. Such a one was Barnabas, the Son of Consolation, in whose large heart and tender wisdom, afflicted consciences and wounded spirits found the balm which healed them, "a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost." And such were Gaius, and Aquila, and Lydia, and Dorcas, whose willing roof and untiring bounty made churches their debtors, and who found in the prayers of the poor their payment. And such was Philip the Evangelist, who put the timely question to the Ethiopian, and, business-like and brother-like, sat down in the chariot beside him, and pointed out so plain that way to heaven which the earnest stranger was so fain to find. And such in later times have been many of the Church Universal's worthies: Bernard Gilpin, whose open hand and inviting door softened towards the Gospel the rude heart of Northumberland; John Thornton, of whom it was remarked, "Were there but a thousand loving Christians of great opulence like-minded with him, the nation would be convinced of the good operation of the Gospel;" William Wilberforce, who, in addition to countless acts of considerate philanthropy, sought out and sent to college young men of principle and promise, and saw his liberality rewarded when they became Judges of the land, and distinguished Ministers of the Gospel; Howell Harris, who filled his Trevecca mansion with scores of disabled and destitute Christians, and, amidst the tears of a hundred adopted children, passed away to that beloved Saviour whom hungry he fed, and a stranger he had taken in. (Matt. xxv. 35, 40.) Mrs. Fletcher, of Madeley, who devoted her long widowhood to prayer and active kindness, and re-peopled her desolate home with orphans and the pious poor; John Newton, whose dusky Coleman-

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street chamber shone with a heavenly radiance in many a memory; for there, amid his affectionate explanations, the cross stood out to their tearful view, and for the first time they learned to find in a Saviour's side the double refuge from sin and from sorrow. And such in your place and your measure may each of you, who are Christians at all, aspire to become. "Herein is the Father glorified, that ye bear *much* fruit." Kind looks, kind words, kind deeds, advice thoughtfully and honestly given, trouble cheerfully taken; visits to the sick and the mourning, when your heart goes with you, and you are in a mood for prayer; gifts of your substance, large enough to make you interested in the cause to which you contribute; and intercessions as earnest as these gifts are cordial;—such are true fruits of righteousness; such are the genuine produce of a thriving palm.—*Dr. Hamilton.*

The Letter-Carrier.

[The following extracts are from letters of the late Captain Hedley Vicars to friends in England, during the ravages of cholera-morbus among the English and French troops in Greece, in the months of July and August, 1854.]

Piræus, July 21st, 1854.

* * * I know that what I have to tell you will cause you great anxiety; but the newspapers will give you all particulars, whether I do so or not. The cholera has been raging here. For some time it was with the French alone; but the day before yesterday we lost one man, and since then, nine have been carried off by it. O, dearest friends, pray that this fearful visitation may be the means of awakening solemn thoughts in the stoutest hearts amongst my thoughtless comrades, and leading them for pardon, peace, and safety to Jesus the Saviour of sinners. Do not be alarmed for me. Remember God's delight in answering prayer; and surely no man has such praying friends as I have. How often the happy hours we have passed together come before me; and I wonder whether we shall ever have them over again!....Should I die now, *you know* my *only* ground of hope, my only confidence, my only assurance, is in the cross of Jesus Christ, and in the knowledge that "the precious blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin:" words as full of sweetness and of consolation to me now as on the day when they were first made to my soul "the power of God unto salvation." Death in *this* form, at all events, has its gloom even for Christians; but then the sting, yes, the *sting*, is for *them* completely taken away.

Piræus, July 25th.

* * * * Death has been busy amongst our poor fellows since I last wrote to you. Twenty-seven have died in seven days. I am quite well, thank God, although in low spirits. How can it be otherwise, seeing so many for whom I had a regard cut off thus suddenly? Several of the officers of my regiment have been ill with fever. They have been mercifully spared from cholera hitherto.

Do you remember poor young Reynolds, the soldier whom you noticed particularly when you gave the hymn-books to the men at Kensington Barracks, and those kind words of parting counsel which they have never forgotten? I buried him and another comrade last night. I had intended speaking a few words to my men over the open graves of their dead messmates; but it was as much as I could do to get through the service; and as soon as I began to speak to them afterwards, I could not for the life of me help crying like a child. The men cried and sobbed around me. It was of no use to try to go on: so I ordered them to "fall in," and we went mournfully back to the barracks.

Morning and evening the dead-cart leaves the hospital for the graveyard. It is all very sad and solemn; but "there is a silver lining to the darkest cloud." I

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believe that to many this dread visitation of the Almighty has taught a lesson which I trust and hope will never be forgotten. Alas! that so few have the *comfort* of religion, the knowledge of Jesus! With some of my brother officers I have lately had most earnest conversations, and they have promised to come to my room that we may read the Bible together. O, that I may be enabled to speak a word in season to their souls, and, by my poor feeble testimony to His tenderness and love, lead them to that precious Saviour who died for sinners! We meet for prayer every evening, with peculiar reference to the removal of this grievous sickness, if it please God, and for the gift of His Holy Spirit to sanctify the visitation.

July 26th.—Since I wrote the above, five more have died. One of them was my former servant, poor Hillyar. I took the service for the officer whose turn it was to command the funeral-party, and said a few words to the soldiers who were standing around the graves, and asked them to join in prayer with me. I heard the voices of many, broken by their sobs. Not one of these fine fellows would hesitate to face a cannon's mouth or mount the deadly breach; yet they shrink from the fearful ravages of this unseen foe. Will you all pray for my regiment? Pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon them. Few are as yet prepared to die. God bless and keep you all. In the midst of these gloomy scenes, I think as often as ever of L——, and, if possible, with even more overflowing thankfulness and love.

Piræus, Aug. 12th.

* * * * One hundred and five have died since the cholera broke out: most of them were among the finest, healthiest fellows in the regiment. I have many opportunities now of speaking both to officers and men; and trust and believe, in some cases, not without benefit. I have taken the duty of burying the dead several times out of my turn, as some of the officers have rather an objection to it, and I have been enabled to speak to the men after the service. They endeavour to join me in prayer very earnestly around those open graves. As all the officers, excepting myself and two others, have been ill either with fever or modified cholera, I have regularly gone to read with them; and all are kind, whilst many seem cordially to desire more of it. In one or two cases, from what I knew of the men when well, I thought the subject of Christ crucified might not be liked; but it was just the contrary. The very fellows whom I had most fear about speaking to were those who listened most attentively, and seemed to be the most interested.

In my own soul I have enjoyed a peaceful, happy time, leaning on Jesus. It is true this is a spiritual desert; but seldom have I had more hungerings and thirstings after Christ and holiness. With David, I can say, "My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is." But you have taught me not to be selfishly engrossed with my own spirit, but to seek to have my soul drawn out to the hungry, to seek diligently after wandering sheep; and the deeper one's anxiety, the deeper is one's interest and delight in the work. Your precious letters help and sustain me. God bless you for them! .... N—— is most interesting to me now. Trusting in the strength of Jesus, I believe his mind is made up "to follow the Lord wholly." He comes to my room every evening, and we generally walk together. Four companies have gone to the hills for change of air. I never was better in my life, though, of course, not quite so strong as when I left old England.

Piræus, Aug. 18th.

* * * * About seventy of my hundred and seven comrades who have died of cholera were men whom I knew well, as they entered the service about the same time that I did. I do hope that some, nay, that many amongst them were enabled to look to Jesus in their last moments. God grant we may find such to have been the case when we all meet at the last day.

Poor Cottrell has been ill again, but is recovering. The Scripture-reading is in the ward where he is; and he is very attentive, as indeed they all are. The day before yesterday, whilst going round the wards, I noticed one poor young fellow who had been admitted about an hour before. His eyes were sunken, and

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his hollow cheek and blackened face proclaimed that this fearful disease had seized upon him with the grasp of death. I spoke to him for a little while, and then passed on to others. The next day his bed was empty. One of the orderlies told me that he suffered much in his mind before he died. He had his senses to the last, which is very unusual. It appears that he had been a Protestant, but became a pervert to the Church of Rome. He expressed a wish to die in his former faith, and asked one of the men for a Prayer-Book. Not one was at hand. He then said, "Read me the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John." At its close, he said he felt much relieved in his mind, *and died*. O, we *will* believe that he was enabled to "behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." I cannot tell you how sorry I am that I was not there. One of the orderlies would have come for me; but not one could be spared from the hospital.

Last Sunday one of my brother officers was attacked with cholera; but he has, thank God, got over it. I went to see him several times, and talked to him about Jesus. Every time I went he told me how glad he was of it. I write a line by every mail now to tell you of my safety. I am enjoying great peace of soul, resting on Jesus, on Him alone.

(*To be continued.*)

Poetry.

EVENING WHISPERS.

"He made the sun to rule the day, the moon and stars to rule the night."

Those glorious orbs proclaim Thy power,
Those ancient shrines of vivid light,
Those watchers of the evening hour,
Which tell us of the coming night;
Thy glorious name, Thy mighty will,
Is aye proclaim'd by midnight still.

What beauteous things to look upon,
Those glittering worlds, when day is past!
How sweet to muse when thus alone!
For here we find those joys which last;
A beauteous page of life's glad things,
Presenting heaven's immortal springs.

Darker the night, more bright they still;
Their fiery rays unquench'd appear.
So with the soul which seeks to fill
With God-like hope, to charm our fear.
Ah! are they not our glorious light,
Our spirit-beams, to realms more bright?

Macclesfield. THE WANDERER.

Call not earth a dreary dwelling,
Without its bright and sunny ray:
Is there not a whisper telling
Of some brighter, happier day?

Would wisdom have us alway dreaming,
Alway harbouring grief and fears?
Look above, where sunbeams, streaming,
Write the joys of future years.

Ah! here it is, where hope is smiling,
Whence we find her lasting spring;
Tedious thoughts on earth beguiling.
See her on her silvery wing.

Say not life is nought but sadness,
That no happy hours are given;
There's joy for those who love,—ay, gladness,
Coming down from yon bright heaven.

O! say not that the world is dreary,
That it is all grief and sorrow;
Say not that the heart is weary:
Hope will heal it on the morrow.

Macclesfield. THE WANDERER.

O, SAY NOT THAT THE WORLD IS DREARY!

O! say not that the world is dreary,
That it is all grief and sorrow;
Say not that the heart is weary:
Hope will heal it on the morrow.

A THOUGHT.

"Be still, and know that I am God."

Be still, O weary heart!
Be still; earth is not rest:
There is a happier home
Above, and ever blest.

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Patient—'mid earthly strife;
Patient—'mid good or ill:
Immortal hope is life,
And last it ever will.

Hoping on for ever,
Hoping through all sorrow,
Though death would dare dissever,
There is a happy morrow.

Look up, O weary one!
Look up; sweet joys there be:
Though clouded be the sky,
There's light beyond for thee.

What then, O sinking soul!
What then?—why all this gloom?
Is there not a promise hid
Far, far beyond the tomb?

Macclesfield. THE WANDERER.

Anecdotes.

THE INFIDEL SILENCED.

EASTER SUNDAY, *March* 23*d*, 1845.

THIS morning I went to Oldham-street chapel, to hear Dr. Newton. The Doctor always preaches well; and never did he preach better than he did on this occasion. His text was, "Cast not away your confidence." In the course of his sermon he had occasion to allude to infidels.

"I," said the Doctor, "on the rail occasionally meet with this class of individuals. The other day I heard a conversation between an infidel and a young man who were travelling in the same carriage with myself. Afraid of the young man receiving a bad impression from his infidel arguments and contempt of the word of God, I could not refrain from speaking on the subject; 'For,' said he, 'as for that book, I think it beneath my notice. I read in the book of nature, and find that it contains all that a man requires to know upon earth.' I soon found, however, that his studying the book of nature had not been able to destroy all his bad tempers."

"The book of nature," said the Doctor, "is a very large volume; but can you point out or refer me to any page in this large volume that will tell me what I must do to be saved?"

"To be saved!" exclaimed the infidel.

"Ay! to be saved," continued the Doctor. "Do these green fields we are now passing inform us? Can you read it in the clouds above? Or is it stamped on the frothy waves of the mighty ocean? No, no: if it were written there, it would very soon be obliterated. Why, your large volume was published too soon to contain an answer to my question. It was published before man had sinned: therefore, I am very sure that you cannot find it there."

"And what was the reply?" asked the Doctor. "Why, the man was speechless!"

Macclesfield. THE WANDERER.

Parental Monitor.

THE CRUEL FATHER.

"O! PRAY, Sir, stop whipping that child," said a white-haired old man to a rough red-faced labourer, who was laying on, with unmerciful force, a large stick over the back of a lad. "He's *my* boy," said the man savagely: "what is it to *you* what I do to him?" "And if he is your child, is that a good reason for half killing him, as you seem to be doing? What has the poor lad done?" "He's done about enough for one day, I should think. He's stole a box of cigars, and told more'n twenty lies about 'em; and he's the most impudent boy anywheres about. I'll beat the wickedness out of him, if I have to crack all his bones. I'll give him something this time that he'll remember." "Wait a moment, my friend: you'll be much more likely to beat fresh wickedness

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into him than to beat the old out. Your boy has certainly done very wrong, and deserves punishment, if he has stolen and lied; but I think your method of administration is not the best." "He deserves all he gets. No danger of my thrashing him too much. He torments my life out of me, Sir. I don't know what to do with him." "Do you suppose he is a more undutiful son to you than *you are to your Maker?* Does he appear more wicked in your eyes than you do in the eyes of God? Have you reasoned, and preached, and warned him more frequently or tenderly, or have you provided for his wants more carefully and generously, than God has done with and for you? Is he more ungrateful to you, an imperfect and unholy parent, than you are to your perfect and holy Creator?"

The labourer seemed to be somewhat moved. He gave the lad a shove, and stood looking at him as he wept. "Poor little wretched boy!" said the good old man: "how he has been abused, and by those who are bound by the most sacred ties to befriend him!" "I don't know how to get along with him," said the red-faced man. "I see you do not," said the gentleman; and as the boy had gone a short distance from them, he added, in a lower voice, "The child can never respect or love a parent who can treat him so brutally. You are raising that boy to wring your heart, and bring your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, unless you change your course. Will you let him come and live with me a year?" "Yes, Sir,—or ten years. But you'll get sick of him in a week: you can't do him any good; 'tis no use to try." "When he or you either are past the help of God and man, the word will go forth against you, 'Cut him down; why cumbereth he the ground?' but it has not been uttered yet. I will take the lad home with me."

There was not much trouble in inducing the child to go. All places were pretty much alike to him. Trouble enough had that kind old man to uproot the tares which neglect and abuse had planted in poor Jemmy's heart; but labour and faith and love, firmness, kindness, and perseverance, did the work at last; and the true and large-souled charity of the noble Christian was rewarded by seeing the good seed that he had sown in that unpromising soil spring up, and bear fruit to the glory of God and for the good of men; for the poor little thief of other days is now a Christian Missionary.—*Mother's Friend.*

The Portfolio.

THE TWO CONGREGATIONS.

It was a cold November day; the sky was grey and dull; the wind high and keen. We had driven several miles over hill and dale, to attend a Missionary meeting in the secluded village of E——, pleasantly situated in an agricultural county in the south of England. Having been hospitably received and entertained at the close of our long drive, we adjourned to the chapel, which was a large, long room, fitted up with comfortable forms, instead of pews. The ceiling was so low, that the Preacher's head was within a few inches of it: and it was lighted by candles, that, as the evening wore on, burnt dim in the close atmosphere; for the chapel was filled with people, and, being without any provision for ventilation, became extremely hot. The congregation was almost entirely composed of farm-labourers and their families. Their dress was plain and unpretending: the more recent fashions had not reached that quiet village. Here was the rough, weather-beaten ploughman, in his coarse smock; and there the old, decrepit woman, with a cloak and bonnet which had known no change in shape for many years. The meeting was deeply interesting. A returned Missionary pleaded eloquently in behalf of the noble cause we were met to assist; and the rustic congregation responded to his appeal by a good collection. I felt much gratified by their simplicity and earnest attention. How large must such offerings as theirs

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appear in God's sight, compared with the gifts of those who "out of their abundance cast into the treasury!"

A few days later I was worshipping in another village-chapel, in a thickly-populated manufacturing district. It was a substantial, capacious building, with its organ, and handsome stove, and adjoining school-rooms; but it was only partly filled. They, too, had lately had their Missionary meeting; and I knew that the collection was not a fourth of the one at E——. As I glanced round the congregation, I involuntarily asked myself, What is the cause of this difference? "Here is a better-dressed congregation, a larger and better chapel; why have they done so much less for the Missionary cause?" As I thought about it, my eye rested on some girls sitting just before me. Instead of the plain, simply-trimmed cottage-bonnet I had seen at E——, there were gay flowers, and long, flowing ribbons. "Surely," I thought, "this is the key to the mystery. These people spend on dress what the others devote to God." The conviction came upon me painfully; for in this place and many others, the love of gay dress seemed an increasing evil. I knew that a few weeks of stagnant trade, and starvation would stare these very people in the face. I knew many of their homes were bare and comfortless; and yet, when earning tolerably good wages, the larger part was spent on mere external appearances. I could look back, too, to the time when gay dress was as little known here as at E——; and I sighed for the greater simplicity, and more becoming appearance, which had then characterised these very girls.

Should these lines chance to meet the eyes of any Sunday-scholars, either in towns or villages, I would affectionately remind them that the love of dress, sometimes said to be woman's besetting sin, has proved the ruin of thousands. Comfort, principle, and character have often been sacrificed to procure fine raiment and glittering trinkets. I pass over the fact, that the kind of dress becoming and suitable in one rank is just the reverse in another; neither do I advocate any singularity of shape or colour; but I would just remind my young friends, that no amount of gay attire will make them respectable, or win for them the confidence and esteem, always awarded to the good, industrious, and intelligent poor.

Many of you have Missionary-boxes, and collecting books and cards; but some of them are nearly empty. Would it not have been better if the pence spent on the gaily-painted brooch or bracelets, or the mere ornamental ribbon, had been put in them? These trifles do you no real good: in many cases they are worse than useless. I ask you to pause the next time you are tempted to buy some such vain thing, and put the questions, "Cannot I do without this? Would it not be better to buy some useful book, or put the money in my Missionary-box?" Try this plan; and though you may feel a passing regret that you are not so fine as your companions, you will be glad, by and by, that you have not wasted your money.

One word, in conclusion. Whether your earnings are large or small, remember you are stewards to God for all you have, and at the last day He will call you to account for what you have done with your money, as well as with your time. He can at any moment deprive you of it, and reduce you to want. Do not tempt Him to do it by your unfaithfulness: but spend all you have wisely and carefully; remembering that the all-seeing eye of Him who estimated the value of the widow's mite, is ever resting upon you.

A. L. A.

POPISH GOVERNESSES.

Dr. Sandwith, sen., addressing the ladies lately, at a public meeting in Hull, made the following important observations:— "You have an influence greater even than that which you exercise over your husbands, in the education of your sons, as well as your daughters. Now, let every lady here who is the mother of a family, employ that influence in instilling into the minds of your infant children sound Protestant principles. I was going to relate to you a fact. I am well acquainted with a gentleman of great influence, and great ability, who has seen much of the world, and in the course of his travels on the Continent was so impressed with the importance of a knowledge of the Conti-

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nental languages, that, in an evil hour, he brought home a Romish governess to instruct his children in that accomplishment. Now the effect of that did not appear at first. His children had been generally taught the principles of Protestantism, and for a while all went on smoothly. But, so insidious is the progress of Popery, the foundations of Protestantism in that family were being sapped while no external effect appeared; but after a while his wife went over to the Romish Church, and then I need not say in what danger the whole family were placed. Thus is Romanism ever seeking to undermine and overthrow Protestantism; by industriously introducing Romish governesses and servants into Protestant families: the mischief is accomplished ere we are aware. It is well for us to be on our guard."

HOW TO SPOIL TEMPERS.

1. If you are staying in a family, and especially if the master is rigidly punctual, take care to be always a little too late.

2. Especially extend this practice to family-prayers, so as to keep all the family standing in the library, and the servants in the hall.

3. If you know that a man has a sort of hobby in opinion or practice, make a point of laughing at it.

4. Always look for a flaw in whatever he says, and be sure to bring it into notice.

5. Be liberal of contradiction.

6. If you have disputed with a person a hundred times without coming to a conclusion, bring up the subject again and again; always re-asserting precisely what you said before, as though it had never been answered.

7. Stop a man in the midst of a story, which he is telling with immense enthusiasm, by referring to some slight inaccuracy which is not of the very smallest consequence.

8. Take care always to condemn his friend or party, and to exalt his opponents.

9. Pick little holes in everything that he says, or has, or does—in his house, his horse, his arguments, his sermons; in the church he has restored, or the garden he has laid out.

10. Carefully avoid everything like sympathy with him. Be as perverse as the "children in the market-place." Always laugh when he cries, and cry when he laughs. If he is deeply moved by some passage in prose or poetry, go to sleep, or pretend to do so.

11. Say cutting things in the very smoothest language.

12. If he is a little deaf, take care never to use the smallest effort to make him hear.

13. If he is fond of music, talk as loud as you can while his wife or daughters are singing.

14. Stop a general conversation of deep interest, by some very trifling remark in a loudish voice to the person who sits opposite to you.

15. Perpetually praise yourself and blame others.

I could largely add to this catalogue of provocations; but I am afraid that these will be commonly found quite sufficient for the purpose. I do not say that a man *ought* to be provoked by them; but if he is a man of susceptible temperament, the great probability is that he will.—*Christian Observer.*

THE END WITHOUT THE MEANS.

"The height charms us, not the steps," is the remark of a celebrated German author.* How true is this! Yonder is one longing to distinguish himself;

> "——— to climb
> The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar."

And perchance one day he looks on a fair and exquisite painting: he listens to the murmur of admiration when others gaze, marking the lovely babe portrayed in life-like breathing beauty, and the placid gentle mother depicted there. It is the work of one long since gone to the far-off land: but his name is a familiar thing, a household word even now; his memory lives, long as the exquisite production of his pencil exists. And our enthusiast, with the flush and glow of hope, exclaims, "I, too, am a painter!"† Alas, for him poor youth, it is the height, not the steps, which he has looked upon. Would he

* *Die Höhe zeigt uns nicht die Stufen.*
† *Anch' io sono pittore.*

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begin his work, the sneer of the envious wounds, and the neglect of the prosperous chills him; or, he is checked by "poverty's unconquerable bar," until, worn out and wearied, he sinks beneath the strife: this world has failed; he has given no heed to another, and he goes down to the grave, it may be, of the suicide.

It is the height which charms, not the steps which lead to it.

"I will be a soldier," says some bright boy, yet standing beside his mother's knee: "I will be a great warrior; and when I come home, bells shall ring, flags wave, and the drums beat loud. O! yes; I will be a soldier." Poor boy, he dreams not of the cold battle-field, where his first campaign shall see him laid, the death-damp on his brow, and the loud rolling of the drum come to his ear faint and low, muffled for him, by the cold hand of death.

It is the height which charms, not the steps.

Kindling over the thrilling page of Biographies of the great and good, one exclaims, "I will be a Howard, a Wilberforce, a Wesley!" Alas! it is the height again. At the first fume of the hateful odour which escapes from the prison, where the jail-fever is raging, he sickens with disgust, and turns aside. At the first dark suspicion which attacks the purity of his motives, when he comes forward to plead for the slave in chains, he resumes his seat: he had no idea the steps were so unpleasant. And of a Wesley,—

"His burning zeal, his fervent charity,"

his crown of glory; for, "he that winneth souls is wise;" and "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." It may be, it is the height here, too, which charms; but thanks be to God, for His "unspeakable gift," it is a height which all may gain. Are there no weary steps here? no trial, no trouble? Yes, yes; for the way is through the wilderness, and we wrestle with principalities and powers, and with the enemy within, with a heart "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." But we have before us here a height worth attaining, a joy which shall never pall. Let us strive then to "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

M. A. Cooke.

SUNDAY PLEASURE-TAKING.

Consider that they who begin by using the Sabbath for health and recreation generally end by using it for sin. I am far from saying that all reach this sad end, or that it may not be right sometimes for the pent-up thousands of London and other large cities to seek the reviving influences and genial breath of the parks or the country, on some Sabbath-day. But, is it not beyond dispute, that they who need this change most are least able to procure it? And is not this often made the apology, without being the excuse, for Sabbath-desecration? But as soon as young men persuade themselves it is necessary for their health that they should rove about on this day,—that Christian worship must be neglected because incompatible with this feeling,—there cannot be a doubt of their getting into the way of temptation, and most likely yielding to it. Besides which, ninety-nine out of every hundred such persons not only injure their morals and lower their character, but, instead of improving, damage their health. The hospital and the prison replenish their wards from Sunday pleasure-takers; and many a broken-hearted father traces back his son's fall and ruin to the Sunday-excursion or Sunday-recreation. The descent to Avernus is easy and rapid enough.—*Lister.*

DANGER OF DELAY.

An accurate examination into the periods of life in which those whose lives of godliness gave evidence of true religion, first began to be followers of Christ, furnishes an amazing demonstration of the folly and danger of delay. The probability of conversion diminishes rapidly as years roll on.

Make up a congregation of a thousand Christians. Divide them into five classes, according to the ages at which they became Christians. Place in the first class all

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those converted under 20 years of age; second class, all those converted between 20 and 30; third class, all those converted between 30 and 40; fourth class, all those converted between 40 and 50; fifth class, all those converted between 50 and 60; then count each of the five classes separately. Of your thousand Christians, there were hopefully converted,

Under 20 years of age . . .	548
Between 20 and 30 years of age	337
Between 30 and 40 ,, ,,	96
Between 40 and 50 ,, ,,	15
Between 50 and 60 ,, ,,	3

Here are your five classes. But you complain of me: you ask, "Why stop at 60 years old?" Ah, well, then, if you will have a sixth class, and can call it a class,—converted,

Between 60 and 70 years of age .	1

Just one out of a thousand Christians converted over sixty years old! What a lesson on delay! What an awful lesson!

I once made an examination of this sort in respect to 253 hopeful converts to Christ, who came under my observation at a particular period. Of this 253 there were converted,

Under twenty years of age . .	138
Between 20 and 30 years of age.	85
Between 30 and 40 ,, ,,	22
Between 40 and 50 ,, ,,	4
Between 50 and 60 ,, ,,	3
Between 60 and 70 ,, ,,	1

What an appeal is this to the unconverted of every age! To such as are still in the favoured season of early youth, it says, *Now* is the accepted time. *Seek early!* Those who have passed even the early age of *twenty* have demonstrated to them the fact that the *most favourable* season is gone already, and that the grounds of hope in their case are rapidly growing narrower and more insecure, with every additional day of impenitence, to their closing hour.

Need we add a word on the solemnity with which such considerations appeal to the Ministers of the Gospel on behalf of the young among their hearers? and to all Christian fathers and mothers; to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, on behalf of the impenitent in their families, and around them?—*Dr. Spencer.*

THE LOST FOUND.

Once there was a boy in Liverpool, who went into the water to bathe, and he was carried out by the tide. Though he struggled long and hard, he was not able to swim against the ebbing tide, and he was taken far out to sea. He was picked up by a boat belonging to a vessel bound for Dublin. The poor little boy was almost lost. The sailors were all very kind to him when he was taken into the vessel. One gave him a cap, another a jacket, another a pair of shoes, and so on.

But that evening a gentleman, who was walking near the place where the little boy had gone into the water, found his clothes lying on the shore. He searched and made inquiries; but no tidings were to be heard of the poor little boy. He found a piece of paper in the pocket of the boy's coat, by which he discovered who it was to whom the clothes belonged. The kind man went with a sad and heavy heart to break the news to the parents. He said to the father, "I am very sorry to tell you that I found these clothes on the shore, and could not find the lad to whom they belonged. I almost fear he has been drowned." The father could hardly speak for grief: the mother was wild with sorrow. They caused every inquiry to be made, but no account was to be had of their dear boy. The house was sad; the little children missed their playfellow; mourning was ordered; the mother spent her time crying; and the father's heart was heavy. He said little, but he felt much.

The lad was taken back in a vessel bound for Liverpool, and arrived on the day the mourning was to be brought home. As soon as he reached Liverpool, he set off towards his father's house. He did not like to be seen in the strange cap and jacket and shoes which he had on: so he went by the lanes, where he would not meet those who knew him. At last he came to the hall-door. He knocked. When the servant opened it, and saw who it was, she screamed with joy, and said, "Here is Master Tom!" His father

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rushed out, and, bursting into tears, embraced him. His mother fainted: "there was no more spirit in her." What a happy evening they all, parents and children, spent! They did not want the mourning. The father could say, with Jacob, "It is enough: my son is yet alive."

But what do you think will be the rejoicing in heaven, when those who were in danger of being lost for ever arrive safely on that happy shore? How will the angels rejoice, and the family of heaven be glad! Perhaps when some of you will hereafter go to heaven, your fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, will welcome you, and say, "I am delighted to see you safe. Welcome! welcome!" You will not go there like the boy with a cap and clothes of which he was ashamed, but in garments of salvation, white as snow, with crowns of glory that fade not away. And what must you do to be ready to enter heaven when you die? Think what it is; and then do it.

But remember the great multitude of heathen children, who have never heard a word about heaven, and who do not know that there is any Saviour for lost men. Suppose you had seen the Liverpool boy carried out to sea by the tide. How would you have pitied him! Then suppose you had seen the water full of boys, all drifting out beyond the reach of human help. How would your spirit have died within you! When you should have turned away and gone home, how sad you would have felt! No "pleasant bread" could you have eaten that night. But all the children in heathen lands are drifting hopelessly onward—can you tell whither? —*The Dayspring.*

FLOWERS AND WEEDS.

A LADY asked her gardener why the weeds always outgrew and covered the flowers. "Madam," answered he, "the soil is mother to the weeds, but only stepmother to the flowers."

NOT WITH THE HOUNDS.

BISHOP W——, we are told, was one day rebuking one of his Clergy for fox-hunting. "My lord," was the Clergyman's answer, "every man must have some relaxation. I assure you I never go to balls." "O!" said the Bishop, "I perceive you allude to my having been to the Duchess of S———'s party; but I give you my word I never was in the same room with the dancers!" "My lord," responded the Clergyman, "my horse and I are getting old, *and we are never in the same field with the hounds.*"

There is a double point in this. The world is very apt to chide the religious man for undue austerity: but is not purity in all points necessary to enable one man to be the censor of another? No one will be more ready than the polished man of the world to admit that there are certain gross vices which should be condemned; but how can a man who yields to the temptations most attractive to himself, effectually censure another who does but yield to those most seductive to *his* coarser taste?

Perhaps the other moral comes directly home to Christians themselves. A man may deck himself very gaily out before the looking-glass of his own vanity; he may paint over this inconsistency, and puff out that virtue, until, in his own eye, he becomes a model Christian; but he cannot become a useful Christian until he casts aside even the *desire* of looking well to the world, and gives himself unreservedly to Christ and the church.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

PRUDENCE ON SUNDAY.

"ARE you going to church this evening, John?" said Mrs. Smith to her husband, as he was preparing to go out, one stormy Sunday night.

"To be sure I am," replied Mr. Smith; "and if you like to go with me, I will bring the horse and carriage to the door."

"O! how can you be so imprudent!" exclaimed his wife: "just hear it rain! If you go out in this storm, you will certainly be sick afterwards; even our covered carriage would not keep off the dampness of such a night as this, and it would kill me to go."

"For myself," said Mr. Smith, "I have no fears; but if you really think your health would suffer from attending church this evening, I say stay at home, by all

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means. There is no reason, however, for my absence from church."

So saying, he buttoned up his overcoat, sallied forth under the friendly shelter of a large family-umbrella, and after a walk of a mile, or more, reached the church, where a rich repast awaited him. The dawn of the next day was obscured by dark, lowering clouds. The storm raged with increased fury. Mr. Smith had just gone to his place of business, after breakfast, when a loud ring called his wife to the door. On opening it, she received a note from the hands of a little boy. While the bearer, at her request, was drying and warming himself by the fire, she proceeded to read his message. It was an invitation from Mrs. Briggs, who lived about two miles distant, to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, to a large party that she was to give that evening. When Mr. Smith returned, at noon, this note was again read, and his opinion asked upon its contents. He told his wife he could not go himself, as he would have to ride out that evening on business, and would not return until too late for the party.

"It is true," continued he, "I am going right by the house; but I shall be in a great hurry, and cannot stay there a moment."

"Then, perhaps, you can take me along with you, as far as Mr. Briggs's, on your way?" said Mrs. Smith, inquiringly.

"I suppose so," said Mr. Smith; "but do you really mean to go, Lucy?"

"Of course I do," said she: "what would the Briggs family think if their kind invitation was slighted?"

"O, how can you be so imprudent!" said her husband with an arch smile: "just hear it rain! If you go out in this storm, you will certainly be sick afterwards; even our covered carriage would not keep off the dampness of such a night as this, and would it not kill you to go?"

The naturally red cheeks of Mrs. Smith deepened at least two shades, as she appreciated her husband's gentle rebuke drawn from the last evening's conversation; but she said nothing.

"Seriously, though," continued Mr. Smith, "I have not the slightest objection to your enjoying yourself, for an hour or two, in the society of Mrs. Briggs; but recollect, Lucy, never to stay at home from church through fear of a storm that would not keep you from a party."

From that time forth, none attended public worship more constantly than Mrs. Smith. She had learned a lesson not to be forgotten.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

Names.	Residences, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Attwell, Susanna,	Portland,	Weymouth,	37	Oct. 30th, 1855.
Bell, Deborah,	Allendale-Town,	Allendale-Town,	71	Feb. 3d, 1856.
Edgar, William,	Catton,	Allendale-Town,	48	March 26th, 1856.
Flagg, Ann,	Ditcheat,	Castle-Carey,	72	April 16th, 1856.
Fowler, Hannah,	New-Mills,	Witney,	47	Feb. 28th, 1856.
Hardwick, Martha,	Cleckheaton,	Cleckheaton,	66	March 14th, 1856.
Hodgson, Mrs. Mary,	Stainforth,	Doncaster,	60	Dec. 11th, 1855.
Hoskins, Mary S.,	Portland,	Weymouth,	38	June 9th, 1855.
Johnson, Margaret,	Allendale-Town,	Allendale-Town,	71	Feb. 16th, 1856.
King, Mrs. Sarah,	Bradford,	Bradford, Wilts.,	55	Jan. 23d, 1856.
Kipling, Jonathan,	Temple-Tower,	South-Shields,	60	March 29th, 1856.
Margretto, Elizabeth,	Kettering,	Kettering,	62	March 20th, 1856.
Maysmor, John Thomas,	Ashbourne,	Ashbourne,	31	April 15th, 1856.
Shield, Elizabeth,	Mohope,	Allendale-Town,	74	Feb. 21st, 1856.
Thrutchley, Ellen,	Mansfield Woodhouse	Mansfield,	44	April 7th, 1856.
Watts, Rebecca,	Freeland,	Witney,	64	Feb. 27th, 1856.

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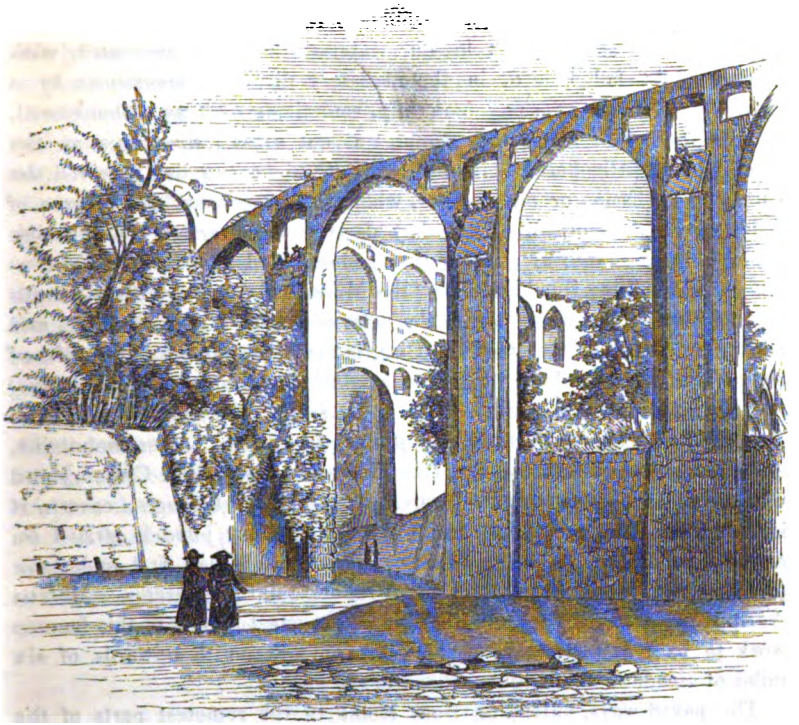
THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.



AQUEDUCTS.

As railways and railway-viaducts impress every observer with a sense of the skill, enterprise, and wealth of our country, so did the vast water-ways of ancient Rome convey an impression of the grandeur of the empire. But we must just note, for the information of the less learned reader, the meaning of the word "aqueduct," which is equivalent with the Latin *aquæductus;* or, as the Latins wrote it, *aquæ ductus*,—a "leading" or "conducting of water," by an artificial channel; even as a viaduct is *viæ ductus*, a leading of the way, or road, from one eminence to another,—in fact, creating a way where, otherwise, no way could be.

We have not any perfect example of an aqueduct in this island; but those who have not seen such structures on the Continent may gain a sufficiently correct idea of what they are from the above engraving,

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which represents one of the old Roman aqueducts yet remaining in the neighbourhood of Salerno, a town of Naples. It is very lofty, and intersects another, which has the peculiarity of containing three distinct water-courses, and therefore shows how streams were brought together as tributaries from distinct sources, or how, from the same trunk, the water might be distributed to different levels, or sent off into different directions.

A river, or a mountain-spring, or several mountain-springs, pouring their supplies into a common reservoir, fed the main channel. This channel—by which it was not possible to raise the stream again to its original level, as by pipes in our water-works—was continued, with a very slight fall indeed, in the necessary direction, sometimes by a tunnel through an opposing mountain, sometimes over an embankment, (where the height above the ground was not great,) sometimes on the level, again a little beneath it, until the city to be supplied received the supply in its basins or cisterns; or, when the inhabitants and officers of public works had drawn off all they desired, the overflow fell into the common sewers, and, by clearing them, contributed greatly to cleanliness and health. Pliny thus describes "the Marcian water:"—"Most famous of all waters in the whole world, the palm of coolness and salubrity, and adding much to the beauty of the City, is the Marcian, one of the gifts of the gods to Rome. This was formerly called the Aufeian, [or Saufeian,] and the fountain itself is called Pitonia. It rises in the most distant of the Peligni, [part of the Apennines,] passes the Marsi, [other mountains, crowned with forests,] and the lake Fucinus, [now called Celano,] and now advances directly towards Rome. Then, passing through a cavern, it issues on the Tiburtine, [open country north of Rome,] and is carried on arches for nine miles. Ancus Marcius, one of the Kings, first undertook to bring it into the city; then the Prætor Quintus Marcius. Marcus Agrippa repaired it."* Venuti calculates the exact length of this famous work to be a few paces short of sixty-two miles, with upwards of six miles of arcade in the neighbourhood of the city.

The paved ways, extending from Rome to the remotest parts of the empire, except where intercepted by the seas; the common sewers, which had such broad and lofty channels that waggons laden with hay might have passed through them; the aqueducts, some of them large enough for a man to sit erect on horse-back under the coping of the watercourse, were esteemed the wonders of the empire, and were no less remarkable for durability than vastness. The aqueducts were generally built of brick, but sometimes of stone; and their length was measured by miles, each mile being usually marked by a stone pillar. Sometimes, where a considerable descent was necessary, and a too rapid current would by its weight and force endanger the fabric, a gradient arcade, as we may call it, carried a succession of levels, each discharging the stream by a short fall, and thus exhibited a practical knowledge of hydrostatics in the engineer; or, to diminish the rate of

* Hist. Nat., xxxi. 24.

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descent, and avoid the labour and cost of tunnelling, the watercourse would wind round the mountain-heights, until, escaping the elevated region, it swept aloft on its arcades over the open lands. But when a viaduct spanned a deep valley, flinging its airy length from one mountain to another, its grandeur excited wonder, and, like some of the noblest creations of architecture, awakened the praises of the poet.

The Prince who conceived, or the engineer who executed, so grand a scheme as that of emptying a river from its bed, and turning it in the direction of a city, there to be distributed in branches into all quarters, really deserved to have his name inscribed over some of the majestic arches, perhaps where it crossed one of the great ways, or at some conspicuous point within the walls; and we read with interest one of the old inscriptions in Gruter, where he says that Appius Claudius laid down the way which bears his name, and brought water into Rome. A derivative of that name is also written in the New Testament, by which we learn that the great Apostle of the Gentiles stopped at the Appii Forum, a town on the Appian Way, also named after this famous Consul, and by which we trace him as travelling. This Appius is said to have been the first who brought water into Rome by an aqueduct; and it is curious to observe, that through his advice the rites of worship celebrated in honour of Hercules were caused to be performed by slaves. Whether this was done through contempt of all worship, or through contempt of Hercules in particular, none can tell; but it is said by Livy that he died blind, smitten by the angry gods. Certainly, it can be no matter of surprise that, either in ancient or in modern Rome, the most clever men should forsake the prevalent idolatry, or that men excelling in useful arts should look with contempt on the honours vulgarly rendered to brute strength. Certainly Appius Claudius was more worthy of respectful memory than Hercules.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

By what means can our Sunday-schools be rendered more efficient and successful?

This question is now pressing itself on the minds of many thoughtful persons, and is one which demands very careful consideration. As a Christian church, we have ever deemed it of the highest importance to attend to the spiritual interests of children; and the fact that we have now, in Great Britain, 4,058 Sunday-schools, in which 395,962 children are being taught, and 71,663 Teachers employed in teaching them, is in itself a cheering proof of the energy which has been thrown into this department of Christian usefulness, and of the influence which we must necessarily be exerting on the population at large by this instrumentality alone.

But is this vast machinery as effective as it might be? Does it produce results as extensive and as beneficial as, with the Divine blessing attending it, we have a right to expect? We apprehend that there is scarcely a

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Sunday-school Superintendent or Teacher who has thought upon the subject, whose reply to this question would not be a negative. No! our Sunday-schools, with all their excellencies, with all the energy and talent with which they are conducted, and with all the devotedness to their work which characterizes hundreds of the Teachers employed in them, do not exert that influence on the church and on the world, in the training of immortal souls for God, in the conversion of children to the knowledge of the truth, which we long to see. Many a Teacher, therefore, is frequently discouraged; and some there are whose hands hang down, and who are tempted to retire from the position they occupy, and to seek some other sphere of usefulness in which they might hope for more success.

What, then, can be done to render these noble and invaluable institutions more efficient? The question is evidently too large to be answered within the limits to which we are confined, nor do we profess to be prepared to solve it in all its bearings; but there is one answer which we will venture to give, and which we would earnestly press on the attention of all who are interested in the welfare of the rising race.

We want among our Sunday-schools *greater unity of action*. As a Christian church, we are *one*, still bearing the title of "The United Societies" given us by our founder; but our Sunday-schools are not united. They are, for the most part, isolated one from another; so that several schools, even in the same Circuit, have little or no communication, and are even ignorant of one another's plans and modes of operation. This, at least, is the case in many parts of the kingdom. There are, as we rejoice to know, exceptions; and wherever those exceptions are found, our schools are in a more vigorous and healthy condition. But, ordinarily, Sunday-schools exist apart from one another; each one managed by its own Committee, supported by its own funds, and left to pursue its own course of action as best it can.

Now why should this be the case? Why should we not have our Circuit Sunday-school Unions? and why should not these several Circuit Unions be formed into a General Union; so that the principle acted upon in other departments of Methodism might be recognised and adopted here? Union is strength; and we are persuaded that if something of this kind were done, we should soon see our Sunday-schools occupying a far more important position in the church than they now do, and becoming far more efficient and successful than they are at present.

One advantage of Circuit Unions is, that the Superintendents and Teachers of the different schools, by meeting together for prayer and consultation, become better acquainted, and are able to devise plans for the more efficient working of the schools in which they labour. Another must be, that by visiting each other's schools at certain intervals, they encourage one another in their important tasks, awaken interest in the minds of the children, and diffuse life and animation through the proceedings of the day. And a third is, that by an annual gathering of the children and Teachers of schools, (where this is practicable,) they

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show to their friends how large a machinery is in operation for the instruction of the rising race, and greatly augment their means for carrying on and extending Sunday-school efforts.

But this is not all. In many Circuits there are country-places where there are no Sunday-schools; and others where such schools exist, but, for want of efficient managers, and an adequate supply of Teachers, are in a languishing and feeble state. Now, by forming Circuit Unions, and gathering into them these little, feeble schools, how much might be done to strengthen and sustain them! Numbers of young persons connected with the larger schools, where there is generally a good supply of agents, might be induced to go into such villages as are accessible, and lend their aid to their fellow-labourers there who are toiling amidst much discouragement, and would rejoice to have their countenance and help. In the same way schools might be formed where none exist, and many a poor child whose Sundays are now spent in wandering in the fields, might be brought under the influence of religious teaching, and rescued from the paths of sin. And let no one think that *little* schools are of slight importance, and that we shall fulfil our duty as a church when we have looked after the masses in our towns and cities. The souls of village-children are as precious as any others; and many a village-school has been the nursery of children who, on arriving at riper age, have become eminent servants of the Lord Jesus, and valuable workmen in the Christian church.

And if *a uniform system of management and teaching* were adopted in our schools, how much more effective they would be, and with how much greater gratification would those engaged in them pursue their work! At present, a school is formed perhaps by persons who, though animated with piety and zeal, have had little or no experience in teaching, and are consequently unable to lay down any plan for conducting it in the best way. Hence in many of our Sunday-schools there is a want of order, and in some of them not a little noise and confusion. Now, we should aim in the Sunday-school at something like the admirable order which pervades our day-schools; but we know of no plan more likely to bring about this desirable object than such a union as we venture to advocate. Trained Teachers to conduct our Sunday-schools, such as we have to conduct our day-schools, we cannot expect to obtain, except, perhaps, in a few rare instances; but our Sunday-school Teachers may and should make themselves acquainted with the *best methods* of instructing children; and were each Teacher to do this according to his means, and were some uniform plan of teaching adopted, with which all the members of a Circuit Union would be expected to make themselves familiar, we should soon see our Sunday-schools as orderly as our day-schools; and instead of the complaints we hear of the distracting noise which prevails in many of them, we should only hear of their pleasantness and good order.

And then these Unions would tend to draw our Sunday-scholars more closely to the CHURCH, and render them, to a greater extent than they now are, a part of its agency for the evangelization of the people. At present,

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our Sunday-schools are neither in the CHURCH nor out of it, but a sort of appendages; the bond of connexion being far too slight. Hence we have heard managers of schools complain that the CHURCH (by which they mean its leading members) takes no interest in their proceedings, beyond giving pecuniary support; and that its principal members seldom or never visit the schools, and consequently know little or nothing of their important operations. But a Circuit Union would place on its Committee, besides the Ministers of the Circuit, representatives of each Society or Congregation, and would thus almost compel them to make Sunday-schools objects of their deep regard.

These are but *hints*. The subject is one on which we might extend our remarks considerably; but, for the present, we must check our pen. What we desiderate, and what we should rejoice to see, is the formation, in the first instance, of Circuit Sunday-school Unions; formed for the purpose of uniting together in a common bond of Christian effort the several schools which the Circuit embraces, under a Committee, in which each school shall have its representative or representatives, and through the medium of which these valuable institutions shall be more closely allied to the church of Christ. We rejoice in the labours and successes of our Sunday-school Teachers. They are a noble band, and worthy of the highest praise. But we should like to see them more intimately one,—one among themselves, and one with the CHURCH. We see no reason why they should not be so bound together as to form so many detachments of one mighty army, which, by the power of example, and the influence of love, should draw away multitudes of the rising generation from the ranks of the wicked one, and bring them over to our Lord and Saviour.

Σ.

HAPPY RHODA.*

LET us ask and answer these four questions about Rhoda.

FIRST, *Who was she?* SECONDLY, *Where did she live?* THIRDLY, *What was she doing?* FOURTHLY, *How did she behave?*

FIRST, *Who was she?* Was she one of the family mentioned in this chapter? (Acts xii.)—was she one of Mary's grandaughters? was she an orphan niece of John Mark? Or was she a visiter staying with him for a time? Or was she a hired maid-servant? Or was she a persecuted disciple of Christ, who was obliged to take refuge in this house from her angry friends?

You can choose which of these you please. I, for my part, believe that she was one of the family. In those days there were not many so-called *young ladies*,—girls too magnificent to do anything but read novels, and play the piano; and whose delicate white fingers never touch a broom or a darning-needle. It was more like what it is now in the Bush, or the Backwoods, where everybody has to be their own "help," and sweep the

* From a charming book, "Fragments of the Great Diamond set for Young People," by the Rev. James Bolton, B.A. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

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room before they sit down in it, and cook the dinner before they eat it; or, as it is in some retired parts of this country, where farmers do not keep servants, and where one of the daughters makes the pastry, and another mends the clothes, and another looks after the poultry. So the family of Mary divided the work of the house between them: one said, "I will prepare the meals;" another, "I will do the serving at table;" and it fell to Rhoda to be door-keeper. And there was no meanness in such an employment: the disgraceful thing is to be idle. An industrious dog is better than a lazy lion. I would rather be little Toby and turn the spit, or drag a cart, than grand old Leo in the Zoological Gardens, gaping from ear to ear every five minutes, and lashing his tail from morning to night. Rhoda, at her work, was as noble, in her way, as Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, sitting on her throne. When two angels are summoned before God, and told to go, one to put an end to the battle of Waterloo, and the other to watch over a baby in its cradle, the one flies as cheerfully as the other: their *duty*, be it what it may, is always their *delight*.

It has struck me, too, that in times of persecution, such as these were, it was most important to have the street-door well attended, that all busybodies and spies might be kept out, and that none but true friends might be let in. Therefore, they may have chosen Rhoda to do it, because she was particularly prudent, and knew how to say that difficult word, No; and could send away the Scribes and Pharisees without telling them that Mary was not at home, when all the while she was listening over the banisters.

Further, dear children, I feel sure that Rhoda was a *good* girl: if not, would she, think you, *have been sitting up till midnight at a prayer-meeting?* Careless boys and girls do not like prayer-meetings even in the day-time. I am sorry to say that they do not like things far more suited to them than prayer-meetings. I mean Bible-lessons, and addresses, such as this, which are on purpose for them. They would rather be moping over a fire, or staring through the shop-windows at apples and candies which they can never buy, or chucking marbles in a muddy alley.

Again, if Rhoda was not a *good girl*, how was it that *she loved St. Peter so much?* At the sound of his voice her heart jumped for joy: "she opened not the gate for gladness," but ran back like a crazy thing to tell all the company. The fact was, she was intensely interested in the Apostle: often and often she had sat at his feet; often and often his words had melted her to tears: and now he was going to be killed! "I have seen him for the last time," she would cry: "my father! my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" When, therefore, she went to the door, and said, "Who is there?" and, putting her ear to the keyhole, heard,—not a faint whisper, not a gruff challenge, but the dear familiar voice, replying, "It is I! Let me in!" she was in perfect ecstasies.

So I conclude, and I fancy you will agree with me, that Rhoda was a *good* girl; a follower of Christ. It is just possible that she may have seen Jesus Himself; for He was alive and on earth when she was an infant.

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It is just possible that she may have been amongst the children whom He took in His arms, and on whose heads He laid His hands. She may have received His blessing from His own lips. At any rate, all the recollections of Him were fresh and powerful. Everybody was talking about Him: and she determined to be a disciple, come what would: she cast in her lot with the saints.

So much for the first question, *Who was she?*

Now, SECONDLY, we ask, *Where was she living?*

She was living in Jerusalem, the capital city of Judæa; a city with a very large population of its own, and crowded at certain seasons of the year with foreigners. A girl can be safe, and pure, and religious, in a great city as well as in a village. I used to think that it would be almost impossible to keep one's self "unspotted from the world" in such a place as London; but I have found that the *heart* is the grand thing: if that is given to God, and washed in Christ's blood, and renewed by the Holy Spirit, we can "walk in white" anywhere; and if not, we shall get into mischief though our home be a paradise.

She was living in "Mary's house" in Jerusalem. I observe that this was a large house, for it held "many:" this, no doubt, was why it was selected for the meeting, as "many" were expected to "gather together" that night. Who knows, too, but it may have been the regular place of worship in those terrible days when the disciples were hated and hunted like wild beasts? for as yet they were not allowed to build churches; and for centuries afterwards they were obliged to spend their Sundays in "dens and caves of the earth."

Mary willingly opened her house for the meeting: she was happy to have the people of God under her roof: she knew the danger; but she ran all risks, and sent out the invitations. And, dear children, is she sorry that she did it now? will she be sorry in that day when the King of Kings looks at her, and says, "Inasmuch as you did it unto the least of these My brethren, ye did unto ME?"

This, then, is *where Rhoda was living.*

Let us ask, THIRDLY, *What was she doing?*

It was past midnight: past twelve o'clock, and nothing was moving out of doors except the bats, and owls, and the jackals in the vineyards. It was a dark night; the moon was gone, and only a few dim stars lit up the sky. Everybody was in bed asleep. How was it that Rhoda was downstairs at that hour? Assuredly it is not good for young people to sit up late. They like it, and their parents have often hard work to get them off. It is quite a trial to them; and, returning as it does once every twenty-four hours, it is a fine test of an obedient child: if you do that pleasantly, you will do almost anything pleasantly. No, no; late hours bring early grey hairs. Many a man wears spectacles before he is of age, because he pleaded so hard to sit up "just a little longer," night after night, when he was five years old. You have heard of the old curfew-bell which used to ring at eight o'clock, to order all people to put out

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their fires. I wish that such a bell would ring in these days, to order all little boys and girls to put on their nightcaps. But there may be exceptions to this rule. Rhoda was sitting up to a prayer-meeting. It was a most solemn night to the Christians at Jerusalem. Their great champion, their beloved and venerated friend St. Peter, was in the city-jail, guarded by dozens of soldiers, and laden with chains. They had not spoken to him for days: no one was allowed admittance. They had often "gathered together" to beseech God to release him from prison; but so far they seemed to have prayed in vain; and now the hour was drawing near which was to be his last. Herod had arranged to bring him forth to the Jews, and slay him as he would an ox. The executioner had been hired, and his sword was sharpened.

Some one in the secret had told the disciples: so they at once assembled at Mary's house. As the twilight deepened, you might have seen them creeping down the back streets, and tapping at the door. Rhoda opened it, and they passed in. They resolved to make one more earnest effort to save Peter: not by bribing, not by petitions, not by an insurrection; but by *supplication to God.* They resolved to spend the whole night in prayer to God. One by one they offered up prayer "with strong cryings and tears:" such prayers were never heard in that house before. They wrestled with God like Jacob; they pleaded His promises; they besought Him, as we should beseech the Queen if our father or mother was going to be killed before breakfast. They "would not let Him go except He blessed them."

Now, it was at this prayer-meeting that Rhoda was busy: it was this which kept her up so late at night. She was not idling away the time because she could not sleep; but she took part in the meeting. It was her comfort. She sent up her prayer with every prayer which was offered; she added her "Amen" to every Amen which was uttered; she knew that God did not despise the sorrow of even a "damsel's" heart.

I remember going to an early Sunday-morning prayer-meeting some years ago. Most of us were grown-up people, but there were two dear children who always came when they could. Of course they did not pray; but they shared the blessing with the oldest of us. I may not say more about them, because they are both alive; but I could tell by their bright faces that they found it "good to be there." I know we all felt sorry when they were not present. Did God ever yet turn away from a child's petition?

This, then, was what Rhoda was sitting up for; this it was that kept her wide awake at midnight. Her eyes had not a twinkle of sleep in them. There was no fear of her feeling drowsy at the prayer-meeting, as Eutychus did when Paul was long preaching. She was too much interested in it for that: she could as easily have slept through a fire or an earthquake.

She was not doing wrong, then, though she *did* sit up till one o'clock on that night.

(*To be continued.*)

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MARRIAGE.

WORLDLY MOTIVES FOR MARRIAGE WITH UNBELIEVERS.

When men professing godliness ally themselves with those who follow the course of this world, whether in business-partnerships or matrimonial unions, *temporal advantages* of one kind or another generally constitute the chief inducement. They may not, in the first instance, have a preference for worldly persons; but a real, though probably an unsuspected, love of the world blinds them to the danger. Yet against no evil are Christians more frequently cautioned in Scripture, than that of *union with the world*. The warning voice of the Spirit on this subject, is sufficiently loud and clear to be heard and understood by all. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." (1 John ii. 15, 16.) This passage is so clear that it scarcely requires a word of exposition. It contains a full description of the temptations which proceed from the world, which may all be classed under one or other of the three particulars St. John has named,—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. And the world, in one or other of these respects, proves a snare to the Christian, when he yields to its carnal pleasures, or is fascinated by its beauty, or is allured by its display.

Now what can induce professors of religion to marry with worldly persons, and religious parents to consent to such unions? Various motives may operate in such cases; but our own conviction is, that it is generally the prospect or hope of *temporal advantages*. And if we are to judge of the views of some parents by their conduct, we should conclude that they think that to be rich, is to be happy: only let them secure wealth for their children, or the fair prospect of obtaining it, and they appear to conclude that their children's peace and safety will be secured. The principle is false, and ruinously misleading. We preach not the blessedness of poverty, neither can we proclaim that riches are a well-spring of life and enjoyment. But we all know that wealth and unhappiness are often found in alliance. The power of wealth to minister to man's real enjoyment is at best but small, and always depends upon the mode in which it has been obtained, the spirit in which it is possessed, and the purposes to which it is applied. To many it proves an unmitigated curse, an instrument of the soul's ruin; while in every instance it makes salvation more difficult, for "how hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" Yet, to gain uncertain riches how many are content to sacrifice their eternal all! And this is not an unfrequent object in marriage. Whatever other inequalities there may be between the parties, that is sure to be called "a good match" which improves a person's worldly circumstances. Wealth clokes a multitude of sins, and hides a host of deformities. It prevails over every other consideration with those who yield to its influence.

Suppose, for example, that a young man, professing religion, has engaged to marry a female who makes no pretension to Christian discipleship, chiefly on the ground of her worldly position. There may be other considerations, but that is the one which preponderates; and so much so, that if it were wanting, much of her loveliness and attractiveness would vanish. She is worldly, her family is worldly, and he has professedly renounced the world; yet he marries her in

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spite of his Bible and his conscience, because she has wealth. He is content to risk his spiritual interests, if he have only the prospect of advancing his temporal. Or, perhaps, neither he nor his parents see any danger from the union; for they do not at all advert to the religious loss he may sustain, but are fixed in contemplation on the golden prize he is about to grasp, not in his wife, but in her portion.

Or, it may be the hand of the religious daughter which some rich worldling seeks to gain. Between them there exists no congeniality of taste, education, habits, and associations. One has grown up under the light of religion, and the other in the darkness of sin. The temptation is a strong one, and, if yielded to, it may be fatal. It is, however, pronounced a decidedly "good match;" and on every side, short-sighted friends are urging her acceptance of the offer. But can *religious* parents, and, above all, a religious *mother*, consent to such a sacrifice of her child's spiritual happiness and hopes? Yes, she may; and, in some instances, has gone beyond, and so far forgotten her duty to her daughter, as to labour by sophistry and false reasoning to overcome her child's conscientious scruples against the unequal yoke. But when a mother, who ought to be the spiritual guardian of her child, becomes her tempter, to the probable undoing of her soul, no language can adequately express her guilt and cruelty. And yet many a lovely daughter, who, if left to herself, would have shrunk from a worldly marriage, or would have been easily dissuaded from it, has been led by a mother's hand to be sacrificed on the altar of Mammon. O! when will parents learn, both for themselves and children, to "seek *first* the kingdom of God, and His righteousness," as the great security against want and misery both for the soul and body? But often they persist in putting the interests of the body before those of the soul, and the things of time before those of eternity. And yet what profit can there be in wealth and respectability, if purchased at the cost of God's favour? None either in time or eternity. Christians are called to resist the world, and conquer it. "Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory, even your faith." And certainly those pay too great a price for worldly elevation who purchase it at the cost of the soul's wealth and safety.

The same worldly spirit may also prevail in the humbler walks of life. Riches may be out of the question, yet worldly advantages may tempt to the unequal yoke. It is not unlawful for a Christian to improve his position in the world by marriage; but it is unlawful for him to do this at the expense of godliness. A member of a Christian church will sometimes marry a woman who makes no pretensions to religion, because she has enough property to make them both comfortable, as it is called; or a woman professing Christianity marries an ungodly man, because he can offer her "a comfortable home." But some cases of this kind have come under our observation where it was only too apparent that home was anything but comfortable. Such persons generally doom themselves to a life of spiritual bondage and darkness. They regret when it is too late; too late for anything but repentance. It is well that we should all know and feel that there are many things worse than poverty. Nothing is more easy than to buy the world too dearly. And the poor as well as the rich are in their degree exposed to the temptation of abandoning their religion, under the alluring influences of the world.

Besides the love of riches, other motives may influence Christians to marry with the worldly. They may be attracted by mere beauty, and, setting aside Christ's law, may choose to follow their inclination. They may speak

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lightly of the guidance and blessing of Divine Providence in relation to marriage; but there is no act in life in which all need it more. There are, thank God, many happy marriages in the land; yet none will deny that there are far too many unhappy ones, and in some cases just because Providence and religion have both been disregarded. In the world before the flood "the sons of God" became enamoured of "the daughters of men," because of their beauty. "The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were *fair*; and they took them wives of all which they chose." The lust of the flesh and the lust of the eye combined to tempt them; and without staying to ask whether it was lawful to gratify these feelings, they surrendered themselves up to their power. Sometimes believers unequally yoke themselves with unbelievers when there is not the inducement either of riches or beauty. The parties are tolerably equal in their circumstances, and in all respects stand upon the same level, except as to religion. But the absence of any particular temptation does not deprive the act of its sinfulness. St. Paul's questions have still to be answered, "What concord hath Christ with Belial? Or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel," or unbeliever? The teachings, principles, and spirit of religion are against worldly unions; and who can set these aside, and yet retain their piety? Let thousands of living witnesses reply who are this day mourning the spiritual loss which they have sustained, and whose married life is daily embittered by a consciousness of guilt, which time does not efface. Whatever form unfaithfulness to God may take, it will be visited with His displeasure; and beneath His wrath the stoutest heart will one day tremble.

Bradford. D. H.

THE SPIRIT OF REVELATION.

(*Concluded from page* 173.)

INSTANCES occur in which the Bible is almost or altogether unknown; where the Gospel is *desired*, but unheard for want of a Preacher; or where peculiar trials gather, by Divine command or permission, around a servant of God: and in such cases we think God oftentimes meets the want of the soul by inspiring a thought, suggesting an action, speaking in a dream, or teaching by a vision. "God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction." (Job xxxiii. 14—16.) Had God more regard for the inhabitants of the land of Uz than for others?

The final destiny of an immortal soul is of more importance than the temporal welfare of a nation; and, as God certainly does not set a less value upon the soul than we do, and as all His successive revelations have directly or indirectly in view the eternal welfare of mankind, He is more likely to make a special revelation of Himself and His sovereign will, where the salvation of a soul depends upon it, than He is to give less important particulars concerning the government of a people. That such is indeed the case, may be illustrated by two facts, occurring at this moment to recollection.

Yonder are the shores of Africa: shores stained with blood and tears, which the terrible eye of Omniscience jealously watches against the day of days. The slavers are carrying off a Negro child; black indeed, but the darling of its fond mother's heart, and beautiful to her as the eyelids of the morning. The mother, frantic with grief, is raving in the woods; and the great solemn arches

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of that stately cathedral ring with the shrieks of an anguish for which earth has no weight or measure, but which is fully valued in one of those books which the Son of Man will open. Weary with grief, she sinks upon the ground; and He who fashioned the beautiful Eve, mother alike of Negro and Circassian, bends in pity over her, unseen. But not unfelt, not misunderstood, is that sacred presence. What is that great, good thought that comes looming through the mists of sorrow? *That there must be a God who made her, and everything around her, and who, perhaps, will have pity on her.* An unutterable awe creeps over her, and on trembling knees she pleads with the unseen, unknown One; and, with the eloquence of inspired earnestness, opens all her heart, tells all her sorrows, and asks compassion and help. And He who loves to comfort the broken-hearted, gives her such an assurance of His goodness and care, that the mighty flood of her grief is stayed, and the dry land of peace appears.

Years roll on, and at length the mother herself is taken by the slavers to America. There she hears of the Holy One, who was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities, and who ever lives to intercede for us. Is He a stranger to her? The story of the Cross is new, but not the Saviour. Of Calvary she hears for the first time, but she identifies the Redeemer of mankind with the God who spoke to her in the woods of Africa.

A second instance. A person, remarkable for strength of mind and health of body, was, a few years ago, seized by the power of the Spirit of God, and laid under heavy convictions. By day and by night his sins, great and aggravated, were presented before him in such a manner that he had no rest. With the Psalmist, he said, "Day and night Thy hand is heavy upon me; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer." He was so deeply struck and so closely pursued by terror, that for a long season he could not attempt to pray. His former privileges, as the son of pious parents, were now brought to his mind. He felt that he had slighted God's infinite love, mercy, and compassion, and he could not open his lips in supplication: and the greatest burden of all was the consciousness that he had been labouring for many years past "*to believe a lie;*" to bolster up his soul with a self-deceiving belief that the death of the body would be the annihilation of the soul; that his soul, glorious in origin, and capable of illimitable progress, either in vice or virtue, bliss or woe, would at the hour of death become "as water spilt on the ground," never to "be gathered up."

At length he thought it might ease his mind a little to confess his sins to God. A house in the garden was the place chosen: there he knelt down, and, with a heart bowed beneath mountains upon mountains of guilt, began to utter his sad confession of wickedness, and to deplore, in a stern, self-reproachful agony of soul, his past life. He could not ask for mercy; nay, the very act of prayer seemed so terrible, that he did not expect to enter the Divine presence and live, but considered himself given up,—left to the inward hell of his own making. He thought that he must perish, sooner or later; but he preferred dying on his knees. He knelt, "and Satan trembled." The arch-foe, with whom he had been "playing at chess for his soul," withdrew in dismay afar off; for Satan cannot endure the sight of the Cross, the atmosphere of the mercy-seat.

While he knelt, the Friend of sinners, who knew better than he himself

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what was passing within him, heard his cry of anguish; the mournful, almost inarticulate sounds of distress. A vision opened before him; a vision as clear as the day. A tomb, partly open, appeared at the extremity of the house, and a voice said, "HE IS NOT HERE, HE IS RISEN." Ah, that mighty truth, bringing life for the dead! that key-stone of Christianity; that triumphant seal of the religion of God; that foundation of the new dispensation! how wonderfully did it reveal to his soul a *living* Saviour! Hitherto he had only thought of Christ as crucified by his sins: now came a faint gleam of *Christ crucified for him to bring him to God, and Christ risen as the earnest of good things to come.* This was just what he wanted; but how could he believe it? or, believing, (for he dared not deny,) how could he take the comfort of it? Christ had risen indeed, and become the first-fruits of them that slept; but had He risen *for him;* for J—— H——? Would the great Advocate interede *for him?* would He yet, even yet, save *him;* the man who had laboured so hard to shut himself up in unbelief?

He stooped down to look into the tomb; and, to use his own words, "saw distinctly into it," and, with an intense longing to see more of this mystery, reverently drew nearer to it. Could he believe it? He shut his eyes, pressing his hands upon them; but on opening them again, the tomb was still there. What did it mean? He looked, and looked again. Was it for *him*, that great sight? Certainly it could be for no other: no one ever entered there but himself; and, besides, it was early morning,—the time when Christ rose from the dead.

He looked until "the springs that were in his eyes" sent the waters down his cheeks; and he wept and sobbed in a soul-thrilling tumult of mingled conviction and sorrow. He came expecting nothing but death; and, lo! here was the infallible seal of a blessed immortality pictured before him.

Tossed upon the billows of mental strife, he was still far from the haven of Gospel peace. For some days past he had shunned the face of man; for he knew no one to whom he could unbosom his troubles, and from whom he could expect sympathy; (perhaps here is one reason for God's extraordinary dealings with him;) and now he eagerly availed himself of every opportunity of mourning without constraint. Unaccustomed to weep, his tears flowed now like rivers; for the vision he had seen, and the voice he had heard, filled his soul. The thought that God had spoken to him, seemed to crush him; he trembled with indescribable emotion; and yet could not help gathering some gleam of hope: for why did God speak to him at all? and, especially, why did He speak thus, if He meant to destroy him?

He prayed very urgently that the vision might be repeated; for he felt a strange and growing delight in dwelling upon that sacred scene; and with great trepidation he left his bed very early the next morning, after a night spent in meditation, and proceeded to the garden. He had scarcely turned into the narrow road leading to the place, when, though at some distance, he saw the much-loved tomb standing out in clear and bold relief, lit indeed by a light of its own, but at the same time surrounded by the pure beams of the morning. This was almost too much for him to bear. His knees trembled and knocked together. His whole frame became helpless as that of a little child through the powerful influence of his emotions. Again his tears flowed in torrents; again he knelt; and this time his prayer consisted of something

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more than confession: he told the Lord of the conflict as well as the guilt, the sorrow as well as the sin; and while he knelt, the gracious words addressed to backsliding Israel were applied to his soul, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord," &c.

Much of that day was spent in reading; all of it in thinking and praying: and, O, careless, prayerless, thoughtless hearers of the Gospel! we could wish you had seen the workings of his labouring soul while he strove, as though he were at his last gasp, to lay hold of God's salvation: we could wish you had seen how he agonized to "enter in at the strait gate." The unsanctified pleasures of this life were less than nothing in his estimation, excepting as they weighed down the scale of guilt. The flesh he was ready to crucify, daily and hourly; and as to the devil, he seemed to pass out of his reach altogether, so earnestly did he look every moment to Jesus, and so really did he consider himself in God's hands.

Another morning came, and a third time the vision appeared. At length a revelation of truth and goodness burst upon his soul as though the floodgates of Divine love were newly opened, and he were blissfully swallowed up in the mighty inundation. An angel's tongue would fail in telling what mighty joys were his, and how he was enabled to comprehend the love that "passeth knowledge." At length, while he stood gazing and rejoicing, the vision gradually disappeared, and a still small voice within him said, "*Be not faithless, but believing.*" Henceforth he was to walk by faith, and not by sight.

It was not to be expected that after such a gift of the Spirit of revelation in the knowledge of Christ, the tempter would suffer him to remain unharassed. Many severe battles were contested in his redeemed soul; but every fresh onset of the foe became weaker and weaker, and left the happy believer all the stronger for the conflict.

One or two particulars connected with the vision it may be well to notice. When he first saw it, he was unaffected by everything except heaviness, sorrow, doubt, despondency, almost despair. His soul, utterly opposed to the reception of any joyous impulse, was not likely to be deceived in judging of the reality of such a revelation. Moreover, the vision was not seen with his bodily eyes, although the sepulchre was as perfectly distinct as anything seen by natural vision: it was seen only by a visual power *imparted then, and then only;* a power which enabled him to see it distinctly when physical sight was utterly impossible.

There was a remarkable peculiarity, also, connected with the method of revelation. It was a voice behind him, speaking to his soul, and at the same time writing the thing spoken upon his understanding, *word by word.* In one instance it was, "I—will—never—leave—thee," &c.; in another, "Be strong—in faith—giving glory—to God." When the voice ceased speaking, he would ask himself, "What was that? what did the voice say?" He would read it off word by word, as it was impressed on his mind, and connect the whole into sentences. Then, ignorant at the time whether the words were in the Bible or not, he would go and examine the Concordance; and having found them, an irresistible weight of evidence appeared to him for the inspiration of the Scriptures; and the agreement of these mental impressions with the word of God, reciprocated evidence of their Divine origin.

For a period of two or three weeks, the voice of his unseen Teacher was heard

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in this peculiar manner: a method evidently chosen only for that season of great need; for it has never been employed since.

"Who teacheth like Him?"

[We leave our correspondent to describe in his own way the extraordinary impression, revelation, or vision, of the open tomb. All descriptions of the kind must be imperfect, and may appear doubtful. The boundary-line between reverential acknowledgment of the power of God, and a credulous fanaticism, is often very narrow; and some readers of this article will find it far more easy to agree with the writer as to the argument, than to appreciate the illustration. Yet this must always be the point of difficulty, except, perhaps to the parties immediately concerned. Every question must be settled by the authority of *Scripture*; every doubt cleared away by *prayer*.—EDITORS.]

Narrative Pieces.

THE HELMSMAN OF LAKE ERIE.

IT was on a pleasant May morning that a steam-vessel was riding at anchor opposite the town of Buffalo, on Lake Erie. You know, I dare say, that Erie is one of those sea-lakes for which America is famous; and as you stand on its shore, and see the green waves dashing in, one after another, you might well think you were looking at the green ocean itself. The "Jersey"—for that was the name of the steamer—was gaily dressed with flags; the "blue Peter," the signal of her immediate sailing, was at her mainmast head; porters were hurrying along the narrow quay that juts out into the lake; boatmen quarrelling with each other for passengers; travellers hurrying backwards and forwards to look for their luggage; friends shaking hands, and bidding each other farewell; idlers lounging about with their hands in their pockets; and all the various kinds of bustle and confusion that attend the departure of a packet from a watering-place.

But presently the anchor was heaved, the paddles began to turn, the sails were set, and, leaving a broad track of foam behind her, the "Jersey" stood westward, and held on her course for the town of Erie. It was a bright blue day; and as hour after hour went by, some mingled in the busy conversation of politics; some sat apart, and calculated the gains of the shop or the counting-house; some were wrapt up in the book with which they were engaged; and one or two, with whom time seemed to hang heavily, composed themselves to sleep. In short, one and all were like men who thought that, let danger come to them when it might, at least it would not be on that day.

It drew towards four in the afternoon, and the steamer, which had hitherto been keeping the middle of the lake, stood southward; Erie, the place to which she was bound, lying on the southern side. Old John Maynard was at the wheel; a bluff, weather-beaten sailor, tanned by many a wintry tempest. He had truly learned to be contented with his situation: none could say that they ever heard him repine at his hard labour and scanty pay. He had, in the worst times, a cheerful word and kind look for those with whom he was thrown. Cast often enough into bad company, he tried at least, and generally succeeded, to say something for its good. He was known from one end of Lake Erie to the other by the name of honest John Maynard; and the secret of his honesty to his neighbours was, his love of God.

The land was ten miles off, when the Captain, coming up from the cabin, cried out to a sailor,—

"Dick Fletcher, what's all that smoke I see coming out from that hold?"

"It's from the engine-room, Sir, I guess," said the man.

"Down with you, then, and let me know!" said the Captain.

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The sailor then began descending the ladder by which you go into the hold; but scarcely had he disappeared beneath the deck when he came up again with much greater speed.

"The hold's on fire, Sir!" he said to the Captain, who, by this time, was standing close by him.

The Captain rushed down, and found the account too true. Some sparks had fallen on a bundle of tow; no one had seen the accident; and now, not only much of the luggage, but the side of the vessel, was in a smouldering flame.

All hands, passengers as well as sailors, were called together, and, two lines being made, one each side of the hold, buckets of water passed and repassed. They were filled from the lake: they flew along a line of ready hands, were dashed hissing on the burning mass, and then passed on the other side to be refilled.

For some minutes it seemed as if the flames were subdued.

In the meantime the women on board were clustering round John Maynard, the only man unemployed who was capable of answering their questions. "How far is it to land?" "How long shall we be getting in?" "Is it very deep?" "Can they see us from shore?" The helmsman answered as well as he could. There was no boat: it had been left at Buffalo to be mended. They might be seven miles from shore: they would be in in forty minutes. He could not tell how far the fire had reached. "And, to speak the truth," he added, "we are all in great danger; and I think, if there was a little less talking and a little more praying, it would be better for us, and none the worse for the boat."

"How's head?" shouted the Captain.

"West-sou'west, Sir," answered Maynard.

"Keep her south by west," cried the Captain. "We must go on shore anywhere."

It happened that a draft of wind drove back the flames, which soon began to blaze up more furiously against the saloon; and the partition betwixt it and the hold was soon on fire. The long wreaths of smoke began to find their way through the skylight; and the Captain, seeing this, ordered all the women forward; the engineer put on his utmost steam; the American flag was run up and reversed, in token of distress; water was flung over the sails to make them hold the wind. And still John Maynard stood by the wheel, though now he was cut off by a sheet of smoke and flames from the ship's crew.

Greater and greater grew the heat: the engineers fled from the engine-room; the passengers were clustering round the vessel's bow; the sailors were sawing planks on which to lash the women; the boldest were throwing off their coats and waistcoats, and preparing for one long struggle for life. And still the coast grew plainer, the paddles as yet worked well; they could not be more than a mile from shore, and boats were even now starting to their assistance.

"John Maynard!" cried the Captain.

"Ay, ay, Sir!" said John.

"Can you hold on five minutes longer?"

"I can try, Sir."

And he did try: the flames came nearer and nearer; a sheet of smoke would sometimes almost suffocate him, and his hair was singed: his blood seemed on fire with the great heat. Crouching as far back as he could, he held the wheel firmly with his left hand till the flesh shrivelled and the muscles cracked in the flame, and then he stretched forth his right, and bore the agony without a scream or a groan. It was enough for him that he heard the cheers of the sailors to the approaching boats; the cry of the Captain, "The women first, and then every man for himself, and God for us all!" And they were the last sounds that he heard. How he perished was not known: whether, dizzied by the smoke, he lost his footing endeavouring to come forward, and fell overboard, or whether he was suffocated by the dense smoke, his comrades could not tell. At the moment the vessel struck, the boats were at her side: passengers, sailors, and officers leaped into them, or swam ashore: all, save he to whom they owed everything, escaped.

He had died the death of a Christian hero,—I had almost said of a martyr. His spirit was commended into his Father's hands, and his body sleeps in peace by the side of Lake Erie.

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Our Children.

THE LITTLE RAGGED GIRL.

A poor, ignorant, ragged little girl applied for admission into the Industrial School at G——, and was received. Here she learned both to read and sew, and was rather a promising pupil. One day, however, she refused to read the Bible, saying,

"My mother bade me not to read it."

The Teacher replied, "Tell your mother the Bible will do you no harm; that it will make you wise unto salvation; and the rules of the school, which must be observed, require that every scholar able to read, should read the word of God."

The mother, unwilling to deprive her child of the industrial training she was receiving, and herself of the fruits of that industry, at length consented, and her little girl read the Bible daily, and committed portions of it to memory. With maternal anxiety for the welfare of her child, she resolved to keep a strict watch on what she learned, and counteract at home any evil influences of the school. For this purpose she made her, evening after evening, repeat the lessons she was taught, and questioned her regarding them. She was both surprised and disappointed. One day she heard of Christ's conversation with the woman of Samaria; another, of His discourse with Nicodemus; another, of His love for the family of Bethany, of His sympathy with Mary and Martha on the death of their brother Lazarus, and of His raising him from the dead; again, she heard of the full and free forgiveness of the penitent Magdalene, while the proud and self-righteous Pharisee is reproved; and so on. She had never heard these things before; they had all the charms of novelty, and, with a power peculiar to the Scriptures, commended themselves to her mind and heart. Matters went on in this way for some time. The Teacher had now at least one pupil whose name never appeared on the roll, and who had never been seen in the school. After some time, the little girl was regularly absent from school. What had become of her? One evening, a gentle knock was heard at the Teacher's dwelling, door was opened, and there stood, with anxious countenance, the little pupil. After a kind recognition, she said,—

"Please, ma'am, would you lend me a Bible?"

"What do you want with the Bible?" asked the Teacher.

"I want," said the little girl, "to read it to my mother. She is sick now, and I cannot go to school. I used to tell her all my lessons every day. I have told them over and over; and now she wants that book of which she has heard so much."

The Bible was willingly given. The Teacher visited the woman, and often found her little pupil reading the word of God that maketh wise unto salvation to her dying mother. The woman departed, giving almost the brightest evidence that a poor Roman Catholic could give, that she received and rested on Christ as all her salvation; for no earthly Priest attended her death-bed, and her anointing was that of the Holy Spirit.

Soon after, the health of the little motherless girl began to decline. Her form was more slight, her step less elastic, and her spirit less buoyant, than those of her companions. Unable to keep pace with them, she returned from school companionless, yet not alone. Her upturned face and moving lips often told how her solitude was improved. She was addressing to the Great Unseen a prayer which she admired and loved, the words of which were taught her by the patroness of the school, and the spirit of which came down from above. She grew in knowledge, and seemed ripening for a better world. Death had marked her as an early victim. He touched her gently, and she faded away as a leaf. Her latter end was peace. We have good hope that, as mother and daughter lie together in the same grave, so are they also before the throne of God, witnessing that the word of God alone is able to make wise unto salvation, as they now testify to us that the Industrial Schools of Connaught are one of the many means which God employs in gathering sinners to Himself.—*Ragged School Union Magazine.*

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THE PRECIOUS BOOK.

A LITTLE Sunday-school boy was one day sent by his mother to a shop for some soap: when the shop-woman took a leaf from a Bible that was placed on the counter for waste-paper, at which the boy was greatly astonished, and vehemently exclaimed, "Why, mistress, that is the *Bible!*"

"Well, what if it be?" replied the woman.

"It is the *Bible*," repeated the boy; "and what are you going to do with it?"

"To wrap up the soap," was the answer.

"But, mistress, you should not tear up that book; for it is the *Bible!*" cried the boy, with peculiar emphasis.

"What does that signify?" said the woman sharply: "I bought it for waste-paper to use in the shop."

The boy, with still increasing energy, exclaimed, "What, the *Bible!* I wish it was mine. I would not tear it up like that."

"Well," said the woman, "if you will pay me what I gave for it, you shall have it."

"Thank you," replied the boy: "I will go home and ask my mother for some money."

Away he went, and said, "Mother, mother, please give me some money!"

"What for?" said his mother.

"To buy a Bible," he replied; "for the woman at the shop was tearing up the Bible, and I told her she should not do it; then she said she would sell it to me. O, mother, do give me some money to buy it, that it may not be torn up!"

His mother said, "I cannot, my dear boy: I have none."

The child cried, still begged for some money, but in vain. Then, sobbing, he went back to the shop, and said, "My mother is poor, and cannot give me any money. But, O, mistress, don't tear up the Bible; for my Teachers have told me that it is the *word of God!*"

The woman, perceiving the boy to be greatly concerned, said, "Well, don't cry; for you shall have the Bible, if you will get its weight in waste-paper."

At this unexpected but joyful proposal, the boy dried up his tears, saying, "That I will, mistress, and thank you too."

Away he ran to his mother, and asked her for some paper: she gave him all she had; and then he went to all his neighbours' houses, and begged more; and having, as he hoped, collected enough, he hastened with the bundle under his arm to the shop, and, on entering it, exclaimed, "Now, mistress, I have got the paper."

"Very well," said the woman: "let me weigh it."

The paper was put in one scale, and the Bible in the other. The scale turned in the boy's favour, and he cried out, with tears of joy sparkling in his eyes, "*The Bible is mine!*" and, seizing it, he exclaimed, "I have got it! I have got it!" and away he ran home to his mother, crying as he went, "I have got the Bible! I have got the Bible!"

[The learned often ask our admiration of the means used by Divine Providence in past ages to preserve the sacred text from corruption. We have also heard of martyrs for the Bible; and such incidents as these now related teach us that God makes conscience itself a guard over the book.]

Religion in Heart and Life.

UNIVERSAL CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

BE persuaded to practise the following directions, and your conscience will continue right:—

1. Take heed of every sin; count no sin small; and obey every command with your might. Watch against the first risings of sin, and beware of the borders of sin. Shun the very appearance of evil. Venture not upon temptations or occasions of sin.

2. Consider yourself as living under God's eye. Live as in the sensible presence of the jealous God. Remember, all things are naked and open before Him. You cannot deceive Him; for He is infinite wisdom: you cannot fly from Him; for He is everywhere: you cannot bribe Him; for He is

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righteousness itself. Speak as knowing God hears you: walk as knowing God besets you on every side. The Lord is with you while you are with Him; that is, you shall enjoy His favourable presence while you live in His awful presence.

3. Be serious and frequent in the examination of your heart and life. There are some duties like those parts of the body, the want of which may be supplied by other parts; but the want of these nothing can supply. Every evening review your carriage through the day; what you have done or thought that was unbecoming your character; whether your heart has been instant upon religion, and indifferent to the world. Have a special care of two portions of time; namely, morning and evening; the morning to forethink what you have to do, and the evening to examine whether you have done what you ought.

4. Let every action have reference to your whole life, and not to a part only. Let all your subordinate ends be suitable to the great end of your living. Exercise yourself unto godliness. Be as diligent in religion as thou wouldest have thy children that go to school be in learning. Let thy whole life be a preparation for heaven, like the preparation of wrestlers for the combat.

5. Do not venture on sin because Christ hath purchased a pardon; that is a most horrible abuse of Christ. For this very reason there was no sacrifice under the law for any wilful sin; lest people should think they knew the price of sins, as those do who deal in Popish indulgences.

6. Be nothing in your own eyes: for what is it, alas! that we have to be proud of? Our very conception was sinful, our birth painful, our life toilsome, and our death we know not what! But all this is nothing to the state of our soul. If we know this, what excuse have we for pride?

7. Consult duty, not events. We have nothing to do but to mind our duty. All speculations that tend not to holiness are among your superfluities; but forebodings of what may befall you in doing your duty may be reckoned among your sins. And to venture upon sin to avoid danger, is to sink the ship for fear of pirates. O, how quiet, as well as holy, would our lives be, had we learned that single lesson,—to be careful for nothing, but to do our duty, and leave all consequences to God! What madness in silly dust to prescribe to Infinite Wisdom! to let go our work, and meddle with God's! He hath managed the concerns of the world, and of every individual in it, without giving cause of complaint to any, for above these five thousand years. And does He now need *your* counsel? Nay, it is *your* business to mind your own duty.

8. What advice you would give another, take yourself. The worst of men are apt enough to lay burdens on others, which if they would take on themselves they would be rare Christians.

9. Do nothing on which you cannot pray for a blessing. Every action of a Christian that is good, is sanctified by the word and prayer. It becomes not a Christian to do anything so trivial, that he cannot pray over it. And if he would but bestow a serious ejaculation on every occurrent action, such a prayer would cut off all things sinful, and encourage all things lawful.

10. Think, and speak, and do what you are persuaded Christ Himself would do in your case, were He on earth. It becomes a Christian, rather to be an example, than to follow one. But by imitating Christ, you become an example to all, who was, and is, and ever will be, our absolute pattern. O, Christians, how did Christ pray, and redeem time for prayer! How did Christ preach, out of whose mouth proceeded no other but gracious words? What time did Christ spend in impertinent discourse? How did Christ go up and down, doing good to men, and what was pleasing to God? Beloved, I commend to you these four memorials: (1.) Mind duty. (2.) What is the duty of another in your case, is your own. (3.) Do not meddle with anything, if you cannot say, "The blessing of the Lord be upon it." (4.) Above all, sooner forget your Christian name, than forget to eye Christ. Whatever treatment you meet with from the world, remember Him, and follow His steps, "who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth: who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously."—*Dr. Annesley.*

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GOD IS MY REST: A MEDITATION.

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. For Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living." (Psalm cxvi. 7—9.)

God is my rest! Yes; for I am conversing with my own soul. Strange power of self-communion: prerogative and proof of my spiritual nature! To whom should I go but unto Him,—its Divine Original, its necessary end and good?

My rest, though I have wandered from Him. Thou didst "tell my wanderings." I left Him with averted eyes; but His gracious gaze was always fixed on me, watching until, with weary steps, I should come back again to Him. Did not the Infinite Heart yearn after me; me, a soul made in the image of Infinite Intelligence? My rest, because I wandered from Him. Always at home with Him, I had been always happy; yet I had known nothing of the joys of recovery and return.

My rest! Already there is "no more curse." Thou hast smitten my Substitute for my sins. Far be it from Thee, O Faithful and Just, to smite me also!

My rest, too, meekness and loveliness of heart; first and last lesson which I learn of Him whose yoke I bear. Humility is the garment of charity; and charity stills my passions, composes my faculties, regulates my will. So is my whole nature rectified, and I am a new man at the feet of God.

Always my rest! Care casts its load on Thee. Pain presses me to Thy bosom. Poverty asks and has Thy riches. Perplexity locks my hand in Thine; and "I walk," a little child, "with God." Disappointments are the loving disclosures of Thy will. Yea, and dying, I hang, another malefactor upon the cross where the last shame of my humanity must be endured; but that cross is next to Thine, and I hear the promise of an instant paradise. The unknown future brightens before me,

"As I, undying life, have power in Thee."

Then I shall know Thee, "*the true God, and eternal Life.*" Not lost in Thee, as poets coldly sing, but found by Thy side; not absorbed in Thy fulness, but filled with it; a separate, conscious, exultant, adoring existence; a flame of fire on Thine altar, for ever fed by Thee.

"Return," then, "unto thy rest!" Eyes, delivered from tears, wait, in reverent love, on Him! Feet, preserved from falling, walk before Him in the land of the living! Soul, redeemed from death, awake up after His likeness, and be satisfied!

Yet a moment more "I commune with my own heart," and with God. "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul." "O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord." How quick the answer! "And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord." And, O, the unutterable tenderness of that still, small voice! "They shall be Mine in that day when I make up My jewels."

The Letter-Carrier.

FROM THE LATE CAPT. HEDLEY VICARS.

(*Concluded from page* 184.)

Piræus, Aug. 21st, 22d.

No one can fancy in England what the arrival of the mail is here, nor the power of letters like yours to cheer one's heart, when all around is gloom and death. Your letters and your prayers have nerved me to do many things which otherwise I should not perhaps have attempted. I feel that I can never tell you what a blessing God has made you to me in every way. It was you who first raised in my heart a really strong desire to save souls, to win fellow-sinners to the Cross of Jesus Christ, not as a mere duty, but as the heart's delight. I cannot express how deeply grateful I feel towards you, best and dearest of all my earthly friends. But God knows it, and hears my poor prayers for you. * * *

You will be thankful to hear there is a decrease of cholera. The last man we have lost (one of the Light Company) was admitted into hospital last night. Poor

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fellow, he suffered most dreadfully: it was quite painful to stand by his bedside. I remained with him for nearly an hour, and spoke to him from time to time of Jesus Christ. But whenever the cramps came on, his screams quite drowned my voice. On leaving, I shook hands with him, (his were black and cold,) and told him to "behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," to look to Jesus, whose blood cleanseth from all sin. When I mentioned the name of Jesus, he gave me such a wonderful look, full of peace and resignation. In less than four hours afterwards his soul had fled.

Only fifteen are in hospital now with cholera. The fever-hospital is still crowded; but I should think no disease, except the plague, can be so horrible as Asiatic cholera. I saw its ravages in Jamaica; but that which has raged here seems to have been of a more virulent nature, and death has come on more rapidly. It so alters the countenance, that often I have been quite unable to recognise dying men whom I found, on asking their names, that I knew very well.

My Scripture-reading and prayer-meeting at the hospital is better attended than ever. Last Sunday I read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews in one of the wards; and after talking to the men about it, felt my heart drawn out earnestly in prayer for their souls. My chief, my only subject with them, is Jesus; and it is a theme of which I hope *never* to grow tired. May God the Holy Ghost bless my feeble words to their immortal souls, for Jesus Christ's sake!

I want to persuade all the men of my regiment that nothing would ever give me greater pleasure than to read and pray with them, at any hour, day or night, when any of them are ill or dying, if they would only send an orderly to let me know.

With Cottrell, who is still in hospital, I have had many earnest conversations. Corporal Farmer, whom I mentioned to you, is slowly sinking of consumption: he is very peaceful, resting all his hope on Jesus. The men, both in hospital and in barracks, have read most eagerly the Tracts which I have distributed amongst them. Captain Trtoter added largely to my stock; but I have not one too many. I hope and pray that they may be the means of leading numbers to search the Scriptures.

Thank the villagers at Beckenham for their prayers for us. God bless them all.

Piræus, Aug. 23d.

* * * God has answered prayer for me, both for body and soul. Tell dear Mr. Chalmers how very grateful I am to him for praying for me at his prayer-meeting for the army.

The cholera has again broken out in my poor regiment. Last night poor S——, of my company, a fine powerful young man, was admitted into hospital: he had been an orderly attending on cholera patients, and had therefore seen many die. I went to see him several times in the course of the night, but he would not speak or listen to me: he died, soon after I left him for the last time, and was buried this morning.

Aug. 26th, half-past 11 p.m.

Nine men have died since the 23d; four from the Light Company. We have suffered more severely than any. Last night I was at the hospital four or five times. I went especially to see Egan, an old soldier, who had been seventeen years in my company. Poor fellow! he was so grateful; he said, when I wished him good-bye for the last time, "God bless *you*, Sir; and may the blessings of an old man rest upon your head, for coming to see and talk with an old comrade, when stretched out like this. Yes, Sir, and you have the love and blessing of every man in the regiment." I just tell you what he said, because it will give you pleasure. I feel myself that I have not done a quarter of what I ought to have done.

I had hardly got home from seeing Egan, when I received a message by an orderly from a young drummer, who wanted to see me again. He was very ill of cholera, when I had spoken to him before; but it was thought that he would recover. I hurried to the hospital, but the lad was insensible. However, I offered up a prayer over his bed, the men taking off their caps, and joining in, as well as they could follow me. He died soon afterwards.

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Sergeant Jackson was brought into hospital at eleven o'clock this morning: he was a man I knew very well; much liked among the officers. I went twice to-night to see him. The second time his bed was empty. One hundred and eighteen are now dead; all men in the prime and vigour of manhood, except a few lads.

The French are still dying in great numbers every day. They have lost seven hundred men and five officers, out of their small force in Greece. The townspeople are clearing out as fast as possible. Yesterday five hundred left. The streets are quite deserted, except by French and English soldiers.

Another company of ours started for Mount Pentelicus the day before yesterday. I accompanied them about three miles. Nares went with them: he did not like to leave me, and I feel lonely now he is gone; for he was with me at all hours of the day.

Obert is the Captain of the company which has just left: he was very ill, but, thank God! he is recovering, dear fellow.

I am so grateful to hear that we are remembered in prayer by those blessed Christians at Huntly Lodge. The Lord reward them.

Sunday, Aug. 27th.

Our Scripture-reading and prayer-meeting at the hospital are still well attended. I always feel refreshed and strengthened myself, whilst talking of Jesus to others. Surely there is no subject so delightful to a sinner as "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." God grant that His love may lead many—*all* in my regiment—to take up their cross, and follow Him. I daily find Him to be more lovely and precious to my own soul. What I want now, whilst I have the opportunity, is, to make others as happy as myself; for well I know, from long and bitter experience, that until the blood of the Cross speaks peace to the soul, man is, for the most part, but discontented and miserable. And if this is the case when we are strong and healthy, how much more so, when sick or dying! Men often talk with unconcern of a dying bed, when they think it distant, and refuse to "give way to weakness," as they call it, by thinking of it in time; but it is seldom the dream continues to the end; and when the reality flashes upon them, it is sometimes *too late!* Although even at the very last, Jesus is ready to save; yet not a few give up all as lost, and die in despair.

But we will hope better things, dearest friend, for the men of my poor regiment; and continue to pray that the Dayspring from on high which hath visited *us*, by the free grace and mercy of God, may be shed abroad over them *all*, "to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, and to guide their feet into the way of peace." God grant it, for Jesus Christ's sake.

It was not my servant whom you saw at Kensington, who died of cholera, but a man named Hillyar, who left me about a year ago. Richard Young, I am glad to say, is well. I often see him reading the book you gave him.

I am advised to go to Pentelicus, for a few days' change; but have not made up my mind to it, as I have plenty to do here. *Certainly*, I shall not go as long as the cholera remains here. It is, I trust, leaving us now; but such has been its malignity, that only twenty of those who have been attacked with it have come out of hospital alive.

The army in Turkey has also suffered severely from the pestilence. Rumours are now afloat that we are to be sent on thither. We all desire it most heartily.

God bless you all.

Ever, most beloved friend and sister, your most attached and grateful brother,

HEDLEY VICARS.

Popery.

FEAST OF ST. PAUL IN MALTA.

For three or four days previous to the anniversary, preparation was made in the "Strada San Paolo," or St. Paul's-street, by the erection at nearly its two ends of triumphal arches, and on each side of the street, through its whole length, of posts, with branches for twelve lights on each post.

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On the morning of the anniversary every balcony and window was ornamented with tapestry; some of velvet, others of damask, worked with various devices, all of crimson, scarlet, or red colour, and evincing the most joyous emotion of the inmates.

Throughout the whole of Valletta and Floriana there was an entire cessation of public business for the day, and the population, being at liberty, began to promenade the streets soon after breakfast; and as noon approached, and afterwards, there were crackers, and occasionally a small gun was fired in the Strada Sn. Paolo, and the Stradas intersecting it, thus bearing evidence to the popularity of the feast. At three o'clock the people were moving in one mass. They were densely crowded, and all being dressed in their best attire gave it an interesting aspect. The balconies and windows were crowded, chiefly with ladies. At about half-past three, the Priests and Friars were seen making their way to St. Paul's church, with their distinguishing banners. At four o'clock, all eyes were directed to the church, whence, in a few minutes, the procession began to issue in two parallel single columns, with a clear space between each of seven or eight feet, and each Priest seven or eight feet behind the preceding one. Each order of Clergy kept together. There were the Canons of the several churches in Valletta; the Augustinians, the Dominicans, the Carmelites, Theresians, Franciscans Minor Conventual, Franciscans Minor Observant, and Capuchins. These, all following each other in two open parallel ranks, and numbering several hundreds, formed a very long procession; and each order having a distinguishing livery in its peculiar dress, gave to the whole a rather picturesque appearance. One of the orders was especially singular in wearing a dress of sackcloth, with a kind of kerchief over their heads of the same material, and walking perfectly barefooted. Each person in the procession had in his hand a thick candle, about four feet long, lighted; and the order dressed in sackcloth had, in addition, a crucifix.

Immediately behind the procession was carried a large image of St. Paul, about seven feet high, standing with the right hand raised a little above the head. The image was on a platform, and was carried by eight men, (four in front, and four behind,) with a single Friar and four policemen in the rear of it. The carriers were dressed in white.

On the image issuing from the church, and during the whole procession, which occupied an hour and a half, the shouting and vociferating of the crowd was most deafening. Hats off, and waving in the air; ladies in the balconies and windows waving their handkerchiefs, and throwing kisses at the image as it was carried past them; in fact, the enthusiasm of the people is not to be described. It was a most perfect exhibition of mental intoxication and frenzy; and though there was no bending of the knee to the image, yet it was a most senseless adoration of it.

Notwithstanding the immense mass of people who were congregated together to witness the procession, yet there was no obstruction offered to its progress through the city, except by the boys, who ran with open hands to catch the "sacred" grease, as it dropt from the consecrated candles carried by the Priests, &c.; which was no doubt carefully preserved for superstitious purposes.

The holiday was closed by a most brilliant illumination of the Strada San Paolo, which lasted till near midnight, and by the festive rejoicings in the families of the Strada, all of whom were greatly increased by their friends from other Stradas; and at these reunions were revived all the traditional tales concerning St. Paul, which it is the interest of the Romish Church to preserve in the memories of her children.

We had heard much of the religious processions of Malta, and of the superstition of the Maltese people: but I really think that it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the facts; for it is not enough to say that the people were enthusiastic, or that they were greatly excited. You must see their countenances; the wild expression given by them indicating the entire dethronement of reason, and that they were under an influence so arbitrary and capricious, as not to be described.

J. V. A.

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Poetry.

TO A MOTHER, ON THE BIRTH OF A CHILD.*

Gaze on the little one: 'tis not thine own;
'Tis lent thee for awhile,—a sacred charge,
A little plant, which thou must train for more
Congenial soil. O, 'tis a holy work!
Well: gaze upon the helpless one; it knows
Thee not; it thinks not of thy love, thy fond
Solicitude; nor can it speak to lisp
Thy name; nor stand, nor walk, nor even *creep:*
'Tis sure the frailest of God's family!
Unconscious instinct is its only guide.
A lovely *miniature* of life, whose powers
And faculties in embryo lie: 'tis thine
To watch those faculties expand, to mould
Those embryo powers, to form the character
For future days. Important task! May gracious
Heaven assist thee in thy aim!

Well, what hast
Thou in thy arms? A wondrous creature!
A being destined to exist for ever,
And for ever; when worlds shall cease to move,
And suns to shine, when earth's creation shall
To chaos back be turn'd, and time shall be
No more!
What hast thou in thy arms? A strange
Commixture! The breath of an immortal:
God combined with frail humanity! How
Wondrous, how profound! A worm of earth!
An heir of immortality!
What hast thou
In thy arms? A creature complicate; whose
Embryo faculties are in condition to
Develop and expand through time and through
Eternity. Amazing thought! In *time*
Thou canst not limit their development.
And when eternity has dawn'd upon
Thy little one, when he has ceased to breathe
This vital air, *then* couldst thou? Nay, not thou,
Nor angel-mind! No limit could be found
This side infinity! Thy darling's soul
Will then have left the narrow home thou look'st
Upon: the heaven-born spirit will have burst
Its clayey shell, and, unrestrain'd, have soar'd
Aloft amid its native air. Those powers
And faculties, which thou must learn to mould
And train below, will then expand without
Obstruction; and light and knowledge will flow
In upon his waken'd mind as streams from
Every point. Let fancy soar awhile,
And, O! behold thy child, with mind gigantic,
Seated amid angelic bands, listening
With joy, with rapturous amaze, to tales
Of love and wonder, such as angels know.
See him contemplate Deity,—a theme
Which, ever learning, never can be learn'd.
His holy, God-like soul dwells long upon
Creation,—the wonders of creation,
Throughout the spacious universe. These themes
Are grand and noble; these exalt the soul;
But, O! they fall before that nobler one,
That *God-exalting* theme, Redemption!
Redemption is the theme that swells his soul
Unutterably full of wonder, praise,
And love,—a theme that staggers angel-minds.
O! canst thou realize that in that babe,
That tiny one, is lodged a soul, which scarce
Midway in its development may reach
A point not yet attain'd by Gabriel?
Most startling thought! Then ne'er forget the thing
Thou hast within thy arms; but teach him, soon
As reason dawns, the lessons he must learn
For ever. And may thy God assist thee!

* Addressed to Mrs. Laugher, wife of the Rev. Henry Laugher, Kineton, by the late Miss George, who was long a highly esteemed contributor to the "Christian Miscellany."

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Anecdotes.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Once, in a happy home, a sweet, bright baby died. On the evening of the day, when the children gathered round their mother, all sitting very sorrowful, Alice, the eldest, said, "Mother, you took all the care of baby while she was here, and you carried and held her in your arms all the while she was ill: now, mother, who took her on the other side?" "On the other side of what, Alice?" asked the mother. "On the other side of death. Who took the baby on the other side, mother? She was so little, she could not go alone." "Jesus met her there," answered the mother. "It is He who took little children in His arms to bless them, and said, 'Suffer them to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' He took the baby on the other side."

A SUITABLE REPLY.

Several years ago there lived in one of the large towns of America a poor old black woman, who had been very ill for nearly twenty years. At one time she had been a slave, and was generally known by the name of "Poor Betty." At the time that the fact I am about to relate happened, she was more than a hundred years old. An aged daughter lived with her, who, by God's blessing, was the means of making her comfortable toward the close of her long life. In the same town there lived a kind old gentleman, who, although he had a large business, and was much engaged, sometimes found a spare hour to visit poor Betty, and ask how she was; and she was always very glad to see him step into her poor little cottage. One day, Mr. Brown took a friend with him to visit poor Betty. As he entered the house, he said, "Ah! Betty, are you still alive?"

"Yes, thank God!" replied the old Negress.

"Betty," he continued, "why do you suppose God keeps you so long in this world,—poor, ill, and blind,—while you might go to heaven, and there enjoy so much happiness?"

Betty answered directly, in her Negro language: "Ah! Massa, you don't understand. There are two great things for the church to do: one is to pray, the other is to work. Now, you see, Massa, God keeps me alive that I may pray for the church; and he keeps you alive that you may work for the church. Your large gifts do not help much, Massa, without the prayers of Betty."

"You are quite right, Betty," said Mr. Brown. "Your prayers are of more use to the church than my money."

This short but excellent reply was never forgotten by Mr. Brown and his friend. We ought to remember it too; and, whether we can now do much or little, at any rate, let us never forget that we can pray God to bless the labours of others, and He will hear us. Our prayers will not be in vain to the Lord.

REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

Upon the death of his wife, he preached her funeral sermon. The text was, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." (Rom. viii. 28.) In noticing her character, he mentioned her fortitude, and suddenly exclaimed, "Do you remember my preaching in those fields, by the old stump of the tree? The multitude was great, and many were disposed to be riotous. At first I addressed them firmly; but when a desperate gang of banditti drew near, with the most ferocious and horrid imprecations and menaces, my courage began to fail. My wife was then standing behind me, as I stood on the table. I think I hear her now. She pulled my gown," (he then put his hand behind him, and touched his gown,) "and, looking up, said, 'George, play the man for your God.' My confidence returned. I then spoke to the multitude with boldness and affection: they became still, and many were deeply affected."

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The Portfolio.

PHARAOH AND THE HEBREW CHILDREN.

His name was Pharaoh; not the Pharaoh who was kind to Joseph. He was dead and buried. This Pharaoh was a very different man: we read nothing good of him. He seems to have been awfully proud and hard-hearted, and he had a furious temper. He stopped at no crime, if it promised him any advantage. As for God, "He was not in all his thoughts."

Joseph's Pharaoh had invited Jacob and his brethren and their wives and little ones to come down into Egypt, and pick out any land that they pleased. He honoured them above his own people. But things had changed since then. Joseph's kindred had grown into a mighty nation: there were nearly two millions of them: they filled the land: they were so industrious that they were getting all the wealth of the country into their hands. Pharaoh was alarmed: he said to the Egyptians, "Come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land." (Exod. i. 10.)

He was afraid of them because they were many and mighty; but he was loth to lose them, for they were the making of Egypt. The Egyptians were lazy fellows, who did not care for anything but daily food, whilst the Hebrews were all activity and enterprise. "Let us deal wisely with them," he said. What did he mean by that? The next verse tells us. "Let us set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens;" that is, "Let us give them a great deal of work to do, far more than they can accomplish, and let us drive them to do it as if they were cattle: this will break their spirit, and bring them to an early grave." And they did so. "And they built for Pharaoh treasure-cities, Pithom and Raamses." The ruins of these cities have, it is believed, been discovered by travellers. There are the very bricks which the poor Hebrews moulded and laid under the lash of their taskmasters. But Pharaoh's plan did not succeed. The more they afflicted them, the more they grew; and Pharaoh was "grieved" on account of them. What should he try next?

As I said, he stood at no crime which promised him any advantage. "What! will he murder any one?" Yes, dear children, indeed he will. "Will he murder an innocent babe?" Yes, indeed. "Will he murder more than one?" Yes, he will murder any number, if it be necessary. He gives forth a decree, that every man-child which a Hebrew woman has is to be cast into the river! He charged all his people to see that it was done. Herod was bad enough: he "sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under;" but Bethlehem was only a little town, and directly the slaughter was over the sword was sheathed. But Pharaoh made it a law of the land; a standing law for a whole nation! In London there are about seventeen hundred births a week; eighty-five thousand children are born in London alone every year. Half of these are boys. Now, supposing that the Hebrews were as many as the inhabitants of London, here would have been forty thousand little boys and more to be flung into the Nile every year! Pharaoh was ready to murder forty thousand helpless babes every year: whether they were put to death or not does not matter. He *meant* them to be: therefore their blood rested on his head. Was he not a *cruel* King? What a mercy it is, dear children, that we live in a country where an infant's life is as sacred as a Prince's; where it is *death* to blow out the "little taper" which God Himself has kindled; where the Queen, instead of injuring her children-subjects, gives money to build them schools, and kisses her fair hand to them as she drives through their midst, and returns their boisterous salutations with gracious smiles!

What a still greater mercy it is that the KING OF KINGS loves little children! We might think that, being so great as He is, and having so much to attend to, He would overlook them. But, O!

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so. He does not "*despise one of these little ones*" who believe in Him. (Matt. xviii. 10.) He will not let one of them perish. "He gathers the lambs with His arm, and carries them in His bosom." (Issi. xl. 11.) *He* does not say, "Cast them into the river;" but, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." So we are not afraid to bring the youngest and weakest of babes, and put it into His arms: we do so at its baptism. We know that He shed His precious blood for it. No mother need hide her little ones from HIM.

How He must abhor all those who shed infant blood! See how He visited Pharaoh's guilt upon his head, even in this world! He gave him over to Satan. He turned all the water of the river into which he had ordered the little ones to be flung, into blood before his eyes. He made his food loathsome with flies. He filled his palace with slimy frogs. He covered his body with boils and blains. He killed his cattle with hailstones. He destroyed his grain and fruit with locusts. He shrouded him for days in blackest darkness. He terrified him with such thunder and lightning as was never known before or since. He slew his own first-born son, the heir to his throne. And then, at last, He overwhelmed him and his hosts in the Red Sea, so that there was not one of them left!

Thus God avenged the wrongs of those innocent children.—*Rev. James Bolton.*

A LAMENTABLE DEATH.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Zion's Advocate" furnishes the following obituary to that paper. The lesson it teaches is needed in many quarters. "Died, in Laodicea, *the Prayer-Meeting*, aged one year. The health of the Meeting was poor most of the year, and its life was despaired of. But a few anxious friends kept it alive; and sometimes it would so revive as to encourage them. Discouragement, however, at last prevailed: the Prayer-Meeting is dead. It died from neglect. Not a Christian was present when it died. Over forty Christians (?) were living within a mile of it, and not one was there. Had two only been there, its life might have been saved; for where two are agreed, 'touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them.' Two-thirds of the forty might have been there, had they been so disposed. But they were not, and so the Meeting died."

THE HAY-MOW.

MY first settlement in the ministry was in a valley in one of the Middle States, beautiful beyond description. A broad and winding river enters it at the north, between two high rocky peaks, which bear the evidence of being torn from each other's embrace by some dread concussion of nature; and, after a course of fifteen miles, takes its exit at the south, and through a gap probably made in the same way. On either side of this river the bottom lands are exceedingly rich. As you leave the river, these lands gradually undulate, until, at the distance of about two miles, they rise into mountains on the east and west, which seem built of Heaven to guard the quiet vale from all disturbing intrusions. As the traveller reaches the brow of the eastern mountain, a scene of surpassing loveliness spreads itself beneath him; and he feels that if peace has not utterly forsaken our world, its residence must be there. The valley seems as if expressly made for the home of the Indian; and for moons beyond the power of his arithmetic to calculate, the red man fished in that river, and planted his corn in that rich bottom, and sought his game upon the mountains. And before he could be compelled to yield it, he made the white man feel the power of his anger in many a dreadful surprise.

But sin, and in its very worst forms, found an entrance into this beautiful spot. Early in the history of the settlement, a church was collected there, which continued a feeble existence until 18—, when I became its Pastor. Young, ardent, and without experience, I here commenced my ministry,—in a community proverbial both for its intelligence and its disregard of religion,—amid external opposition, and with a church small, and rent by internal discords. A more unpromising field none could desire.

I entered on my duties with zeal, and

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was diligent in their performance. I prepared my sermons with care, and thought them conclusive; but few heard them, and none seemed convinced by them. I felt deeply myself, but my hearers seemed unmoved. Months thus passed away without, to my knowledge, a religious impression being made on any mind; and feeling that I laboured in vain, and spent my strength for nought, I was about giving up in despair. My preaching seemed more to excite the opposition of the wicked than the prayers of the pious.

There was among my people a man in mid-life, a German by birth, and a remarkably simple-hearted, pure-minded Christian. Whoever was absent, he was always present at the place of prayer. One evening, early in December, as I was about retiring to rest, I heard a knock at my door, and my German friend was introduced, his countenance full of emotion. On taking his seat, his first words were these: "My dear Pastor, I have come to tell you that the Lord is about to revive His work here." Surprised at his appearance and language, and at the lateness of his visit, I asked him, "Why do you think so?" He replied as follows: "About eight o'clock this evening, I went up to my hay-mow to give hay to my cattle, and while there the Spirit of God came upon me, and has kept me there praying until now. I feel that God is about to revive His work, and I could not go into my family until I told you." The entire simplicity and earnestness of the good man convinced me that God had vouchsafed to visit His servant. After some conversation we parted, mutually agreeing to pray and labour for a revival of religion, and to engage as many as we could to do the same.

Every meeting for religious services was now to me one of intense interest. A few days convinced me that the spirit of prayer was on the increase. Meetings for prayer were numerously attended. The church on Sundays became more full and solemn; and a few weeks after that evening of wrestling with God on the hay-mow, found me in the midst of the first revival of my ministry, and one of the most precious I ever witnessed.

Permit me to narrate a few incidents which occurred during the progress of this revival, and which illustrate some great truths that should not be forgotten.

Among the first that expressed seriousness was a fashionable and well-educated young lady, belonging to one of our richest families. She was the pride of a mother, whose ambition it was to have her shine in elegant society. Miss E—— expressed a hope in Christ. In a few days she was sent to spend the winter in one of our principal cities with some gay friends, who were directed to take her to all the fashionable amusements. She yielded to the temptation; and when she returned in the spring, seemed farther from the kingdom of heaven than ever. Another refreshing was soon enjoyed, when the former feelings of this young lady returned. She became hopefully pious, and in a few months the wife of a godly Minister. And the large family with which she was connected, perhaps influenced by her example, followed her into the fold of Christ.

There was in the place a young man, a profane, but yet an industrious, mechanic. Like Nicodemus, he came to me by night to know what he should do to be saved. His feelings seemed of the most pungent character, and his visits were often repeated. He thought he understood and could joyfully embrace the offer of salvation through Jesus Christ. Yielding to the influence of one wicked companion, in a few weeks he forsook the house of prayer and the people of God. As long as I knew him afterward, he was among the most obdurate men I ever knew. He ripened for ruin; and not long ago, with one stroke, as the woodman removes the saplings out of his way, God cut him down. It is a fearful thing to quench the Spirit!

Mr. C—— was a pleasant, moral, and interesting man. Under the prayers and conversations of a pious mother, he grew accustomed to the instructions of religion. His mind became deeply interested. But a more convenient season was always an excuse for the putting aside of present duty. In the midst of the revival, when some of the sturdy cedars of Lebanon were bowing, his aged mother,

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and with tears, besought him to make God his portion. "Mother," said he, "you are dependent upon me for a subsistence, and so are my motherless children. To provide for you all is my pleasure and my duty. I am now engaged in a very profitable work among the mountains; and when I have made enough to support you all comfortably, in connection with my own industry, I promise you I will attend to religion. But you must excuse me now." And with a solemn warning against the folly of such reasoning from the lips of his aged mother, he hastened to his business among the mountains. On the evening of the third day from his departure, he was brought back to that mother, and was laid at her feet a mutilated corpse. Before he could escape its track, a log of timber rolling down a steep precipice caught him, and, rolling over him, almost ground him to powder. And as we laid him down in the grave, I heard that mother exclaim, in the bitterness of her sorrow, "Would to God I had died for thee, my son, my son!" O, the folly of boasting of to-morrow, as we know not what a day may bring forth!

Some of our pious people undertook the circulation of religious tracts. The tract, "The Way to be Saved," was selected for the purpose of placing in the hands of our people a plain and simple guide to the Saviour of sinners. One of these was placed in the shop of a mechanic who was noted for his profanity and vulgarity. Blotting out the word "saved" in the title of the tract, he wrote in its place "damned;" so that the title, thus amended, read, "The Way to be Damned." Now tearing it nearly in two, he flung it into the street. It was soon picked up by a young woman, deeply serious, and who, although shocked by its title, carried it home. She read it with care; she pasted the torn leaves together, and read it again and again. She went as directed, and found peace and joy in believing. And in a conversation with her about her hope, she drew from her bosom this mutilated tract, saying, "This is the little book that told me the way to the Cross." If yet alive, I have no doubt she preserves it among her choicest treasures. Thus it is that God often makes the wrath of man to praise Him!

Many instances like these occurred during that revival, which the time would fail me to enumerate. But even these emphatically teach us,—

1. That when faithfully and prayerfully discharging duty, Ministers must not be unduly discouraged by unpropitious external circumstances. If they go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, they will return again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them.

2. They teach us the power of prayer. It moves the hand that moves the world. That revival, with its consequent blessings, I have ever traced, under God, to that prayer on the hay-mow. The prayer that God inspires, He will answer.

3. They teach us the awful guilt of parents who sacrifice the souls of their children at the shrines of worldly ambition. And, alas! how many such parents there are!

4. They utter warning notes in the ears of those who quench the strivings of the Spirit, or who postpone the duty of submission to God *now* to an uncertain future.

5. They teach us, that even pearls cast before swine may not be in vain. Through the wickedness of the wicked, God is ever accomplishing His purposes of love. How invincible the combined agencies of mercy, when even one mutilated tract becomes the instrument of life from the dead to a human soul!

Years have passed away since this revival occurred. Some of its subjects have already entered on its reward. That simple-hearted pious German has gone up to his Saviour. But the influences of that prayer on the hay-mow will live for ever. Good men never die: they rest from their labours, but their works do follow them. May our churches never want members like him who wrestled and prevailed with God on the hay-mow!—*Rev. Dr. Murray, Elizabeth-Town.*

WELSH ADVICE.

THE following counsel, given by Cativy the wise, to Taliesin the chief of bards, when he was a scholar, has in it sufficient practical wisdom to claim a place in our magazine. Cativy was the

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Principal of a college in South Wales, that flourished about the fifth century.

Think before thou speakest:

1st. What thou shalt speak.

2d. Why thou shalt speak.

3d. To whom thou mayest have to speak.

4th. About whom thou art going to speak.

5th. What will become of what thou mayest speak.

6th. What may be the benefit of what thou shalt speak.

7th. Who may be listening to what thou shalt speak.

Put thy words on thy fingers, and before thou speakest, turn them these seven ways, and there will never come any harm from what thou shalt say. Cativy the wise delivered this to Tallissin in giving him his blessing.—*Exchange.*

KEEP THE MOUTH SHUT DURING COLD WEATHER.

In the "Journal of Health," Dr. Hall advises every person who goes out into the open air from a warm apartment, to keep the mouth shut while walking or riding. He says:—

"Before you leave the room, bundle up well,—gloves, cloak, comforter; shut your mouth before you open the street-door, and keep it resolutely closed until you have walked briskly for some ten minutes: then, if you keep on walking, or have reached your home, you may talk as much as you please. Not so doing, many a heart once happy and young now lies in the churchyard, that might have been young and happy still. But how? If you keep your mouth closed and walk rapidly, the air can only reach the lungs by a circuit of the nose and head, and becomes warmed before reaching the lungs, thus causing no derangement; but if you converse, large draughts of cold air dash directly in upon the lungs, chilling the whole frame almost instantly. The brisk walking throws the blood to the surface of the body, thus keeping up a vigorous circulation; making a cold impossible, if you do not get into a cold bed too quick after you get home. Neglect of these brings sickness and premature death to multitudes every year."

BE CHEERFUL.

Try to take cheerful views of Divine things. Dwell on your mercies. Look at the bright as well as the dark side. Do not cherish gloomy thoughts. Melancholy is no friend to devotion. It greatly hinders the usefulness of many. "It falls upon a contented life like a drop of ink on white paper, which is not the less a stain because it carries no meaning with it." Let your soul rove through the truths of Scripture as the happy herds through the green pastures.

Memorials of the Departed.

March 16th, 1855, at West-Ness, in the Pickering Circuit, aged seventy-nine years, suddenly, but with no doubt as to her safety, Mrs. Rachael Muzeen. She was a consistent member of the Wesleyan church for fifty-five years: during that period she was frequently the subject of severe personal and family afflictions; but in the midst of these she was enabled to rest with unwavering confidence upon the merits of her Saviour. After retiring from the active duties of life, she appeared to be ripening and preparing for her heavenly home. Although the infirmities of age for several months prevented her from attending the public means of grace, to which she had always been devotedly attached, she expressed herself as being perfectly resigned, and waiting patiently for her change.

April 9th, at Knucklass, in the Kington Circuit, Mr. James Davies; who was awakened to see his danger as a sinner in the seventeenth year of his age. His convictions were deep, and continued for some time before he enjoyed the assurance of being reconciled to God through the death of His Son. It was his custom to pray in almost any retired situation;

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for it was while on a journey, that he had knelt down in a field to pray for mercy. God then spoke peace to his soul, which had been all darkness, but became light in the Lord. He immediately joined the Methodist Society at Knucklass, the oldest of all the Societies in that part of the country. In his twenty-first year he became a Local Preacher, and for thirty-one years was "in labours more abundant;" walking frequently more than twenty miles to and from his appointments. He was also the Leader of two classes, two miles distant from each other. This was a "labour of love" in which he greatly delighted; and while health permitted he was ever found at the post of duty. Before his conversion he was a hired servant, and remained in the same situation twenty-six years. His fidelity was appreciated by his master; who, though a worldly man, always allowed James to take his appointments as a Local Preacher. The master was often fervently prayed for, and faithfully warned by James, and showed his estimation of his servant's character by bequeathing him a legacy of £50. A condition of toil continued to be the lot of our brother, who honoured God to the end of a life which terminated in consumption in the fifty-second year of his age. To a friend, the day before his death, he said, "Give me all the encouragement you can. I have no bright manifestations, but my confidence is unshaken. I have not the least fear of death." To another he said, "I have nearly come to my journey's end; but the nearer I get to the river, the stronger my confidence is." His last words were expressive of triumph; and thus the "good and faithful servant" entered into the joy of his Lord.

JOHN HOLDSWORTH died at East Bierley, in the Birstal Circuit, April 27th, in his seventy-fifth year. He was upwards of thirty years a Wesleyan; a fine specimen of that earnest, simple, consistent piety, which adorned the primitive church. He was a man of strict integrity; doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God. He followed peace with all men, and had a good report of them that were without. He valued all the means of grace, especially class-meetings; where his rich experience of the deep things of God, led others to thank God, and take courage.

ON May 2d, JANE HUNTER, of Parmently Hall, in the Allendale Circuit. She was converted to God during a revival of religion at High-House, in 1844. In June or July of the year 1845, she sought and obtained the blessing of entire sanctification; which she retained for several years, and enjoyed in a high degree some months before her death. She was an Israelite indeed; a living epistle, read and known of all. Her cup was one of sorrow, arising from suffering and weakness; but in the midst of her sufferings the joy of the Lord was her portion, and in her weakness God was the strength of her heart. About six weeks before she died, she was present at class, and expressed herself as anticipating her approaching end, saying it would be the last time she would meet her class-mates on earth; and it was remarked that a peculiar influence attended her: the presence of God was manifested in great power, her soul was filled with Divine love,—she was in ecstasy. Her hope was full of immortality.

IN May, at Barrow-upon-Soar, in the Loughborough Circuit, ELIZA ELNOR, aged twenty-seven. About thirteen or fourteen years before her death, she saw and felt herself to be a great sinner in the sight of God; and that without mercy she must be lost for ever. She deeply mourned before the Lord, and was at length enabled by faith to lay hold of the merits of the Son of God, as a sacrifice for sin, and obtained peace and joy through believing. She was regular and early in her attendance at the house of God, as also at her station in the Sunday-school; and punctual at her class-meeting. Ever unwilling to offend, she was "slow to speak, slow to wrath." Once, when thought to be dying, with all the energy that she could command, she repeated, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

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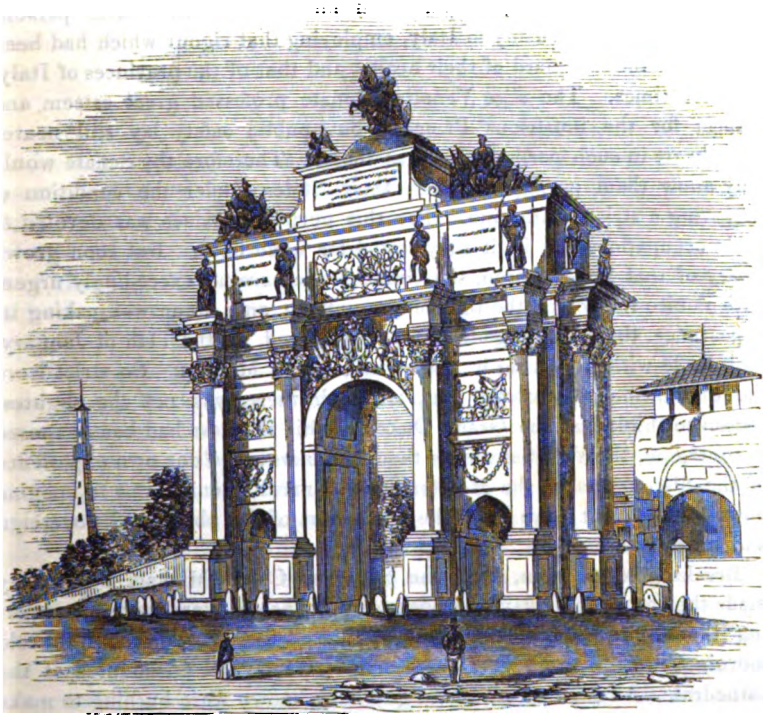
THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.



GATE OF SAN GALLO, FLORENCE.

This gate is an historic monument. A fabric of very humble structure preceded it on the same site, but that was demolished on occasion of the entrance of Francis, Duke of Lorraine, and Grand Duke of Tuscany—of which state Florence is the capital,—on the 20th of January, 1739, with his wife, the Grand Duchess, Maria Teresa.

The Duke of Lorraine and Bar, son of the Emperor Charles VI., had exchanged those duchies for the archduchy of Tuscany, by a treaty signed at Vienna in 1736, and now came to Florence to take possession of the new territory. Their journey to their recently-acquired capital was remarkable, as it is related by Muratori, whose narrative we translate.

With his consort, the Archduchess Maria Teresa, Prince Charles of Lorraine, his brother, and a court splendidly equipped, he had reached the

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frontier of the Venetian dominions on the 28th of the preceding December, and that Republic gave him a solemn and magnificent reception. The Princes were anxious to comfort with their gracious presence their new Tuscan subjects, and also to ascertain what kind of bargain they had made in exchanging Lorraine for Tuscany. But because plague had previously prevailed in Hungary, Croatia, and other provinces, which all had free commercial relations with Austria and other countries in Germany, under the rule of His Imperial Majesty, the Venetian public had laid a severe ban on all those countries, and permitted no communication with persons proceeding from Germany to Italy, employing that rigour which had been considered the safeguard of their health, and that of the provinces of Italy, in elder times. The sage Venetian Senate professed great esteem and respect for the illustrious Princes; but public safety lay still nearer their heart in such perilous times as those. Therefore the Senate would only allow them passage through their States, under the condition of observing a strict quarantine. For this purpose a palace was devoted to their occupation, and in it they rested for some days. But soon grown weary of that noble prison, the Grand Duke became exceedingly urgent with Venice to shorten the time of quarantine; and, no answer making its appearance, the noble brigade lost patience, and, on the 11th of January, took leave without asking it, and went away to Mantua. So strict were the quarantine regulations that, although there was not the slightest reason to think that the Grand Duke and his Duchess had been exposed to contagion, the Venetians made them prisoners; and our own experience of the discomforts of the Mediterranean lazaretto, enables us to imagine how intense must have been the discomfort of the obstructed Sovereign and court, even in their "noble prison."

Breaking loose, then, from the palace of Count Michael Barri, they made the best of their way to Modena, and thence to Florence. Approaching the city westward, they entered about three o'clock in the cold morning, rode in great state through the streets, and dismounted at the cathedral. All sorts of artificial lights then known were burning to make the entrance cheerful, and they dismounted at the great door of that very cathedral of *Santa Maria dei Fiori*, where the powerful Preacher, Savonarola, used to have his congregations waiting outside half the night, in order to get entrance in the early morn. Three Archbishops and fourteen Bishops received them at the door, several united choirs chanted the *Te Deum*, and the city was brilliantly illuminated during the three following nights. All manner of sports were exhibited for the entertainment of these personages, and crowds of people pressed close in the public spaces of the city to show their delight in gazing upon "Rulers so full of clemency and gentleness." Tuscans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Jews, and people of many other nations, vied with each other in doing them honour.

Francis remained there but a few months, when he returned to Germany, where he was afterwards elected Emperor, and is known as

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Francis I. To celebrate his entrance into Florence in the character of Sovereign, and to remind Florence of its entanglement with the Imperial House of Hapsburg, the present gate of San Gallo was erected, yet retaining the old name. Not as a monument of subjection to Austrian intolerance, but as an ornament to the city, this triumphal arch, finest of all the gates, is much to be admired. The custom of building triumphal arches is derived from the Romans, and the gate of San Gallo is in the finest style of the Empire. The sculptured figures and trophies which adorn it are all of them commemorative of the event now related.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

In inspiration we see the mind of man enabled to sit down among the morning mists of things, and to write a book which will stand while the world stands. In prophecy, we see the mind enabled to look through a thousand years, and describe what lies beyond so plainly, that, when it is unfolded to ordinary sight, it shall at once be recognised. Both these miracles bring us, not so much into the presence of a Ruler, as into the presence of a Spirit.

In beholding a sea dried, or a wilderness strewn with food, we feel ourselves near the Lord of nature and the Stay of life. So here we feel ourselves near the Fount of all mind, whose own knowledge depends neither on material phenomena, nor on the lapse of time; whose mode of acting on the human mind is not by laws analogous to those whereby the latter acts on material organs, or on its kindred minds through them. As, however, we watch the miracle of tongues, a strange solemnity falls upon us: we feel as if we had left the region where mind slowly and dimly learns through sense, had crossed some invisible line into the land of spirits, and were standing before the Original Mind. What knowledge of mind so minute as that which scans every sign whereby every mind expresses its ideas? What power over mind so unsearchable as that which can fill it in an instant with new signs for all its ideas; signs never before present to it, yet answering exactly to those which others had been trained from childhood to use?

A number of Galilean peasants issue from an upper room into the streets of Jerusalem. A strange fire is in every eye, a strange light on every countenance. Each one looks joyful and benignant, as if he felt that he was carrying the balm for the world's sores in his breast. Each has plainly a world to say, and wants listeners. Probably their steps turn towards the temple, which during the ten days had divided their presence with the upper room. One meets with an Arab, and addresses him; another goes up to a Roman, and in a moment they are deeply engaged; a third sees a Persian, a fourth an African from Cyrene; and, as they go along, each one attaches himself to some foreigner. He tells a strange tale, strange in its substance, equally strange in its eloquence; a

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new and unaccountable eloquence, wonderful not for grace, expression, or sweet sound, but for power.

One hearer in Latin, another in Coptic, another in Persian, another in Greek, exclaims first at the wonder of the story, and then at the wonder of the narrator: "Art not thou a Galilean? whence then hast thou this fluency in Latin?" He answers, that he has received it to-day by gift from God. A smile curls on the lip of the Roman, and he turns round to a neighbouring group. There an Egyptian has just been putting the same question, and received the same answer. Yonder is an excited little knot, where a Parthian declares that the tongue in which a man has told him of the death, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus, is his mother tongue. People from Jerusalem are mocking, and saying, "The men are full of new wine;" but the strangers, on speaking one to another, find that they have all been hearing precisely the same things in their "own tongues."

Those faces of different complexions, on comparing their opinions, darkle with awe. They find that in all this diversity of tongues the same tidings are repeated, and thus see the unity of matter in the variety of language: they find that the men who speak are unschooled peasants, yet are all gifted with the same unheard-of power; and thus see in the variety of speakers the unity of inspiration. The tongues are the tongues of all mankind; but the impulse is one, and the message one! From what centre do all these languages issue? The same instinct which leads back the thought from speech to a mind, leads it back from this universal speech till it stands awe-struck in the presence of the Central Intellect, of the Spirit which "formeth the spirit of man within him," of the Supreme Mind, to which all mind is common ground,—of the Father of Thought!

It would be impossible to conceive any form of credential so well framed to certify that a doctrine was the immediate issue of the mind of God. The bare thought of such a miracle as that of tongues, had it only been a thought, would have made in itself an era in the history of man's intellect; and it may be fairly questioned whether such a thought could have originated in anything else than in the fact. The leading feature of the new religion was to be a Divine teaching upon things invisible and spiritual,—on points of which the unaided powers of man could give no conclusive solution. For such a teaching no attestation could be so apposite as one that accredited it as a message from the Spirit which "searcheth all things." The universal call to man was worthily issued into the world by a sign which showed that it came directly from the only wise God, who gives understanding, and holds the keys of thought. The command of all languages, by one consentaneous impulse, proclaimed the new message to be the WORD OF GOD.

The great question for humanity is, Hath God spoken? Are we poor wanderers, each left here to his own light, and Heaven looking down in eternal silence on all our straying and perplexity? Hath the Parent Spirit, whence these spirits of ours come, surrounded them with His infinite presence at every step of their stumbling and perilous journey,

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and never once, from the day of Adam to our day, signified that He saw, and heard, and felt? Has He dealt with the soul of man, as with "the spirit of a beast" that could never bless Him, and never break His law? Are all words the words of erring man, and all lights those doubtful or deceptive lights, following which so many have miserably perished? Is all doctrine the guesses of thinkers, or the juggling of Priests? Has God never, never spoken?

"GOD SPAKE ALL THESE WORDS, AND SAID!" On the Pentecost of Israel, from out of the fire on Sinai, came "a mighty voice," which, sweeping down from the distant peak as if from a throne at hand, filled the ears of three millions of people, or more, as if they had been a little group. Ten times THE VOICE sounded mysteriously over all that awed and quivering host, till human nature, smitten to the core, cried out, "We die, we die!" The VOICE had uttered only gentle and wholesome laws, laws binding man to God, and man to man, laying sure paths to peace and blessedness; but human nature was already guilty under these laws, and the VOICE awoke only the response, "Let not God speak with us, lest we die." (Exod. xx. 19.)

Thus, in the old time, a whole nation could be appealed to, that all words were not uncertain, nor all questions open: "Ye came near and stood under the mountain; and the mountain burned with fire unto the midst of heaven, with darkness, clouds, and thick darkness. And the Lord spake unto you out of the midst of the fire: ye heard the voice of the words, but saw no similitude; only ye heard a voice. And He declared unto you His covenant, which He commanded you to perform, even ten commandments; and He wrote them upon two tables of stone."

As in the Pentecost of Israel, so in the Pentecost of Christianity, the Lord once more speaks "out of the midst of the fire." Now, however, the accompanying tokens are not physical, but mental: employing many human minds and human tongues as His instruments, yet manifesting the unity of that impulse whereby they are all moved, He makes not merely the people of one nation, but the representatives of all nations, feel that GOD HATH SPOKEN. Yes, tell it wherever there are ears to hear, tell it to the ends of the earth, *God hath spoken;* man has not been forgotten; guesses are not all our light; there is a *Gospel*, a "speech of God;" questions affecting salvation are settled; and our way to holy living and happy dying traced by the Hand which rules both worlds.—*Arthur's "Tongue of Fire."*

HAPPY RHODA.

(*Concluded from page* 201.)

BUT NOW, FOURTHLY, let us ask, *How she conducted herself?*

Her conduct was truly noble. Look at her *promptness.* In the middle of the meeting, whilst all her thoughts were clustering round heavenly things, and she seemed to be lifted above the world, suddenly a knock was

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heard at the street-door. Many persons would have required time to collect their ideas and recover their self-possession, but she was ready and away in a moment: no one seems to have called to her; no one seems to have said to her, "Hark! there is a knock: go to the door." She stood with her "loins girt, and her light burning." She said to herself, "There is a knock; I am door-keeper; it is hard to leave these sacred exercises; I shall be sure to lose something, but I must go;" and quick as lightning she glided out of the room and was at the door.

Look at her *courage*.

Wicked children are always cowards at heart: they know that they have done wrong, and that God is angry with them; so they are afraid to be in the dark; it is full of terrors to them; they see a ghost in every white cat, and they hear a goblin squeak in every bang of the shutter. They turn pale if you only talk of a churchyard. If you propose that they should go into an upper room for a box, they instantly have a pain in their ankle; and as for looking under a bed, if any queer sound has been heard, they would as soon be smothered outright between the blankets. But it was not so with Rhoda: to go to the house-door at that time of night was anything but agreeable; a knock at such an hour might well have frightened her, and most likely she had a gloomy passage to cross; but she did not ask any one to go with her; it was her business, and she went about it in "the fear of the Lord," which overcomes all other fears.

We notice her *prudence*.

She did not do what some foolish damsels would have done. She did not at once open the door to see who was there, and so put herself at their mercy; but she first called out through the keyhole, "Who is there?" This was prudent of her; for it might have been some wicked person who would have rushed in, and struck her to the ground. There was a case the other day of a servant-maid who thoughtlessly opened the front-door at night when no one was at home but herself. She was seized by two ruffians, who stopped her mouth, carried her to a cupboard, and locked her in, and then robbed the house at their leisure. I admire Rhoda's caution, therefore: she found out *who* was knocking before she opened the door.

But now, dear children, I want you to follow her to the front-door, and see her surprise.

"*Who is there?*" she said. Ah! *who* was there? If you had been outside, you would have seen a large middle-aged man with sandals on his feet, wrapped up in a cloak, with a very solemn, yet withal heavenly, countenance. He came up hastily to the door, and knocked sharply, because he thought that all the family were gone to rest; and then he waited patiently till some of them had time (as he reckoned) to get dressed and come down. See! now he is stamping on the stone step to warm himself; and now the keen night air catches his throat, and he coughs; and now he drops his head on his broad chest, and says to himself, in a deep voice, "Wonderful! wonderful!"

et us look inside again: Rhoda is at the door, and she has said, "Who

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is there?" and, stooping to the keyhole, she hears the answer, "*It is I! Let me in!*" Why does Rhoda start so at those few words? Has a needle been shot into her ear? No! she starts, and no wonder, for it is the voice of Peter himself; the man whose name has been on her lips for days; the man whom they are all praying for! She was confident of it, and, turning about, she ran along the passage, burst into the room where all the people were on their knees, and cried, "*Peter is standing at the gate!*"

Now this was rather thoughtless of her. She did what was unkind in leaving Peter out in the cold. She ought first to have opened the door for him, and then she might have run back as fast as she pleased. Peter was very anxious to get in, especially after hearing her speak, and knowing that they were down-stairs. "*He continued knocking.*"

I dare say he thought it singular. A glorious angel had come to him in the dungeon, and spoken so calmly and lovingly to him, and brought him out by the hand. The great iron gate, far larger than Mary's door, had swung back to him "of his own accord:" but now that he is at the house of his old friend, no welcome meets him, and the door is barred and bolted! No one will open it to him. I say, Rhoda should not have done this: she would not have done it had she thought for a moment. But young people are often very excitable, and very fond of telling new and strange things: indeed, what actually happens is not half wonderful enough for them; so they magnify and exaggerate it till they make you believe that a mouse is an elephant, and a caterpillar a boa-constrictor. But there are excuses for Rhoda: it was such a very startling thing to hear Peter's voice. Dear children, how *you* would scamper if you went to the front-door, and heard through the key-hole the voice of some one you thought dead and buried! But Peter was as good as dead and buried to Rhoda! Besides, loving him as she did, it was only natural that she should feel beside herself at hearing his voice. We are expressly told that "she opened not the door for *gladness*." Her heart fairly ran away with her; and I dare say we should all have run away after her: so we will not be flinging stones at her. There,—whilst Peter "continued knocking," looking at the light through the key-hole, and listening for footsteps inside,—there was Rhoda in the meeting, declaring to the disciples "how Peter stood before the gate!"

No wonder they thought she was out of her senses. "Thou art mad," they all said: "Peter is under lock and key: he is to be tried to-morrow. We are imploring God to open some way of escape for him then; and now do you tell us that he is at the gate?—*thou art mad.*"

You see, if she had at once opened the door to Peter, and let him come in and show himself, all would have been settled in a moment; but, failing in this, she could only "*constantly affirm* that it was even so;" and she did this with such earnestness, and she had such an established character for truthfulness, that they could not go on contradicting her. They ran out to the door, and throwing back the fastenings, there, sure enough, stood Peter! and, lo and behold! all their prayers were

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immediately turned into songs of praise! As he made his way through the crowd, some sobbed, some shouted, some gave glory to God, some flung themselves on his neck; so that he had to hold up his finger, and bid them be quiet, whilst he told them what had happened, and how graciously the Lord had answered their intercessions for him. Then he left the house again; but not, we may suppose, before Rhoda had stolen to his side, and kissed his sun-burnt hand, and he had smiled upon her.

And now, dear children, having already drawn so many lessons from the story, I shall conclude this address with a single remark.

See how much you may get by hearkening!

Being the first to hearken, Rhoda was the first to be made glad by St. Peter's voice, and she became God's messenger to the whole company. Not that I would have you eavesdroppers; not that I would have you listening at cracks and through key-holes. I call *that* regular thieving. I do not see any difference between stealing people's words and stealing their pocket-handkerchiefs. I trust you will be above such dishonesty: never let your ear *be* where you would not wish your ear to be *seen*. When, therefore, I say, *how much you may get by hearkening*, I refer to such opportunities as are afforded you when your elders are in conversation, or when books are being read, or when you go to church: then "hearken diligently;" then be "swift to hear." How often you have come to hearken to your mother—your Teacher—your Minister! What do you get by all you hear? Are you wiser, better, happier for it? *I am knocking at the door now:* are you *hearkening?* If you are not as deaf as a post, you must hear much every day: so every night ask yourself, "What has come in at Ear-gate to-day? What have I learnt by hearkening to-day?" Take a sieve, and sift it; the wheat from the chaff, the gold from the rubbish. This is the way to increase knowledge. And hearkening thus, you will not only be hearers of "glad tidings" *yourselves*, as Rhoda was, but you will have "treasures of wisdom" to communicate to *others!*

BEGINNING AT ONCE.

Faith is the starting-post of obedience; but what I want is, that you start immediately; that you wait not for more light to spiritualize your obedience; but that you work towards light, by yielding a present obedience up to the present light which you profess; that you stir up all the gift which is now in you. This is the way to have the gift enlarged, that whatever your hand findeth to do in the way of service to God, you now do it with all your might. And the very fruit of doing it because of His authority, is that you will at length do it because of your own renovated taste. As you persevere in the labours of His service, you will grow in the likeness of His character. The graces of holiness will both brighten and multiply upon you. These will be your treasures, and treasures for heaven, too; the delights of which mainly consist in the affections, and feelings, and congenial employments of the new creature. —*Dr. Chalmers.*

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DANCING.

Is it right for professedly Christian parents to encourage dancing? Is it right for the sons and daughters of religious parents to frequent dancing-parties? Consider these questions fairly, looking at both sides.

Is not learning to dance a duty?

It is believed that few will dispute the following proposition:—Every faculty, mental and physical, which we possess, is given to us by God for our use and improvement. The voice, the eye, the ear, and the power of motion, the hand and the foot, are all to be cultivated. Whatever of art can be brought to bear on untutored nature to bring either mind or body nearer to perfection, should be employed as far as circumstances will permit; (always, however, regarding the higher interests of the deathless spirit of man;) so that, within reasonable and scriptural limits, the development and improvement of the human form, gestures, and action, are *duties* incumbent on all.

Is it not an advantage to learn dancing?

The exercise in itself is graceful. It promotes an elegant and easy carriage. Apart from its usual accompaniments of heated rooms and late hours, dancing in itself may be regarded as a healthful recreation.

The exercise is one which seems peculiarly adapted to young people. The elasticity of youth, the springing step, the exuberant spirit, seem to require some employment; and the activities of the dance appear to be a natural expression of the physical and emotional buoyancy of early life.

Is it not natural?

It certainly is a natural accompaniment to music. This is seen in very early infancy. A lively tune played on a street-organ will make the little ones (who have just begun to walk) jump and caper, as the natural expression of their pleasure.

Is it not a social exercise?

It is. It promotes friendliness amongst young people; is an acceptable introduction to neighbours; is generally practised in what is termed "good society;" serves to fill up an evening which would otherwise probably be dull, or be spent in foolish, if not ill-natured, conversation.

Is it not sanctioned by authority?

Did not Miriam dance with the maidens of Israel, after the passage of the Red Sea? Did not David dance before the ark? Does not Solomon say, "There is a time to dance?"

The example of royalty may be quoted in its favour, as far as an occasional ball is concerned; and the present Court is certainly the best, the most virtuous, which England has ever known.

The consent of many Clergymen, and some other Ministers of religion, as well as of Deacons in Nonconforming churches, and even of office-bearers in the Wesleyan church, has been given to the practice, either in their own houses, or by allowing their children to join parties where dancing has formed the principal part of the evening's amusement.

If so much can be said in favour of dancing, must it not be right? Let us look at the other side.

Is learning to dance a duty?

The development and improvement of the physical frame of man may be promoted most advantageously by the military drill for boys and young men. Who are finer models of humanity than the well-drilled "guards" in Her Majesty's service? Is not an "erect soldierly bearing" universally admired?

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Similar advantages for girls and young ladies may be obtained by the use of calisthenic and other suitable exercises; in many cases based on the principles taught by anatomical science.

For the improvement of the human form, then, there are other exercises equally, if not more efficient than dancing; and not being *necessary* to the development and improvement of the physical structure, it is *not* a *duty* to practise it.

Is it an advantage?

A graceful carriage certainly is; but as this can be obtained by other means, the accessaries to dancing and dancing-parties must also be considered, in referring to its advantages; and these may induce another question,—

Is it not an evil?

Even children's parties for dancing rarely commence before eight or nine o'clock in the evening. Numbers are deemed necessary to the excitement; and the heated condition of the rooms, and the exertions made from a desire to excel, are certainly not favourable to bodily health. The late hours to which dancing-parties for those who have become young men and women are kept, sometimes stretching towards the hours of morning, are decidedly and positively objectionable on the ground of health, and on higher considerations.

If exuberant spirits require vent, it is submitted they may and ought to find it (in all religious families) in those healthful out-door recreations which accord with the principles of morals and religion.

Take the dancing-room, all but crowded with young men and women, in the exuberance of animal spirits, stimulated, it may be, when fatigue might possibly prevail, by some exhilarating beverage: take the light, low dresses worn by young ladies, the effort at display, the attitudes frequent in polkas and waltzes, the *badinage* and light conversation usual on such occasions: take the excitement, the late hours, the return home. Then consider the lassitude of the next day, relieved by conversation on the dresses worn, the effect produced on the company; the *ennui* and disappointment excited in some minds, the triumph of success in others; and then ask, "Is this promotive of spiritual life?" "Is this answering the great end of existence?"

The butterflies of humanity cannot appreciate these questions: the young people of religious families ought to feel they have a serious import.

Does the dance promote modesty in either sex? Did it ever give a healthful conscience? a happy train of thought? an impetus to an honourable or distinguished career? This appeal is to young persons who have had a religious example; and they are asked, Is the dance a fit preparation for that devotion which you have been taught to practise before you retire to rest? Is its tendency good in reference to your eternal interests? If not, what other considerations can for a moment compare with those which you know are all-important?

Is dancing natural?

Yes; dancing is a natural accompaniment to *music prepared for the dance:* and this music is usually of the poorest character; poor in invention, poor in arrangement, suggesting nothing but motion; totally unlike the rich, elevating, soul-stirring, or soul-subduing melodies and harmonies of the best composers.

Against the exercises of the dance, as a means of healthful recreation, little is to be said. John Wesley is reported to have declared, "He had no objection to dancing, if men and women danced separately, and danced without music;" that is, employed dancing merely as a bodily exercise.

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"But there would be no fun in this," say our "fast" young friends. Certainly not much; but if dancing is to be defended as a healthful recreation, there might be the excuse of good sense. The evil of dancing is in the tendencies of the dance; the passions excited by display; the unhealthy atmosphere; the unseasonable hours; the mental, moral, and religious unprofitableness, or worse.

Is not dancing promotive of sociality?

Yes; but so are many other practices which it is extremely undesirable to indulge at all risks. This question may be replied to by another. Cannot sociality, friendly and intelligent intercourse, be promoted by better means?

Is it not a poor return for the education imparted to the sons and daughters of respectable and wealthy religious parents, to be told that an evening spent by young people must necessarily be dull without a dance?

Are our legs the only instruments of liveliness? Is not an agreeable conversational talent worth cultivating? "Reading," says Lord Bacon, "makes a full man; writing an exact man; conversation a ready man." If our educated and intelligent youth read to purpose, should they not learn to converse interestingly? If so, where need be the dulness?

Is dancing useful?

Life is sadly misspent, if frequent parties are necessary to its occupation. Are not intelligent young men, with the Bible in their hands, fully aware they have duties to perform both to God and man; and that there will be but a sorry account to present at last, if life has been spent during the day simply in the aim to acquire wealth, and during the evening only in the dissipation of company?

The world has to be made the better for their existence; and it is no slight increase to the responsibility of the sons and daughters of pious and prosperous parents, that this lesson has been taught them, both at home and from the pulpit, from their infancy; and that by education and social position they ought to be better fitted than their fathers for the discharge of their duties.

Young men and young women, bear with the appeal! Do not turn God's blessings to your own disadvantage. If your worldly prospects were poorer, your craving for worldly amusements would be less. Your desire "to do as others do" in these matters, would be weaker from the absence of temptation. Have the courage to battle with the difficulties of social position. Be resolved, be prayerful, and you will overcome. Take your stand here, and say, "It is my duty to be religious; I must have religion. God commands it; my parents pray for it; my soul requires it; the church desires it; my neighbour needs it; Satan fears it; the time will come when I shall bitterly mourn if I do not possess it. Death will be shrouded in the darkness of unutterable misery, if heaven be closed against me; and heaven will be closed if I have not true religion."

Then why should you tamper with that which will not promote but hinder your spiritual life? Why throw impediments in the path of usefulness?

Is not the instruction of your poorer neighbours an occupation worthy of your powers?

Are not the multiplied forms of Christian usefulness adapted to your capabilities? If not, try some other. Bend your whole mind and heart, not to that which dissipates life, but to that which improves it. Crowd existence with deeds worthy of an immortal being. Make others the better for your existence.

"'Tis infamy to die, and not be miss'd."

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Are dancing-parties sanctioned by authority?

No one will pretend, that in the religious dances of Miriam and the Israelitish maidens; or of David, in the festival of bringing up the ark; there is anything to warrant the whirl of the waltz, the indelicacies of the polka, or even the evening party for a country dance. As far as we know, none of the young men danced with Miriam; none of the Jewish maidens with David.

But Solomon says, there is "a time to dance." So, also, in the same chapter he says, there is "a time to kill." He opposes this to "a time to heal." And the "time to dance" is opposed to the "time to mourn." All that is meant apparently is, that there is a fitness in things to be observed; and that as exultation would be totally unfitting in a time of affliction, so grief is out of place in a time of rejoicing.

To those who refer to Scripture, may we not mention the dance of Salome before Herod, and refer to the calamitous results which followed that exhibition? the infatuated Monarch, influenced by the fiendish mother and the wicked child, imbruing his hands in the blood of the Prophet of God!

To refer to modern authority, let it be remembered, that in the highest circle in this kingdom there are many things deemed requisite to position, which none out of that circle can plead. These lines are not addressed to many likely to be commanded to a court-ball.

As to the example of some religious professors, that must be taken for what it is worth. If it can be defended by reason and Scripture, let the example have its full weight: if the maxims of worldly society are pleaded in support, then these are inapplicable to those who profess allegiance to a "kingdom *not* of this world."

There are Deacons of Nonconforming churches whose children dance; but are many of these children candidates for membership in Dissenting churches? Is one out of twenty to be depended on as likely to maintain the doctrines of those spiritual heroes who founded the Nonconforming churches of our land?

If Wesleyan Methodists encourage dancing, can they honestly expect the dancers to meet in class? Do they calculate on their children taking their places as Stewards, Trustees, Leaders, Tract-Distributers, Sick Visiters, or Sunday-school Teachers?

Why, O! why is the youth of Methodism thus lost to it? Why are the barriers between the church and the world to be one by one thrown down? Not because the world is becoming more religious, so much as because the church is becoming more worldly. Rather let all the energies of Ministers and godly people be devoted, not to making bigots of our young friends, but to making them intelligently pious, and influentially useful.

If usefully occupied in some charitable or religious efforts, when would evenings be found dull? When would there be a lack of topics for conversation? Engaged in mental improvement, in social amenities, in religious exercises, in practical benevolence, who would find the week too long? Who would need the excitement of the dance, in order "to give wings to time?"

EDWARD CORDEROY.

FRIENDLY WORDS TO TRACT-DISTRIBUTERS.

WE are not wont to overlook the moral and spiritual good accomplished by means of the circulation of religious Tracts, neither are we going to dis-

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courage or find fault with the persons who are engaged in this work. Our object rather is to point out the peculiar end of Tract-distribution, to simplify the aims of such as labour in this itinerant service, and thereby secure to the church a larger gain, and to Christ more honour and glory.

The Tract Society is a local Missionary institution, designed to act upon the ignorant and the vicious part of the population. It may not be confined in its operations to this class. Neither are the labours of the City Missionary, or the benefits of the Sunday-school. Into this institution the children of respectable and godly parents may be admitted; but the Sunday-school was not established for such, and it is now intended *chiefly and specially* for the religious instruction of those children whose own parents are unable or unwilling to teach them at home. And in his visiting, the City Missionary does not pass by a house because a Christian family is living there: he visits that household with the rest; but his mission is not exactly to such. He would not be sent to a street or neighbourhood where all the inhabitants were communicants, or even regular worshippers. The special work of the City Missionary is to visit and carry the Gospel to those who will not hear it from the pulpit. These are the persons whose good is sought by the establishment and working of Town and City Missions, although, as in the case of Sunday-schools, others are accidentally benefited. And whilst the same object is contemplated, a like incident occurs in the operations of Tract Societies. In many a pious family the weekly Tract is a welcome addition to the household literature; and many are the sick and the destitute whose necessities have been brought to light and relieved by the agency of the Tract Society. But these are secondary advantages, subordinate in the purposes of the Society. They are but incidental benefits; and to accomplish them, the Tract Society is not the sort of agency that would have been employed. The mission of the Tract-distributer is specially to the English Heathens abounding in our towns and cities, who read no Bible, acknowledge no Sabbath, attend no place of worship; and the primary object of the Distributer should be *to bring these persons to the house of God.*

This object must never be lost sight of. There is a danger lest the more orderly and better-disposed of these people take up and become satisfied with reading Tracts, and receiving visits at their own houses. But they must be led to understand and feel that the Tract and the visit are intended to create a taste for religious teaching, to lead them to something higher, to introduce them to the house of God and to the Christian ministry.

Nothing great is done until this object is attained. Our ultimate design is that these persons may be saved; but no hope can be entertained of the salvation of such as neglect the public worship of God. Whatever their peculiar creed or prejudices, all who wilfully neglect the public worship of God must be in their sins. Of course they might regularly attend upon an evangelical and earnest ministry, and be none the better; but, on the other hand, he that has not enough reverence for God and religion to attend some place of worship, must be classed as "a heathen man and a publican."

It follows that a test of this kind may be applied to local Tract Societies: "How many persons are annually added to the congregations by the labours of the Distributers?" We know that some will profess to derive great pleasure from reading the Tracts, and acknowledge the kindness of the Distributer, and yet not amend their ways. It is gratifying to listen to expressions of good feeling; yet it is most certain, that those who continue to neglect the

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public worship of God, *cannot* have received much religious benefit from Tracts and visits.

By the Distributers individually must this test be borne in mind week by week. The first-fruits of real success are to be found in the congregation, and we must not think anything done until the families in the various districts are induced to attend some place of worship. By the instructions and prayers of City Missionaries and Tract-Distributers, a few sick and aged persons may, at their own homes, be snatched as brands from the burning; but if we hope to see the masses of our town-populations converted to God, we must "*bring in hither* the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." All our exertions must tend to this point. We must bring our neighbours to Christ, outwardly and visibly, if we would lead them to Him spiritually and savingly. They must come to the temple, if they would find the Lord of the temple.

It is a fact worth notice, that the sick folk healed by the Lord Jesus, either came to Him, or were brought by friends. The man with a withered hand, and the woman with a spirit of infirmity, had come to the synagogue, and whilst there they met with Christ, and were healed. The impotent man, who had lain thirty-eight years, was found by the pool-side on the Sabbath when Jesus healed him. The woman who had an issue of blood twelve years came to Christ, and in touching Him was healed. The deaf man of Decapolis was brought by his friends to the Saviour; the blind son of Timeus was not cured as he sat by the wayside, but when he rose and came to Jesus; and the paralytic of Capernaum was carried on the shoulders of four neighbours to the place where our Lord was preaching.

And it is thus that we must try to bless our neighbours,—*leading them to the place where Christ is.* Something definite is accomplished when people are brought to a place of worship. It is the "house of mercy." And when we see there a great multitude of impotent folk, we take it as a good sign, and full of promise. They are in the way of being healed. When the angel comes down to trouble the water, they are on the spot to take advantage of his visit. It is but one step from the porch to the pool; and when sinners have been led into any one of the five porches, there is good reason to hope that they will go a step farther, and get saved.

Let all Tract-Distributers work towards this point, and think nothing done until the families whom they visit regularly attend the house of God.

St. John's Wood. J. R.

SUBTERRANEAN QUARRIES IN JERUSALEM.

THE following notes were communicated to the "Athenæum" by a Scotch gentleman, Mr. Douglas:—

During a visit to Jerusalem in the spring of 1855, I became acquainted with a very intelligent Hebrew, who informed me that there were extensive quarries beneath the city, and that there was undoubted evidence that from these quarries the stones employed in the building and rebuilding of the Temple were obtained. He told me that these excavations were accessible through a small opening under the north wall of the city; that he had descended some time before with two English gentlemen, and had spent with them several hours exploring the excavations, which were sufficiently extensive to have furnished stones enough, not only for the construction of this Temple, but for the whole of Jerusalem, the walls included. He expressed his readiness to

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accompany me, but proposed to go after dark, as he feared the Turkish guards might fire upon or maltreat us, if they detected us. As my party comprised two ladies and my two sons, all equally desirous with myself to see these excavations,—as the gates of the city were closed at sunset, and as there were no houses outside the walls,—I would not listen to the proposal to spend the night in the open air, unless, upon trial, I found we could do no better. We, accordingly, went to examine the situation and size of the opening. We found it about one hundred and fifty yards to the eastward of the Damascus Gate. It seemed like the burrow of some wild animal: there was no rubbish above the opening, but some tall grass and weeds. Persons entering might be observed by the guards; but this did not seem very likely, as the soldiers generally remained within the gate, and only very rarely one sauntered outside. We, accordingly, decided to make the attempt by daylight, fully satisfied that, even if observed, we should be only rudely driven away. The next morning, therefore, we left the city as soon as the gates were opened. One of the party got into the hole, but returned, saying, that it would be necessary to get in feet foremost, as there was a perpendicular descent of six or seven feet at the inner opening. He went back again with the lights: I followed. The ladies were got through with considerable difficulty. When fairly inside, we found ourselves in an immense vault, and standing upon the top of a pile which was very evidently formed by the accumulation of the minute particles from the final dressings of the blocks of stone. On descending this pile, we entered, through a large arch, into another vault, equally vast, and separated from the first by enormous pillars. This vault, or quarry, led, by a gradual descent into another and another, each separated from the other by massive stony partitions, which had been left to give additional strength to the vaulted roofs. In some of the quarries the blocks of stone which had been quarried out lay partly dressed; in some the blocks were still attached to the rock; in some the workmen had just commenced chiselling; and in some the architect's line was distinct on the smooth face of the wall of the quarry. The mode in which the blocks were got out was similar to that used by the ancient Egyptians, as seen in the sandstone-quarries at Hagar Tilsilis, and in the granite-quarries at Syene. The architect first drew the outline of the blocks on the face of the quarry; the workmen then chiselled them out in their whole thickness, separating them entirely from each other, and leaving them attached by their backs only to the solid wall. They were then detached by cutting a passage behind them, which, whilst it separated the blocks, left them roughly dressed, and left the wall prepared for further operations. We remarked the similarity between the stones chiselled out in these quarries and the few blocks of stone built into the south-east corner of the wall of Jerusalem, which are so remarkable for their size, their weather-worn appearance, and the peculiar ornamentation of their edges. We spent between two and three hours in these quarries. Our examinations were, however, chiefly on the side towards the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Our guide stated, that more to the westward was a quarry of the peculiar reddish marble so commonly used as pavement in the streets of Jerusalem. From the place where we entered the descent was gradual: between some of the quarries, however, there were broad flights of steps, cut out of the solid rock. I had no means of judging of the distance between the roofs of the vaults and the streets of the city, except that from the descent the thickness must be enormous. The size and extent of these excavations fully bore out the opinion that they had yielded stones enough to build not only the Temple, but the whole of Jerusalem.

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The situation of these quarries, the mode by which the stones were got out, and the evidence that the stones were fully prepared and dressed before being removed, may possibly throw light upon the verses of Scripture in which it is said, "And he" (Solomon) "set threescore and ten thousand of them to be bearers of burdens, and fourscore thousand to be hewers in the mountain, and three thousand and six hundred overseers to set the people a work." (2 Chron. ii. 18.) And again: "And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer nor ax nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building." (1 Kings vi. 7.)

In one of the quarries there was a spring of water. A recess in the rock, and a shallow trough, had been cut for its reception. The water was soft and clear, but somewhat unpleasant to the taste. The expenditure of our candles hastened our departure. We got out as we got in, unobserved. I had not another opportunity of visiting these quarries; but left Jerusalem, in hopes that some one more enterprising and more able would explore and give a more detailed and accurate account of these excavations, which to me seemed so abounding in interest.

Narrative Pieces.

A FISHER OF MEN.

It was in the winter of 1848, writes the Rev. J. de Liefde, to the Editor of "Evangelical Christendom:" Amsterdam, my native place, was almost entirely new to me. Ten years before this, I had left it as a young Minister called to orders in a village of Friesland; and now I re-entered it as a dismissed Minister, covered with many a painful wound which I got in a long and heavy battle against the spirit of Unitarianism and Rationalism, that, alas! pervaded, and still pervades, the Protestant Church of my country. Instituting no comparison with the Apostle Paul, yet I observed some similarity between my coming to Amsterdam, and his entering the streets of Athens. From the multitude of churches and chapels that crowd the city, I might conclude that its population was "too superstitious;" but whether they know the true and living God, I might rightly doubt, since I knew that in far the greatest part of those buildings, either a creature was adored as a goddess, or God was proclaimed as a creature.

One of my first visits directed my steps to the house of Mr. W., a Christian friend, who, with me, was deploring the state of deep ignorance and unbelief into which the poor people had sunk. I told him the history of my struggle with my congregation, and that now, for the first time, I resolved to remain in Amsterdam.

"And what plan have you, as to your work or business in this city?" asked Mr. W.

"I don't know. I hope the Lord will show me some way that may lead me to a good and useful work."

"Ah! plenty of work," exclaimed he. "There is work here for a hundred dismissed Ministers."

"Indeed?"

"O, yes! There are thousands and thousands of poor souls in this city, who never see a Preacher in their houses, and never hear a word of truth that can save them. If you like to go with me to the Goldflower Canal, a population of about ten thousand poor fisher and beggar people, I doubt whether there has been a Minister among them for fifty—indeed for a hundred—years."

"O, yes! I know that quarter very well," replied I. "It is the lowest place of the city, and people live there like dogs and cats together."

"Exactly. Well, if you seek for some

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useful work, there is a large field for you."

"Very well; I am ready. Will you go with me to make a beginning?"

"Now? Immediately?"

"Certainly! What should we wait for? The field lies open for me. Why should I not enter it directly?"

My friend could not help smiling. However, he took his great-coat, and so we proceeded to the Goldflower Canal.

It is a dirty place. It is called a canal; but you would better call it a ditch. The filthy, muddy water of that miserable pool exhales continually noxious vapour, which, however, in the winter is less perceptible. Two rows of poorly-built and colourless houses, or rather huts, are stretched out along the dirty water. Some narrow and fragile bridges, not to be passed by a horse, are built over the ditch. At the corners of these bridges, poor, wretched women are sitting before their wheelbarrows, to sell warm pancakes, oil-cakes, fried fishes, augurs, mussels, &c. They are the cooks for the greatest part of the population of this place. The streets on both sides of the canal are covered with half-naked children, creeping like dogs and cats over the causeway. When walking along, you must take care not to tread upon such a creeping creature. They are entirely left to themselves, as their parents are out for work, or for begging, for catching fishes on the rivers, or alms at the doors of the wealthy. Here is the abode of the Amsterdam minstrels, organ-grinders, rag-scrapers, and especially of those Amazons who, throughout the whole kingdom, are renowned as "the Amsterdam fishwomen." However, they are in some respects a very good-natured people. How low soever their morality may have sunk, theft and robbery is less known among them than drinking, fighting, and impurity of domestic life. Every day there is some quarrel in the houses, to which the neighbours crowd together in order to form the auditory. Soon the quarrellers come out of doors, to choose a more spacious arena on the street. Then they proceed from words to blows. A heavy battle begins; and, as the street between the houses and the canal is very narrow, it often happens that the two champions fall into the water. This, however, is scarcely so deep as to reach above their limbs; and so standing in the water, they continue their athletic exercises, till at length they resolve to make peace. They help each other to climb out of the ditch, and a few minutes after, you may find them sitting with a glass of gin between them, and swearing to each other everlasting friendship.

I was standing with my friend on one of the bridges, looking at the wretched scenery that displayed itself around us.

"Look," said my friend, pointing to a small house that appeared to be less ruinous than the adjacent ones; "there is a kindly-looking woman standing at the door of her house. Perhaps she will give you her room for the purpose."

We immediately proceeded to her.

"Well, my good mother," said I, "could you, perhaps, help me to a room for an evening in the week?"

"A room, Sir? To what purpose, if I dare ask you?"

"I want to sit down there for an hour, and to speak some good words to you and to your neighbours."

"Well, my dear Sir, how under heaven is it possible that such a gentleman as you are would sit down in my little ark? Such a representation has never been given on this canal, as old as I am."

"Never mind, my good lady. Let it be the first representation, if only the people will come and see the spectacle."

"I suppose, Sir, you will speak of the Bible, Sir?"

"Yes; I will."

"O! very well. That's capital! Such a tune has never been heard here, Sir; at least since my life. And the folks need it very much, to be sure. You've no idea, Sir, of what is going on among us, Sir. If I should tell you all, you certainly would clasp your hands together in astonishment."

"I think I know something of it. But would you allow me your room?"

"O, certainly; most gladly. Walk in, Sir, and I shall show you the locality."

We entered the house, which consisted of two small rooms, one behind the other. The fore-room seemed to be about eight feet in length, and sixteen in breadth. Its door led immediately to the street. I saw two or three wooden chairs and a small

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table. In the corner there was a bed; and next to a Dutch clock some pieces of fishing-furniture were hanging up, which betrayed the trade of the inhabitants. This room was separated from the back room by a partition, consisting of old windows with their panes, so that the light from the street could enter into this back room.

"Now, Sir," the woman said, pointing to the table; "you can sit down at that table. I shall give you an arm-chair, which is standing yonder in the back room, and put a cushion of our bed upon it. I also shall spread a napkin over the table, and you may sit there; and I and my husband shall sit down here, and you will tell us some good stories, I suppose."

"Very well, my dear mother. As to the cushion, you may leave that. I am very well contented with that chair."

"O, no, Sir; you must sit softly. I never shall allow you to sit on such a hard chair as our folks are sitting on. And it is a soft cushion, Sir. You'll experience it yourself."

"But, my good lady, I see but three chairs in this room, and perhaps five or six in the other. These will not be enough for the purpose, if your neighbours come to hear me."

"O, never mind, Sir. My husband is a fisherman in the summer, and a carpenter in the winter. He has some boards or deals in our garret, and will carry them down. We shall lay them upon two chairs as if they were benches. Don't you perceive, Sir?"

"O, yes! that will do. And what must I pay you for all this?"

"O, beware, my dear Sir, not a farthing! We shall be too happy to have you among us, to tell us some good stories. We shall sit down, Sir, and listen to you, and you may be sure we shall altogether be as quiet as a dead fish. Tell me only when you will come, and you will find all ready."

"To-morrow evening, at eight o'clock. Would that suit you?"

"Most nicely, Sir. May the good God bless it, Sir."

The next evening I found myself at the place. The chair with the cushion was kindly inviting me. A quarto Bible was lying on the clean napkin that covered the table. The woman and her husband were each sitting on a chair; and on a board resting upon two chairs, I observed seven other persons sitting in quiet expectation. One of them was a blind organ-grinder, next to him a rag-scraper's boy; the others were fisherwomen. I could scarcely withhold my tears, when I saw these hungry and thirsty souls gathered round the bread of life which was lying before them. I prayed the Lord that He might give me such thoughts in my heart, and such words on my lips, as were calculated for the understanding and wants of these ignorant people. I opened the Bible, and read a chapter to them, which I then explained as popularly as I was enabled to do. It was my first experiment; and I saw, to my great joy, that they understood my words. At least, they all listened with uninterrupted attention; and when I finished, they all requested me fervently to come back next week.

Thus I became a fisher among fisher-people.

How I caught Fishes among the Fisher-People.

The Lord blessed my work in His infinite mercy. Scarcely had I spoken three or four times in my good fisherwoman's room, when it was crowded, so that the people remained standing in the door of the street, and many were obliged to return for want of room.

"My good lady," said I to the woman, "can you not make a hole in that partition, and place my chair in it? Then your back room may also be filled with hearers."

"O, certainly; yes, Sir! my husband is already about to take out one of the windows. But I said we had better take out all the windows, so that both rooms may form one large one. I promise you that you will find it all right the next turn."

And so it was. The next week I found the windows taken out, and myself sitting in one of them, on an elevated platform, spacious enough for my chair and my table.

Now the people flew together in multitudes. Soon, again, the whole place, which now was capable of containing

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eighty hearers, was crammed. There were, however, more than one hundred, for some were sitting at my feet under the table; others had found their places on the beds. At length, the husband of my good woman cut a hole in the ceiling, and I saw the legs of the attendants hanging down from the garret. It was a most affecting spectacle for every one who remembered that most of those people used from their childhood to live without God and Christ in the world. And now they heard of the love and power of that Jesus, who took the first specimens of His redeeming grace from poor fisher-people, like they were.

And the effects of the work which God was now carrying on through my medium became soon manifest. Many a wild marriage was settled regularly. Formerly there was no difference to be seen between the Lord's day and the week-days: this now began to become visible. To these obvious evidences several of a more spiritual kind were added. I was often called to sick people who had learnt from my word that nobody, unless converted and regenerated, can enter the kingdom of God. There I enjoyed the mercy of meeting with many a dying sinner, who seasonably found a good and faithful Shepherd, to guide him through the valley of the shadow of death.

(*To be continued.*)

The Monitor.

FAULT-FINDING.

Some men have a strong physical tendency—may we not call it?—to see everything on the dark side. The liver, or spleen, or whatever part of the great physical machine most affects the animal spirits, has, perhaps, from an early age, in such constitutions, performed its functions imperfectly; and the trial of the man, through life, is to contend with this physical infirmity. His tendency is in every case to take a gloomy view of the objects and persons around him, and his rebukes are but the natural expression of his own sensations. Such a man is much to be pitied; but he is also to remember that natural faults are not necessarily incurable faults. His cross-grained tendencies are not sent to be his masters, but his slaves. A man born with a wen seeks to get rid of it; and rather than not do so, submits himself to the caustic or the knife of the surgeon. And moral faults such as these are among the "old things" which ought to be cut away.

A second case closely allied to this is, where men, not thus naturally and constitutionally disposed to murmur and rebuke, beget that habit by personal indulgence and sensualism. Nine-tenths of the world have a tendency to become dyspeptic, if they are guilty of the smallest excesses in eating or drinking. I am sorry to refer to such subjects; and do it, I know, at the risk of incurring the reproach of coarseness of taste. But the truth, in such a case, must be spoken; and I am disposed to refer a large proportion of the faults of men in society to indulgence of appetite. "If that be all," says some indignant fault-finder, "I can cure the evil in a day." I beg him not to be too sure of this. A celebrated physician has been heard to say, that he had charged about two thousand patients with eating too heartily for their bodily health, almost all of whom had replied that, "if this was all, it should be cured in a day;" but he adds, "I do not think that one hundred of them ever really complied with my prescription."

In some other cases, I think that the evil originates in an exaggerated and mistaken *expectation* as to *human character*. They expect men to be angels; and when they find us to be mere men, they are at once put out of humour with us. I do not, of course, mean to employ this consideration so as to justify any man in a culpable acquiescence in his own infirmities. A child is not to be satisfied to remain a child, though his childhood ought to win for him some consideration and sympathy at the hands of a bystander. But every man must allow for his brother's infirmities; and if he resolves to let fly a

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shaft from the bow of reproof every time that he sees a fault in his brother, he will soon empty a very large quiver.

Another source of this munificence in reproof is, that the reprover is often exceedingly *out of humour with himself*, and then vents this displeasure upon other people. It is a singular mental delusion, that the rent in our own garment seems to lessen, if we can only make one in the garment of another. The solution of the phenomenon may be this: Just as a short man would be great in an army of pigmies, we seem to ourselves to rise exactly in the proportion in which others sink. We read of "the one-eyed Monarch of the blind." The true Christian spirit is to feel, that "if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it;" that the hand suffers when the foot bleeds; and not that our hand is strengthened by any want of strength in the foot of our neighbour..

Another not unfrequent source of such prodigal reproofs is, I fear, nothing better than *downright ill-humour and malice*. Ill-humour is careless of giving pain; and malice delights to give it. In the worst cases of this kind, the reprover watches for his prey as the tiger for his victim; and springs, like the tiger, at the first opportunity. This state of mind is, of course, almost Satanic. As the "unruly tongue" is said to be "set on fire of hell," I entirely believe that the devil has much to do with the fierceness which prompts those who have an ill word to speak of, and to, everybody.

Another cause which ministers to this habit is the forgetfulness that our poor infirm and encumbered nature often stands thoroughly in need of a little encouragement in order to assist it in getting up the hill "Difficulty." Even the most self-conceited men have very low moments; but such persons I have no anxiety to relieve. Let them mourn till they mend. But large numbers of the family of Christ are labouring under discouragements which need all that our kindness and sympathy can do for them. Ministers of religion are, I believe, especially to be classed among that number. Whoever has read Mr. Hall's celebrated sermon on the "Encouragements and Discouragements of the Christian Ministry," will know how formidable an array of the latter that great writer displays to us. The character of the duties which a Minister of religion has to discharge; the general distaste of a corrupt world to the truths he teaches; the various tempers and dispositions he has to deal with; the resistance of the world, the flesh, and the devil, are all antagonists of so formidable a character, as often to tempt a man to cast himself on the ground, like the Prophet, in absolute despair. He wants, all through his long and difficult journey, at least the bread and water of a little kindness and sympathy to sustain his spirit, and to raise him out of the dust of hopelessness. Instead of that, after bestowing days and nights of hard labour on his sermons, he is perhaps compelled to listen to some complaint about some most minute and insignificant mistake in a quotation or a word; to a compassionate condolence on his obviously having not been quite well yesterday when he preached; or to a hint as to the infinite value of precisely that quality of mind or style as to which he knows himself to be especially deficient. Then he is apt to be obligingly informed that "Mr. A. is *something like* a Preacher;" and that "Mr. B. is the *only* Preacher worth hearing;" and that if "such sermons as Mr. C.'s could be heard in the parish church, then indeed great changes must soon take place." Now he ought, no doubt, to be delighted with these excellencies of his fellow-Ministers; and so, perhaps, he would be, in the abstract, and if these excellencies were not thrust into his very face at a wrong moment, or as a side-wind rebuke to himself. But to a heart almost pressed to the ground by a sense of deficiency, these sly contrasts serve sometimes to give the finishing-stroke to his faith and hope; and he proceeds to preach, visit, labour, almost "like a thief going to execution." It is possible that, as a Christian, his faith is weak; and it is highly probable that, as an Englishman, his spirits are low; and so he goes on his way mourning instead of rejoicing, and wanders in the deep valley when his course ought to be on the mountain-top.—*Christian Observer.*

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Our Schools and Children.

REVIVALS IN DAY-SCHOOLS.

I AM happy to be able to tell you of a good work of the Lord in the hearts of many of the scholars. From fifteen to twenty have found peace with God during the last three months; and several others are seriously impressed with Divine truth, and I hope, by and by, will be led to give themselves to the Lord.

I believe this good work began in the hearts of some of them a considerable time before they actually gave themselves to the Lord. It has been my constant endeavour since I came here to bring Divine truth to bear on the conscience as well as on the understanding of the children; and at different times the starting tear and the devoutness of behaviour manifested by many during worship told of the strivings of the good Spirit, and of the seed being sown and taking root. Glory be to God! about three or four months ago we held special services at —— chapel; and great was my joy at finding amongst the first who came forward to the penitent-form my two pupil-teachers, and one of the oldest scholars. From this time the work has gone on: some in the school, and others in the various services, have found peace and joy through believing. Only the last week but one we heard that another girl had found the pearl of great price.

Our regular course of instruction has not been much altered by these glorious events; only there may have been a little more of pointed exhortation and warning in the lessons given from time to time.

We have not established a separate class for these young believers, but have distributed them amongst the other classes, thinking, that in the circumstances, such a course would best answer our great object; namely, their establishment and growth in grace. We have, however, a weekly prayer-meeting at the close of the school on the Wednesday afternoon; and whilst those little ones who believe in Jesus are pouring out their souls to God in prayer for themselves, their parents, their school-fellows, and their teacher, I am often blessed and cheered exceedingly.—*Dated May 12th, from a Day-School in a populous village connected with large iron-works.*

You will be glad that nine or ten of the day-scholars have given their hearts to God during the present revival. I have no doubt of its genuineness. Their changed behaviour and anxiety for the conversion of others attest it. Last evening, when walking to a country meeting, I discovered some of them praying and talking with a blind, bed-ridden old woman, and distributing tracts by the way-side.—*Dated May 17th, from another Day-School.*

LITTLE CALEB'S REMARK.

"PAPA, I did not hear you say, 'Bless little Caleb,'" exclaimed a pretty, cheerful little boy, four years of age, as he rose from his knees after family-prayer one morning. It was evident to a visiter present, on whose account, probably, papa had deviated a little from his usual custom,—that it was the practice of the gentleman to mention his little boys by *name*. They knew then that papa prayed for *them*, and they listened in order to hear what he would say. We cannot doubt the practice to be a good one, and we only wish it were more generally adopted. Family-worship is often felt to be tedious to children, just because they cannot understand what is passing. It would be far otherwise if suitable portions of Scripture were selected, and the attention of the little ones occasionally called to the most striking points. This, accompanied with singing, and a prayer in which they could, at least, understand the petitions concerning themselves, would render the worship most agreeable and useful. Let it not be considered a matter of small importance. It will make an impression which time will not efface. Why do scores and hundreds of young people, as soon as they feel themselves in any measure from under parental restraint, absent themselves from the family-altar?

Prestwich. E. A. G.

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Popery.

MAUNDY THURSDAY IN MALTA.

MAUNDY THURSDAY was a great day in the church of St. John. There was a very long service, in which the oil was consecrated by the Bishop and Priests in procession, for extreme unction for the whole island. The church was crowded to an extreme; and in the course of the consecration, a certain number of Priests approached the table on which the oil was placed, and at which the Bishop and Canons were seated. As they approached, they went upon their knees, every two or three steps, and uttered a short prayer; and when they came to the table, they breathed over the oil, and retired. This procession, which was very tedious, was repeated; and, finally, after a few prayers and genuflexions from the Bishop and Canons, the oil was sufficiently charged with what they call Divine virtue. After this service, the Bishop changed his more gorgeous robes for others of a less imposing description, and approached twelve poor men who had been selected for the occasion, and each called by the name of one of the twelve Apostles. They were dressed each in a white robe, in the form of a long shirt, and a pair of white trousers; and, being seated, the Bishop washed their feet. He was accompanied by one Priest carrying a silver basin, another with a silver jug with water, and a third with a towel. These twelve Apostles assembled in another church in the evening, for whom a supper was prepared in one of the oratories of the church. The table was laid for thirteen. A large plate, with a good-sized loaf, and a cake with the name of the Apostle, and around it seven small plates full of the various farinaceous productions of the island, and oranges, for each Apostle. The table was beautifully ornamented with flowers, and in the centre was a lamb. The thirteenth plate had I.H.S. on it, and was at the head of the table. This was made a show of through the whole of the day; and at night, after the vespers, the twelve old men whose feet had been washed by the Bishop, took their seats at the table, in the presence of a crowded audience, and partook of the loaf, &c., and what they did not eat they took away with them.

From another church, about four o'clock P.M., Maundy Thursday, a very long procession started, which occupied about three hours before it returned, and was as follows.—1. A man carrying a black crape flag, with others dressed in black sackcloth, barefooted, and their heads and faces covered with a sack, having two small holes for them to look through. There was also a drum and fife, playing a miserable dirge; the flag, drum, and fife were in the front, and the rest followed in open files, one file on each side of the street: each person in the procession had a lantern fixed on the top of a stick about six feet long. There were about thirty persons in this order. 2. A silver cross and lights on each side, carried by men dressed as before; and another procession with lanterns. 3. A platform, carried by ten men, all dressed as before. On the platform was the image of Christ weeping over Jerusalem: this image, as also all that followed, was full size. This was followed by a procession with lights. 4. A platform, with the image of Christ in the garden, and an angel ministering to him, followed by another procession with lights. 5. A platform, with the image of Christ with His hands bound, and a crown of thorns upon his head. This was followed by a procession with lanterns. 6. A platform, with the image of Christ bound, having on a purple robe, and a crown of thorns on his head. There was also the image of a woman who had wiped the blood off His face, and the handkerchief received the impress of His features. She exhibits this on her arm. This also was followed by a procession with lanterns. 7. A platform, with the image of Christ sinking beneath the weight of the cross, followed by a procession as before. 8. A platform, with the image of Christ on the cross; Mary and another woman looking on in great distress. This was preceded by a band, and followed by a procession of Friars (Capuchins) with lights. 9. A platform, with the image of Christ lying on a couch, with a large canopy over

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it, (representing the sepulchre,) and an angel at each corner, followed by a procession. 10. A platform, with the cross only, and Mary sitting at its foot. This, also, was followed by a procession with lanterns.

This closed the whole; and I suppose that, from the first to the last, the processions covered good part of a mile.

In another church was represented very vividly the crucifixion, and the veil of the temple rent in twain.

Thus in one church or another all the parts of that great event were dramatized, and the actors succeeded in imposing upon the senses of the ignorant. I asked a lady who was standing in the balcony when the image of Christ, bending under the weight of the cross, was passing, what it meant; and her reply was, "He cannot carry it; it is so heavy." "Who?" I asked. She answered, "*God.*"

But I must now give you the scene of Easter Sunday morning.

At four o'clock, a platform, with the image of Christ rising into the air, issued from a church, with a drum and fife, and red flag in front some distance, and a number of lights; then followed a Priest with Bible, another with the silver thurible, or incense-burner; then a small silver cross, with a light on each side; and afterwards the platform, encircled with a large number of glass lanterns, sending upwards a complete blaze of light. The image was about seven feet high, standing on one foot; the other foot raised as though advancing upwards, with both hands raised as though proclaiming his own triumph. This was carried about the town, with a band playing some merry tunes, amidst an immense concourse of people, at least ten thousand. As it passed the churches, it received incense from the Priest standing at the doors; and at the end of the procession there was a steep ascent in the Strada, and here the ten carriers ran with the image to the top, the people shouting most lustily, and the image moving like a drunken man.

I should have told you, that on Good Friday I went into the Jesuits' church, just as the Priest was finishing his Passion-sermon; and afterwards a cross was brought in, about five feet long, with the image of Christ nailed to it, and held by two men, the foot resting on the floor, and at an angle of about 45° with the floor; and men and women came and knelt by it, and kissed the image. To me this was disgustingly indecent.

I have conversed with a few of the more intelligent of the Maltese, (but there are not many such,) and they say that the time should have arrived for putting away these processions, but that the lower orders of the people will have them. This does not say much for the teaching of the Priests.

J. V. A.

Parental Monitor.

INFLUENCE OF CHILDREN ON THE PARENT.

I must come nearer home, and remind you that those little ones are of great importance to yourselves. I am sure you feel this, at all events, to be true. O! how important are they! They are your most eloquent Preachers; your most skilful physicians; your most powerful masters. They strengthen you for labour, and refresh you when at rest. They rouse you up, and send you out in the early morning, and make you glad to return home at night. That child who climbs your knee, twines its arms around your neck, and kisses your rough cheek, has more power over you than all the police in the city, or than all the armies of the world, were they arrayed against you. Its winning, confiding look will make you pause in your mad career more than cannon if pointed at you. Its smile holds you fast as no iron chain can do; and its fond caressings will often calm your wild heart, and make yourself a child. It would be nothing, indeed, to the world, if that little light were extinguished; but would it not be darkness to your own home? Many an afflicted parent has had no other cord binding the heart to earth save a tender

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infant; and, but for that, the grave would be a bed of peace, and to be with Christ far better; and when that babe is removed, the little green spot where it lies interred seems to be the whole world to the lonely mourner. "Save my child!" has often been the last cry amidst desolation, from one who cared for nought else, and knew all else was lost. That parent has, indeed, sunk lower than the beasts that perish, when he is no longer thus influenced by the love of his children.

You cannot, then, say—you surely never even thought—that your children are nothing to you? You feel that your happiness even now is bound up in what they are. And when they leave the domestic roof, will you not be thankful and proud if they turn out well, and are honoured and respected by the world? Will you not feel their shame and dishonour to be your own? Will their well-doing not be a crown of glory to you in old age? and would not their ill-doing help to bring down your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave? Therefore, apart from any other or higher consideration, for your own sakes have a care how you train them up.

A strong working man once came to me, requesting the ordinance of baptism for his child. He was a smith, and confessed that he had formerly been in the habit of drinking to excess, but for two years had lived a strictly sober life. On my asking what led to this change, he replied, after some hesitation: "Indeed, I believe it was the *bairns*." "The bairns!" I exclaimed: "how was that?" "Why, Sir," said he, "when I came home at night, they used to run and meet me, and play about me; and the youngest was a special favourite, and extraordinary fond of me; and one evening, when she had her arms about my neck, and was giving me a kiss, the thocht struck me, What a beast I was to be taking drink in this way, if it was for no other reason than the harm I was sure to do to baith the bodies and souls of my ain bairns. I took such shame to myself, that I dropped it since then; and now I hope I have better reasons, even than the good of the family, for keeping sober." —*The Home School.*

DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.

I CANNOT but express my sympathy with those Christian parents who are compelled to live in the miserable tenements which crowd our large cities. It is not possible to conceive, in a civilized or Christian land, worse circumstances for the right upbringing of the young than those in which numbers of our respectable artisans are placed. The house is small and confined, because property is valuable and rents are exorbitant. There is little light and little air, order is hardly possible, cleanliness difficult, taste out of the question. All that meets the eye without is still more uncongenial. The common stair is coated with the mud of the crowded inhabitants of the various flats to which it leads. The street or lane is wet or dusty, and always filthy. The lark in the cage has some grass beneath his feet; but the children have none for theirs. The air is loaded with smoke and smells of every description, from what is contributed by the kennel below, up to the tall chimney which vomits its vapours and black stream above. The blue sky is seldom seen in the narrow interval of roofs overhead or through the canopy of smoke. Is this *a home* in which to enjoy life and rear a family? Yet even this home is, in most cases, uncertain. No attachment can be formed to its walls, such as even a prisoner forms, after years of confinement, to his cell. No attachment can be formed to its neighbourhood, or its neighbours; for these are ever changing. The workman must follow his work, and if that fails in one place he must seek it in another. And thus, as the Arab who has to move his tent when the pasture is consumed, requires to have such a tent as is easily and rapidly moved; so, many of our workmen, having to hire their house from month to month, never burden themselves but with the scantiest supply of furniture; and wander hither and thither, from street to street, from city to city, having no feeling of rest or home anywhere, being strangers everywhere,—schools, churches, neighbours, employers, never two years the same. Why do I mention such things here? To awaken sympathy with the difficulties which many of our working classes have to contend against; to make those who take an in-

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terest in them see what an important bearing steady work, and a fixed and comfortable home, have upon the education and character of our population; to turn the attention of every reader to the consideration of whatever feasible plan is proposed for combining the freedom and independence of the country with the social advantages of the town to the workman; to make intelligent artisans careful what home they select, in which to rear their precious offspring to good and to happiness; to implore every man to whom God has given the unspeakable blessing of a home among the green fields, and the sunny skies, and cheerful scenes of our beautiful country, to beware how he lightly gives it up and exchanges it for a filthy village, or a den in some dark corner of our crowded cities; and, finally, to remind landlords, in town and country, that God has laid few more solemn responsibilities upon a man, than the power of assigning a home for the upbringing of immortal souls, and that they must take care how a spot so sacred is made suitable for such inmates. At all events, if ever home-education is to be improved among the masses, we must also improve the homes in which it is to be afforded; while all parents would do well to remember how much, in every case, home-education depends on the health and happiness of the children, and how these again are so much connected with a well-aired, clean, and cheerfully-situated home.—*Ibid.*

Poetry.

BIRDS OF SONG.

Free and fearless, soar along,
Beautiful, beautiful birds of song!
Bright of eye, and swift of wing,
Through the blue sky wandering;
Scorning sorrow, care, and thrall,
Ever richly musical.

Onward! in your bright career,
Beautiful birds of song!
Breathe not a note that tells of fear
As ye wildly rove along
Over the hills, in verdure clad,
Your melody 'tis that maketh glad;
Over the valleys thick with corn,
Ye warble the matin-hymn at morn:
Where is the hand would do ye wrong,
Beautiful, beautiful birds of song?

Let the eagle mount up when the storm has done,
And spread his broad wings to the mid-day sun;
Let him build his eyry, all lonely and proud,
On the pinnacled rock that pierces the cloud.
Cleaving the heavens with star-lit eye,
And basking in Infinity's sky:
The eagle is noble, majestic, and free,
But the birds of song are far dearer to me.

When the gentle spring breameth on earth,
Who, who awaketh the anthem of mirth?
Who singeth in concert with sweet streams,
And poureth music into our dreams?
Whose notes, across the summer glade,
Murmur a dirge as each flower doth fade,
And linger until autumn dies,
And winter's hurricanes sweep the skies?
'Tis the singing birds,—the choral throng,
The beautiful, beautiful birds of song.

O! I have trod my dear native hills,
The upland, the brook, and the river,
Where the skylark his melody trills,
And the nightingale's harmonies quiver.
When the pearly tears of morning gush,
Sweet is the song of the woodland thrush!
And the linnet's strain, and blackbird's note,
Are the same that used on my ears to float,
When in childhood's days I wander'd alone;
Yes! yes! the same sweet and magical tone
That thrill'd on my senses, when first
The glorious visions of poesy burst!

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The same,—yes, unalter'd, the same,—
As clear, and each cadence as strong!
Then shall I not yield them their claim,
And wreathe with the innocent garland of fame
The beautiful, beautiful birds of song?

Faversham. BENJAMIN GOUGH.

The Letter-Carrier.

LETTER FROM MR. JAMES MONTGOMERY, OF SHEFFIELD, TO MR. THOMAS STEPHENSON.

[*Feb. 5th*, 1848.]

DEAR SIR,

I AM ashamed to find, among a mass of unanswered correspondence, that a letter from you, dated October 27th, 1847, remains yet unacknowledged; though, from the kindness which it expressed towards me, it deserved my earliest thanks. Circumstances not easily to be explained have left me in long arrears to many friendly strangers, who from time to time write to me on various occasions as one whose name attracts some attention from well-disposed people, to whom I am a mere ideal personage, modelled by their estimate of my character as they judge of it by my writings. Flattering as this may be, I suffer no little inconvenience; for seldom do I receive such communications unaccompanied by some request, or task imposed, which I find it irksome, or even impracticable, to comply with. Your application, however, may be easily and I hope satisfactorily answered. You mention my "Poetic Version of the Psalms." More than twenty-five years ago, I published, under the title of "Songs of Zion," metrical paraphrases of about sixty Psalms, or portions of Psalms; and not long afterwards, in "The Christian Psalmist," a collection of Psalms and Hymns by many authors, which I made for William Collins, bookseller, of Glasgow. I gave, as an Appendix, *a hundred original hymns of my own composition*. The latter have been so far approved, that a great number of them, either *with* my leave or *without*, have been borrowed by the Clergy of the Establishment, and the Ministers of other denominations, to add to the bulk, at least, of their own respective selections for public worship. This practice has become so frequent, and good people take such liberties with my language and my sentiments, to adapt these to their own, that I have long felt that, in justice to myself, it is clearly imperative upon me to collect and revise all my pieces of this kind, and publish them in the form as I can conscientiously leave them to the Christian church, when I am no more seen on earth; because it is manifestly unjust in my inconsiderate debtors (as they make themselves) to palm upon me their new readings of passages which they cannot approve in my text. They ought not surely thus to make me responsible for their interpolations, when they find themselves unwilling to make use of mine. They ought, as honest men, (I do not accuse them of being otherwise,) either to take me as they find me, or let me alone altogether. In this manner of meddling, they know not what evil they do with the best intentions in the world. I have for some time past, though very slowly, been preparing my Hymns,—more than three hundred, composed occasionally through more than thirty years. I have been preparing these, I say, for the press; and, if spared in life less than a tenth part of that time longer, I hope to bring them forth as perfectly as I can render them, according to my judgment of what such means of exercising spiritual influence over Christian minds ought to be, under the blessing of Him to whose praise and glory I endeavour to indite them, with my heart's desire and prayer that His people who receive them may sing them to the same devout and hallowed end.

Excuse so many words, where fewer might have been better and more becoming me to employ; but I trust you will understand from the whole, that you may expect some time (so far as depends on me) to see accomplished what you desire; and that I am, truly,

Your obliged friend and servant,

J. MONTGOMERY.

Mr. Thomas Stephenson, Grimsby.

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The Portfolio.

HOW TO PAY FOR A NEW GOWN.

"I AM just run in, Mrs. Grant, to show you my beautiful gown. I do think, as I said to Mr. Snap, that you will be very likely to have a deal with him when he comes back this way. Look! isn't it beautiful?" Saying this, Mrs. Winsome exhibited a showy piece of goods to her neighbour, Mrs. Grant. "Why, dear me!" she continued: "you don't seem to admire it." "Why, the truth is, Mrs. Winsome, the very sight of it makes me feel queer. You had it from the tally-man, had you not?" "Why, yes, I certainly did: what of that?" "O, dear me, Mrs. Grant! you make me quite nervous; for the only deep sorrow I have ever known in life arose from my dealings with a man of this kind. You see, he coaxed me into having some things; indeed, he *would* leave them with me, for all my objections; and I was very foolishly led by him into one expense after another, by his saying I could just pay him when I liked, that at last the bill was too large for me to pay it: for I seemed always in debt. He then became dissatisfied with the small payments that I was able to make from my little savings in house-keeping, and the deceitful fellow troubled my husband for it. This caused the first frown I ever saw on John's brow, and I received a warning against tally-men that I shall remember to my dying day; and if you will take my advice, Mrs. Winsome, you will have nothing to do with the system."

"O, as to that, Mrs. Grant, I don't see with you; for I find it very pleasant to have a nice new gown, and pay for it when I like." "Ah! I tell you, the man will very likely tire of your slow payments; and if he sends your husband a threatening letter, you will find your home-peace broken, and I am sure that is worth more than a gown." "Goodness me! I believe it is, too; but I don't think these kind of men ever do things like that, they are so kind." "Ah! don't they, though? Why, I have just been reading in the newspaper a case to the point. A poor man had to pay a world of money for his wife, who would run him in debt in this way, and he had no help for it; and in the same page there is an account of a young husband who received a threatening letter by the post from a tally-man about his wife's debt, as he was sitting at breakfast on a Sunday morning, and the peace of that home fled for ever, for the husband became a drunkard!" "Bless me, Mrs. Grant! you quite frighten me!"

"Ah! indeed, it is a frightful thing, Mrs. Winsome; and I should be glad to frighten every wife out of the system. I am sure I should not like the worst enemy I have to be coaxed into debt by these men. I have found a far better way to get a new gown, and pay for it too. I will let you into my secret; and it will never cause your husband to frown upon you, nor make you tremble when the postman knocks at your door." "Dear me, do tell me!" "Well, I just put by a little at a time, as I can spare it, say only a penny or so sometimes. Husband and I both know where the old teapot stands containing it; so, may be, he gets a shilling now and then, for a little extra job, so in he pops it; and when he wants a new waistcoat, or I want a new gown, we go and see how rich we are, and then you see we cut our garment according to our cloth; and I can always wear my new gown with more pleasure for having paid for it before I put it on. You see I feel now, out of debt out of danger." "Well, really, Mrs. Grant, I do think I shall take your advice, and roll up my fine new gown, and give it back to the tally-man when he next calls round. I shall not soon forget your words,—out of debt out of danger." "Stop, Mrs. Winsome, let me tell you of more important words than mine. The Bible says, 'Owe no man anything.' This settles the matter with all who care to please Him to whom we are soon to render in our account."—*Mother's Friend.*

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WILLIE'S WHISPER.

"Thy will be done."

So let it be, in grief or pain,
In life or death, in youth or age;
So let it be, in loss or gain,
Yea, when we read life's darkest page:
So let it be, though heart decay,
And life appear one evil day.

When sickness steals upon the frame,
And anxious days and nights be mine,
In good or ill, my prayer the same,
"Thy will be done," and only Thine:
So let it be, in sorrow's tear;
Then let me find my Saviour near.

Yea, teach me still Thy will below,
My infant lips Thy praise repeat:
Aye let me feel, where'er I go,
That Thou dost guard my eager feet;
Ay! every step, till angels bear
My longing soul to realms more fair.

Willie is an ailing child, with a happy, loving disposition. Often have we seen him on his mother's knee; and heard him repeat those beautiful words of our Saviour, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." Ay; and as often have we thought that the sage may still be instructed by the child: "Thy will be done!" How happy to be thus reconciled, whatever our lot! Willie murmurs not, though so young in years; "for as yet he is but a child." His hope seems to stretch beyond the mere things of earth; for he often says that he would like to go to his father, who is now safe in that bright and better world.

Macclesfield. THE WANDERER.

A FRAGMENT.

THERE is something so solemnly sacred in the voice of prayer, that the spirit is at once subdued to a calm thoughtfulness. The agony of mental fervour seems like to the echoes of Sinai; whilst that from infant lips seems to be as the whispers of angels. O, how the spirit fears! and yet how it tries to love! What a sacred reverence steals upon the soul! What a forgetfulness of the things of time! What a willingness to gaze into futurity! Ay, and how sweet and charming the vision to see an infant upon its mother's knee, trying to follow her teachings; trying to lisp that beautiful prayer of our Saviour, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven!" O! we may not pass over it lightly as a common occurrence; for the child, with all its simplicity, may become our teacher. "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." Yes; and so let it be. Frequently have we passed by little Patty, when she repeated this beautiful prayer; and when sitting by the fire at home, have we thought the circumstance over again and again. Hence on one occasion the following lines came into our mind, to which we have given the title of

PATTY'S PETITION.

O, listen to a little child,
Whilst now on bended knee!
O Jesus, give me all I need,
Whilst supplicating Thee!

I ask not to be great indeed,
Without this Thou approve;
But what I want to know is this,—
To imitate Thy love.

Yea, how to love, and how to fear,
How to forget—forgive;
How to receive the world's dread ill,
Both how to die and live.

How to walk through this dreary world,
By storm and tempest riven;
How to escape that dreary path
Which leads so far from heaven.

O, listen to a simple child,
Whilst now on bended knee!
O Jesus, give me all I need:
I would resemble Thee!

Macclesfield. THE WANDERER.

A SUNDAY IN PRISON.

FOR nine years I have seen from my field of labour the massive walls of the prison at ———. Often within that period had I visited this abode of the condemned, and watched them at their silent toil, and once had worshipped with them; but never, until a few Sundays since, was it my sad privilege to preach to them the Gospel of Christ.

By an exchange of pulpits I became Chaplain for the day. Sitting in that chapel-desk, what a scene presented itself! What a congregation! Thoughts would be busy in the pulpit. Who could restrain

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them under such circumstances? Before me about eight hundred and fifty men, all violators of law, tried, convicted, and sentenced to the toil and ignominy of a prison for a term of months, of years, or for life.

How strangely intermingled! No deference to age or condition. Side by side sat the educated and the ignorant; the veteran in crime, whose villany may be read in the very lines of his hardened features, and the youth arrested in his first act of guilt, whose face, flushed with shame, excites as much our pity as our censure. What a study? And each of these had been an infant. They had sat upon a mother's knee, and listened to a mother's voice,—perhaps, a mother's prayer. That prayer may yet be answered; for I am told by the faithful Chaplain (through whose hands their correspondence passes) that, when sometimes requested to write to a mother, the utterance of that word enables him to play upon the heart-strings of the guilty one, and cords, apparently long since snapped, vibrate.

Here are represented all countries, occupations, professions: alas! my own not excepted. What were the thoughts of one who looked upon me that morning? We had sat in the same pulpit!

On my left is the choir, numbering perhaps twenty prisoners, led by one who had been a professor of music. Many other voices in that vast assembly joined. It was indeed "congregational singing;" and who shall say that strains did not pass through those grated windows which reached the skies, and mingled with the melody of heaven?

In the chapel of the female prison (they worship separately) I found about one hundred. A deeper sadness steals over the mind in addressing this unhappy company. When woman falls, as she descends from a greater height, she sinks to a lower depth. Yet, if the tear that moistened the eyes of some were the language of penitence, there is hope. Before me is "the veiled murderess;" but all hearts are naked to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.

Here is the hospital. On that cot lies a young man whose history is that of thousands. He came from the country to the city, and fell a victim to temptation. With gushing tears he told me he hoped to go out from that prison a better man.

"Who is this of marked intelligence and accomplished manners, that, in convict's dress, has charge of this department?" I need not mention his name or profession, nor will I repeat the words of our brief interview. The fatal encounter at the ———, and the long and exciting trial, are not forgotten.

The heavy key is turned, and we pass again the long range of narrow cells. What thrilling words would they utter could these dumb walls but speak? What revelations of the power of conscience; what attestations of the truth of a judgment to come; what foretastes of the worm that never dies!

Are souls converted here? Yes. He who breathed into the ear of the dying thief his pardon, and who said to her who washed his feet with her tears, "Thy sins are forgiven," has made that prison-house to some a Bethel. This cheering thought, that God by the ministry of His word could set the captive soul at large, quickened faith, and relieved the depression that else had filled the mind in preaching to a congregation of almost a thousand criminals.—*Christian Treasury.*

COST OF THE GREAT PYRAMID OF EGYPT.

Mr. Tite, the architect, states the original dimensions of the Great Pyramid near Gizeh to have been 764 square feet at the base, and 480 feet of perpendicular height; covering 43 acres, 1 rood, 22 perches of ground. It consumed 89,028,000 cubic feet of stone; and Mr. Tite adds, that it could not now be built for less than thirty millions sterling. The joints of the large casing-blocks of granite were so fine as to be scarcely perceptible, not thicker than paper; and the mortar was so adhesive, that the stones in some cases broke through their substance rather than give way at their jointing.—*Things not generally known.*

PROCRASTINATION.

Archbishop Tillotson, the ablest Preacher of his day, thus sets forth the folly of the great majority of mankind: "Many men pass fifty or sixty years in

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the world; and when they are just about going out of it, they bethink themselves, and step back, as it were, to do something which they had all the while forgot; namely, the main business for which they came into the world, to repent of their sins, and reform their lives, and make their peace with God, and in time to prepare for eternity."

FOR OUT-OF-DOOR PREACHERS.

(From Wolverhampton.)

BEHOLD the Divine blessing upon all who go out into "the highways and hedges." Last Sunday night, a wanderer heard the truth, followed it up, and in three quarters of an hour, after earnest pleading, found acceptance. Again, last night, a stranger was picked up in the street, induced to stroll, taken into the house where the pleading in the previous case had been heard, was stirred up to a feeling that on that night Christ might be knocking at the door of his heart for the last time, when he spontaneously fell upon his knees; earnest prayer followed; and in about the same time he rose a child of God. Praise the Lord! Hallelujah!

Memorials of the Departed.

MAY 10th, 1855, at Alhampton, near Castle-Carey, BETTY BARNES, an aged pilgrim to Zion. When yet in youth, she was made the partaker of Divine grace. But, in passing through the chequered scenes of life, she lost her hold of her heavenly Guide, and, for a season, wandered out of the way. In this state she could not rest, and for many years before she closed her lengthened pilgrimage, she had returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. In His fold, and beneath His care, she spent the rest of her time. At the beginning of this year her aged partner was summoned away, not without hope that in his last affliction he had found mercy of the Lord; prayer having been made oft with him and for him. In advanced age, and when no longer able to direct her steps to the house of God, Betty was often subject to saddening depression; but in hope she believed against hope, and waited for God. When her last affliction came, there came also grace in the time of need; and in the midst of considerable and protracted suffering, she was delightfully resigned and happy. Christ was precious. The fear that hath torment had fled.

MAY 13th, at Ditcheat, in the Castle-Carey Circuit, MRS. SARAH KNIGHT, relict of James Knight, Esq., surgeon, of Castle-Carey, in the seventy-first year of her age. At the commencement of her widowhood she retired to the village of Ditcheat to reside with a pious friend, where she became an attendant on the Methodist ministry, with which the village has been favoured from the days of our Founder. "Faith cometh by hearing." Mrs. Knight's attendance on the ministry of the word, through the Divine blessing, resulted in decisive piety. She "first gave her own self to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God." Her appreciation of the advantages arising from an union with "the church of the living God" she showed by a punctual attendance on the means of grace, to which it entitled her. Her labours of love were silent, and her well-doing unostentatious; but she did not forget to visit the Saviour in His suffering and afflicted members. Nor ought this brief record of one who sleeps in Jesus to be without mention of the high and affectionate esteem in which she held those who were over her in the Lord, regarding them as the ambassadors of Christ,—stewards of the mysteries of God. During the special services held in the village,—according to the appointment of the Conference,—at the beginning of the year 1855, notwithstanding the severely inclement weather which prevailed at the time, she was present every evening of the series; and it is believed that she experienced at that time a renewed effusion of the Spirit of holiness. It was by a rapid process that the Divine Architect saw fit to bring to dissolution the earthly house of her tabernacle. But the spirit, calm

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and serene, as in the pavilion of the Divine presence, was kept in perfect peace. During the brief period of her affliction, scarcely a fortnight, her prostration was extreme; so that she had hardly strength to articulate distinctly; yet her mental faculties, assisted doubtless by Divine grace, were clear and undisturbed.

Near Bromyard, in the Hereford Circuit, June 4th, Mr. James Wood, in the seventieth year of his age. He joined the Methodist church in early life, for upwards of fifty years was a zealous Local Preacher, and for many years a Class-Leader and Trustee. Simple in manner, and earnest in spirit, he gained the love and esteem of those who knew him. His house was long a house for preaching and the Preachers' home, and his attachment to Methodism was firm and unflinching. During his last illness he was anxious to leave a good testimony behind him, that his final hour might bring glory to his God. On the day before he died, being Sunday, the Superintendent Minister went to see him. He had not spoken for two days previously; but when the Minister entered, he recognised him: his countenance was lighted up with a smile; and, mustering all his remaining strength, he uttered, "I am very happy." The Minister then asked if he should pray with him: he said, "Yes." These were the last words he spoke. The next morning his happy spirit

"Took its last triumphant flight
From Calvary's to Zion's height."

On the 26th of the same month, Mr. John Buchannan, of Annahilla, in the Aughnacloy Circuit, county of Tyrone. He lived after the course of this vain and sinful world, following the propensities of a degenerate heart, until he had passed his twentieth year. He was, however, graciously saved from those gross immoralities into which many young persons at that time, and in his own neighbourhood, recklessly plunged. At this critical period of his life, he was arrested by the warnings and invitations of a truly Christian matron; and through her instrumentality he was induced to attend the ministrations of the word of life. He very soon gave evidence that he was a convinced and contrite sinner; nor was it long until he was enabled to exercise that faith in the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, which is the trust of the heart-broken and contrite. The immediate result was joy and peace in believing. As the Wesleyan was the church of his vows and consecration, he said, and fully acted upon the saying, "This people shall be my people, and their God my God;" for he believed that the ordinances and institutions of Methodism were sufficient for instruction in righteousness, and for the growth and development of all our spiritual powers. Where Christian principle was concerned, he was firm as a rock. The value he placed on the sacred Scriptures was evidenced by his daily reading, not in a desultory, but in a consecutive, manner; nor could the demands of business, however urgent, divert him from this his favourite employment. He also read with great care and high appreciation our periodical and standard works. In the sanctification of the Lord's day, he was a striking example: anything bordering on its profanation grieved his spirit, and called forth immediate reproof. He attended to the command, and found the promise true, as given by our Lord in Matt. vi. 6. In the closet he wrestled and prevailed: here in communings with God he sought for the grace and wisdom necessary for the duties of a Class-Leader, an office which he long and usefully filled. In his temporal affairs nothing ambiguous or doubtful ever appeared. He was valued even by the irreligious for his integrity and uprightness. He practised self-denial, and thus recommended the scriptural and salutary course of keeping his body under, and bringing it into subjection, that so in all things God might be glorified. To his house he welcomed the Ministers of the Gospel, esteeming them very highly in love for their work's sake. His contributions for the support and extension of the work of God at home and abroad, were given with regularity and cheerfulness. In his relation of husband and father, his conduct was at all times most exemplary. The family-group collected by his desire just a fortnight before his dissolution, proved the deep concern he felt for those so dear to him; the wife of his youth, the sharer of his joys and

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sorrows, sons, daughters, and daughters-in-law, all of whom (as well) belonged to the household of faith. Having signified to them his persuasion that his end was drawing near, he instructed them in the management of their temporal affairs, and urged them to cleave to the Lord. He requested his sons to pray, and prayed himself with more than wonted power and enlargement. He then read the hymn beginning,—

"When I can read my title clear;"

adding, "This hymn fully expresses the language of my heart." Soon after his remaining strength gave way; and now the passive graces were called forth. Nor was anything more conspicuous at this trying time than his humility, and love for prayer. His eldest daughter mentioned, as cause for encouragement, the long time he had spent in the service of his Divine Master. He said, in reply, "On that I place no dependence. I have nothing to boast of; nothing to spare." She then said, "Would the saying of Mr. Wesley suit you,—

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'"

He at once, with considerable emphasis, responded, "That will do; that will do: none *for me* but Christ." Thus was this servant of God found when he heard and obeyed the summons, and his redeemed and purified spirit passed to the realms of eternal bliss, to be for ever with the Lord. He was preceded but a few short weeks to the heavenly paradise by two of his grandchildren, who had given unmistakable evidence of a genuine work of grace, in their early conversion to God, and ripeness for the enjoyments and employments of heaven.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

Names.	Residences, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bell, Cornelius,	Silton,	Shaftesbury,	71	March 8th, 1856.
Bland, Richard,	Upton,	Retford,	33	April 4th, 1856.
Broadley, John Kay,	Radcliffe-Bridge,	Bury,	27	July 24th, 1855.
Cartman, Mary Ann,	Summerseat,	Bury,	25	Feb. 24th, 1856.
Colton, Elisabeth,	Wiseton,	Retford,	82	March 27th, 1856.
Cook, Hannah,	Taynton,	Witney,	59	April 30th, 1856.
Cordock, William,	Waltham,	Grimsby,	74	May 2d, 1856.
Drury, Mary,	Skelton,	Howden,	86	April 30th, 1856.
Eastman, George,	Appleden,	Bideford,	67	April 19th, 1856.
Fox, Mrs. Anne Maria,	Bury,	Bury,	31	April 18th, 1856.
Gibson, Mrs.,	Tivetshall,	Attleborough,	40	May 2d, 1856.
Harper, Hannah,	Idle,	Woodhouse-Grove,	89	April 29th, 1856.
Heyworth, Sarah,	Bury,	Bury,	47	April 25th, 1856.
Kay, Mrs. Ann,	Bury,	Bury,	74	March 24th, 1856.
Potter, Mr. R.,	New-Buckenham,	Attleborough,	74	April 19th, 1856.
Rogerson, Mary,	Summerseat,	Bury,	12	April 30th, 1856.
Salters, Jemima,	Radcliffe-Bridge,	Bury,	71	Dec. 12th, 1855.
Shelton, Alethea C.,	Caistor,	Grimsby,	46	April 29th, 1856.
Snowden, Sarah,	Wiseton,	Retford,	42	Feb. 29th, 1856.
Walton, John,	Hartley-Cleugh,	Allendale-Town,	32	April 19th, 1856.
Watkinson, Mary,	Grimsby,	Grimsby,	57	April 19th, 1856.
Watson, Thomas,	Grimsby,	Grimsby,	65	April 11th, 1856.
Willey, John,	Retford,	Retford,	76	May 2d, 1856.
Williamson, Grace,	Aylesby,	Grimsby,	65	April 22d, 1856.

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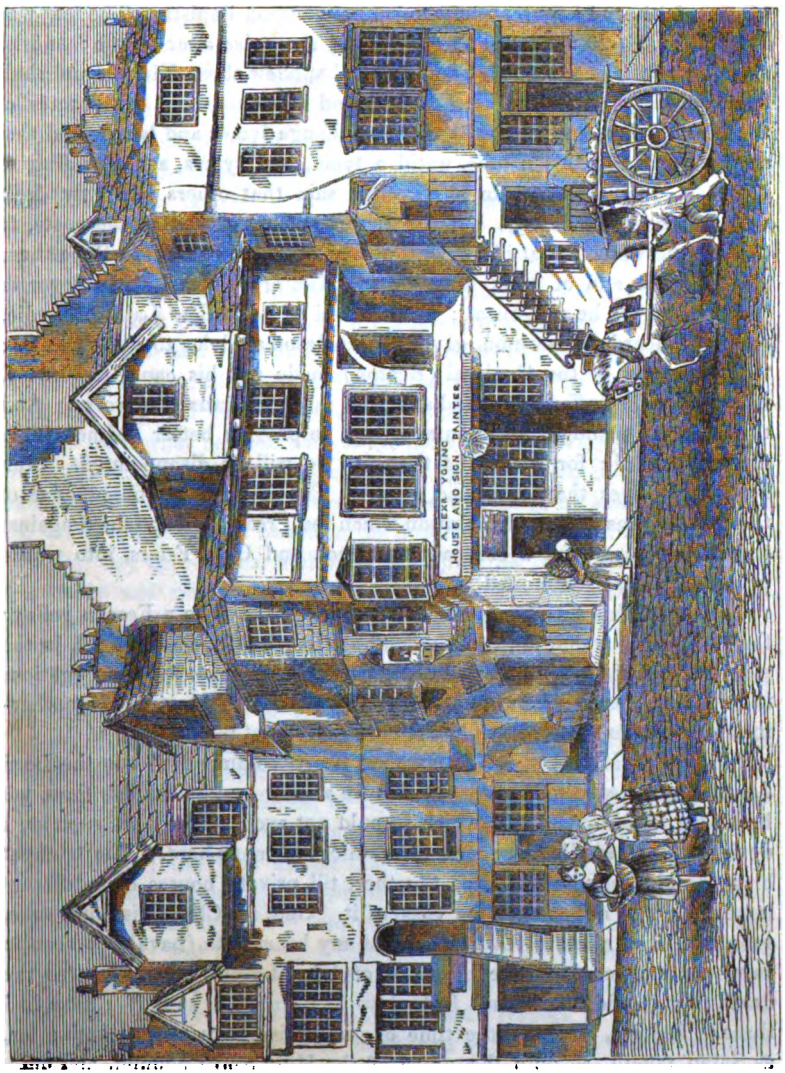
THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.



WELL may Scotland be proud of John Knox. His was one of the noblest souls that ever dwelt in fleshly tabernacle, fearing not them who could kill the body, but only fearing Him who can cast both soul and body

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into hell. John Knox's house in Edinburgh yet stands,* a familiar monument, while not even a grave-stone ever marked the place of his burial. There is a propriety, however, in this house-monument which the visiter can scarcely fail to perceive, when he is reminded that Knox was a house-preacher in the city. His first sermon, indeed, was delivered in the parish church of St. Andrew, and a thorough good sermon it was; a confession of his own faith, and a sentence of condemnation upon Papistry. The text was Daniel vii. 24, 25: "And ane other King shall rise after thame; and he shall be unlyik unto the first, and he shall subdew three Kinges, and shall speak wordis against the Most Heigh, and shall consome the sanctes of the Most Heigh, and think that he may change tymes and lawes: and thei shalbe gevin into his handis, untill a tyme, and tymes, and deviding of tymes." The audience, in admiration, said that others had only dealt with branches of Popery, but the new Preacher struck at the roots, to destroy the whole; that if the Doctors did not now defend the Pope there would be an end of him; that "Master George Wishart spake never so plainly, and yet he was burnt; even so will *he* be." The Laird of Nydie, who had heard the sermon, gave this wholesome advice to some Priests: "The tyranny of the Cardinal (Beaton) made not his cause the better, neither yet the suffering of God's servant made his cause the worse. And therefore we would counsel you and them to provide better defences than fire and sword; for it may be that else ye will be disappointed. Men have other eyes than they had then." The immediate consequence of this sermon was a warm disputation which the Preacher maintained against the Pope's Vicar and a company of Black and Grey Friars, into whose presence he was summoned.

Soon after this Knox was made prisoner, and sent to a French galley: then began his wanderings in England and on the Continent, until, in the year 1556, he is again in Edinburgh, preaching to crowded congregations in private houses. A letter, written on the 15th of May, to his mother-in-law, breathes devotedness to the cause of Christ:—

"Beloved Mother,—With my most hearty commendation in the Lord Jesus, albeit I was fully purposed to have visited you before this time, yet hath God laid impediments which I could not avoid. They are such as, I doubt not, are to His glory, and the comfort of many here. The trumpet blew the old sound three days together, till private houses of indifferent largeness could not contain the voice of it. God, for Christ his Son's sake, grant me to be mindful that the sobs of my heart hath (have) not been in vain, nor neglected, in the presence of His Majesty. O sweet was the death that should follow such forty days in Edinburgh as here I have had three. Rejoice, mother: the time of our deliverance approacheth; for, as Satan rageth, so doth the grace of the Holy Spirit abound, and daily giveth new testimonies of the everlasting love of our merciful Father.

* The house yet stands, and is represented in the prefixed engraving; but it has undergone considerable alteration in the course of three centuries.

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The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you. In haste,—this Monday, —Your son, JOHN KNOX."

In little more than three years, he was elected Minister of all Protestant Edinburgh; for Edinburgh proper then consisted of but one parish, and all the Protestant inhabitants, assembled or represented in the Tolbooth, placed themselves under his spiritual charge. How diligently he laboured there, until, his life being in danger, his friends compelled him to leave, there can be no question. And when Protestantism gained ascendency, and Queen Mary of Scotland found herself obliged to submit to see evangelical worship celebrated, in spite of the French Guises and the Priests, this brave advocate of the truth performed his duty in a manner that is worthy to be acknowledged with reverential gratitude to the end of time. Those who have been taught to imagine that John Knox was but a heartless barbarian, who took delight in insulting the Queen, should read Dr. M'Crie's Life of him, and study the Wodrow Society's volumes of his works. His offence to delicate ears in these days is, that he rebuked the Queen and Court for their wickedness, not sparing Mary herself, of whose criminal and scandalous proceedings he had sufficient information to justify the severest sentence he ever uttered. What he thought of his own language and conduct, when reviewing it from his death-bed, best appears from what he then said to his most intimate friends, persons who were well acquainted with the course he had pursued, and who perfectly understood the part he had taken, and the sufferings he had undergone in the sharp conflict which issued in the downfal of Popery in Scotland:—

"The day approaches, and now is before the door, for which I have frequently and vehemently thirsted, when I shall be released from my great labours and innumerable sorrows, and shall be with Christ. And now, God is my witness, whom I have served in spirit in the Gospel of His Son, that I have taught nothing but the true and solid doctrine of the Gospel of the Son of God, and have had it for my only object to instruct the ignorant, to confirm the faithful, to comfort the weak, the fearful, and the distressed, by the promises of grace, and to fight against the proud and the rebellious, by the Divine threatenings. I know that many have frequently complained, and do loudly complain, of my too great severity; but God knows that my mind was always void of hatred to the persons of those against whom I thundered the severest judgments. I cannot deny but that I felt the greatest abhorrence at the sins in which they indulged; but I still kept this one thing in view, that, if possible, I might give them to the Lord. What influenced me to utter whatever the Lord put into my mouth so boldly, without respect of persons, was a reverential fear of my God who called, and of His grace which appointed me to be a steward of Divine mysteries, and a belief that He will demand an account of my discharge of the trust committed unto me, when I shall stand before His tribunal. I profess, therefore, before God, and before His holy angels, that I never made merchandise of the sacred word of God, never studied to please men, never indulged my own private

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passions, or those of others, but faithfully distributed the talent entrusted to me for the edification of the church over which I watched. Whatever obloquy wicked men may cast on me respecting this point, I rejoice in the testimony of a good conscience. In the mean time, my dearest brethren, do you persevere in the eternal truth of the Gospel; wait diligently on the flock over which the Lord hath set you, and which He redeemed with the blood of His only-begotten Son. And thou, my dear brother Lawson," (his colleague,) "fight the good fight, and do the work of the Lord joyfully and resolutely. The Lord from on high bless you, and the whole church of Edinburgh; against whom, as long as they persevere in the word of truth which they have heard of me, the gates of hell shall not prevail."

He died November 24th, 1572, aged sixty-seven years, was buried in the churchyard of St. Giles's, and the Earl of Morton, newly created Regent of Scotland, pronounced over the grave this memorable eulogy: "*Here lies the man who never feared the face of man.*"

WESLEYAN-METHODIST QUARTERLY TICKET FOR SEPTEMBER, 1856.

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in His throne." (Rev. iii. 21.)

There is a close similarity between the conflict sustained by the Lord Jesus in accomplishing the redemption of man, and the spiritual conflict waged by His people in the work of their personal salvation; and the same similarity extends to the glorious reward which they receive in the heavenly world. He who is the Amen and the Beginning of the creation of God, is the same that trode the winepress alone, and battled with the powers of darkness and the oppositions of men. His followers have to rush into kindred conflicts with those of their Leader. The disciple is not above his Master, nor the servant above his Lord. And as, in consequence of His victory, He shares the throne with His Father, He will grant His followers to sit with Him in His throne. First conformed to Christ in self-denial and suffering fidelity, they shall at last be conformed to Him in victory and exaltation. By an inconceivable union and fellowship in all His glory, and an interest in all the benefits of His mediatorial authority and power, His conquering people will possess honour and glory which can be known only by those who share His throne. To what duties, then, does this exhortation urge, and what hopes does this promise inspire!

"To him that overcometh." What a *conflict* does this suppose! We are incessantly exposed to assaults from a host of spiritual foes. We wrestle not only against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers; against the rulers of the darkness of this world; against spiritual wickedness in high places. Mighty interests are at stake, which these

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enemies are determined to oppose and destroy. And if we would overcome, our life must be one continued scene of watchfulness and conflict,—one unceasing battle. We must not be friends of the world, but determined opponents of its spirit and pursuits; not slaves of the flesh, but its decided foes; not obedient servants of Satan, but his daring and uncompromising enemies. It is this habitual conflict with evil, from holy motives, which makes the great difference between the Lord's servants and men of the world; between spiritual and earnest Christians, and lukewarm and ease-loving professors. The former are at peace with sin, and willingly yield to it; the latter contend against it with untold earnestness: the former shun the fight, the latter rush upon the foe, wherever found, with all the heroism and ardour of good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

But the promise is made to none but the conqueror. Not on him that contendeth are its blessings and honours pronounced, but on him that overcometh. To engage manfully in the fight is not enough: we must *overcome*. Evil must be triumphed over, as well as hated and opposed. How much is implied in this overcoming! No mortal power can achieve it. You may form the most sincere and steadfast resolutions, and prepare for the most vigorous efforts; but the first assault of temptation will show that you have entered on an unequal contest, and leave you wondering at your own weakness. You can no more overcome in your own strength, than you could bind the waves of a raging ocean in chains. You must either give up the conflict in despair, or seek the help of an arm higher and stronger than your own. Victory is from the Lord: it is He who crowns the struggle with eternal success.

Would you, then, beat your foes, not once or twice, but to the end of your days? Would you overcome through life, and triumph in the last battle? Clothe not yourself in the ponderous armour of worldly prudence, or a conceited self-sufficiency; but put on the whole armour of God, that you may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand. Be strengthened with all the Spirit's might, and pray always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit. Rest on God for help and success. You will then throw yourself into every fight with a heroism and confidence which nothing can resist. Amidst the tumult and strife of battle you will sing in strains of holy delight,—

> "Assaulted by evil, I scorn to submit;
> The world and the devil fall under my feet.
> I *wrestle not* now, but *trample on* sin;
> For with me art Thou, and shalt be within;
> While stronger and stronger, in Jesus's power
> I go on to conquer, till sin is no more."

To this glorious fight you are animated by THE PROMISE OF REWARD: "I will grant to sit with ME in MY throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in His throne." What a promise is this! Who can comprehend its meaning? "No man knoweth it, saving he that

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receiveth it." And is it the manner of an earthly King to clothe the rebel with glory; to bring him to his own throne, and seat him by his own side? No; but it is the manner of Him who is King of Kings and Lord of Lords; of Him who died to redeem and glorify man. He is not like Pharaoh, who said unto Joseph, "Only in the throne will I be greater than thou." He will not only clothe him that overcometh with the robes of state, and place him over His house; He will lift him from the dunghill to His own throne, to share His glory and fellowship, as He shares the glory and fellowship of His eternal Father.

"Stupendous mystery of grace!
Shall one of Adam's sinful race,
Shall I, the sinners' chief, sit down
With God, and His eternal Son,
And shine, like Jesus glorified,
Triumphant at my Saviour's side?"

O, what are all the clasps and medals, the titles and pensions, the thanks and enthusiastic receptions, which reward the successful soldier, when compared with this? Did ever earthly Monarch recompense even the saviour of an empire with a seat by his side, and a share of his royalty and throne? Yet this is the present assurance and final reward of all who fight under the Lord's banner, and overcome for Him. O, then, hesitate not to share His reproach here, and you shall share His exaltation in heaven. Make one cause with your Saviour. When He is rejected, be rejected with Him; when He is reviled, be reviled with Him; when He is persecuted, be persecuted with Him. For if we suffer with Him, we shall be also glorified together. Fight the good fight of faith; and when you lay hold on eternal life, you shall sit down with Him in His throne.

SABBATH FOR SOUL AND BODY.

The Sabbath is needed by the soul. How sadly common is the bitter pleasantry among our masses: "We working men have no souls: just as well, perhaps; we've no time to look after them!" Not true, working man! Not true. God has given you, by birthright, one whole day in every week to call your own, and to use specially for the well-being of your soul. It is your own fault if you part with that. It was your own day when you were born; it was your own as you grew up, child and boy; it is your own now that you are a man, unless, indeed, you have played the fool, and sought to barter it away in poor and pitiful exchange. But, nay! that you cannot do. You may bond and mortgage it, if you will; but sell it you cannot. It is a property of *entail;* and sadly burdened though it be, and spendthrift and beggar though you now are, it is yours still, till you die. You may despise its honour and its privilege; but you cannot shake off either its possession or its responsibility.

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The soul needs the Sabbath. Every day, and many times a day, a wise man bethinks him of his "better part," and its eternal interests; but he needs a whole day to sum up and sort his week's soul-thinkings. A working Clergyman gets his text into his head early in the week, and every now and then he turns it in his thoughts as he moves about in his week-day avocations; but, at least, one whole day, besides, he needs to systematize his thinking. Every day the busy merchant is jotting down his doings; constantly the day-book receives its steady increase and chronicle of the business done; but it needs a special time to consolidate and complete the balancing. Even so with the soul's tending: without the special time and convenient season, there would be no practical result; there would be no business-like progress Godward.

And the Father of our spirits, as we have said, has not left this a matter of chance arrangement. The Sabbath is set apart for the twofold end: a compensating period to the body, to be spent in rest from labour; a compensating period to the soul, to be spent in the heavenward prosecution of its interests,—not only recovering it from the tear and wear of week-day labour, but also nourishing and strengthening it by spiritual food and exercise.

The Sabbath is needed by both body and soul, to protect both: the one from excess of labour of an earthly kind, the other from want of work or exercise of a heavenly kind. Without the Sabbath, the working-man would find no sufficient refreshment to his else weary frame, and no sufficient nourishment to his else starving soul; and there is risk that all his time, all his strength, all his thoughts, would be consumed in one unending round of work and sleep, sleep and work. He would cease to be a man, and become a slave. The Sabbath is his freehold; it is the palladium of his liberty. That day come, his time and his talents are his own; for a day, at least, he needs own no master but God. And what terrible responsibility besets the tyrant master who would seek to wrench from his fellow-man that precious boon! What folly possesses the besotted working man, who either submits, or seeks, to forego this birthright!

There are some, however, who take another view of the case. They appreciate their right to the Sabbath, and resist the authority of man, who, urging them to labour, would intermeddle with their "day." But, having made sure of that day, so far as labour is concerned, they think they may do with it otherwise as they please. They forget that God ordained it theirs for a double end, as we have repeatedly said,—rest from labour to the body, spiritual exercise to the soul. They regard only one-half of the institution; they willingly adopt the body's portion, but they give no heed to the soul, save thus: "Soul....take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry;" although that very night, it may be, the soul may be "required." Resistance to their fellow-man's usurpation, regarding the body, is right; but why will they set at nought the authority of God as regards the soul? That act of folly is fatal to "their day." For,

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God, robbed of His peculiar part of the observance, ceases to value, as it were, the other part; and removes His restraining hand from the ever-pressing and aggressive arm of Mammon; who, fearing neither God nor man, defies God's law, and would destroy man's liberty; and thus both the Sabbath privileges are lost in one. The soul has refused its privilege; and in that refusal there is perilled, and will be lost, the privilege of the body too. Labour then breaks in upon the man, whether he will or not: on his own arms, with his own hands, he has bound the shackles; he is labour's slave.

The right use of the Sabbath, it can scarcely be stated too often, includes God's honour and man's blessing. God can do without the honour; but man cannot do without the blessing. Let man remember that he cannot get the blessing from God, without giving the honour to God.

The sacredness of the day is the safety of the day to the working man. He is a hardened and bold thief who robs a church. Why? Because men hold it sacred to God's service. He needs to be bold, too, who would steal the Sabbath, *but only so long as it is held and kept sacred to God's service.* So long as it carries that Royal stamp upon its brow, to tamper with it were high treason and foul sacrilege: but take that badge away, and the theft is deemed but a petty larceny; nay, soon the filching will be thought no theft at all.

Do you not feel that labour is even now pressing on you as a sea upon its shore? Darker and heavier grows its mass; higher and more surging its billows; and in its spring-tides the lapping of each wave's edge curls high upon the boundary of rest, while the spray of its angry dash reaches far beyond. *The only dry land is the Sabbath.* What keeps it so? Its sacredness. Used as God has ordained it should be, God will protect and defend the Sabbath for man's sake. "Them that honour Me, I will honour." The aggressive wave is held back: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further." But let man resolve that his Sabbath shall not be "God's day," then the righteousness of God decrees that it cannot be "*man's* day." His honour withheld, His arm will be withdrawn; the wave of labour o'erleaping its appointed barrier, rushes on with a mightier force, and now, without let or hindrance, rolls proudly over all.

Long ago, God "set His bow in the cloud of heaven;" and it is ever there, a token to man that "the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh." But it is longer still since He set His Sabbath as a bow of mercy, too, in the murky steam and vapour of man's toil on earth. To the eye of faith it shows all its prismatic rays: some, as if pale, are seen, justice and righteousness; resting on these are the warmer tints, goodness and truth; and there are those of bright and burning glow, mercy and love; all blended into the light of heaven,—for "God is light;" all beaming forth in love to man,—for "God is love." That bow, seen and reverenced, is at once a pledge and a power;

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ruling the tide of labour, setting an impassable boundary to its flow; in might and mercy restraining its flood.

The Sabbath is needed by body and soul; else they both deteriorate and die. The body, unduly exhausted by unrestrained labour, pines and perishes. The soul, untended, wastes and withers here, and is eternally lost hereafter. Death—a double death—is the sad and certain issue.—*Professor Miller.*

A VAIN EXCUSE.

"O," CRIES one, "if I were only in a different situation, how easy it would be for me to live near to God!" "Ah!" cries another, "if I were in the place of this or that happy individual, how easy it would be to adorn my profession! Everything in my circumstances would lead me to it." "O!" exclaims another, "if I had the health of such a one, how easy it would be to rise above my difficulties, and walk with God!" "And I," exclaims another, "if my occupation did not absorb me, could be as godly as I ought to be. O, if I were in the place of my Minister, how holy I would become!"

Ah! I would, and I would, and I would, if it were so, and if it were so, and if it were only so! Why here, my dear friend, is the very plague of your own heart revealing itself. You are discontented with your situation. You are not submissive to the trials which God has laid upon you. And, instead of seeking to be delivered from your heart-plague, you are only casting about to find some position, if it were possible, where it will not have occasion to vex you; where you suppose, in fact, that it will be easier, that it will cost less self-denial, to serve Christ than it does now. But remember that you are not called to be holy in another situation, but in your own; and if you are not now faithful to God in the sphere in which He has placed you, you would not probably be any more faithful, let Him place you where He might. For he that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is neglectful in that which is least, is neglectful also in much. As to *circumstances* repressing this plague of the heart, they would only change its exhibition a little; just because the plague is in your heart, and *not* in your circumstances. So the next time you detect your heart under the influence of this plague that is in it, saying to you, like a concealed devil, "O! if I were in such a one's place, how much good I could do, or how holy I could become!" just think of some eminent saint, and say, "If that person were in my place, how much nearer he would live to God than I do! how many opportunities that I waste, he would use for his Master's glory! how he would fill my little sphere, that now is so dark, with brightness and happiness!" And you, if you will, may do the same.—*Cheever.*

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POOR SARAH; OR, THE STORY OF THE MATCH-SELLER.

WHO thinks about or pities the poor outcast? By almost common consent, she who has abandoned herself to a life of infamy, is abandoned by everybody but the vicious; as if her crimes had put her beyond the reach of Christian charity, and delivered her over to inevitable destruction. And yet, in the bosom of the lowest and vilest, there beats a heart which, though awfully depraved, is capable of high and holy emotions. The loathsome wretch, from whom we turn as from a leprosy, was once lovely and beloved, and, by the blessing of God, may be so again. Why then should we turn away, and pharisaically exclaim, "God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are," and treat the fallen with contempt? Human nature demands better treatment than this at our hands, and will never be improved by our pride and isolation. There is often a secret history of vice, a knowledge of which would tend to soften our hearts toward the poor criminal, and suggest the adoption of earnestly reformatory methods. There are also religious considerations, which should not be forgotten in our treatment of the profligate. It will be often found, that the criminal under our notice is not the only one; that the author of the abomination which shocks us has managed to keep out of sight. Surely, then, all our indignation should not fall upon the poor outcast: those who made her what she is should not escape. No doubt there is much to blame, wherever we find great moral delinquency; but it may be worth our while to inquire, ere we pronounce the sentence of excision from society, if there is not room for pity. Can we not mingle with abhorrence of crime a deep sympathy with the offender; and, while we use every means to get rid of sin, aim at the reformation of the sinner?

Let us be understood. We are no apologists for vice: far be it from us to think or act as the advocates or extenuators of iniquity. Nor do we mean to say that there should not be a broad and well-defined line between the virtuous and licentious portions of the community. We think there should. Vice ought to be discountenanced in the most public manner: the brand of public displeasure ought to be set on flagrant immorality. But surely all this does not imply that we are to make *no effort to reclaim the criminal*. Hate the sin, we may and must; but we must try to recover the sinner. So much is required of us as men, and especially as disciples of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost, and who was the openly-acknowledged friend of publicans and sinners. Our narrative may excite sympathy for the fallen, and lead to efforts for their restoration to society and God. It may also speak a word of caution to some one who is tempted to leave a humble position of lowly life for one of affluence and criminality.

Sarah Rochester was of very humble birth. Her parents did not pay that attention to her which many of the poor give to their offspring. Her moral training was wholly neglected; no means were used to fit her for usefulness in society. To sum up a long tale in one word, she was a neglected child. By what calling her parents procured a living does not appear; but Sarah was brought up as a match-seller. In those days, this calling was held in general disesteem; and no wonder, for it was almost always associated with vice, and followed as a branch of vagrancy. It was, therefore, a great misfortune for poor Sarah to be brought up to such a vagrant life, and it exposed her to manifold temptations. And there was a circumstance which made her position very perilous. She was a fine girl; and beneath an exterior of rags and dirt it was not difficult to perceive the

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material of a real beauty. Polished manners, indeed, she had not; but her features were handsome; and it was evident that a little effort might make her quite attractive.

Sarah became a young woman, and still carried her match-basket. No one had striven to improve her condition, and she had no means of altering it. Her parents being dead, or having left her to her fate, her only care was to provide the few necessaries which her condition required, and she appeared content with her lot. And no doubt she might have found the path of happiness and virtue even there; for there is no lawful situation, however lowly, in which we may not serve God. But an evil eye was upon her, though she knew it not; the hour and power of temptation approached, and she was unprepared. As it generally happens in such cases, the temptation was from human nature; and the tempter was one of her own sex. Advantage was taken of her handsome features to ensnare her. It was thought that her heart would not be insensible to vanity, and that the offer of comparative wealth would weigh much with a girl in the lowest grade of poverty. So a trap was laid, and she was caught.

One day she called at a house with her matches, and the mistress came to the door. Many questions were asked, and much sympathy expressed. "What a pity," said the woman, "that so fine a girl as you should go about selling matches, when you might do so much better for yourself! Only come and live with me, and I will make you a lady." With fair speeches she prevailed. And now that Sarah saw, as she fancied, an opportunity of rising in the world, she gladly forsook her humble calling. She did not know in what way she was to be made a lady, had no suspicion of any design to harm her, and never thought to ask why this stranger should feel such an interest in her. In one day she was entrapped, and ruined. It was not voluntarily and knowingly that she entered on that wicked course of life; but, once there, she saw no way of escape: there seemed nothing before her but a life of infamy.

But there were womanly feelings in her heart, which nothing in that den of infamy could destroy. She hated the course to which she was devoted, and earnestly sighed for an escape from it. Gladly would she have returned to the poverty and comparative innocence of earlier days; but though poverty was possible enough, she could not retrieve the past. Must she then be wholly lost? Virtue was gone, reputation she had not: was there nothing for her but to follow a course which her soul abhorred? Yet at length hope dawned upon her, and she began to think of escaping from her thraldom.

One day she entered an inn, and ventured to say to the landlady that she was weary of her mode of life, and would be glad to escape from it. "Indeed!" said the other: "well, then, you may come and live with me as servant." Sarah eagerly embraced the opportunity; but she made the same mistake as before, and allowed herself to be engaged to she knew not what. She escaped, indeed, from one evil; but she fell into another, though of less magnitude. The cup of licentiousness she dashed for ever from her lips; but another cup was mixed for her. The change was not one which brought her to happiness and society. She soon found that an inn was not the place for her, nor an innkeeper's wife the person to lead her to decent life. She had fallen into the hands of a cruel and heartless woman, who seemed bent upon making the most she could of the poor girl, and who tyrannized over her most despotically. There had been no stipulation as to wages, and Sarah received none. It seemed as if every class of wicked people took delight in preying upon the friendless girl. So passed a year. Her clothes were worn out, her

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money was gone, she had no friends; her destitution was nearly complete. No one had told her of the Friend in heaven, and in her trouble she knew not of the mercy-seat.

One evening, when a year of servitude in the inn had nearly expired, she was sitting alone weeping. And well she might weep; for misfortune, guilt, and sorrow had been mingled in her cup. Silent were her tears, but they were not unobserved: for God, whom she neither knew nor sought, sent her aid. A respectable female called at the inn on business, and, seeing the girl in distress, asked the cause. Sarah told her tale; and this time it was to one who knew how to sympathize with her. The case was laid before a few Christian friends, who provided her with clothes, and then procured for her a comfortable situation in London.

The remainder of her story is soon told. She returned no more to the evil doings of her former life; but, having ceased to do evil, she learned to do well. The family into which she entered as servant was pious; and in it she remained for twelve years, conducting herself with the greatest propriety. Her character was established; she had earned a reputation; and she only left that family to become the virtuous wife of a very respectable and excellent man.

Surely, then, we may gather encouragement to labour for this most abandoned and depraved class. The worst of them was redeemed with the blood of the Cross, and can be reached by the grace of God. To the lowest we may speak of the tender mercies of the Saviour, and try to lead the most abandoned to Him who allowed the "woman that was a sinner" to wash His feet with her tears. Magdalene's Saviour has lost none of His power or willingness to save. Only let the vile one flee to Him, and believe on Him, and she, or he, shall prove that He saves "to the uttermost all them that come unto God by Him." Poor sinner! To thee Jesus speaks, and says, "Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest." Tarry no longer. Live in sin no more. Escape, and even thou shalt find mercy.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE NORTHMEN.

It is less the purpose of this article to make an attempt at vindicating or refuting the claims set forth by the Northmen to an early discovery of this continent, than to give a brief review of those pretensions, and the degree of favour with which they have been received.

In the midst of the dark ages, or from the ninth to the twelfth centuries, the Scandinavians were pre-eminently the pioneers of ocean-navigation. The tastes and public sentiment of the Baltic peninsular nations were maritime, and, perhaps, as we might now term it, piratical, though then honourable. So far from its bearing any aspect of wrong to them, to have attacked successfully and plundered some foreign seaport was an honourable and unquestionable evidence of courage and valour.

This peculiar basis of national pride and glory led these Northmen to an acquaintance with, and attacks upon, all the Atlantic islands lying opposite their western coast. Hence Scotland, Ireland, and England were the frequent theatres of their marauding expeditions; hence, also, their irruption into France, and the foundation of Normandy.

Iceland, first discovered by some of these maritime rovers driven far to sea by adverse winds, was colonized in the latter part of the ninth century. The first attempt at a settlement, made by Floki, from the severity of the season,

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brought no further result than the loss of the animals taken thither, discouragement and final abandonment of the enterprise; and with Floki's parting blessing, he left the name of Iceland, as well befitting a place uninhabitable for man or beast.

A more successful, and the first permanent, settlement was effected by Ingolf, in 874. From this time onward the Icelanders appear to have met with a fair degree of prosperity, remaining an independent people for four centuries.

Not long after, the Icelanders having become aware of the uninhabited coast which lay skirting along their western and south-western horizon, a colony was established there by Eirek, (Eric,) who gave to the place the name of Greenland, under the impression "that a good name would induce people to settle there."

Eirek was a worshipper of Thor and Odin, gods of the Scandinavians; but his son Leif, having made a voyage to Norway, and having received flattering attentions from its Christian King, was induced to embrace Christianity. Thus, on his return, was Christianity first introduced to this new country.

Greenland continued to flourish as well as could be expected of so frigid a climate, if indeed it did not in its most prosperous times pass quite beyond all expectations. The settled provinces were known under the name of East and West Bygds, or districts; the latter containing, at one period of their history, ninety farms and four churches; the former nearly two hundred farms, two towns, eleven churches, and a cathedral; the first Bishop being ordained in 1121.

It is important to observe, that though history furnishes a very full and satisfactory account of the settlement, growth, and condition of Greenland, from its discovery to the latter part of the fourteenth century, here it suddenly becomes silent, and Greenland remains a blank for three centuries.

The accounts of ancient Greenland, found in early Icelandic writings, might well have been doubted, since, on the establishment of the present settlements, there were no evidences of such a previous population, but that recent research has fully vindicated their truthfulness in the ruins of churches, and other extensive structures, and particularly in certain monumental inscriptions, bearing the date of the twelfth century.

To the question how, when, or from what causes, Greenland perished, history offers no direct reply: though, perhaps it may be said, it appears incidentally that from the moment Iceland and Greenland became subject to European Governments their decay commenced; and, chiefly by the commercial restrictions imposed on the necessaries of life to replenish the royal treasuries of Sweden and Denmark, was hastened on to this calamitous, and probably tragic, termination.

If the Norwegians discovered Iceland at a distance of six hundred miles, and the Icelanders within a century discovered and planted a colony upon a land at a still greater distance, is it possible that these same Northmen, residing on the American coast of Greenland, continually passing around Cape Farewell on their route to and from Iceland and Europe, should have remained four centuries within three hundred miles of the continent of America, and never have become aware of its existence, or never have visited it?

From the known and indisputable history of the discoveries of Iceland and Greenland, we are not only prepared for such a discovery, but that they should have failed to make it, even in the absence of all corroborative testimony, is in the highest degree improbable.

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The attention of moderns was first drawn to this early discovery by the Scandinavians, in a work issued by the Danes, in 1705, purporting to be a translation of certain Icelandic writings. Those which related most particularly to the point in question were the *Sagas* (or narratives) of Eirek and of Thorfinn; documents which, whether we can rely upon the internal evidence that they were written in the twelfth century or not, were certainly transcribed upon the present parchment before the year 1400. This fact is worthy of particular note, as it precludes all insinuation of forgery after the existence of the continent was fully known, and redeems it at once from all affinity with those accounts which have since been put forth claiming the honour of a prior discovery. Thus we find in Hakluyt "that Madoc, Prince of Wales, sailed so far west and south, that he came to some part of that country whereof the Spaniards affirm themselves to be the first finders. Whereupon it is evident that that country was discovered by Britons long before Columbus led any Spaniards thither."

The antiquity of the history being thus beyond cavil, the only remaining question was to determine whether the sagas were veritable histories or fictitious sketches. The ruins and inscriptions recently found so fully verify the accounts relating to Greenland, as to give the strongest assurances of veracity in those relating to the continent.

Let us now turn to the documents themselves, extracting here and there at pleasure sufficient to indicate the most substantial points of proof:—

"Bjarni having on a voyage from Greenland to Norway descried a land to the south-west, Leif, son of Eirek, set out in the year 1000, with a crew of thirty-five men, on a voyage to this land.

"The first land which he made was that which Bjarni had seen. Going on shore, they found no herbage of any kind, but a bare, rugged plain of broad flat rocks; from which they gave it the name of Helluland, or Flat-rock-land. Continuing on, they arrived at a low, level coast, with numerous white, sandy cliffs, and thickly covered with wood; from which circumstance, they call it Markland, or Woodland.

"Two days' sail, with a north-east wind, brought them to an island with a channel between it, and a point projecting northward from the main-land. Proceeding westward through the channel, along the shore of the main-land, they entered a river, passed up to a lake, and disembarked at a place which they call Leif's-booths. The climate was temperate, there being no severe cold during the winter, and the grass never losing its freshness. From the abundance of wild grapes, the land was called Vine-land.

"Leif, returning in the spring, gave so glowing an account of the country, that Thorvald, his brother, made a voyage in 1002.

"On his return, two years after, Thorvald sailed eastward from Leif's-booths, and then northward past a remarkable headland which, with an opposite headland, enclosed a bay. Having been driven into shoal-water by a violent wind, he afterwards sailed along the coast eastward; and, coming to a pine-wooded headland, remarked, 'Here would I like to fix my dwelling.'

"Afterward, being attacked by the natives, Thorvald was wounded; and, finding death approaching, addressed his companions as follows:—'Bear me to the headland which I thought was most fitting for a dwelling-place. It may be that the word that fell from my lips about abiding there was prophetic. There shall ye bury me, and set up two crosses, one at my head and the other at my feet, and call the place Cape Cross.'

"In 1006 Thorfinn came from Iceland to Greenland, and passing the winter

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with Eirek, and hearing much said of Vine-land, resolved to plant a colony there.

"Having equipped three vessels, he set sail in the spring; having on board one hundred and sixty persons, and a supply of live stock.

"They first sailed to the western district of Old Greenland and to Bjarney; thence for two days in a southerly direction to Helluland, where they found foxes, and the large flat stones. Two days more brought them to Markland; thence, south-west for some time, arriving at Cape Kul, where were trackless coasts, and white, sandy beaches. The coast afterward became more indented with bays and inlets, into one of which they entered. Continuing their course, they entered a bay, off the mouth of which was an island so crowded with eider-ducks, that they could scarcely walk without treading on the eggs.

"A strong current ran past this island, and also further up the bay; from which they called it Stream Isle. Having spent the winter here, during which the wife of Thorfinn gave birth to a son, Snorri, (from whom the celebrated sculptor Thorwaldsen was descended,) they proceeded southward to where a river flows through a lake on its way to the sea, the mouth of which was so beset with sand-bars as to be accessible only at high water. To this beautiful place—which abounded with wild grapes and corn, with forests and game, rivers and fish, which possessed so mild a climate that no snow fell, and the cattle remained at large during the winter—they gave the name Hop.

"Being continually troubled by the natives, and a battle having at length occurred, Thorfinn decided to return to Greenland. After having touched at Markland, one vessel was driven by winds westward into a sea so infested with worms as necessitated them to abandon it. Those that took the boat made their way to Dublin; the others were never more heard of. Thorfinn with his ship arrived safely at Greenland in 1011."

Such is the substance of these sagas of Eirek and Thorfinn. It remained for those who claimed for them the rank of faithful histories to verify so unequivocal accounts, by showing that the configuration of the continental coast would admit of such descriptions. To this task they have diligently applied themselves, and at the very fortunate transatlantic distance to their own complacence have succeeded admirably. That their expositions might strike a cisatlantic observer with a very different degree of favour, would be natural from the diverse points of view as well as of interest. The general exposition put forth by the antiquarians at Copenhagen, and it is but just to say, accepted by Humboldt, and to quite an extent by the French and English *savans*, is nearly as follows:—

"Leaving Greenland, and sailing south-westerly, they struck Labrador, calling it Bjarney; thence onward, doubling Newfoundland, or Helluland, past Nova-Scotia, or Markland; Cape Cod, or Cape Kul; Martha's Vineyard, or Stream Isle; and finally up Narraganset Bay to Leif's-booths, not far from Mount Hope."

While it would, perhaps, be indecorous for us to set aside such an array of authority, and while we may aver that we have no such desire, it may fall within the scope of propriety to advert to some of the difficulties with which this exposition meets.

So minute a description of three voyages along the same coast to the same destination, ought to leave little room for doubt as to the course taken and the places visited.

(*To be continued.*)

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Narrative Pieces.

A FISHER OF MEN.

(*Concluded from page* 243.)

How I succeeded in widening the fish-net.

"My dear lady," I said one day to my good woman, "your house is again too small. But I see you have a large yard, or garden, behind your house. Could not the wall be broken down, and a roof be built over the yard, in order to unite it with the house?"

"O, yes, Sir," she replied; "this could be done. But the money, Sir; the money."

"Well, I shall try to get it, if only you will allow the repair."

She called her husband, and he agreed. According to his calculation, some £80 would be required.

Now the question was, where and how to get the money. I prayed the Lord to direct my steps. I called on a friend of mine, a wealthy Christian, whose liberality on many occasions had become manifest. He was a member of the Establishment, but thoroughly opposed to the Unitarian spirit that prevails in it.

"£80," he said: "that's not a trifle."

"Certainly not," replied I; "but it is a mere trifle in proportion to the important object I ask it for."

"O, yes: I heard of your mission on the Goldflower Canal. I learn from a servant of mine, who heard you one evening, that it is a good work. But I regret——"

"What do you regret?"

"That it is a work beyond the pale of our Church."

"Would you, then, like to have your Church preaching there? Then, indeed, the whole of the Goldflower Canal would become a Unitarian colony."

"But most of those Goldflower Canal people are members of our Church."

"Exactly, Sir; and yet they know of the salvation in Christ as much as a Heathen knows. Is not this a striking evidence that your Church leaves them entirely to themselves?"

"Alas, yes! I do not believe that, for a hundred years, one of our Ministers has visited them."

"Well, then, the Lord now has sent me to them. It is true, I am not sent by your Church, or any other; but you see that Jesus does not mind that. His blessings on my work are evident. I give to these people what I have. I give them my time, my word, my prayers, my heart. Will you not give them your money, in order to save them?"

"Well, I shall think over the matter. Try to find some others, meanwhile, who can assist you."

Alas! alas! I called on some others, but all in vain. The wealthy Christians in Amsterdam belong almost all to the Establishment. Where could I go to find my £80?

The next week, sitting among my hearers, I told them my desire to enlarge the place.

"My friends," I said, "we must begin with ourselves. Here is a box. Let every one give his farthing. We shall see what the Lord will make out of it."

This plan met with their sympathy. Meanwhile, during the week, I collected among my hearers in my own chapel, and among my friends. Many a sixpence and shilling flowed into the box. One day I went to the place, and, to my great surprise, I found the wall broken down, and the mason and carpenter at work.

"Well, my good woman," said I, clasping my hands together, "what is all that?"

"O, yes, Sir," replied she, smilingly, "we have already begun the work. There are £10 in the box. This is enough for commencing, I think."

"Quite so. But what if you cannot finish it, and are to dwell in a house with a broken down wall?"

"Well, Sir, the Lord will provide. I hope the room will be ready within a fortnight."

And so it was. A debt of £40 or £50 remained on the building, which we hoped to clear off gradually. And so I had a place capable of containing two hundred and fifty hearers. Nobody can

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picture to himself my joy. "This is the Lord's doing," I exclaimed: "it is marvellous in my eyes."

The next winter this spacious place was again crowded. The legs of the attendants continued hanging down from the ceiling, and the beds remained transformed into pews, where the good-looking fisher-people were sitting like princes upon their thrones.

How I was driven from my net, and compelled to seek another.

So I was enabled to do a good fisher's work among fisher-people for six winters; for in the summer it was useless to sit down in the place, as all the people were at their work.

Meanwhile my labours had become known throughout the city and throughout the kingdom. Many rejoiced at them, and supported me by their prayers: many also disapproved of my work, because it was not a plantation of the Church. In short, I had many friends, but my enemies were not few. And as to the Unitarian Ministers, every one may judge what I had to expect from them. And if not, every one may learn from the following facts:—

It was October, 1854. I should begin my seventh winter. The last winter I had, from illness, been compelled to stop my mission for three or four evenings. I now hoped to recommence with fresh powers. I went to the place in order to tell my good woman that I purposed to begin the next Tuesday evening, as usual. I did not find her at home, but her husband met me in a somewhat dry and cool manner.

"Next Tuesday, Sir," he said, "this will be impossible; for then a Clergyman of the Establishment will hold here a Bible-reading meeting."

"What!" exclaimed I, exceedingly surprised. "And what is the name of that Clergyman?"

I hoped he would tell the name of one of the few orthodox Ministers of the Establishment; but, to my great surprise, he named the name of one of the Unitarians.

I felt no great desire to talk very much with the poor man on the subject, as I wished first to talk with his wife, of whom I always hoped that a work of God was going on in her heart. And still if she had been alone master in her house, I doubt whether the unhappy proceeding would have taken place.

I one day met with her in the street. Scarcely did she see me than she burst into tears.

"My good woman, how could you give your house to a Unitarian Preacher?" said I, compassionately.

"Ah, my dear Sir," replied she, weeping, "you don't know what I am suffering about it. O! O! O! But you know, Sir, the times are bad, and we are poor people, Sir, and there is still a small debt on our house, and last winter you stopped three or four times, and we did not get so much money in the box as formerly, Sir; and so it came that the Rev. Mr. —— offered us to preach in our place. And what shall I say, Sir? It is a sorrow to my heart. But if you like, Sir, you may preach another evening in our house."

"O, yes," replied I, very much distressed at this proposition. "And on the third evening you may engage a Roman Catholic Pastor; and on the fourth, perhaps, a Jewish Rabbi. No, my good woman: that is not the custom of Christ and His people. We cannot pour bitter and sweet out of the same vessel."

I then addressed some words to her conscience, and left her, praying that God would forgive her this sin, and open a way for my steps on the Goldflower Canal.

How I got a new fish-net.

The distressing story was soon known in the city.

The Clergyman of the Establishment went on preaching every Tuesday in the house of the fisherwoman, to the members of his Church who hitherto heard me, and now were obliged to hear another doctrine; for, as they were all poor, they did not dare venture to stay away from his lectures, since they were threatened with the loss of their church-alms if they did not attend.

Some of my friends advised me to request another fisherwoman to give me her room; but I declined absolutely, as I felt not very much pleased with the idea of being afterwards hunted out by a second Unitarian Minister.

The Lord, however, showed me a better way. With His aid I succeeded in finding the money, at a suitable interest, to buy a

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small house, at ten or twelve doors from the former place. This was soon converted into a chapel, which was capable of containing two hundred and fifty hearers. In October, 1855, I was so happy as to open it to a crowded audience; and since I find many of my old friends, along with many new ones, united round the precious word of God. So the Lord helped me against all my adversaries, and strengthened my weak powers to continue a work which an evil spirit tried to destroy. He now enables me to spread out my work in a much larger extent than ever formerly would have been possible; for the building now being entirely at my disposal, I have adapted it, at the same time, for an infant ragged-school, in which now two hundred wretched infants are daily instructed in the knowledge of Jesus. But the foundation of this school, my dear Sir, is still another history, which I hope to tell your readers more at length in another letter.

Besides this chapel on the Goldflower Canal, I have another capable of containing one thousand six hundred hearers, in the centre of the city, in which I preach twice every Lord's day, to a large multitude of people, who cannot find peace for their souls under the sermons of the Unitarians.

Five Missionaries, whom, with the Lord's aid, I train up in the holy work, assist me in spreading the light of salvation throughout the country.

From the above history, you may conclude how little support I can find among the wealthy in my own country: so I appeal to every one abroad, who prefers the salvation of souls to the preservation of respectable but human institutions, frozen to death by Unitarianism. And there are not less than *a million of souls in Holland*, delivered over to the poisoning influence of Unitarianism and Rationalism, proclaimed from a thousand pulpits.

The only remedy I know is, the sending out of godly young men as Missionaries to the different villages and country-towns. And, the Lord be praised, there is at present a great revival going on among the young men in Holland. If means were abundant, fit young men would not fail.

I have five under my guidance: six others requested me fervently to take them.

Is there any one who can help us? I entreat him, for Christ's sake, to do a good work, and to enable us to provide the thirsty people of Holland with living water.

Our Children.

THE MANAGEMENT OF BOYS.

It has been observed that parents and preceptors err greatly in mistaking the tricks, manœuvres, and practical experiments of boys for mere idleness and wanton mischief. A little kindly investigation on the part of their seniors would often save them much pain and unnecessary obloquy, would confirm or refute doubts existing in their minds, and tend to the more safe and speedy development of the latent talent many boys possess. When the aunt of James Watt reproved the boy for his idleness, and desired him to sit down quietly and read a book, and not be meddling about with the lid of the tea-kettle,—lifting it off, and putting it on again, and holding first a cup, and next a silver spoon, over the steam, as it poured forth from the spout,—she little imagined that he was investigating a problem that was eventually to lead to the greatest of human inventions, the steam-engine!

It has been said that we are indebted for the important invention in the steam-engine termed *hand-gear*, by which its valves are worked by the machine itself, to an *idle* boy of the name of Humphrey Potter, who, being employed to stop and open a valve, saw that he could save himself the trouble of attending and watching it by fixing a plug upon a part of the machine which came to the place at the proper times, in consequence of the general movement. If this anecdote be true, what does it prove? That Humphrey Potter might be very *idle*, but that he was at the same time very *ingenious*. It

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was a contrivance not the result of mere accident, but of some observation and successful experiments.

The father of Eli Whitney, on his return from a journey which necessarily compelled him to absent himself from home for several days, inquired, as was his usual custom, into the occupations of his sons during his absence. He received a good account of all of them except Eli, who, the housekeeper reluctantly confessed, had been engaged in making a fiddle. "Alas!" said the father, with a sigh and ominous shake of the head, "I fear that Eli will have some day to take his portion out in fiddles." To have anything to do with a fiddle betokened, the father thought, a tendency to engage in mere trifles. How little aware was the father that this simple occupation, far from being altogether a mere fiddle-faddle, was the dawning forth of an inventive genius to be ranked among the most effective and useful in respect to arts and manufactures!

It is related of Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, that, when a boy, he was observed by a gentleman at Sheffield very attentively engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the lad what he was doing. "I am cutting old Fox's head." Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. On this the gentleman asked to see what he had done, pronounced it excellent, and presented the youth with sixpence. How many would have at once characterized the occupation of the boy as a mischievous or idle one! losing sight, for the time, of that lesson which every parent should remember,—"Never despise small beginnings."

The first panels on which the late William Etty, the celebrated painter, drew, were the boards of his father's *shop-floor;* and his first crayon a lump of *white chalk*,—a substance considered now-a-days almost invariably ominous of mischief-doing in the hands of a boy, especially on the opening-day of the month of April. Now, what does the mother of "little Willie" do on discovering the nicely-swept floor *disfigured* with chalk-lines? Of course she scolds, and calls him a mischievous little fellow? No; this is not the course the sensible mother pursues. In an autobiographical letter addressed to a relative, Etty, speaking of this circumstance in his youthful life, says, "My pleasure amounted to ecstasy, when my mother promised me next morning, if I were a good boy, I should use some colours, mixed with gum-water. I was so pleased I could scarcely sleep."

When young West, the great American painter, first began to display skill in drawing, and learned from the roaming Indians the method of preparing colours, he was at a loss to conceive how to lay these colours skilfully on his canvas. A neighbour informed him that this was done with brushes formed of camel's hair. There were no camels in America, and he had recourse to the cat, whose back and tail supplied his wants. The cat was a favourite; and the altered condition of her fur was imputed to disease, till the boy's confession explained the cause, much to the amusement of his father, who rebuked him not rashly, but as becometh a wise parent, more in affection than in anger. To rebuke such an act wisely, required on the part of the parent a discrimination sufficiently clear to discern that mischief-doing had nothing to do with the affair. It was of no small importance that the correction employed should be adapted to the circumstance of the case.

Of Edward Malbone, another American painter, it is said, the "intervals of his school-hours were filled by indefatigable industry in making experiments, and endeavouring to make discoveries. One of his greatest delights was found in *blowing bubbles*, for the pleasure of admiring the fine colours they displayed." Thus it appears, that even the blowing of soap-bubbles, idle as most of us think such an amusement, may have not a little to do toward leading the young artistic mind to discriminate nicely between delicate shades of colour.

It is said that the artist Copley, when seven or eight years old, on being observed to absent himself from the family for several hours at a time, was at length traced to a lonely room, on whose bare walls he had drawn, in charcoal, a group of martial figures engaged in some nameless adventure. The artistic tendency, in such a case, needs a treatment far different from that which would attribute it to the love of mere sportive trick-practising.

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The manœuvres of a boy should be thoroughly studied to their real motive before recourse is had to correction. Rashness on the part of parent or teacher is never excusable. It should be remembered that in the plays and pursuits of the boy, the future man is sometimes seen; and, therefore, it becomes of importance to know how the amusements and games of children may be improved for directing their inclination to employments in which they may hereafter excel.—*American.*

Biography.

THE BLIND PEASANT PREACHER.

God's grace has been glorified in every age by the employment of lowly instruments to bring sinners to the knowledge of Himself, and prepare them for endless glory. This was the case in relation to a good man known extensively in the Eastern Counties as "the blind peasant Preacher," Richard Rolph. He was born, of humble parentage, at Lakenheath, in Suffolk, in the Thetford Circuit, in March, 1801; was early sent to work; had but few school-advantages, and those in the Wesleyan Sunday-school were limited to an attendance of a few months. Being clever in his business as a bricklayer, his full wages only made his corrupt companions more successful in inducing him to love dissipation. A taste for music added zest to sinful pleasures, and hurried him onward to the brink of ruin.

When just turned twenty, gutta serena appeared, and he was carried from his employment nearly blind. Although skilfully treated at St. Thomas's Hospital, London, and at other places, the result was confirmed blindness. His misery of mind now became unbearable, and twice he was mercifully prevented from self-destruction. In this state he disclosed his distress to a pious man, who wept over him, prayed for him, and thanked God that he was not in the prison of perdition. This might have issued in salvation, had not some young friends purchased for him a violin, and a respectable man offered to teach him to play. He soon gained considerable celebrity, and was in much request for dances, and other village-follies; which, while they supplied him with money, only confirmed him in drunkenness, profanity, and infidelity. In 1829, God was pleased to alarm him by an affecting dream, which made his unholy employment distasteful; and, after some desperate struggles, he resolved rather "to want bread in the short day of time, than to want water through the rolling ages of eternity." Though his old companions played their part just like themselves, he persevered in seeking the salvation of his soul; and, at length, trusting in the atoning Lamb, was saved by grace. The Revds. J. Willis and P. C. Horton appear to have been made a blessing to him, and to have induced him to meet in class. This was the means of confirming him in the grace of God, amid the powerful temptations which strewed his path. Assisted by several kind friends, who read to him, and wrote from his dictation, he attained a respectable degree of knowledge. His taste for the humbler sort of pious verse being acceptable to those to whom he repeated his compositions, he was induced to beguile many tedious hours, and cheer many hearts, by these godly exercises. Partly as a means of support, he printed several of these for sale, as also several editions of a short account of his life and labours, which many have read as a means of spiritual good. A visit to some pious friends at Bury St. Edmund's was sanctified to higher attainments of personal piety, and a more zealous exhibition of Christ wherever he went. He was greatly beloved; and, as a Class-Leader, was faithful, kind, sympathizing, and encouraging. Following the guiding hand of Providence, he began to preach, his name was placed upon the Plan, and he was made useful to many.

His large family being dependent for their support principally upon the sale of his works, his trials were frequently very

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oppressive. Under these he was graciously supported, and adored the Divine goodness in disposing so many Clergymen and gentlemen, of various denominations, to assist and encourage him. He recorded with admirable simplicity and gratitude some deeply affecting answers to prayer, in special aid received from distant and unknown benefactors, when the wants of his family were most pressing.

His last affliction was long, and at times affected his reason; but, being graciously sustained, even this brought glory to God. His patience was most exemplary, and at times his joys were like Jordan's swelling stream. He not only proved himself an able instructer and comforter of the pious who sought his society, but an earnest admonisher of the unconverted who called to see him. Those who attended a weekly prayer-meeting at his house, sometimes seemed on the verge of heaven. His last words were, "Glory! glory! victory! victory!" &c. Thus the blind Preacher passed from darkness on earth to light in heaven, on December 29th, 1855.

Thetford. R. T.

Poetry.

A WHISPER.

"He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

Moving onward, moving ever,
Like a streamlet, ceasing never;
Like a shadow o'er the mountain,
Like a bubble on the fountain;
Like a zephyr softly straying,
Like a summer shadow playing;
Like a light boat o'er the wave;
Thus we hasten to the grave.

Moving onward, moving ever,
Like a streamlet, like a river,
Madly rushing to the ocean,
Ceaseless in its mystic motion;
Is life truth, or only seeming?
Do we live, or are we dreaming?
Do we months and years in vain
Try to lose, or try to gain?

Moving onward, moving ever,
What is past returneth never,
Pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow;
Yet live we now, or for the morrow?
O, how swift the hour is flying!
As it goes fond nature's dying!
What seek we then? That bright abode,
The home of angels and of God!

Macclesfield. THE WANDERER.

COME TO JESUS.

O, COME to Jesus, thou whose heart is bleeding,
Pierced through and through by sorrow and by sin;
The blood from His own heart, applied, will heal it,
Will ease its throbbing, wash it, make it clean.

Hast thou not been to numerous physicians?
Wealth, Friendship, Pleasure? Why, then, further roam?
Thy aching, anguish'd heart is "nothing better'd,
But rather worse." O, come to Jesus,—come!

The world hath sought for ages on the mountains
Of Sin and Folly for a healing balm:
But all in vain; there's nothing efficacious
The spirit's wounds to cure or woes to calm.

But there's a plant which grows on Calvary,
It flourishes where erst the Cross hath stood;
Its leaves have rarest virtues, and its healing
Is drawn alone from Jesu's priceless blood.

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O, come to Calvary, then,—come without money!
Hearken! "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"
"And him that is athirst," and "him that heareth;"
And echo answers echo, "Come! come! come!"

To Jesus come,—thou whose sad tears are falling
In bitter anguish o'er some silent tomb;
Hear what He saith: "I am the resurrection,"
And thy sweet, faded flower again shall bloom!

Come thou to Jesus, lone and friendless one,
Whose burning tears, unheeded, ceaseless flow:
Perhaps the dear hand that wiped thy tears in childhood
Lies mouldering and chill the turf below.

But, mourner, cease thy sighs! The Man of Sorrows
Hath trod life's dreary path 'mid deeper gloom;
And having been Himself with griefs acquainted,
He knows to succour thee;—come to Him, come!

O, come to Jesus! Thou who hast backslidden,
Ah! whither from thy Saviour would'st thou roam?
What arms but His are open to receive thee?
Come back to Jesus! Come! This moment come!

Come to Him all the world,—while yet sweet mercy
Holds forth life's taper to illume the gloom:
Come! ere its shortening growth sink in the socket,
And all be lost! Come *now* to Jesus! Come!

London. MARY NICHOLSON.

Anecdotes.

GAZING AT THE CLOUDS.

A CORRESPONDENT of an American Magazine relates the following amusing adventure:—

"A short time since I jumped into a city omnibus near the Crystal Palace. There were in the vehicle at the time four other persons. One of them was a tall, handsome, elegantly-dressed man, rather stout, with large black mustachios, and a dark, piercing eye. There was a sternness in his look which made it appear disagreeable, and I was puzzled to find out why he gazed so intently upon me. He did not, however, leave me long to think on the subject; for presently, in the most respectful manner, he bade me 'Good morning,' left the seat he occupied, and took one beside me. This manœuvre I could not account for, but thought he had mistaken me for some acquaintance. For a few seconds he seemed absorbed in meditating upon some weighty matter, and, as if studying the weather, looked up at the clouds, and then, turning round to me, remarked, 'We are going to have bad weather, Sir; very bad indeed. The atmosphere is heavy; it is oppressive; it is intolerable; it is regular suicidal weather, Sir.' I replied that the weather certainly was bad, but that I did not think, though I might probably be mistaken, it was as bad as he represented it to be. This did not satisfy him, and, viewing me steadily for a moment, he said, 'Not so bad, indeed! I am astonished, Sir, to hear you speak thus. It is a favourite study of mine. Gaze up at yon cloud! Look, Sir, look—look at that awful cloud! that is surcharged, Sir, with typhus fever; and that, Sir,' (pointing to the heavens,) 'that one you see there in the eastern horizon is crammed with cholera, yellow fever, and other terrible maladies! Look, Sir,' (and he caught me firmly by the arm,) 'look at that tremendous pestilential cloud, how

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rapidly it moves above us! O, this sinful city will surely meet its long-threatened fate!' I now became tolerably well satisfied that I was in the company of a lunatic, and heartily wished to be rid of him; but he was not to be so easily shaken off. I moved a few inches from him, and he immediately followed me, remarking that he would be happy to give me suitable instructions on his 'favourite study,' if I had no objection, on another occasion, and, catching me once more by the arm, theatrically exclaimed, 'Up with your eyes, Sir! up! up! I must flee from the threatening danger. The density of the atmosphere—beware of it. Remember my words. Good morning, Sir.' He got out of the stage at Fourteenth-street; and, feeling somewhat relieved at his departure, I addressed my fellow-passengers thus:—'Poor fellow! What calamity can have deprived him of his senses! It is mournful to see so noble-looking a man thus afflicted.' Those who were in the stage coincided with me, and we continued to converse on his antics for about ten minutes, when I had occasion to put my hand into my pocket for my pocket-book. I searched for it for some time; but, lo! it had vanished. He whom I believed to be a lunatic was a dexterous thief; had actually cut my pocket with some instrument, and carried off my pocket-book! My literary pocket-book, too, good reader! But never was a thief more deceived. It contained one twenty-five cent piece (neither more nor less); about fifty small paragraphs, gleaned from time to time (some were grave, some humorous, but all were moral, which I hope will be a benefit to him); several flattering editorial notices of 'The National,' from sundry periodicals, which I probably would have presented as a New-Year's gift to the editor; a few lines from an esteemed friend now travelling in Europe; and the private addresses of about two dozen acquaintances, none of whom, I hope, the handsome, well-dressed man with the black mustachios will visit, and in my name introduce himself to their pockets. A more cool piece of impudence and hypocrisy I never before witnessed. Reader, my adventure is not without a moral. Never judge from appearances."

The Portfolio.

THE DEATH OF A MURDERER.

Mr. Gibson, in his recently-published volume, gives a remarkable account of the last hours of Wongso, a native soldier of the Bughis race of Ceylon. He had committed murder in cold blood, and was sentenced to be hung. Mr. Gibson visited him in his prison, and, as he tells us, read to him the Scriptures. Wongso begged him to read again and again. I had come (says the writer) with some enthusiasm to rouse up a dull, barbarian mind, an apathetic, semi-pagan, Mohammedan soul; but the savage showed an ardour, an eagerness to find a something to satisfy his soul, in launching into the future, that shamed my weariness. He wanted to hear more, more; and all about Christ, that called bad men to come unto Him with broken hearts. The Sergeant who read became roused up; he wept; he wished the good Dominie he had so often listened to when a boy were here; he proposed that we should do what he had often done before he became a soldier,—that we should pray; and the soldier and the two prisoners knelt down, and the soldier raised up his voice, appealing to a throne of grace for mercy upon his own sinfulness, and praying that the man whom he was guarding unto his death in this world might be raised up unto eternal life in another and a better one.

Wongso wept, as the Sergeant wept; he continued to weep; he thought not of his soon being raised on a gallows for his crimes, but of One who had been raised up ignominiously for what such as he had done. It was a terrible scene, the agitation, the weeping of that murderer. But he was becoming calmer. Was his animal nerve giving way? was this a reaction of mental excitement? Perhaps so. But Wongso said that he believed in

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Christ; not the "Prophet Jesus," but Him who died for sinners; and now Wongso was not afraid to die.

It was now nearly daybreak; at six o'clock the sun rose; and at seven the guard would come for the prisoner. I left the Testament with the Sergeant: Wongso wished to hear something read to the last. I said some parting words: he wept again, but seemed to possess a joy that I did not understand. All that I had done was to help to ease the mind of an unfortunate man. He had given some directions, that were to be communicated to the Judge-Advocate, that all the little property he possessed should be given to the family of the man he had murdered: he gave eleven rupees to the Sergeant to buy two Testaments in the Malay language, the same as the one from which I had read, to be given to two of his comrades in prison who could read. He begged of me to go and talk to them. The time came to part: I asked him to raise up his right hand to heaven the moment before they pinioned him under the gallows, as a sign that his heart felt strong to the last; and with profound emotion I parted with Wongso.

A solemn roll of the drum, and harsh voices of command, roused up the prison at sunrise. A guard entered the court: the Sergeants delivered up their charge, and I saw one wipe his eyes with his sleeve as he turned away from the man whose moments were counted. The turnkey afforded me an opportunity to see through the grating that overlooked the field of death. Long lines of troops were formed into a hollow square, the bayonets glistened in the sun, the horses of a commanding officer and his staff pranced about the field, loud voices resounded, and there was great stir and pride of warlike array.

In the centre of all this was the gloomy gallows. A man in a dark robe, the Judge-Advocate, stood with a roll, the death-warrant, in his hand; he read it to Wongso, who stood near him: then a man in uniform, a military Sheriff, took the regimental coat and cap from off Wongso; he was degraded as a soldier upon earth, and was given up to the hangman: then Wongso mounted steps, and before the cords were passed around him he made the sign; he raised up his right hand toward heaven, affirming, at his last moments on earth, that he was a steadfast soldier of the Cross.

I saw no more: I could not look upon the horrible mode of Dutch hanging. I cannot give the details; but look into their laws upon death: a man to be hung is so foully bound, that ere his neck is broken his bowels are torn. I heard a signal-tap, a solemn roll of the drum—a man had gone to the land of souls; and then the band struck up a lively tune as the troops marched back to their quarters.

THE POOR BLIND WELSH WOMAN.

If we accept Dryden's sentence, that "virtue alone is true nobility," we shall not be surprised to find examples of true dignity of soul in the cottages of the pious poor. One such example was found in the town of Carmarthen, in the person of a poor old blind widow, whose name was Rudge.

In the cleanness and neatness of her person, in her modest deportment, her industrious habits, her diligent attendance on Divine ordinances, and in the sacrifices she cheerfully made to support the cause of God, she gave pleasing evidence of the elevating and hallowing influence of Christian principles. Whenever the writer called upon her, which he frequently did, he always found her actively employed, and was sometimes amused with the dexterity she displayed in the dangerous operations of ironing and washing.

Her pecuniary means were very small. She received half-a-crown weekly from the parish, out of which she paid one shilling for the rent of her room, leaving only eighteen-pence to provide the necessaries of life. But, notwithstanding her poverty, she believed that it was her duty to return a part of whatever God gave her to the support of His truth.

Whenever a collection was made in the chapel, her mite was always ready, and was cheerfully offered. The collectors, knowing her circumstances, would sometimes pass by without handing her the box: but this grieved her; for she felt the truth of that saying of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive,"

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and could not leave the house of God without presenting her humble offering.

On one occasion, when the anniversary services took place, the Trustees made a noble effort to reduce the debt, and widow Rudge entered heartily into this work, giving sixpence at each of the three public services. Thus, like another poor widow, commended by her Lord, "she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living." (Mark xii. 44.)

Some of her friends thought she acted imprudently on that occasion, and one of them told her so. She replied, in her usual modest way, that she thought he did not know her Divine Master so well as she did; that she had been many years in His service, and had always found that she was not only no loser, but an abundant gainer, by all the sacrifices she had made in the support of His cause. "Why, Sir," said she, "that very evening, as I was returning home, I met with two ladies, and one of them gave me half-a-crown: so here was my principal, with handsome interest, come back to me the same day."

That widow Rudge was right, cannot be doubted; for the Bible tells us that whatever we do with a sincere desire to glorify God, He will acknowledge. "Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in My name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward." (Mark ix. 41.)

"For what to Thee, O Lord, we give,
A hundred-fold we here obtain;
And soon with Thee shall all receive,
And loss shall be eternal gain."

THE BACKSLIDING MOTHER.

SEE that open grave. It is but a little one. By the side of it is standing a sorrowing, broken-hearted mother. Her only babe is about to be laid in that cold grave. The Minister is uttering over it, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." The gravedigger is throwing the earth in upon the coffin. The Minister cries to him, "Stop! stop!" and then adds, "In a certain place a farmer had a flock of sheep, among which was one that wandered from the fold. Many means had been devised to keep her at home, but all in vain. She broke through the fences, leaped over walls, and rambled over hill and dale. She snapped her fetters, broke her yoke, and again and again left her fold. She had a little lamb, one little lamb. The shepherd one day took the lamb, laid it in his bosom, and carried it back to his fold. He had not then to bid the sheep to return: she followed of her own accord." The Minister then, turning to the mother, said, "*You* are the wandering sheep. This is your little lamb we are laying in the grave. The great Shepherd has taken it home to His heavenly fold. Return to God; return to the fold from which you have wandered, and the lamb and its mother shall feed together in the green pastures above."—O, ye mothers! ye backsliding mothers! whose lambs Jesus has taken to heaven, if ye would not have the impassable gulf to separate you and your lambs, if ye would not howl in hell, while they sing in heaven, return to Christ, and return now. Say to Him,—

"Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and Thee;
Never to be broke off again,
To all eternity."

SINFUL SILENCE.

THIS is the case,—

1. When God is dishonoured, and we express no dislike of it.

2. When it is our duty to reprove another, and we neglect it.

3. When our silence proceeds from want of delight in spiritual things; as when we can be free enough to any worldly discourse, but cannot abide to speak of matters that concern our souls.

4. When we are ashamed to own the ways of God, for fear of reproach.

5. When we neglect to give good counsel where we ought, and have an opportunity to do it.

It was once a great trouble to a holy man, that he had spent the whole time of dinner with his friends, without speaking something for God.—*Disney.*

OLDEST WORK IN THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE.

THE oldest work in the Russian language was published in 863, and was a translation from the Greek of the Four Gospels.

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THE SYNAGOGUES OF THE JEWS.

Synagogues were the religious meeting-places of the Jews in the times which succeeded the captivity. Tradition maintained their very early origin; and the Targums carry them up even to the age of the Patriarchs. In proof of their high antiquity, they relied partly on Deuteronomy xxxi. 11—13 (on the ground that the reading of the law is the principal part of the synagogue-worship), and partly on Psalm lxxiv. 8. The first of these arguments needs no confutation. The expression employed in the above-mentioned Psalm is ambiguous; and, after all, the question remains whether this whole Psalm was composed before the captivity. The needfulness of religious meeting-houses for social worship, without the service of the altar, must first have become perceptible to the Jews when in bondage, far from the Holy Land and the legal sanctuary; and hence the synagogues may have originated in that eventful period, and afterwards have been transplanted into the mother country. At the beginning of the Christian era, at least one synagogue existed in every town of moderate size in Palestine; for example, in Nazareth, in Capernaum, as also in those towns of Syria, Asia Minor, and Greece, in which Jews had settled. Larger towns had more of them; and in Jerusalem itself, four hundred and eighty, or at least four hundred and sixty, were found. Different from the synagogues were the *proseuchæ*, that is, places of prayer, oratories, which were without the towns, and generally in the neighbourhood of flowing waters (the Jews being wont to wash themselves before prayer), in open places, and often without roof. The name, however, is likewise used by Josephus and Philo for synagogues properly so called. The erection and support of the synagogues (which were sometimes without but more commonly within the towns, and in the most beautiful and elevated situations) devolved naturally upon the community; yet both were sometimes undertaken by private persons, and these occasionally heathens. The Jews entertained high ideas of the sanctity of these buildings. They assembled there (the women occupying separate seats) on Sabbaths, feast-days, and, in later times, on the second and fifth days of the week, for social prayer and hearing sections of the Scripture, from the Law, the Prophets, and some other books of the Old Testament. These were read out by one of the congregation (according to Philo, by one of the Priests or Elders,) and freely interpreted for edification. The reader and the interpreter were, however, different persons. When one of the Priests had pronounced the benediction, to which the congregation said, "Amen," the assembly was dismissed. The office-bearers in the synagogue were: 1st. The Overseer or President, who had the direction of the whole service of the synagogue, and watched over the order of the assemblies. 2d. The Elders, who seem to have formed a college of counsellors under the superintendence of the Overseer. 3d. The Legate or Messenger of the assembly, who regularly officiated in the congregation as the offerer of prayer; but who was, besides, employed as the Secretary and the Messenger of the synagogue. 4th. The Attendant or "Minister," who made ready the books for public reading, attended to the cleanliness of the room, opened and closed the synagogue. To these was perhaps added an Alms-gatherer; as Matthew vi. 2, cannot well be understood of open almsgiving.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

A VOICE FROM THE DYING.

In illustrating the importance of a direct appeal to individuals on the subject of personal religion, Mrs. Winslow would frequently quote a touching incident, related to her when at Cambridge, of the late excellent Charles Simeon. On one occasion, he was summoned to the dying bed of a brother. Entering the room, his relative extended his hand to him, and, with deep emotion, said, "I am dying; and you never warned me of the state I was in, and of the danger to which I was exposed from neglecting the salvation of my soul!" "Nay, my brother," replied Mr. Simeon, "I took every reasonable opportunity of bringing the subject of religion before your mind, and frequently alluded to it in my letters." "Yes,"

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exclaimed the dying man, "you did; but that was not enough. You never came to me, closed the door, and took me by the collar of my coat, and told me that I was unconverted, and that, if I died in that state, I should be lost. And now I am dying; and, but for God's grace, I might have been for ever undone!" It is said that this affecting scene made an ineffaceable impression on Mr. Simeon's mind.—*Life in Jesus.*

DIRECTIONS FOR A SHORT LIFE.

We copy the following directions for a short life from an old almanack. We doubt not that they will prove as efficacious as any doctor could desire:—1st. Eat hot bread at every meal; 2d. Eat fast; 3d. Lie in bed every morning till the sun is two hours high. If the case should prove stubborn—4th. Add the morning dram.

RETRIBUTION.

While conversing with an elderly female in this town, the other day, on some alarmingly sudden deaths here and in the neighbourhood of late, she related to me the following fact:—

Her late father, when a youth of about fifteen years of age, was in service with Mr. C——, a farmer at the village of R——, in the West-Riding of Yorkshire. One day his master was expecting a gentleman from a distance to buy one of his horses; but the animal had certain defects, which, if known, would prevent the sale of the animal. He therefore told the boy that, if asked, he must totally deny them. "But," said the boy, "I can do nothing of the kind, Sir. I never did, and I won't, tell a lie, for any one." "Well," said Mr. C., "if you won't, I'll give you such a horse-whipping as you won't forget to your dying day." Again the boy's answer was, "Sir, I don't care. I can't tell lies; I hate them, and must speak the truth, come what may."

Presently the gentleman on horseback made his appearance, and commenced bargaining for the horse, at a pretty round sum; and after asking certain questions, as to some ailments or defects, which the owner positively denied, was just on the point of closing the bargain, when (and here it may be remarked how often people, wickedly inclined, outwit themselves) the master called the lad, and began to ask him, in the presence of the customer, whether the horse was not perfectly sound. Upon this he at once replied, "No, it isn't." "What!" said the gentleman, "isn't it sound?" "No, Sir, that she isn't, and master knows it," was again the reply. Then, indignantly giving the farmer a severe rebuke, the gentleman declared he neither would buy that or any other horse of him as long as he lived, and forthwith rode away.

No sooner had he gone, than Mr. C. followed the boy, who had gone back into the stable, and, shutting the door, took a large whip, and laid it most unmercifully over him, leaving visible marks; telling him that he should know when to disobey *him* again. After wreaking his vengeance on the lad, and going out into the yard, the latter, smarting under the infliction, called out after him, "The devil's preparing a painted chamber for you." And now mark what occurred. The farmer went towards a pump-trough in the yard, where the horses used to drink, when a young one immediately struck him with its heels. He was carried by the men into the house, and never came out again alive.

The boy grew up to manhood, and never omitted an opportunity of cautioning her from whose lips this account was taken, and his other children, against telling falsehoods, and impressing on them the importance of speaking the truth.

Let readers of this narrative, who may have any particular business to transact, ever remember the words, "Thou God seest me;" and then, again, "Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth."

Howden. D.

THE CRESCENT.

The crescent has been the symbol of the city of Byzantium (Constantinople) from remote antiquity. Its origin was thus. When Philip of Macedon was besieging Byzantium, a flash of light illumined suddenly the northern horizon, and revealed

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the advancing masses of the Macedonian troops, and so the city was saved from a midnight surprise. In memory of their deliverance, the Byzantians stamped a crescent on their coins, as a symbol of the portent.

FRIENDSHIP.

If you would have a friend, you must first find him; and as this is an important point to gain, too much care cannot be bestowed upon your search. Be very cautious in your selection; as it is not every man who calls himself, or even appears to be, your friend who really is such. Before you venture to entertain the friendship of any man, or offer him yours, be perfectly assured that he is worthy of it; do not rashly lose sight of this precaution, as on its proper observance depends the comfort, nay, even safety, of your choice. Never believe that real friendship can exist without respect: therefore, if you observe in the character, habits, or disposition of any of your acquaintances aught that tends to lessen your esteem for him as an individual or a Christian, do not think to make that man your friend.—When you have found a friend, your next care must be to keep him. This will depend almost entirely upon yourself. Solomon says, "A friend loveth at all times;" but do not presume too much, nor ever take advantage of your position, by making it the plea for a careless and neglectful manner. The baneful influence of such behaviour is too often seen in family-relationships; and be assured it is most detrimental in diminishing that respect which is indispensable to true friendship. Finally, you will do well to remember the proverb of the wise man above-quoted: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

THE POOR MAN RICH.

A wealthy gentleman was one day gazing from the windows of his residence upon some of his labourers who were fulfilling their daily toil: his eye chanced to fall on a poor old man, an old Methodist Class-Leader, who had for many years been in his employ, and whose cheerful consistent piety had evidently impressed his godless master. The gentleman was heard to remark, "I would willingly part with every acre of land I possess, if I were but as contented and happy as that poor old man, and had but as sure a hope of getting to heaven." Alas! for the rich man without God: he is really miserable, poor, blind, and naked, although many imagine him rich and happy, and he may for a while think himself so. He may possess houses and lands, and abundance of gold and silver; but in one moment death may come and rob him of all, and send him speechless and hopeless into the presence of God. But joy to the poor man who has Christ for his portion: he is rich indeed. He possesses all things. Earth and heaven are his; things present and things to come, life and death: he is a child of God, an heir of glory. Angels are his servants. He can already, by faith, sit with Christ in heavenly places, and look down on earthly things as shadows. Death is to him a welcome friend, who will put him in possession of an everlasting kingdom.

Prestwich. E. A. G.

ON REPORTING.

Reporters sometimes make sad work in "taking down" public speakers. On one occasion Daniel Webster, who was fond of quoting Latin, introduced into a speech this well-known line from Virgil:—

"Adsum qui feci; in me, me convertite ferrum."

A reporter, supposing the latter part of the verse to be a translation of the former, and desiring to be exceedingly accurate, gave it to the public thus:—

"*Adsum qui feci*; he or me (*sic*) must perish!"

THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

When Venus was discovered (says the Rev. Dr. Brewster) and found to be a planet of the same size as the earth, with mountains and valleys, days and nights, and years analogous to our own, astronomers could not fail to think it probable that she was inhabited like the earth; and the absurdity of believing that she had

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no inhabitants, when no other rational purpose could be assigned for her creation, became an argument of a certain amount that she was, like the earth, the seat of animal and vegetable life. When Jupiter was discovered, and was found to be so gigantic a planet that it required four moons to give him light, the argument from analogy, that he was inhabited, became stronger from the fact of his having moons, and the argument for a plurality of worlds became stronger also, because the analogy was extended to two planets. In like manner, every discovery of a new planet, either with new points of analogy, or with those previously existing in other planets, became an additional argument from analogy. When the system, therefore, was completed by the discovery of Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and their numerous satellites, and when astronomers had discovered the existence of atmospheres, and clouds, and Arctic snows, and trade-winds in Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, and Venus, the argument from analogy attained a degree of force which it had not in the time of Fontenelle; and when combined with the absurdity of the opposite opinion that planets could have moons and no inhabitants, atmospheres with no creatures to breathe in them, and currents of air without life to be fanned, it required a power of conviction which few minds, if any, could resist.

HAVING TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

"Well, Hodge," said a smart-looking Londoner to a worthy cottager, who was on his way home from church, "so you are trudging home after taking the benefit of the fine balmy breezes in the country this morning?"

"Sir," said the man, "I have not been strolling about this sacred morning, wasting my time in idleness, and neglecting the duties of religion; but I have been to the house of God, to hear His holy word."

"Ah! what, you are one of those simpletons that, in these country places, are weak enough to believe the Bible, and not enjoy your Sunday. Depend upon it, my man, that book is nothing but a pack of nonsense; and none but weak and ignorant people now think it true."

"Well, Mr. Stranger, but do you know, weak and ignorant as we country people are, we like to have *two strings to our bow?*"

"Two strings to your bow! what do you mean by that?"

"Why, Sir, I mean that to believe the Bible, and act up to it, is like having two strings to my bow; for even should it turn out to be untrue, I shall have been a better and happier man in this world for living according to its dictates; and so it will be for my good in that respect; *there is one string:* and if it should prove true, it will be better for me in the world to come; *there is another string*, and a pretty strong one it is. But, Sir, if you disbelieve the Bible, and on that account do not live as it requires, you have *not one string to your bow.* And, O! if its tremendous threats prove true, think, O, think! what will become of you then?"

This plain appeal to common sense silenced the gainsayer, and afforded proof that he was not quite so wise as he supposed.—*Illustrated Slip, No. 6. Published by Partridge.*

"I never go to church," said a country tradesman to his parish Clergyman. "I always spend Sunday in settling accounts." The Minister immediately replied, "You will find that the day of judgment will be spent in the same manner."

Memorials of the Departed.

Jane Golightly was born at Westgate, in the Wolsingham Circuit, September 17th, 1815. Her grandparents received the Wesleyan Ministers into their house when Methodism was in its infancy in Weardale; and while yet a child, the fervent prayers and affectionate admonitions of her pious grandfather deeply

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impressed her young and tender mind. At this early age she had serious convictions of sin, and made many resolutions to lead a new life; but she followed the devices of her own heart until the year 1836. Being then about twenty-one years of age, she attended the house of God in her native village: the word came home to her heart. It pleased the Lord to awaken long-neglected convictions, and she became a new creature in Christ Jesus. A short time after this she was married to Mr. James Golightly; and in the relation of wife and mother was faithful, affectionate, and industrious. Though she at once began to meet in class, for a time she did not appear to relate her experience with freedom. But she began to grow in grace; and, for the last three or four years of her earthly sojourn, was

"Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross."

She gloried in the cross of Christ. Her attachment to the house of God and the place of prayer was strong. With the Psalmist, she could say, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth." She also took great delight in visiting the sick, ministering to their spiritual wants, and telling them of the Saviour's love. "It was always good," says a friend, who knew her well,—"it was always good to meet with Jane; for her constant theme was redeeming love." Mrs. Golightly loved the word of God. The law of the Lord was, indeed, her delight. She was often found with her work in her hand and her Testament open before her; and, glancing at the passage before her, would drink in fresh supplies of the water of life. And when her eyes had become so weak that she was no longer able to read her Bible, she said to a friend that she "had it in her heart." But it was in the season of suffering and bodily weakness that her grace shone the brightest: as her sufferings abounded, the consolations of Christ abounded also. She felt that the foundation stood sure. She knew in whom she had believed; and that body and soul were safe in His keeping. All her confidence was in Him who had promised to save her to the uttermost. Two days before her death the Rev. John M. Joll visited her; and when he approached her bedside, she repeated these words, "Very ill; but very happy. Solid rock. Constant peace." Her last words were, "Happy, happy, happy!" And then her happy spirit took its flight to the realms of eternal day, February 21st, 1855.

Elijah Wells, brother of the Rev. W. P. Wells, Wesleyan Minister, Australia, was born at Marton, in the Gainsborough Circuit. He had pious parents, whose desire and effort to "bring up" their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord" have been signally approved by Him. In the fourteenth year of his age he experienced a change of heart. Two years afterwards his health began to fail, and was never fully restored. During nine years of affliction, his humility and submission to the will of God were manifest; and as he was accustomed regularly to review and record his experience, there is delightful evidence of his deep-rooted though unobtrusive piety, and cheering growth in grace. His stability and excellence of character did not escape the observation of his Ministers: he was proposed and accepted as a Local Preacher; and when the state of his health permitted, he gladly and successfully preached Christ to perishing sinners. He very much enjoyed Christian communion, and esteemed it a privilege and honour to be engaged in the great Missionary enterprise. A short time before his dismissal, when the cold dew of nature's sunset had gathered on his brow, he gently said,—

"Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;"

and wished his mother to read over the remainder of that beautiful hymn. He then raised himself in bed, and exclaimed, "Glory, glory, glory! Hallelujah, hallelujah!" Immediately afterwards, he asked his mother what day it was; and on being told it was the Sabbath morning, he exultingly exclaimed, "O, then, I shall have a Sabbath." He then asked if he were dying; and, on being answered in the affirmative, he rejoined, "It is good to be here." His last utterance was, "Angels coming! angels coming!" He fell asleep in Jesus on Sunday, March 4th, in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

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At Wickersley, in the Rotherham Circuit, August 3d, Mrs. Mary Stirling. She was, indeed, a mother in Israel. For fifty-three years she had been a Methodist, and a Class-Leader thirty years. She was awakened to a sense of her condition as a sinner at Halifax, in circumstances of a most unusual character. It was at a theatre, and while the actor was uttering these words, "There is a brighter and a better world." An additional circumstance, which had a further influence, was, that the same person, on a subsequent occasion, while uttering the same words, died. She suffered great distress of mind for a considerable time, having no one to point out to her the way of salvation. She became so ill, as to render it necessary for her to remove to her native air. She there became acquainted with some Methodists who were amongst the excellent of the earth, and soon found peace with God. Her piety rose above the ordinary standard, and her career was one of great consistency and usefulness. When she opened her house for preaching, our Ministers and Local Preachers always found a hospitable welcome under her roof; and many are the venerated men of whom she was accustomed to speak in terms of the highest esteem, and with whom it was her privilege to co-operate in extending the Redeemer's kingdom. Owing to her active instrumentality, in conjunction with the late Dr. Newton, Methodism was introduced into Mexborough. Her last illness was tedious and distressing; but it found her full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.

Mary Ann Squires, who died at Leegrave-Marsh, in the Dunstable Circuit, August 7th, aged twenty-four years, was, when a scholar in the Leegrave Sunday-school, the subject of religious impressions; but it was not until the beginning of the year 1849 that she became decidedly pious. She was induced to attend the watch-night service in the village-chapel at the close of the year 1848, and during that service became the subject of deep convictions. A few days after this, when at a prayer-meeting, in great distress of soul on account of sin, and earnestly seeking mercy from God, she was enabled to believe on Christ with the heart unto righteousness. The Holy Spirit gave testimony to her adoption, she went home rejoicing in God, and from that time held fast her confidence in the Saviour. The means of grace were highly valued by her: at her class-meeting she was a regular attendant; for she loved the communion of saints. Her contributions were made regularly and freely. In the Sunday-school she sought to be useful, and was diligent as a collector for Christian Missions. Thus did she show that she loved the Saviour who first loved her, and that this love constrained her to live to Him who died for her and rose again.

Having some taste and power for singing, she had been accustomed to occupy very acceptably a place among those who conducted the singing in the chapel, and on the bed of death her song was heard. Among the verses which were much loved by her, she sang,—

"My ransom and peace,
My Surety He is;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His,"
&c.;

adding, "Jesus is precious." "Hallelujah! I shall be victorious, and sing of salvation for ever and ever." "Happy! happy! all is well." "Thy will be done." "I am willing to live, or willing to die; as Thou wilt." Just before her departure, she said, "I shall soon be home: in my Father's house are many mansions." "Jesus is still precious." Thus passed away, from the humble walks of life on earth, one who was rich in faith, and, through Christ, an heir of the kingdom in glory.

Mrs. Harriet Broadribb, whose maiden name was Bainton, died at Coleford, near Frome, August 9th, aged twenty-nine years. After her marriage, she went to reside at Coleford, in the Shepton-Mallet Circuit, but did not at once avail herself of the privilege of church-fellowship, and, not having the aid of Christian communion, suffered spiritual loss. But during special religious services held in Coleford, (commencing on Sunday, the 14th of January, 1855, and continuing every evening for two months, during which time more than one hundred persons professed to find the forgiving love of

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God,) Mrs. B. was powerfully awakened to a sense of unfaithfulness and spiritual need, and having for about a fortnight sought mercy, after weeping and wrestling prayer, she obtained a "knowledge of salvation by the remission of sin." She then became a witness for her Lord by meeting in class with the followers of Christ, and held fast her profession to the time of her death. The last words she uttered were, "O death! where is thy sting?" &c. So her happy soul fled, triumphantly, to the regions of light and glory; and so has been safely gathered the first-fruit of a genuine and extensive work wrought by the Almighty's own right arm in the village of Coleford.

Mrs. Sarah Smith, daughter of Mr. Robert Shingleton, of Hay-Farm, near Wells, Somersetshire, was from early childhood the subject of religious impressions; but when about sixteen years of age, her father was awakened to a concern for his salvation by reading a little work, entitled, "The Prayerless Family," and immediately began to attend the Wesleyan ministry, taking his family with him. Sarah's heart was soon opened to receive the word. The Divine Spirit applied the truth with power. She saw and felt her sinfulness, and her need of an interest in Christ, and soon realized, through faith, a sense of the favour and peace of God. The Divine character of the work was immediately conspicuous in her life and practice; and, preserved by grace, she maintained to the end of her life consistency of Christian character, walking in the ordinances and commandments of God blameless.

In the year 1841 she became the wife of Mr. Smith, formerly of Wells, but now residing in Charlton, near Sherborne. In the domestic circle she was amiable, diligent, and prudent in a high degree. As her family increased, and her children grew up around her, she was earnest in instilling into their minds the knowledge and fear of God. Her care for her servants was that of a Christian mistress anxious to unite them to the service of the Redeemer. Though sustaining the care of eight children, and a large business, she found time to inquire into the case of her neighbours, and frequently to visit and generously to relieve cases of sickness and distress. To the young around her, her affection was truly maternal. She was wont to take them apart, and advise and pray with them; and many of the objects of her care are now in the enjoyment of that religion to which she was the honoured instrument of directing them. After an illness of but forty-four hours, she fell asleep in Jesus, on the 11th of August, in the thirty-fifth year of her age. "Her children shall rise up and call her blessed."

Tabular Record of Mortality.

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Blackburn, Hannah,	Westgate-Hill,	Birstal,	83	Feb. 5th, 1855.
Blackburn, John,	Westgate-Hill,	Birstal,	76	May 3d, 1856.
Gardner, Catherine,	Kinoulton,	Melton-Mowbray,	25	April 25th, 1856.
Goodburn, Mary,	Sutton,	Easingwold,	54	May 7th, 1856.
Goodridge, Mrs. Ann,	North-Bramwick,	Doncaster,	33	May 17th, 1856.
Hirst, Mary,	Batley,	Birstal,	60	April 22d, 1856.
Laverack, Mr. W.,	Heck,	Snaith,	65	May 9th, 1856.
M'Kay, Mrs. Elisabeth,	Birmingham,	Birmingham, West,	65	March 5th, 1856.
Page, Mary,	Ripley,	Ripley,	79	April 7th, 1856.
Priestley, Eliza Jane,	Birstal,	Birstal,	16	May 12th, 1856.
Russell, John,	Whenby,	Easingwold,	65	May 17th, 1856.
Stead, Mary A.,	Westgate-Hill,	Birstal,	70	May 29th, 1856.

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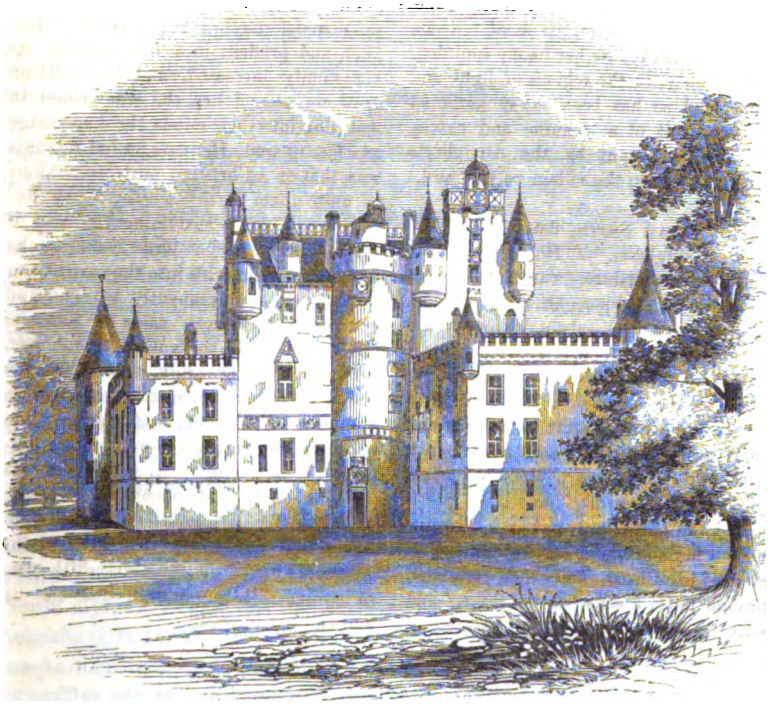
THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.



GLAMMIS CASTLE.

Strathmore, the Great Strath, or valley, of North Britain, stretches across the island from the town of Stonehaven in Kincardineshire, on the east coast, to the district of Cowal, in Argyleshire, on the west. On one side of this grand valley rises the majestic chain of the Grampian mountains,—first extending from west to east, then boldly trending southward,—and the humbler hills of Sidlaw and Ochillon on the other. The rich level country flourishes between. This region gave a title of nobility, about the end of the fourteenth century, to Sir John Lyon of Glammis, who dwelt in his own strong castle,—even then a place of considerable antiquity,—and whose merit probably consisted in having married one of the illegitimate daughters of King Robert, lately deceased. That the castle was then ancient might be inferred from a common rumour that King Malcolm II., who deceased in the year 1034, was murdered there. But that rumour could scarcely be true, if we believe an old Latin chronicle,

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which states that "a free death" (*mors libera*) caught away the King, while his enemies lay prostrate under his feet, and the same chronicle distinctly marks nine other of the Kings as murdered (*interfecti*). The lives of Monarchs in those ages of night were, of all other lives, the most precarious.

The castle is yet standing, continues to be a seat of the noble family of Strathmore, and is one of the most remarkable antiquities, not of the county of Forfarshire only, but of all the kingdom. It is much dilapidated, its ancient beauty is dimmed indeed, yet it still wears its original air of feudal strength and defiance, embosomed, as it is, in the solitude of an extensive old forest. About a hundred and twenty years ago we should judge that it was in fine condition; for at that time an anonymous traveller described it thus:—

"Entering Strathmore, we arrived at the palace of Glammis, belonging to Lyon, Earl of Strathmore, which, by its many turrets and gilded balustrades at the top, struck us with awe and admiration. It stands in the middle of a well-planted park, with avenues branching off in all directions from the house. The great avenue, thickly planted on each side, and entered by a massive gateway, with offices of freestone on each side, like a little town, leads through a space of half a mile to the outer court, within which are statues as large as life. On the great gate of the inner court are balustrades of stone, finely adorned with statues; and in the court four colossal statues, one of James VI. in his stole, another of Charles I. as he is usually painted by Vandyk. The house is the highest we have ever seen, consisting of a lofty tower in the middle, with two wings, and a tower at each end; the whole above two hundred feet broad. The stairs, from the entrance-hall to the top of the house, consist of one hundred and forty-three steps; of which those of the great staircase, where five people can mount abreast, are eighty-six; each step of a single block. In the first floor are thirty-eight rooms with fireplaces. The hall is adorned with family-pictures; and behind this is a handsome chapel, with an organ. On the altar is a fine painting of the 'Last Supper;' and on the ceiling an 'Ascension,' by De Wit, a Dutchman, whom Earl Patrick brought from Holland, and who painted the ceilings of most of the rooms. In the drawing-room next to the hall is an excellent portrait of Queen Mary of Medina, the Pretender's mother, with several others of the principal Scottish nobility; and over the chimney, a curious Italian Scripture-piece. When the Pretender was here on a visit, besides the state chamber, eighty-eight beds were made up for his retinue, besides the servants, who were lodged in the offices out of doors."

When the original building was erected, Scotland had not yet produced a history; and so many alterations and enlargements have taken place on the one hand, with the usual process of decay on the other, that the original portion may now be comparatively small; yet those two towers probably contain much that was left by the hands of the first builders. Now and then this palace of Glammis appears associated with events that have rung from Fame's trumpet across the Tweed, and made part of the world's busy tale.

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We are bidden to remember, for example, that the infamous Macbeth once held possession of it; that Macbeth who had successfully resisted the invasion of some Norwegians, and then, puffed up with vanity, deluded by a mock vision, and instigated by his wife, assassinated his King, and usurped the throne. For a time, they say, he reigned well, and even gained some popularity; but a man who climbs to power by help of crime, whose throne was raised by murder and robbery, although he will naturally labour to divert the world from remembering his guilt, is not likely to maintain so artificial a reputation very long, seldom so long as "the five years of Nero," which were a good beginning of an atrocious reign; and accordingly Macbeth relapsed into his old sins, murdered his most intimate friend Banquo first, and then the wife and children of his rival Macduff. Of this tragedy, written in the annals of Scotland, the crumbling towers of Glammis now remind the spectator, and bid him look at least at one imperial and incomparably more splendid palace, that at this day courts the admiration of Europe, and observe the feverish anxiety of its occupant.

Scarcely less interesting, and quite as mournful, is another fragment of Scottish history pertaining to this frowning habitation, and one of its noble occupants. That was the Lady Glammis; a lady remarkable for beauty, the object of much admiration, but also the victim of a terrible hatred. To put her out of sight became easy when a cry of witchcraft was raised against her. The calumny, however impossible might have been the accusations, was believed. Lady Glammis was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be burnt alive as a witch. The sentence was carried into execution, with all its horrors, unmitigated by any of the contrivances which pity sometimes has found for the abatement of judicial cruelty. The iron chain was passed around her body, and confined her to the stake; the faggots rose around, leaving just room for her to see the crowd of spectators that were already beginning to manifest some appearance of compassion. The wood began to kindle, then it blazed up, and the flames scorched limb after limb, searching quickly over the whole surface of the shrinking frame. The skin blistered. The quivering flesh cracked. The muscles wrought horribly on each burning joint. The blood boiled in the veins; one after another those veins burst, and shed hot blood over the puffed membranes. Sensation, quickened at first to an exquisite intensity that no tongue had ever power to describe, rapidly died away in one last agony. The overwhelming horror of that scalding air, and the stench of a consuming carcase, were quenched quickly in the insensibility of death. The flames ate out their fuel, and in a few moments more the coal-black, sightless corse appealed mutely to the inhabitants of Edinburgh, who dispersed to their houses, there to meditate on the wickedness of their laws, and the atrocious barbarity of their superstition; and the event was, that the shameful fate of Lady Glammis became the occasion of a somewhat enlightened legislation in that part of our island.

In the armory of this castle there are still preserved some interesting objects, as we have seen in the above extract; and some of them, to those

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visiters who can linger and reflect, have much to teach. There are the sword and shirt-of-mail of Macbeth, for example. The arms of one of the Earls of Strathmore, too; the very armour that was on him when he fell in the inglorious battle of Sheriff-muir, (or Dumblane,) in November, 1715, when the rebels, under the Earl of Mar, fought against the Royalists under the Duke of Argyll, and after much bloodshed none could say to which party of the two the victory belonged, and the Scots, not used to such a wasteful mimicry of war, blushed in recollection of the battle of Dumblane, and the children sang,—

"Some say that *we* wan, and some say that *they* wan,
And some say that *nane* wan at a', man."

Whether the whole story of Glammis Castle, if it were truly told, would be much more edifying than the little we have given of murder, battle, and burning, is a question that cannot at this moment be decided.

THOUGHTS ON THE YOKE AND BURDEN OF CHRIST.

"For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light." (Matt. xi. 30.)

These are the words of our adorable Redeemer. He speaks with authority: "All things are delivered unto Me of My Father." As Mediator, He reigns over the visible and invisible worlds, time and eternity. His words are those of tender compassion: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden." . . . "Take My yoke upon you." Believe in Me; receive Me as your Divine Teacher, "and learn of Me." Taking My atoning sacrifice as the ground of your acceptance with God; with meekness and lowliness of heart yield obedience to My authority and laws. "And ye shall find rest to your souls;" peace with God; the testimony of a good conscience; a holy calm and tranquillity reigning within. "For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."

A "yoke" is a part of neck-harness for oxen, when fastened to the team or plough. Used as a metaphor, it means a *bond* or *obligation* to duty and service. Thus St. Peter designates the ceremonial law "a yoke which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear." (Acts xv. 10.) The term "burden" is often applied to observances and works required by authority. Our Lord rebukes the hypocritical Scribes and Pharisees, inasmuch as "they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers." (Matt. xxiii. 4.) The "yoke" of Christ is that solemn bond, or covenant, into which we enter when we take Christ as our Saviour: His "burden" includes all the duties and observances which He enjoins on us as His followers. True religion—the service of Christ—is here placed before us in an attractive light. It requires of us nothing difficult, far less anything impossible, by the grace which our Redeemer imparts to the sincere seeker of salvation; but it secures for the obedient believer present happiness and future glory.

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Christ's yoke and burden includes two things,—our faith, and our practice; what to believe, and what to do. On both these points objections are sometimes made.

1. It is said, "Religion contains mysteries: we cannot believe in what we do not understand; and it is unreasonable to require us to ground our faith on mysteries." To this we reply:—Christianity is a revealed religion. Could reason have discovered the great truths which constitute the articles of our creed, revelation would not have been necessary. The fact of a revelation proves the things revealed to have been beyond the reach of reason. But what are we required to believe? Not the *manner*, but the *fact*. The Trinity is a deep mystery, and profession of belief therein is an important article in the Christian's creed. It is revealed that there are three Persons in the Godhead, bearing certain relations to each other, each truly and properly God; and yet there are not three Gods, but One. How this can be, we neither understand nor attempt to explain; but we are bound to believe it as *a fact* revealed. The same may be said concerning the person of Christ,—how perfect Godhead and perfect manhood should be united, forming one Person,—and also concerning other mysterious facts. The revelation which makes them known bears indubitable proof that it is from God. And if the record is from God, it shows pride and rebellion to refuse to believe in what He has revealed, because we cannot comprehend the manner of its existence.

An argument may be drawn from analogy. Are we not surrounded with mysterious facts which we are compelled to believe, though we cannot explain them? Take, for instance, the air we breathe. You believe that it exists; that breathing it is necessary to life: but can you say whence it cometh and whither it goeth? Do you understand the process of nutrition? how the food you eat becomes, by a mysterious elaboration, incorporated with your frame, so as to feed and nourish it? or will you cease from taking food till you can explain this? You have a body, a real body; and you have a soul, a spirit. You believe the two are united; but can you explain the link which unites the material body and the immaterial soul, that which is visible and tangible with that which is invisible and intangible? Nay, no more than you can explain the Trinity. Nature has its mysteries, as well as revelation. And the reason why men reject the truth, and despise the temper of mind in which it is received, are both contained in this passage: "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." (Matt. xi. 25.) "The wise and prudent"—men of learning and science who are without God—reject the truth under pretence of its mystery, and plead that they cannot believe what they do not understand. Yet "babes"—persons humbled, enlightened, and renewed by the Spirit of God, made simple and sincere—receive the truth, and believe unto salvation. Unlettered men are often the first to believe. Yet there are

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multitudes among men of science, and of high distinction too, who are "babes" in humility of spirit, and have heartily taken on them the yoke of Christ.

2. Many shrink from the yoke and burden of Christ because of its difficult and onerous requirements. The first duty is that of repentance. This includes conviction of sin, which produces deep sorrow and distress, and leads us to change our mode of life, forsake our gay and careless companions, and devote ourselves to what many think dull, cheerless, melancholy practices. We are required to deny ourselves; (Matt. xvi. 24;) to give up our own will on every point which is not in perfect harmony with the will of God, and to do this in opposition to the strongest inclinations to the contrary. (Mark ix. 43—48.) We are to take up our cross. (Matt. xvi. 24.) In the way of duty we shall encounter persecution and reproach, hardships and trials difficult to bear. We are to render good for evil. (Matt. v. 44.) We are to exercise forgiveness, and are taught that this is the condition on which we shall be forgiven of God. Further, it is enjoined on us to distribute of our possessions to the poor, and to religion; and to be constant in prayer, private and public. That the natural man shrinks from duties like these, we readily grant; nor can they be performed without the help of the renewing grace of God. But when we believe on Christ, with humble, contrite hearts, we receive the forgiveness of sins, and are adopted into the family of God. A new nature is given us, and "the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost." Love is the great spring and principle of Christian obedience, making the feet run in swift obedience. It is this which makes the yoke of Christ easy, and His burden light. Under the influence of love, we turn from every sin, and hate it with a perfect hatred; we hesitate at no self-denial, no cross, in the way of duty. To pardon the offences of others is no hardship when the heart is full of brotherly love: we bear each other's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

3. The yoke and burden of Christ prohibit no enjoyment that is consistent with real happiness. "God is love." He created man to be happy, and placed him in paradise, a garden of delights. If the fall has brought a blight over our world, the world still retains enough of its grandeur and beauty to indicate God's original design. Why is the earth so richly and beautifully carpeted, the air filled with perfumes, and the heaven bedecked with splendour, but for man's enjoyment? Why has a kind Providence poured out supplies so abundant, so various, so agreeable, if not to minister to our pleasure? And why are "society, friendship, and love, divinely bestowed upon man," but that he may be happy here? They who sinfully abuse the rich gifts of Providence, in excess of self-indulgence, often provide their own punishment in a ruined constitution, a wasted fortune, and a premature grave. Christianity demands no ascetic severity, no excessive mortification, no needless abstinence from what God has provided for us. But the Christian has his mind enlightened; his passions under due control. He uses the world as not abusing

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it; enjoys his blessings with a pure conscience; and renders praise to God for all temporal enjoyments. In secular duties, and in innocent pleasures, he glorifies God, and finds happiness. Wisdom has in one hand "length of days," and in the other "riches and honour." The ways of piety often lead to health and promotion; always to comfort and peace.

4. The service of Christ puts us in possession of pure, spiritual, exalted, and eternal happiness, flowing from the inexhaustible source of happiness; a supply of good suited to our nature, and lasting as our existence. It includes the pardon of sin, reconciliation with God, the witness of the Holy Spirit to acceptance with God; bringing peace, holy hope, and sacred joy,—a blessedness unaffected by the vicissitudes of this world, which lives through life, survives in death, endures in eternity.

5. It furnishes the only antidote to every ill. Are we suffering? "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Are we in poverty? "God hath chosen the poor in this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom." "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Are we in deep perplexities? "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." If "in heaviness through manifold temptations," remember that He who appoints our lot, and traces the path of duty, promises that "all things" shall "work together for good to them that love Him, to them who are the called according to His purpose." And in the solemn hour of dissolution, when passing from time to eternity, Christ shall be with us, to give us victory over the last enemy. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." See this in Simeon. "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace." And in the Apostle: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but to all them also that love His appearing." (2 Tim. iv. 6—8.) The body is laid in the sepulchre to sleep in Jesus; the soul joins the spirits of the just. At the coming of our Redeemer to judge the world, the body shall be raised and fashioned like His glorious body; soul and body reunited, shall be taken into the kingdom prepared for the righteous from the foundation of the world.

It is in this sense that religion is presented and recommended to us: as having no difficulty in faith or practice but what easily yields to the teaching and grace of Christ, as preparing us for the proper enjoyment of the good things of life; imparting to us happiness, pure, spiritual, and exalted; bearing us through the shades of death; placing us with Christ on His throne of glory. No reasonable objection can be taken against this; and it is only this that can lead us to happiness. To seek for happiness in creature-pursuits, whether sensual or refined, is only to

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reap disappointment. These are wells without water for a thirsty soul, that yield only vanity and vexation of spirit.

DEATH A SLEEP.

FRATERNALLY, the angel of sleep and the angel of death wandered over the earth. It was evening. They reclined on a hill not far from the habitations of man. A melancholy stillness reigned, and the evening clock in the distant village was faintly heard.

Silently, according to their custom, sat the two benevolent angels of humanity, in thoughtful embrace, and already night drew near.

Then the angel of sleep arose from his mossy couch, and scattered with a gentle hand the invisible seed of slumber. The evening wind wafted it to the silent dwellings of the wearied husbandmen. Now sweet sleep descended upon the inhabitants of the rural cottage, from the grey-haired man who leans upon his staff, to the infant in the cradle. The sick forgot their pain, the melancholy their sorrow, the poor their wants. Every eye was closed.

After this labour was accomplished, the benevolent angel of sleep again lay down beside his serious brother. "When the dawn appears," said he in a tone of cheerful innocence, "then man will praise me as his friend and benefactor! O, it is sweet to do good unseen and in secret! How happy are we, the invisible messengers of the Good Spirit! How lovely our noiseless occupation!"

Thus spoke the friendly angel of sleep.

The angel of death regarded him with silent grief, and a tear, such as immortals weep, stood in his large dark eye. "Alas!" said he, "that I cannot, like you, rejoice in the gratitude of man. The earth calls me her enemy and the disturber of her joy!"

"O my brother," replied the angel of sleep, "will not the good, on waking, discover in you their friend and benefactor, and gratefully bless you? Are we not brethren, and the messengers of one Father?"

Thus he spoke. Then the tearful eye of the angel of death brightened again, and tenderly the two messengers of Heaven embraced each other.—*German Parables.*

THE LAPIDARY OF MIND.

THE conduct of men with respect to knowledge furnishes a painful contrast to that which they exhibit in reference to many other things. Since men first discovered that certain stones were precious, and susceptible of a brilliant polish, there has been no want of diligence in searching for, and of labour in polishing them. A man finds one, pays a large sum for it, and straightway carries it to a lapidary, who polishes and adorns it, till it is thought worthy to glitter on a Monarch's hand, or to be transferred to the diadem of a great people. Yet, is there any comparison between such a stone, however beautiful or however precious, and an imperishable mind?

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DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE NORTHMEN.

(*Concluded from page* 271.)

THORFINN sailed first to Old Greenland, and thence to Bjarney, which we may suppose was the land which Bjarni had seen to the south-west; that is, Labrador; thence for *two days* in a southerly direction to Helluland. Leif first, after leaving Greenland, touched at Helluland.

Their united descriptions of this place are,—no herbage of any kind; a bare, rugged plain of broad flat stones, extending from the snow-clad mountains to the coast.

This description, to prove anything, must be sufficiently precise to distinguish one location from another. If it apply equally to various places, it is evidently valueless toward indicating any precise route. It is claimed that this Helluland is Newfoundland. Let us, then, compare these ancient with modern notes:—

"The east half is generally low, and diversified with trees of humble growth. The soil and climate are well adapted for pasturage, potatoes, and other crops. Vast herds of deer graze in the plains and woods of the interior." —*M'Culloch.*

"Berry-bearing shrubs clothe every swamp and open tract. Loose rocks, scattered over the country, increase its general roughness. Its sea-cliffs are, for the most part, bold and lofty."—*Lippincott's Gazetteer.*

This is not such a coincidence in particulars as precludes all inclination to a further examination of these coasts. Of Labrador itself, which some may possibly be inclined to think Leif would have made first, and which it is quite as probable Thorfinn would have reached in two days' sail from Bjarney, we find the following descriptions:—

"The coast is bleak, rugged, and desolate in the extreme."

"One of the most dreary regions on the globe, exhibiting scarcely anything except rocks destitute of vegetation."

Were it not for the authority with which these translations are put forth, we should be inclined to say that, whatever other land these descriptions may identify as Helluland, they certainly fall very far short of identifying Newfoundland as the place.

In two days more Thorfinn made Markland: the time it took Leif is not stated. The distance passed over in these two days, allowing that the most direct course was taken to the nearest point of Nova-Scotia, (an utter improbability,) was four hundred miles, or two hundred miles per day; a rate of speed of which, over an unknown sea, and along an unexplored coast, few modern craft can boast.

Nor is it altogether an unimportant fact that, though both of the voyagers often mention their direction, neither of them in this instance speaks as if there had been any change of course; certainly not as if the change had been as great as it must have been in doubling the corner of Newfoundland. They both speak of *continuing* the voyage.

Markland is described as having a low, level coast, with numerous white, sandy cliffs, covered with wood.

Compare this with that given above of Newfoundland, and it is obvious that, while this island quite decidedly rejects the appellation Helluland, it nearly as decidedly invites that of Markland, scarcely claimed by Nova-Scotia in the following item from M'Culloch:—

"The coast is fringed with rocks and islands."

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Two days more brought Leif to Nantucket; another marvellous voyage of some four hundred miles in two days, taking the most direct route.

Thorfinn continuing some time in a south-west direction, arrived at Cape Cod, of which the coast afterward became more indented with inlets and bays, into one of which they entered.

It will, doubtless, be an item of no small interest to the multitude who do business on the great waters off "the back of the Cape," to learn that between Race and Malabar, where they have never been able to find a "snug retreat," save in one solitary instance, our sagacious European friends discovered that it is indented with inlets and bays.

The identity of Cape Cod and Nantucket is made out from the following note: "They entered a channel between an island and a point of the main-land projecting northward."

This description, which is, perhaps, regarded as one of the most unmistakeable and corroborative of this exposition, so far from proving what one might gather from it at a glance, unfortunately for these theorists, seems to prove quite a different result.

Cape Cod can in no sense be said to be a point projecting northward from the main-land to an observer off Nantucket. If this description was given after diligent investigation of the coast, it must have been known that that part where it turns northward was not the main-land. If it be said that it was given as the result of such observations as might have been made from the vessel, then, most assuredly, is the language unfortunate for these localities; for opposite Nantucket there is not only no appearance of any projection northward, but there is one of ten or twelve miles' length extending southward. In fact, the channel or bay into which they entered is between an island and a point projecting southward.

But this is not all. The sentence, "entered a channel between an island and a point projecting northward from the main-land," can have but one meaning as to location,—the island must be north of the main-land. To insist, therefore, on an application of the text to localities so completely reversed must lead one to regard the whole history with suspicion.

To the coasters who are familiar with both the land and water of that section, it can but be amusing to learn that that part of the ocean lying between Nantucket and the Cape, having a breadth of thirty miles, is regarded as a bay or inlet of a cape of some half dozen miles in width.

Continuing on, Thorfinn enters a bay,—Buzzards,—off which was an island crowded with eider-ducks' eggs. This island was Martha's Vineyard, or Nauston. How fortunate for those present sea-girt denizens could those good olden times return again! The generous wish of the good-hearted Henry of France, "that every peasant might have a fowl in his pot," might not then need to await Thanksgiving or Christmas for its accomplishment.

As for these ducks, it is well known that the eider is eminently a frigid water-fowl, seldom on the European coast lower than latitude sixty degrees, thermally fifty degrees on the American coast, or the vicinity of St. Lawrence Gulf. But what renders it more certain that Martha's Vineyard could not have been the habitat mentioned, is the season of the year when they were observed,—not earlier than the 1st of June, and more probably the last. It is not improbable that the eider may sometimes winter in latitude as low as forty degrees, but those migratory birds leave again before the 1st of May, and never spend the summer in this latitude, as the eggs fully show these were laying.

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Past this island, and further up the bay, ran a stream.

The extent to which men allow themselves to be led in vindication of some favourite theory, may well be observed in the following attempt of Mr. Blackwell, editor of a recent edition of "Mallet's Northern Antiquities," to explain these currents:—

"The Gulf-stream will sufficiently account for the currents noted in the narrative. Lyell remarks that 'it is the beach of Nantucket which turns the current of the Gulf-stream at the depth of from two hundred to three hundred feet below the surface.'"

In the first place, allowing Mr. Lyell's remark to be true, the shoals which he speaks of as being two or three hundred feet below the surface are from twenty to fifty miles seaward of the coast of the island. In the next place, Lieut. Maury has shown theoretically that Nantucket beach has no connexion with the Gulf-stream; and the United States Coast Survey demonstrates by actual observation that for leagues at sea there is no current whatever, except that of the tides.

But allowing, for the moment, that the Gulf-stream washes the coast, as Mr. Blackwell asserts, we should be much indebted to this same Mr. Blackwell if he will initiate us into the mysteries of those mental processes and rules of logic by which he finds the currents in Buzzard's Bay accounted for in the fact that there is a current along the coast of Nantucket, at a distance of nearly twenty leagues. The only current known in these waters is that of the tides; but so far from any reference to a tidal current, it is evident that attention is called to the movement of the waters because it was not occasioned by the tides.

We might continue to follow these astute antiquarians in their exceedingly rich and lucid expositions of these voyages as applicable to the New-England coast; but we forbear, merely observing that to them it is eminently natural that the Scandinavians should have taken the small, narrow channel on the east side of Newport Island, and then have complained of shallow water, when with "half an eye" the broad open passage to the west could have been seen; that Leif should have found no severe weather, the grass never losing its freshness; and Thorfinn no snow, the cattle remaining out in the fields all winter, though the like of which has never been dreamed of by the inhabitants of Mount Hope, from the landing of the Pilgrims to the present; that the water below Mount Hope may be called Taunton River, and that above a lake; that Thorvald, by sailing eastward along the coast from the point of Cape Cod, should arrive at Hull, fifty miles to the westward; these, and many similar circumstances, which, to those residing near the localities, may seem somewhat difficult of apprehension, but which are so marvellously lucid across the Atlantic, lead us quite to coincide with Campbell as to the effect that distance often lends.

It would appear a rational question, Why this pertinacity, amid so many difficulties, in assigning the localities to the south-east portion of the New-England coast? Why not look for the specifications elsewhere? The answer is not difficult. The veracity of the Sagas hinges upon their application to this coast.

There is another incompatibility in the time allowed and the latitude reached. It is against all probability that in six days Nantucket should have been reached, and equally improbable that when there it should have furnished such a temperature as is represented.

What, then, is the conclusion? That the Sagas are not to be relied upon.

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That they are mere fancy sketches. But it is no more acceptable to the mind that, during four centuries, the Greenland colony should never have become acquainted with, never have made a voyage to, a land almost within their constant vision.

Amid these strong and conflicting probabilities, it is not a matter of surprise that national honour and pride should discern a satisfactory vindication of these writings; while those nearer the points of investigation, and with less personal interest, discerning the strength of the opposing elements, should be somewhat incredulous.

A mean between these two extreme views may, after all, be as near the truth as either version. The time allowed would have brought them to the vicinity of the Gulf of St. Lawrence or Nova-Scotia, at which place the eider ducks, the currents, the islands and bays, will find as ample room for verification as any place this side of Florida; while the most charitable conclusion upon the Sagas as to climate may perhaps be, that to a Greenlander Nova-Scotia snows would pass for the flurry of an April day, and its wintry blasts as but the balmy breath of early spring-time.

Historians differ quite materially as to what position to assign these writings, being more inclined to credit them on the European than the American side of the Atlantic. Hinton remarks:—

"Of a far more probable character, though by no means uncontested, are the assertions of the Norwegian historians, who claim for their countrymen, confessedly the most adventurous navigators of the northern waters of the Atlantic in the earlier ages, the discovery of this vast continent in the year 1001."

Bancroft says:—

"The story of the colonization of America by Northmen rests on narratives mythological in form and obscure in meaning, ancient, yet not cotemporary. .... The geographical details are too vague to sustain a conjecture; the accounts of a mild winter and a fertile soil are, on any modern hypothesis, fictitious, or exaggerated.

"The nation of intrepid mariners, whose voyages extended beyond Iceland and Sicily, could have easily sailed from Greenland to Labrador. No clear historic evidence establishes the natural probability that they accomplished the passage."

Finally, Irving tells us that—

"Learned men are too prone to give substance to mere shadows when they assist some preconceived theory. Most of these accounts, when divested of the erudite comments of their editors, have proved little better than traditionary fables. There is no great improbability, however, that such enterprising and roving voyagers as the Scandinavians may have wandered to the northern shores of America about the coast of Labrador or the shores of Newfoundland."

THE SEVEN YEARS OF PLENTY IN EGYPT.

It soon began to appear that Joseph's interpretation of the dream of Pharaoh would probably prove correct. That same year was a year of plenty, and it was followed by others similar to it, and "in the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls." (Gen. xli. 47.)

How this plenty was occasioned, is a question of so much interest, that we shall endeavour to reply to it, by alluding briefly to the phenomena connected with the annual rising of the waters of the Nile.

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As already stated, that majestic river takes its rise in what are called the Mountains of the Moon. Some of these mountains are thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea; and, during the progress of the sun from the equator to the tropic of Cancer, the cold of this elevated region condenses the vapours which rise from the Mediterranean, and which *pass over* the heated soil of Egypt, so that torrents of rain are discharged upon it, such as are seldom known in any other country.

According to Bruce, the rains of Abyssinia usually begin on the very day in which the sun is vertical over a particular place; and he observes that, as the result of the fall of those rains, the mountains present to the eye many singular and uncommon forms. "Some of them are flat, thin, and square, in shape of a hearthstone or flag, that scarce would seem to have base sufficient to resist the winds. Some are like pyramids, others like obelisks or prisms, and some, the most extraordinary of all, pyramids pitched upon their points, with their base uppermost, which, if it was possible, as it is not, they could have been so formed at the beginning, would be strong objections to our received ideas of gravity."

In Abyssinia and the Sennaar the river begins to swell in April; but its rise is not sensible at Cairo until the end of June, or the beginning of July, for the April rains in Abyssinia are light, and the principal rains fall somewhat later. At first the rise is but just perceptible, but gradually it becomes more rapid; by the middle of August half its height is gained, and about the end of September it has reached its maximum. The waters on beginning to swell are green, being impregnated with decayed vegetable matter, which renders them unfit to drink; but in a few days they become red, presenting the appearance of a river of blood. This colour is occasioned by a quantity of mud which is suspended in the water; and now it is no longer deleterious, but wholesome and refreshing. "Perhaps there is not in nature," says Mr. Osburn, "a more exhilarating sight, or one more strongly exciting to confidence in God, than the rise of the Nile. Day by day, and night by night, its turbid tide sweeps on majestically over the parched sands of the waste howling wilderness. Almost hourly, as we slowly ascended it before the Etesian wind, we heard the thundering fall of some mud-bank, and saw, by the rush of all animated nature to the spot, that the Nile had overleaped another obstruction, and that its bounding waters were diffusing life and joy through another desert."

After the river has reached its highest point, it remains stationary for about fourteen days, when, about the 10th of November, it sinks to the same height as it had gained in the middle of August, and continues to decrease slowly till the 20th of May in the following year, when it reaches its minimum. The height of the flood in Upper Egypt, according to Mrs. Somerville, varies from thirty to thirty-five feet; at Cairo it is thirty, and in the northern part of the Delta it is only four.

But it does not always reach the same elevation, the quantity of its waters depending, of course, on the quantity of rain that falls, which in some years is less, in others more. According to the register kept by the French at Cairo during four years, its highest rise was twenty-four feet, its lowest eighteen. In the days of Herodotus a rise of fifteen or sixteen cubits was necessary to inundate the country; and when the river attained that height, it was the cause of universal joy. The phenomenon, indeed, from first to last, was contemplated with the greatest interest; for upon it all the hopes of the country were dependent. An annual festival was therefore held, called

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the Nilea, which consisted in presenting invocations and offerings to the god of the river, and which took place about the summer solstice, or at the season when the waters began to rise. This festival was considered of the greatest importance, and was celebrated in the most solemn manner. Multitudes, both of men and women, assembled on the river's banks from all parts of the country; appropriate hymns, accompanied by music and dancing, were sung; and a wooden statue of the god of the river was carried by the Priests through the villages in procession, that, as Wilkinson observes, "all might be honoured by his presence and aid, while invoking the blessings he was about to confer."

Nilometers, for the measurement of the rise, appear to have been constructed at a very early period; and the accurate observations of the rising of Sirius, or the Dog-star, which coincided with the inundation of the river, are said to have been one of the causes which led the Egyptians to the study of astronomy.

During the prevalence of this phenomenon, the valley of the Nile is like one vast lake, the cities only appearing above the surface of the water, "very like the islands of the Ægean sea." All this season, therefore, the inhabitants can pass from town to town only by means of boats; and remarkably animating are the scenes which are thus presented to the eye.

Thus spread abroad over the face of the country, the waters deposit on the land a rich loam, which they bring down with them from the mountains above, and which consists of clay, carbonate of lime, and carbon, together with portions of carbonate of magnesia, oxide of iron, and silica. It is this deposit which may be considered as constituting the wealth of Egypt. To secure, therefore, as large a breadth of it as possible, canals are formed by which the water is led into the fields, where it is confined by mounds, and where it both saturates the soil already formed, and enriches it by additional gifts of loam. The moisture thus received is sufficient for nine months, and, when the waters have subsided, the husbandman scatters his seed over the land, which is trodden in by the feet of cattle. The measurement of lands for agricultural purposes led the Egyptians to the study of mensuration.

The productions of the soil of Egypt are various. Trees are not numerous; the sycamore, the acacia, and the palm being the principal. But grain of different kinds, including wheat, rye, and barley, (see Exod. ix. 32,) together with vegetables of various sorts, among which are onions and lentils, were cultivated to a great extent from the earliest times. "In few countries," says Wilkinson, "were vegetables more numerous than in Egypt; and the authority of ancient writers, the sculptures, and the number of persons employed in selling them at Alexandria, sufficiently attest the fact. Pliny observes that the valley of the Nile surpassed every other country in the abundance and spontaneous growth of those herbs which most people are in the habit of using for food, especially the Egyptians; and, at the time of the Arab invasion, when Alexandria was taken by Amer, the lieutenant of the Caliph Omer, no less than four thousand persons were engaged in selling vegetables in that city."

Whether rice was cultivated in early times in Egypt is uncertain; but that doora (*Holcus sorghum*) and millet (*Holcus saccharatus*) were, there is abundant evidence. The seeds of these plants, together with those of wheat, barley, peas, beans, lentils, cucumbers, melons, and many others, have been found in the tombs, or are known to have been sown from other evidence the most unquestionable.

The toil of the husbandman was not excessive. "Between sowing and reaping," observes Heeren, "no labour is required. There are very few weeds in

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Egypt. When they sow in November, the harvest begins in April. The corn is cut with the sickle; often merely the ears, as the straw is of little value. It is carried from the field in baskets, trodden out by oxen, and the chaff separated from the grain on the floor by sifting. When this is done, the husbandman is at leisure until the next flood. This relief from labour must have produced, in a few years, an incalculable influence on the character of the inhabitants, by enabling them to devote so long a time to their improvement and religious feasts."

The law of compensation, which runs through all nature, is thus exhibited in Egypt on a scale the most magnificent. Here, in a country having little or no rain, there is, in these annual overflowings of the Nile, a valuable equivalent; and the land, which would otherwise be a barren waste, is rendered fruitful to an extent which is astonishing. No wonder that the poets, from Homer downwards, have sung of this majestic river, and that it has been, and still is, the admiration of the world. Its influence on the history of mankind is scarcely calculable. But for it the sons of Mizraim might never have become a nation; the descendants of Jacob never have arisen to such eminence; and even Greece and Rome never have attained to power. It was one of the four great rivers of the ancient world. The Tigris was the nurse of Nineveh; the Euphrates, of Babylon; the Jordan, of the land of Canaan; and the Nile, of Egypt.—"*Zaphnath-Paaneah*," *by the Rev. Thornley Smith.*

EARLY PRAYER.

"And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." (Mark i. 35.)

COLONEL GARDINER used constantly to rise at four in the morning, and to spend his time till six in the secret exercises of the closet, reading, meditation, and prayer. This certainly very much contributed to strengthen that firm faith in God for which he was so eminently remarkable, and which carried him through the trials and services of life with such steadiness, and with such activity; for he indeed endured and acted as if always seeing Him who is invisible. If at any time he was obliged to go out before six in the morning, he rose proportionally sooner; so that when a journey or a march has required him to be on horseback by *four*, he would be at his devotions by two.

SOWING TARES.

"But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way." (Matt. xiii. 25.)

STRANGE as it may appear, this is still literally done in the East. See that lurking villain, watching for the time when his neighbour shall plough his field: he carefully marks the period when the work has been finished, and goes in the night following, and casts in what the natives call the *pandinellu*; that is, pig paddy. This, being of rapid growth, springs up before the good seed, and scatters itself before the other can be reaped; so that the poor owner of the field will be for years before he can get rid of the troublesome weed. But there is another noisome plant which these wretches cast into the ground of those they hate, called *perum-pirandi*, which is more destructive to vegetation than any other plant. Has a man purchased a field out of the hands of another, the offended person says, "I will plant the *perum-pirandi* in his grounds."—*Roberts.*

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Narrative Pieces.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

"I AM going to have a new mother," said little Jane Norton to one of her school-mates. "A step-mother!" cried Susan: "it is horrid; she will treat you awfully." "She won't," said little Jane: "father won't let her." "She will," said Susan: "they always do; she'll make your father think you are one of the naughtiest girls in the world."

This was sorry news to poor Jane. When her father took her on his knee, and told her of a dear, new mother, she felt very glad; but if what Susan said was true, she had more reason to cry than to be glad. Some of the other girls thought as Susan did, though they did not express themselves so strongly; and when Bridget heard the news, she said, "Poor child!"

Enough had been said to fill Jane with tears, and even to make her cry after she went to bed, and nobody heard her. She wished she could die in her little bed; and she prayed to the Lord Jesus to fetch her to His home, where she was sure her own dear mother was. She always thought more about it after she went to bed, and many a night she fell asleep sobbing and praying; for she did not know that any body but God could help her.

The afternoon her mother was expected she went to Susan's, and would not come home till her father sent for her, and then she came into the room trembling. "I thought my little daughter would be at the door to give a kiss of welcome," said her father, taking her by the hand, and leading her to the sofa, where a pleasant-looking lady was sitting. "This is our little daughter; and there is your new mamma, Jane." The new mamma tenderly kissed, and spoke kindly to the child; but Jane was very cold, she never answered nor looked up. The lady then took a blue silk apron from the bag, a present for the little girl; but Jane never thanked her; and so she made their first meeting very stiff and disagreeable. Her father looked disappointed, and Jane was thankful when it was time to go to bed. Then she cried again; but it was not so clear now what she cried for, there was nothing to find fault with in the new mamma. Perhaps she felt that she had acted like an odd, sulky child, and that her behaviour had grieved her father; for she ought to have trusted him, and have felt that if any good lady was willing to take a mother's care of her, how thankfully should she be her dutiful child. That is the way children should feel toward a new mother. If she is willing to undertake a mother's responsibility, how ready ought the children be to give her their obedient love!

"And how did you like her?" was Susan's first question, when she joined Jane the next morning on her way to school. "I don't know," answered the step-daughter. "She wanted me to stay at home with her to-day, but I did not want to." "That's right," exclaimed Susan. "Let her know you have a will of your own. Did you call her mother, Jane?" "No," answered Jane, "I did not call her anything." "Well, she isn't your mother, Jane; and there's no use in calling her so." The little girl, I am sorry to say, listened to this counsel, though in her heart she was afraid it was wrong; and accordingly she behaved in a very unloving manner to her mother, and of course she made herself very unhappy. Children should remember that those people are not true friends, who try to make them so disobedient toward, and suspicious of, those who have the care of them.

"Poor child!" said Susan's mother to her one day: "you don't look very happy. I am afraid your new mother is not kind to you." Jane turned very red, and that seemed to confirm the idea: but it was not true, and Jane was not generous enough to say so; sacrificed truth for pity, and in the end it only made her more unhappy. And so it went on for many weeks.

One Saturday afternoon Susan came over, and the children wanted to play in the barn. The new mother did not wish them to; but she gave them a little set of cups and saucers, and told them they

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might play in the summer-house. "O dear," cried Susan, making a wry face as soon as they were out of sight, "why not go into the barn? It's because she don't wish us to enjoy ourselves." "It's my father's barn," said Jane, pertly: "I have a right to go there, and I will." But they did not wish to appear to disobey, so they went down the garden, and took a round-about way to the barn. Jane led the way, and, not much heeding her steps, she did not mind that a part of the barn-floor had been taken up to be repaired, till she walked off, and found herself wallowing in a gravel-pit under the barn-floor. "O dear!" she screamed, "I am half killed!" "Shall I call somebody?" cried Susan, trying to look down the hole. "No, indeed!" said Jane. How she managed to get out, I do not know; but she found herself in a sorry plight; bruised, scratched, her dress torn, and her ankle "feeling dreadful!" she said. They were afraid to go back to the house; and Susan persuaded her to go home with her, and have her ankle bathed. Poor Jane dragged herself along; and by the time she reached Susan's, it looked red and swollen.

It was late in the afternoon when Jane's father was seen approaching the house, and soon everything had been told; but the pain of the sprain drowned for a time all Jane's other anxieties. Her father looked deeply grieved, as he took her in his arms to carry her home. "My poor child," said the new mamma, who was standing at the door to receive them, and learn what the matter was. Then she had a little cot put in her room, undressed the little girl as tenderly as could be, bathed her foot, spoke soothingly to her, and watched her nearly all night. Jane wished she had scolded her; for she was sure she did not deserve all this patient kindness, and her heart was almost bursting with shame and sorrow.

The next morning, when they hoped the pain was abated, a great sob burst from her full heart. "My dear daughter, I hoped you were easier," said the new mamma, gently stroking the hair from the forehead. "Mother, dear mother, my own mother," exclaimed the child, holding out her arms to the kind friend who watched over her; and clasped her arms around her neck, murmuring, "I love you, my mother." It was indeed a kiss of love, of penitent love; for Jane was now thoroughly convinced that step-mothers were not the cruel beings some foolish people had tried to make them out; and that hers was a kind, loving, Christian mother, whom God had graciously sent to take the place of her first mother, who was in heaven. A tender intimacy sprang up between them, now that Jane gave her heart; nor would she ever afterward hear an unkind word spoken against her: and now that she has grown up, a lovely and interesting young woman, she says, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, "All that is worthy in me, I owe, under God, to my dear, dear second mother."

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

In encouraging the young mothers to begin their work early, and to do it *well*, we often present to them the fact of remembered words and early lessons taught at a mother's knee, and sometimes at a mother's death-bed. We have lately met with an interesting circumstance, which may, we hope, serve as a stimulus in their arduous and most important work. A mother, who had been a sad sufferer from a husband who destroyed himself by drinking ardent spirits, lay on her dying bed: calling her beloved and only son to her side, and placing her emaciated hand upon his head, she said, "Johnny, my dear boy, I am going to leave you. You well know what disgrace and misery your father brought on us before his death; and I want you to promise me, before I die, that you will not taste the poison that killed your father. Promise me this, Johnny, and be a good boy: then I shall die happy." The scalding tears trickled down John's cheeks as he promised to remember his dying mother's words.

The grave received the mother's remains, and the orphan lad repaired to a distant city to seek employment. Alone and friendless, he soon fell into bad company, and forgot the promise he had made to his mother. John had good natural abilities, and had received a pretty good education, as well as early training in the right way; so far as a mother *could* train a son, with the bad example of a father constantly before his eyes. In looking over the

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papers one day, he remarked that a merchant wanted a lad of his age in his office. "Walk in, my lad," said the man of business. But as he took a seat near him, he observed a cigar in his hat. This was enough. "My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest, faithful lad; but I see that you smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years I have ever found cigar-smoking lads to be connected with various other evil habits; and, if I am not mistaken, your breath is an evidence that you are not an exception. You can leave: you will not suit me."

John held down his head, and sought the door. As he walked along the street, the counsel of his poor mother came forcibly to his mind, and he wept aloud. People gazed at him as he passed along, and several boys railed at him. He went to his lodgings, and, throwing himself upon the bed, he wept in anguish. But John had moral courage, energy, and determination; and before an hour had passed, he made up his mind to give up for ever liquors and cigars. He then hastened back to the merchant, saying, "Sir, you very properly sent me away this morning for habits that I have been guilty of; but, Sir, I have neither father nor mother, and though I have occasionally done what I ought not, and have not followed the good advice of my dear mother on her death-bed, nor done as I promised her I would do, yet I have now made a solemn vow never to drink another drop of liquor, nor smoke another cigar: and if you, Sir, will only *try* me, it is all I ask." The merchant was struck with the decision and energy of the boy, and at once employed him. At the expiration of five years John was a partner in the business, and is now a rich man. He has faithfully kept his promise, and still remembers his dying mother's last words. —*Mother's Friend.*

The Monitor.

REAL LADIES.

THERE is a class of masters and mistresses whose means do not afford them more than one servant, while the work of the house would require two or three, yet most unfortunately the females of the family, especially the younger ones, consider it a degradation to take any part in the work of the house: they spend their time in cultivating accomplishments, in ornamental but useless works, in anything or nothing rather than contribute to the comfort of their parents by learning to do useful things well. The unfortunate "maid of all work" is driven from one thing to another without time to do anything properly, even if she had the ability; rooms are only half swept, knives and forks and spoons only half cleaned, dinner is ill cooked and uninviting; but the piano has been sounding without intermission all the morning, or wonders have been accomplished in the cross-stitch or crotchet. Now we do not mean at all to condemn the acquiring of accomplishments where there is a taste for them, still less the cultivation of the mind, provided neither take the place of necessary duties. Under all circumstances, the superintendence of her house must be among a woman's chief duties, but especially in the circumstances that I have supposed; and a mother so situated should train her daughters to see that every part of the house is clean and in perfect order, not at all grudging to assist in making it so; they should learn how to cook, and should be ashamed of an ill-cooked dinner coming upon the table; they should learn to make purchases, to know good things from bad; and only when they have done all that is necessary for the comfort of the house should they feel free to indulge in what they may think more agreeable pursuits. We know that in other countries young ladies, even of the best families, consider instruction in these household duties, and attention to them, quite a necessary part of their education; they are neither ashamed to understand them nor to take an active part in them, nor does that in the least prevent them from taking the enjoyments or

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acquiring the accomplishments suited to their age and station in society. It is strange that in this country, where we boast so much of our practical good sense, this foolish vanity and attempt to appear what we are not, prevails more than anywhere else.

A really lady-like person will much rather clean a room herself, if circumstances make it necessary, than submit to sit in a dirty one; will much rather put her house in order with her own hands, than see it in disorder; will much rather learn to cook a dinner, than see badly-prepared food daily put down before a husband or a father. There is not, in fact, any hardship in doing these things; only among us, unfortunately, there is thought to be a degradation in doing them. I am quite persuaded that to any young person who has not much musical taste, practising sonatas for an hour is quite as great a drudgery, or greater, than making a pudding, or even cooking a dinner; but then it is dignified drudgery, and gratifies a pride that the other would perhaps mortify. It may be thought that taking a share in what they have been accustomed to consider servants' work will degrade them before their own servant: I believe it will do quite the contrary. When a servant is watched over and well trained by those who she sees understand how her work is to be done; when more is not given her to do than any one human being can accomplish well; when she is treated with kindness, and some consideration shown for her, and her work so arranged that she shall at the close of the day have a little leisure, longer or shorter according to her own diligence, there is much more chance of her turning out respectful, attached, and useful, than according to the ordinary system.—"*Hints to Mistresses.*"

A SHORT SERMON.

"Owe no man any thing."

KEEP out of debt. Avoid it as you would war, pestilence, and famine. Hate it with a perfect hatred. Abhor it with an entire and absolute abhorrence: Dig potatoes, break stone, peddle tin-ware, do anything that is honest and useful, rather than run in debt. As you value comfort, independence, keep out of debt. As you value good digestion, a healthy appetite, a placid temper, a smooth pillow, pleasant dreams, and happy wakenings, keep out of debt. Debt is the hardest of all task-masters, the most cruel of all oppressors. It is a millstone about the neck. It is an incubus on the heart. It spreads a cloud over the firmament of man's being. It eclipses the sun, it blots out the stars, it dims and defaces the beautiful sky. It breaks up the harmony of nature, and turns to dissonance all the voices of its melody. It furrows the forehead with premature wrinkles; it plucks from the eye its light; it drags all nobleness and kindness out of the port and bearing of man. It takes the soul out of his laugh, and all stateliness and freedom from his walk. Come not under its accursed dominion, nor ever be its slave.

Our Schools and Children.

A WORD IN SEASON.

[A DEVOTED Superintendent lately addressed a letter to the children of his Sunday-school, the occasion of which is fully explained by the following extract. The remembrance of his charge amidst the pangs of bereavement, and such earnest and affectionate expression of care for them, is most worthy of imitation.—EDIT.]

You and I have often sung together,

"God moves in a mysterious way;"

but little did I think, when addressing you on Sunday last, that before the dawn of another Lord's-day morning, I should have to mourn over the loss of a darling child, whom it hath pleased an all-wise Providence to remove to a better world, and where she now is

"Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in."

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Under this heavy affliction, I trust I can say with the utmost sincerity of heart, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

And now, my dear children, suffer the word of exhortation. O, do not allow this Sabbath-day to pass away unimproved! Remember, it may be your turn next; and if it should be, ask yourselves the question, "Am I prepared to meet my God?" O, give your youthful hearts to that Saviour who so loved you as to die for you! Do not put it off to a future day. Ask God to help you to do it at once. To-day let the prayer of your hearts be, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." And if this be presented to the throne of the heavenly grace with all your heart, rest assured that God will hear your prayers, and answer your petitions. That the Holy Spirit may overrule the reading of these simple remarks to the everlasting welfare of some of your never-dying souls, is the earnest prayer of your distressed but affectionate Superintendent,

———.

REMINISCENCE.

In the Journal of the Rev. Christopher Hopper, we find the following record for the year 1748:—

"I gave up my school at Steep-Hill, and everything comfortable and convenient, and removed to Hindly-Hill, in Allendale. I lodged with Mr. James Broadwood, and was as one of his family. The presence of the Lord was with us. I found a Society at Hindly-Hill, another at West Allen, and one at Alston Neathead. The Lord was amongst them of a truth. I visited Weardale. Some of our friends attended me from Allendale-Town."

In all probability this was the rise of Wesleyan Methodism in Weardale, as Mr. Wesley did not visit this part until the year 1752. At that time, moral darkness rested upon the minds of the people. Drinking-customs, and all kinds of wickedness, desecrated God's holy day. In looking back on the past, we behold the messenger of the Cross travelling across the Moors, in what were then wide-extended Circuits, to preach in the cottages of the poor "the unsearchable riches of Christ." And through this instrumentality many were brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to the true and living God. The writer would more particularly refer to one good thing which this instrumentality has produced; namely, Sunday-school instruction.

In these mining districts, Wesleyan Sunday-schools have done a great amount of good. Near to the southern extremity of Northumberland, in the Allendale-Town Circuit, there stands a Wesleyan chapel, and connected with it there is a good Sunday-school. In this school many have been instructed, who are now useful members of our church; while not a few have died in the faith, and gone to glory. May I be permitted to refer to my own case. For a number of years I went to a school connected with the Established Church in that neighbourhood. I was there learnt to read. But I knew nothing of the plan of salvation, as revealed in the blessed Bible. Through the influence of an intimate friend, I was introduced into the school referred to above, and placed under the care of a pious Teacher. I had not been there long before serious impressions were made on my mind by means of religious instruction, and the strivings of God's Holy Spirit. I was deeply convinced of sin. I then sought mercy, and by faith in Jesus obtained pardon and peace. Since that time years have passed away; and often, with thankfulness, I have uttered the following lines:—

"O sacred spot! how dear to me
The Sabbath-school at Limestone Brae!"

And doubtless, if faithful to death, I and thousands more will have cause to praise God through all eternity for Sunday-school instruction.

That good man referred to at the head of this article has finished his course. His sun set in a clear sky, and he is now reaping his reward. And a short time ago another pious man, John Walton, a useful Class-Leader and Teacher in the above school, closed his eyes in death. I saw him the Sunday before he died, when some of his expressions were, "I have never had cause to regret for embracing religion. Jesus, that all-atoning

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name, is engraven on my heart. I am His, and He is mine." As he had lived the Christian's life, so he died the Christian's death.

And will not the young men among us, whose hearts the Lord hath touched, do well to tread in the footsteps of those holy men who have now passed into the skies? Our pious fathers are dying: may we catch their falling mantles, as they

"Take their last triumphant flight
From Calvary to Zion's height."

May we be instrumental in saving souls from death, and helping forward the kingdom of Christ! G.

Westgate.

Poetry.

"THE SABBATH WAS MADE FOR MAN."

YEA, but for man to keep
In holy calm Divine;
Not rend with toil, or soothe with sleep,
Or cheer with songs and wine;
Or ope the gates of specious sin,
And let the willing numbers in.

"Go thou," the poet cried,
"And seek the house of prayer!
My temple is the forest wide,
My choristers are there:"
But goest thou there thy God to please,
Or take thine own indulgent ease?

Not so *he* thought whose lyre
Was tuned by hand Divine:
"Thy dwellings, Lord, are my desire,
For thy sweet courts I pine."
He envied even the birds of air
That found their nest and nurture there.

And still, from time to time,
As those blest hours return,
The morn is waked by solemn chime
The village children learn;
The cattle rest, the fields are calm,
The church resounds with prayer and psalm.

Hark! heard ye not on high,
As erst on Judah's plain,
Soft angel-voices through the sky
Send round the glad refrain?
"This is the day the Lord hath made:
Ye sons of men, our chorus aid!"

But yonder comes a sound
Of music wild and gay;
The songs of revel-mirth abound,
The martial trumpets play;
Each listening seraph spreads his wings,
And sighs to sleep his startled strings.

Methought I heard erewhile
A joyous clash of bells;
And, lo! even now from aisle to aisle
The grateful anthem swells;
Sheathed is the sword, and hush'd the gun,
And war's long work of death is done.

But here, 'neath heaven's calm blue,
On that green peaceful sod,
Fightings and wars break forth anew;
For man revolts from God:
They rush like foes on tented field
On the thick bosses of His shield.

Is this the day of rest?
The holy calm of prayer?
I hear the laugh, the godless jest,
Of careless thousands there;
The buyers flock, the sellers throng,
And labour waits on dance and song.

Yet, as in that far land
The rills are turn'd with ease,
So all men's hearts are in Thy hand,
O Lord of earth and seas!
And zeal for God, with knowledge sound,
Are still in our high places found.

The clouds awhile retire,
But, lo! they gathering loom;
The troubled sea casts up its mire,
The fretful surges fume;
But fervent prayer of faithful men
Shall stay those louring storms again.

O Britain! land of light!
Most favour'd land of heaven!
Guard thou the boon, the blessing bright,
In God's good Sabbath given!
But if this light be dark in thee,
How great that darkness then shall be!

St. Mary's, Colchester. VIGIL.

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LINES IN MEMORY OF A BELOVED GRANDFATHER.

My grandsire was a veteran,
A veteran true was he,
He rank'd full sixty years and more
With the faithful and the free.

He fought for a country out of sight,
Unseen by mortal eye,
A realm of light and glory,
Above the bright blue sky.

In the fresh morning of his youth
He knelt at Jesu's feet;
There his tired sin-sick soul was heal'd,
And he for heaven made meet.

Years pass'd away, but not the joy
That o'er his soul was shed;
For by the power of faith 'twas drawn
From Christ, the fountain-head.

All through a long and holy life
The glorious fight fought he;
And, passing fearlessly through death,
Gain'd the last victory.

The spirit of death laid its hand on his brow,
And it waxed cold and white;
And fled the fire from his deep blue eye,
And it shone no longer bright.

Then gently, as an infant,
He breathed his soul away;
At the solemn midnight hour it pass'd
To everlasting day.

He is gone, he is gone! in the silent grave
His body lieth now;
But I see him in my memory still,
With his high and placid brow;

And his noble form, scarce bent by age,
And his flowing silvery hair,
And his lips that spake such gentle words,
And the smile which rested there.

I remember well how he used to look
At morn and evening prayer,
When calm and serene he knelt before
His high back'd old arm-chair.

And how, while he pray'd, with childish awe
Up in his face I gazed,
And wonder'd that so oft to heaven
His glowing eyes he raised.

And now, my fancy follows him
To that bright and glorious land,
Where, before the dazzling throne of God,
He evermore doth stand.

With what holy joy shall I meet him, when
My pilgrimage is o'er,
"Where sorrow and sighing flee away,"
And pain is felt no more!

FANNY ORTON.

Anecdotes.

A GOOD PRACTICAL JOKE.

THEY tell the following story of a scientific lecturer, whose popular discourses on medicine, and the various sciences therewith connected, had given offence to the more pedantic members of the profession:—

A couple of embryo physicians resolved upon testing his medical skill. They accordingly called upon him, and one of them, a fine, healthy young man, with a roguish eye, complained of certain pains in the chest, a cough, night-sweats, &c. The doctor heard his tale, asked a number of questions, and, after a long diagnosis, declared him to be in a deep consumption. This was just what was wanted, and the young gents could hardly control their mirth while the lecturer meekly wrote his prescription, sealed it up in an envelope, and directed it to one of the first chemists in the town, then pocketed his fee, and bowed them out of the room. To the chemist's they rushed to enjoy the pent-up laugh; and, handing him the note, he read: "This young man is suffering from *cerebral hernia* in the region marked 'self-esteem' by phrenologists. Pray, therefore, give him common sense, ii grains; wit, i drachm; horsewhip, *ad libitum*." The rest may be imagined.

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GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

"MARY," said a father playfully to his little daughter, a child of five years old, "you are not good for anything."

"Yes, I am, dear father," she replied, looking thoughtfully and tenderly into his face.

"Why, what are you good for? pray tell me."

"*I am good to love you, father*," was her earnest answer, as she threw her tiny arms around his neck, and gave him a kiss of unutterable affection.

And do you not think that that sweet child's love was returned? Could such hallowed, unselfish affection fall upon the parent's heart, and awaken no answering emotions? Surely not.

BISHOP HOADLY.

DR. HOADLY had been Bishop of Bangor, from whence he was translated to Hereford, to the great displeasure of the Clergy of that see; who, endeavouring in every way to affront him, gave publicity to a distich:—

"The Lord in His anger
Sent the Bishop of Bangor;"

and one of them named a dog belonging to some about the church, "Hoadly." When he was translated to Salisbury, some of these gentlemen, being in London, thought fit to pay him a visit of congratulation: there he received them with great politeness and good-humour, and invited them to dine on a future day; "And pray," added his Lordship, "bring my namesake with you."

The Portfolio.

THE MOSSES.

WHAT a beautiful and sympathetic thought starts from this little plant!

To-night we wandered along the hilly district: the sky was clouded, and the wind sported around us in fitful gusts. Again sinking to repose; anon whistling and rushing on, as if to threaten the woody copse. We like the wind, for it seems to cheer our spirits; but when it dashes more fiercely around, then begin we to think that destruction is on our path.

What strange ideas will fear produce! We grasp at hope as if it were a visible, a tangible reality; and were it not that the spirit of man knows that all power and goodness belong to Deity, why, it would have nothing to hold by on this changing scene.

Yes! we find Him in His works. The little moss-plant which creeps upon the rock speaks of His goodness. See how it fastens upon the rough promontory. See how tenaciously its velvet fibres grasp the flinty support. It may not be touched; for, if you try to gather it, you tear it to pieces. It seems to cling,

As man would cling, when spirit-riven,
To some great Power unknown, unseen;
Ay, seek protection from high Heaven,
Where tempest, spoil, and wreck has been;
Yea, gather strength, though hope seems gone,
And we have nought to lean upon.

This little plant, this faithful thing,
A hope proclaims, though storms may come;
Its whispers are of endless spring,
Where amaranths bloom, the pilgrim's home.
How sweet thy smile, though winter's breath
Scathe all around, make all as death!

O! would we trust, ay, every hour,
As patient be, whate'er our lot;
Just like to thee, when tempests lour,
Believing still, and murmur not,
Till He shall come to call away
Our restless soul to realms of day.

Yes, let us learn a lesson from this little trusting creeping leaflet; for, no matter how weak or small, it clings as hopefully to the protection of its Providence as if it were a possessor of mortal life.

Macclesfield. THE WANDERER.

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SORROWS OF THE CHEROKEES.

What can be more melancholy than the history of the North American Indians? Two centuries ago the smoke of their wigwams, and the light of their council-fires, might have been seen in every valley from the St. Croix to the Sabine, and from the ocean to the lakes. Now the winds of the Atlantic fan not a country they can call their own. We have heard their footsteps rustling like the leaves of autumn: and they are gone. Everywhere fading away at the approach of the white man, they have passed mournfully by us, to return no more forever. Of all the tribes who roamed in their native freedom over the American continent, none were more daring, none more constant, than the Cherokees. Little more than half a century ago, their shouts of victory rang along the river, and across the glades, in sight of where I now write. Their council-fires were kindled on the spots where stand our flourishing cities; their thick arrows and deadly tomahawks whistled through the forests that lately stood around; and their dark encampments and hunter's trace startled nought save the wild beasts in their lairs.

The warriors then stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days; while the aged sat down, but wept not. They believed they would soon be at rest in a happier home, where dwelt the Great Spirit; far beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. Their courage, fortitude, and sagacity, were astonishing. They shrank from no dangers; they feared no hardships. They had the vices, but they had also the virtues, of savage life. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. Their vengeance was terrible, but their fidelity was unconquerable. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side the tomb. But where are they? They have passed away from the graves of their fathers and the homes of their hearts. I saw them as they passed. It was in 1838. The last remnant of that once-powerful tribe were driven from their mountain-homes in North Carolina, to seek a temporary resting-place beyond the Mississippi. There was that in their hearts which defied the power of speech. There was something in their looks that spoke not of vengeance, nor of submission, but of hard necessity, which defied both; which choked all utterance; which had no aim nor method. It was courage absorbed in despair. They lingered but for a moment; their look and step were onward, and soon they passed the "father of waters," to return to the homes of their childhood, and the graves of their fathers, no more for ever!

But there is not yet, between us and them, an impassable gulf. There is one star whose rays gild their sorrowing pathway; whose cheering influence inspires their hearts with hope, and points them out a better state. God's blessed word found its way into their midst: ere they were driven from their early homes, and while the "fire-water" and oppressions of the pale-faced man continued to scatter "fire-brands and death" among the many, a few took heed to this, as unto "a light that shineth in a dark place," and found that peace "the world cannot give." How unspeakably dear was this to their hearts when driven from their homes to the "far West!" A majority of the nation removed willingly; but a large minority were forced, literally forced, by armed troops, hunted up one by one, dragged into camp, and thence far away. Some years before their removal, characters had been invented, their language written, and a portion of the holy Scriptures, with many excellent hymns, and a few other books, translated for their use. How fondly they clung to these when stripped of almost everything else, I had many opportunities of witnessing. The Indians were collected by the United States' troops, carried to camp, and kept under guard, preparatory to their removal in the midst of summer. It was my fate to pass their country again and again during the process of removal; and never can I forget the sight, or the feelings it produced. They took with them what few clothes they had, but scarce anything else: and the sight of their deserted cabins, their flourishing corn and fruitful beans; the howling of the dogs, and piteous lowing of the cattle; produced a melancholy feeling that haunts me to this hour. Rather than leave their country, scores of them fled to the mountains; where many, alas! many, perished with hunger, and left their unburied bones to

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bleach in the sun. Weeks after the main body had been removed, one after another of those who had fled to the mountains would straggle into the settlements, weak and emaciated almost to a skeleton, and piteously ask for bread. "Where is your wife?" "*Dead.*" "Where are your children?" "*Dead, too—die in the mountains—nothing to eat*—ALL DIE!" It was enough to melt a heart of stone. Such was the suffering, such the distress, consequent upon the order for their removal, that officers and soldiers, while executing that order, were often seen to weep like children. Yes, hardy soldiers, who perhaps had not wept for years, would go to the cabin, seize the father and mother, and perhaps some of the older children, while the younger and more timid would flee to the fields or thickets to hide themselves; and, on witnessing the deep, unaffected distress of the now-ruined family, would sit down and weep as though their hearts would break. I said that many of the smaller children fled and hid themselves on the approach of the soldiers: and so it was. Many of them were found, and dragged from their hiding-places to accompany their parents; but many others *were never found*. Many a hearty, sprightly Indian child, whose father, mother, brothers, sisters, were all gone, never to return, was left to perish and die alone!

Of the many affecting scenes which came to my knowledge during the forcible removal of these hapless people, I select one. I knew the man well. He and most of his family were worthy members of the Methodist Church, and for several years under my charge. He lived in a secluded part of the nation, among the mountains of North Carolina, and seemed to have formed his opinions of the white man from his knowledge of the Missionary of the Cross, who had brought him the Gospel of Christ, baptized him into the Christian faith, and had so often afforded him the consolations of the blessed word. He was slow to believe he would ever be forced from his humble but quiet home; and some months elapsed ere he was molested. His was among the last families in all that region visited by the soldiers. But they came at last. An officer, with a guard and an interpreter, presented himself at the cabin-door, and the old man was told that he and his family must go into camp immediately. As if doubting their sincerity, he hesitated, and offered several common-place excuses; such as, his cattle and hogs were in the woods; he would lose his crop; his wife was making cloth; none of which could be left. But finding these of no avail, with a heavy heart and sad countenance he made one request,—just one,—which he hoped would be granted. What was it? That he might be allowed *to pray in his cabin once more with his wife and children ere he left it for ever!* It was granted. The old man took from a rude shelf a portion of the Scriptures, and some hymns that had been translated into his native tongue: he read, he sang, and kneeled to pray. He kneeled near the middle of the cabin-floor, while his wife and children, eight in number, huddled closely around him. He stood upright on his knees: they bowed their heads to the floor. With a tremulous voice he began. First, he thanked God for life, health, and preservation; for the Gospel; for the privilege of reading His word, and calling on His name. Next, he prayed for the white man, all white men; especially those who persecuted the Indian, and took his home; begged that God would pity and forgive them. He particularly mentioned those at the door; excused them in his prayer, because they had been commanded to do as they did. Then he prayed for the Indian,—the poor Indian, as he called him; once strong and powerful, now few and weak; his property was gone; his land was gone; his home was gone; his friends were gone; *all was gone!* "O good Spirit," he cried, "O blessed Jesus, help poor Indian! *He can't help himself any more.*"

The prayer was frequently interrupted by the groans and sobs of his family; and such was its earnestness, unaffected simplicity, and pathos, that the interpreter, though a wicked man, found it impossible to restrain his feelings, and cried aloud. The officer and soldiers, without understanding a word that was said, were overcome by the scene, and mingled their tears and sobs with those of the afflicted family. At the close of the prayer the officer bade the interpreter tell the Indian *he might come into camp whenever he chose;* and, turning away, declared he might be

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punished for disobedience, or even broke of his commission, but he *could not*, and *would not*, lay hands on such a man or such a family as that.

Reader, *that* Indian and his family were never removed west. He fairly prayed himself out of the hands of the troops; and long did he live, and, for aught I know, still lives, at his quiet home in the mountains of western North Carolina, to witness the truth, excellence, and power of our holy religion. One of his sons became an Exhorter, and another a Leader in the Methodist Church organized among a few hundred Cherokees, who remained on a reservation by the State, some forty or fifty miles from where the family lived at the time mentioned; and often did I share their homely fare, and join with them in prayers and hymns of praise to the "Father of us all."—*American.*

TESTIMONY IN A LOVEFEAST.

At a lovefeast which the writer had the privilege of attending some years ago, an aged saint arose, and, as we knew that she had encountered severe trials and deep poverty, having for some years been dependent upon a few Christian friends for the necessaries of life, we were somewhat surprised to hear her exclaim, in joyful accents, "Bless the Lord! mine has been a life of blessing all the way through: goodness and mercy hath followed me all the days of my life." She paused for a moment; then, with a voice tremulous with emotion, she added, "'Tis true that mine has been at times an intricate and thorny path; but my shoes have been iron and brass, and my strength has been equal to my day. I cannot remember when I was not in some measure under the influence of the strivings of God's Holy Spirit. I had pious parents, and their religious training was not in vain. My youthful heart yearned for more substantial joy than earth could afford, and I resolved to seek it in a life of devotedness to the service of God: but the enemy of souls told me that it was *too soon* to relinquish all the pleasures of the world; that it would be time enough a few years hence, when I was settled in life. I yielded to [illegible]uggestions, banished serious thoughts, [illegible]d into all the youthful gaieties to which I could gain access, and thus stifled my convictions. When about twenty years of age, I was heavily afflicted, and my sickness appeared to be unto death. The agony of my soul cannot be described. I cried for mercy; but the arch-fiend, who when I was in health told me it was too soon, now asserted that it was *too late*; that, having spent my strength in sin and folly, God would not accept the dregs of life; that having refused to accept His invitation, He would now reject my suit, and laugh at my calamity. But now my eyes were opened to discover the arts of the vile deceiver, and I resolved that if I perished, it should be clinging to the Cross, and praying for mercy; and, thank God, I did not plead in vain. He soon gave me 'the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;' turned my weeping into rejoicing, and my prayers into glad hallelujahs. I was raised up from the bed of sickness, united myself with the people of God, and for nearly fifty years have had the privilege of attending the weekly class-meetings, and of enjoying the communion of saints. During this time I have often been assailed by the suggestions of Satan; but have ever proved him to be the deceiver, and God to be 'the Truth.' In the course of time I was surrounded by a lovely family, and had a pious and affectionate husband. The sun shone brightly upon us; we had spiritual and temporal prosperity. But a dark cloud arose: fever entered our dwelling, and soon all my earthly treasures were consigned to the silent grave; and I, a destitute widow, was left with a shattered constitution, to walk the wilderness alone. And yet I have not been alone: my Beloved has been with me, and suffered me to lean upon His arm. Even for this dispensation I can praise my loving Saviour, my kind Father. My loved ones were taken from the evil to come: my flowers are removed from earth, where they might have been spoiled by the world's contamination, and transplanted to paradise, where they will have perpetual summer.

'I thank Him for sickness, for sorrow, for care,
For the thorns I have gather'd, the anguish I bear;
For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,
A present of pain, a perspective of fears;

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I praise Him, I bless Him, my King and my God,
For the good and the evil His hand has bestow'd.'

Satan said that I should now surely fall, and strongly tempted me to repine: but He that sent the trial, vouchsafed the needed strength; and while my poor body was nearly crushed, faith was triumphant, and my spirit rejoiced. From that time poverty has been my portion; but day by day my bread has been given, my water has been sure. Not one thing of all that He has promised has been withheld: mine has been a goodly heritage. And now that the deceiver can no longer say that it is too soon or too late to seek the Lord, or that He will forsake me in time of trouble, he suggests that I shall in the hour of death find that I am deceived, and shall fall away when the pangs which shall sever soul and body shall come upon me; and thus, notwithstanding my present happy experience of God's favour, I am in bondage through fear of death. This temptation often causes most distressing feelings, and I look forward to the time of my dissolution with fear and trembling."

It was not long after this testimony, that the writer was requested to visit "good old Hannah," (for so she was called,) as she was very ill. As I ascended the stairs that led to her humble but neat chamber, I heard her singing,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath," &c.

I said to her, "Well, Hannah, you have come to the brink of Jordan. Are the waters deep? Do you fear to launch away?" The joy that sparkled in her eyes, her countenance beaming with delight, told of the happiness within. She raised her trembling hands, stretched them upwards, and exclaimed, "Fear! What have I to fear?

'I pass secure the watery flood,
Hanging on the arm of God.'

The valley is not dark; for it is lighted by Jesus's presence. Christ is mine, and I am His.

'O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?'

'Thanks be to God, who giveth me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'" I named the temptation of which she had spoken at the lovefeast. "O!" she said, "he is a liar, and the father of lies. But God is true: He is 'the Truth.' Tell my experience to every tempted, trembling believer; tell them that dying grace will be given for dying moments; tell them that this is the happiest hour of my life; the rapture which my soul enjoys prevents me from feeling the pain which racks this feeble frame. Surely this is heaven begun below."

She lived for a few days, dwelling in the unclouded light of God's countenance, enjoying peace unspeakable, and full of glory. Her last moments were triumphant. He that had fulfilled His own word of promise to her during her earthly pilgrimage, proved that He was, as she said, "the Truth," and the devil to be the deceiver. Her last words were, "If this be death, who would not long to die?"

SUSAN.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE mind of man is the plate on which the Divine image is to be delineated. It must first be cleansed and purified by the sacrifice of Christ, and the blood of atonement, and thus fitted to receive the rays of light to be shed upon it by the "Sun of Righteousness." The camera, or instrument by which the impression is made, may be aptly compared to the word of God; and the operator, the Holy Spirit. "The Spirit breathes upon the word." Thus the work is commenced, and the latent picture produced. Then comes the development in the world of the Christian character, often in darkness and trial, line after line, feature after feature, all with astonishing and beautiful precision. To effect this, there must be the water of purification and the acid of affliction. Combined trial and adversity are the developers of Christian character. Then comes the fixing process. We are made perfect through suffering. All substances that require removing are washed away, and the sanctifying operations of the Spirit carry on the work to completion, and we are made like the Redeemer; requiring only the framework, or setting of immortality, and to be allotted a place in the temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

J. H. LEAKE.

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SPEAK TO THIS YOUNG MAN.

Young men ought to be spoken to by their seniors in age and experience on a great many subjects. Inexperienced as they are in the ways of the world, and liable to be led into forbidden paths by sinister biases and temptations, they have a right to expect the counsels of age and wisdom to guard and guide them. Ye, therefore, who know the way, who are capable of giving needful cautions and instructions, "Go, speak to this young man." If you do it kindly, he will generally listen to you, "fast" as the age is; and even if he should not heed your counsels at the moment, he will thank you for them another day.

Perhaps he is in danger of being drawn into bad company. You are aware of his exposure, from something which you have seen or heard; and, unsuspecting as he may be, you tremble for him. Run, speak to him. Don't put it off. Embrace the present opportunity. You may not have another. Put him on his guard. Tell him what you have noticed in other cases; how young men of good families and flattering prospects have been gradually and almost insensibly drawn into dangerous companionship, and led on to ruin. Tenderly warn him. A few words fitly spoken may save him.

There goes a young man, who you know, or believe, indulges, it may be very moderately, in the use of intoxicating drinks. He is a fine, promising son, the pride and hope of his family. But he has entered upon a slippery path; a habit is stealing upon him which, if not immediately checked, may lead him to the drunkard's grave. He thinks there is no danger; but you know there is. You know that the wine which is "red, and giveth itself its colour in the cup, and moveth itself aright, at last biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Run, hasten, speak to him. If you do it kindly, he will not repulse you; and if he should, you will have done your duty. Many who have fallen by little and little might have been saved, had older men, whom they respected, done their duty.

Yonder goes a lad, with a cigar in his mouth, puffing the smoke in the face of whomsoever he happens to meet. Astonishing! If it is altogether too bad for a man of age making any pretensions to good manners, in a mere boy it is intolerably offensive. Run, speak to him. He is not yet so strongly wedded to the dirty weed as not to hear you. Tell him how sorry you are to see it; what a filthy habit it is; how much it costs; how it draws off fluids from his system, which he cannot spare; how it will dinge his fair complexion, and how it will create a hankering for intoxicating drinks which will, in all likelihood, master and kill him. If he says his father smokes, and almost everybody smokes, tell him you are very sorry for it. Perhaps you may persuade him to leave it off; and if you do, he will thank you a thousand times for your kind warning and advice.

Here comes another young man. You heard him swear just now. Shocking! Don't let him pass. Speak to him. Ask him if he ever thinks whose Name it is that he is taking in vain. Tell him how gross it is, and, above all, how great a sin it is. He will be ashamed that you heard him. It may lead him to serious reflection, and to break off the habit at once; and if so, what a multitude of sins it will cover, or rather prevent!

That young man, who has just come in to bid you good-bye, is on his way to the city to seek employment. As he leaves, give him a few words of caution and advice. Warn him against the temptations to which he will be exposed. Exhort him to beware what company he keeps; never to "enter into the path of the wicked," but to shun it; "turn from it, and pass away." In great cities, "wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat." Caution him to associate with none but the wise and good. Earnestly exhort him to be rigidly honest and faithful to all his trusts; to keep the Sabbath; to attend public worship; to "fear God, and keep His commandments."

These are a few of the subjects on which young men should be spoken to by their seniors; always having regard to the infinitely momentous subject of *personal religion*. And were this duty faithfully performed, what multitudes of young men in the land might be saved, who, by the criminal neglect of those whom they

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respect and would listen to, are snared, and taken, and lost!—*Rev. Dr. Humphrey.*

THE MORALITY OF CONFUCIUS.

But the third rule of life presented by the Chinese philosopher deserves our attention. Its approximation to what is sometimes styled the *golden rule* of our Saviour has been remarked by all who have read it; and some who delight to exalt the sage, while they are reckless of the honour of the Redeemer of the world, have laboured to give to it a higher meaning and greater value than it really deserves. Even Voltaire has not thought it beneath his efforts to seize hold of it, and to turn it to the greatest account against the "Teacher sent from God." The vast difference between the rule of Confucius and the corresponding precepts of Jesus is at once apparent when they are brought into juxtaposition. We are taught by the philospher "to love our *equals* as ourselves, and *to do nothing* to others which we would not wish them to do to us." We are commanded by the Saviour "to love our *neighbours* as ourselves;" and, in the *golden rule*, He tells us, "As ye would that men *should do* to you, *do ye* also to them likewise." This is not a mere verbal difference, but a difference springing from the different standpoints, and characteristic of the different forms, of the two systems of morality. In the rule of Confucius we are urged to love *our equals;* by the law of Christ we are commanded to love our *neighbours.* The one is limited, not reaching those below or above us; the other is universal, embracing all around us: the one administers to pride, is dissevering in its influence, and fosters the artificial distinctions of life; the other excites universal benevolence, is equalizing in its influence, and tends to unite universal humanity in a common brotherhood. The precept of the philosopher reaches no higher a standard in morality than what is considered as insufficient by the Lord Jesus when He corrects a similar precept existing among the Jews, by saying, "If ye love those who love you, what reward have you? do not even the publicans the same?" And how far does this fall below the sublime morality of the law urged by our Saviour on the same occasion, "I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you!"

A still greater difference is observable between the second member of the philosopher's rule and the golden rule of Christ. The first is negative, the second positive; the one commands to abstain from doing evil, the other enjoins to do good; the one is passive and motionless, the other is active and energetic; the one is fulfilled by omitting *to do*, the essential feature of the other is activity, and it is only fulfilled by *doing*. The first, as a negative precept, is limited, and fails to embrace any part of the vast field of our positive duties to our fellow-men; the other, as a positive precept, enjoining a high form of moral activity, is universal, comprehending in its wide range all the duties of the Confucian precept, and transcending it as far as the positive duties of a life of active and universal benevolence transcend the powerless negations of a life spent in the formal avoidance of doing evil.

The rule of Confucius is fulfilled by inaction, the law of Christ only by activity. The first is sufficient to produce quiet and inoffensive men, and this is precisely what it has done in China; the other forms the mind to active beneficence, and, by its activity, produces philanthropists and benefactors of mankind. The one may secure a large amount of good to men by producing an avoidance of evil; but the other is able to reform and bless the world by filling it with men doing good. The sage of China has grasped a high position in morality; but it required more than a sage to comprehend the universal relations of mankind, and seize a great eternal truth which would comprehend them all. It required the Divine Mind to awaken in the human soul a great central power, and to lay hold of it as the sublime basis on which to rest a comprehensive law, which would embrace all human duties. Confucius only addresses our *selfishness;* but the Saviour has laid hold upon our *self-love*, and directs this motive power of our moral constitution toward securing the good of others, by making it our duty to do unto all what our love of

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self would induce us to wish they would do unto us. The law of our Lord Jesus Christ embraces all the offices, all the cares, all the devotion and ardour of charity. It supposes that he who would observe it shall not live for himself; that the welfare of his brethren shall become the principal motive of his life; that he shall include the whole world in his embrace by the power of a generous love. On the other hand, the whole Confucian rule is fulfilled by him who selfishly abstains from doing to another the evil he does not wish to receive from him. But why might we not have expected this wide difference when the one has been prescribed by man, the other by God?

POPISH MORALS.

The Pope derives a yearly revenue of about four hundred thousand dollars from the government lotteries drawn in Tuscany and the Papal states. Sometimes these lotteries, when for a charitable purpose, are drawn in public on the Lord's day, with a little knot of priestly dignitaries presiding over the wheel of fortune. One such drawing took place in the Piazza del Popolo last May, when it is computed there were about thirty thousand people packed into the square, standing as spectators of this precious Sabbath service.

"BE SURE YOUR SINS WILL FIND YOU OUT."

In the year 184—, a youth, about sixteen years of age, was an apprentice to a wholesale druggist in the enterprising town of Liverpool, and amongst other duties devolving upon him was that of fetching the letters of his employers from the post-office to their own place of business. Simple as this circumstance may appear, it became a temptation to this youth; and in an evil hour he gave way to the temptation, broke open a letter containing money, and used it as his inclination and evil heart dictated. One wrong action brings another. He not being detected in the first theft, another soon followed, and then another; till at length the moneys, which ought to have got into his employer's hands, were missed, and, suspicion falling on this youth, he was watched, and in a certain street leading from the post-office to their place of business he was caught by his master in the act of opening a letter. This led to the indentures of his apprenticeship being cancelled; and his friends, having made up the money which he had at different times purloined, saved him from being sent to prison. Thus did his sin find him out. It might have been well had he taken warning at this; but, alas! the heart was deceitful and desperately wicked; and, though he might have felt a feeling of gladness that he had escaped prison through the forbearance of those whom he had wronged, and have determined never to be found doing anything again which would bring him within the reach of the law of the land, yet, we are afraid, he never repented of his sin, and never sought for strength against temptation from Him who alone can strengthen us to resist it; for, a few years after, but in a different part of the country, we find him indulging in sins which can only gratify an utterly depraved nature, such as horse-racing and betting; and to such an extent did his losses amount, that he committed forgery to cover them, and then followed a series of the most diabolical and deep-laid schemes for raising money that ever were known; till at length his crimes were brought to light, and England stood aghast at the name of William Palmer.

We need not enter into a history of his crimes,—they are known in every town and hamlet; but we wish our young readers to mark how he commenced his career. He was placed in a situation where he might have raised himself in the estimation of all around him, and have become a useful member of society; but he gave way to temptation; and having once given way, he found it easier to give way a second time, till he was found out; and though he then escaped punishment, yet his subsequent sins brought him to the scaffold, and his crimes have caused his name to become a byword and a reproach in the earth.

Do our young readers ever feel tempted to sin of any kind? We know they do; for the devil tempts every one. Then let them remember that only Divine grace can save them from giving way to tempta-

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tion; and let them pray that they may not be led into temptation; and recollect that, either in this world or the next, their sins are sure to find them out.

H.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS EXEMPLIFIED.

No one, it has been said, acts rightly without acting beneficially in so doing. He scatters the seed of a sweet flower that will spring up again in some other bosom, sure to multiply itself in some way, perhaps, for ever.

The late John Coakely Lettsom, M.D., whose long and active life presented an example of benevolence which had a happy influence on many while he lived, ought to be had in remembrance now that he is no more. Being left an orphan, he was placed by his guardians an apprentice to Abraham Sutcliffe, a medical practitioner, at Settle, in Yorkshire. Having completed his medical education, he went to Tortola, with two objects; one, to take possession of a little property left him by his father; and the other, to perform a noble act of humanity. This was to emancipate the fifty slaves who constituted, with a small portion of land, his patrimonial possession. At that time, says his biographer, he was not possessed of £50 in the world; but, viewing the traffic in human beings as wicked and unlawful, he immediately emancipated them, though by that act he reduced himself to comparative poverty, at the age of twenty-three.

After the lapse of a few years, he returned to England, and settled in London as a physician. Providence smiled upon him, and opened his way to great eminence in his profession. For a considerable time he maintained the first practice in the city of London, and his professional emoluments were very great; from 1786 to 1800 being not less than from £5,000 to £12,000 annually. He was a most active philanthropist. He was a member of many literary and scientific institutions, and the author of several useful works.

Dr. Lettsom was ever grateful to Mr. Sutcliffe for the kindness he had received during his apprenticeship. Many years afterwards, when he was practising with high honour in London, he was visited by his old master, to whom he remarked, that as he was now old, and had a son qualified to succeed him in the general practice, he ought to retire, and enjoy the easier earnings of a physician. Sutcliffe replied that he had designed it, but was at a loss where to apply for a diploma, as his old teachers were no more. Dr. Lettsom immediately presented him with one, which he had procured for him against his arrival. "My lad," exclaimed the good old man, his eyes suffused with tears of joy, "this is more than I know how to acknowledge." Dr. Lettsom died November 1st, 1815, in the seventy-first year of his age. Although his funeral took place at an early hour, several hundreds of the poor flocked round the grave, and manifested by their tears their deep sense of the loss they had sustained.

J. C.

Memorials of the Departed.

Died, on the 24th of April, 1855, at the Upper-Haugh, in the Wath Circuit, Thomas Hutchinson, in the fiftieth year of his age, greatly beloved by a large circle of Christian friends. For many years he conducted the singing in Haugh chapel with singular ability, propriety, and steadiness; and devoted much time to the interests of the Sunday-school. He was a most consistent member of the Wesleyan church, attached to its constitution, devoted to its interests, and faithful in its maintenance and defence. To praise the Lord was habitual with him: and when once a friend said to him, "I have no doubt that you have solid peace, if you have not ecstasies;" he replied, "I have always tried to guard against being carried away with ecstasies; but I have now not only solid peace, but my joy is ecstatic,"

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And this became evident to those who witnessed his uninterrupted triumph over pain and feebleness until the last moment.

On the 23d of August, at Antrim, in the ninety-fourth year of her age, Mrs. Deborah Kenning. She was born at Liscromwell, a village near Castlebar, named after the Protector. Her father, Mr. Grear, was a Presbyterian; and her mother, at first a Quakeress, but subsequently a Wesleyan, died in the full assurance of salvation. At the early age of eighteen, Deborah was convinced of sin, under the ministrations of the Rev. John Wesley, and sought and found the pardoning love of God. A Christian of unbounded love towards all, she felt every moment her need of the atoning blood of Christ, and gave herself up as a ceaseless offering to Him. On her death-bed she repeated the verse of a hymn with which, nearly seventy-five years before, the Lord had sealed His pardoning mercy on her soul.

"My God is reconciled," &c.

Raising her right hand, she exclaimed, "Glory be to the King Eternal, Immortal, and Invisible! My merciful High-Priest! All my salvation! My God! My Friend!"

At Northampton, on the 11th of September, aged twenty-seven years, Elisabeth Jane Ball. A marked feature of her religious character was love for private prayer, and reading of the Bible constantly, and at stated times. Exemplary in punctuality and earnestness as a Sunday-school Teacher, she often pleaded with the children until every girl has been in tears, and prayed with them until some have cried for mercy. Often, after returning from the school, she retired to her chamber, and, on her knees, wept before God for the souls committed to her care. Such faithfulness could not be unrewarded; and several of those young persons are members of our church and Teachers in the same school. Her experience during a period of severe suffering and extreme debility, was in entire correspondence with that of the few years of her active Christian life.

On September 17th, at Horncastle, John Richardson, in his fifty-eighth year. In the early part of his life he was a Romanist; but when about thirty years of age, he renounced Romanism and began to attend a Christian place of worship. He soon became seriously concerned for the salvation of his soul; and often, in trembling agony, prayed, through the Friend of sinners, for pardoning mercy. At length he was enabled to rejoice, and joined the Wesleyan church. Having been justified through faith in Jesus's blood, he sought and found the efficacy of that blood to cleanse him from all unrighteousness. For upwards of twenty years he laboured with great credit to himself, and profit to others, as Class-Leader and Local Preacher.

On the 20th of the same month, at Howard-Town, in the Glossop Circuit, in her twenty-second year, Jane Margaret Isherwood. The time and place of her conversion were distinctly marked, and its reality was as clearly evidenced. While waiting on some members of her family who were suffering malignant fever, she fell a victim to the same disease, which rapidly carried her away; but her expressions, in the intervals of delirium, gave assurance that she was well prepared to die. Her last moments were calm and confidently peaceful.

On the 22d of the same month, at St. Columb, in her twenty-third year, Jane Parnell Jenkin. In her childhood she was intelligent, constant in attendance at the Sunday-school, where she became a Teacher, and often manifested a religious seriousness; but it was not until the spring of 1854 that the Spirit of God revealed to her mind her state of danger as a sinner. Then she felt condemned in His sight, mourned over the hardness of her heart, and as that hardness gave way, with many tears, and a heart full of anguish, cast herself before the throne of grace. The depth and continuance of this agony were compensated by a remarkably clear and joyous assurance of reconciliation with God; and we have perused with deep interest a minute and copious record of her expressions of that assurance, from the hand of her bereaved father.

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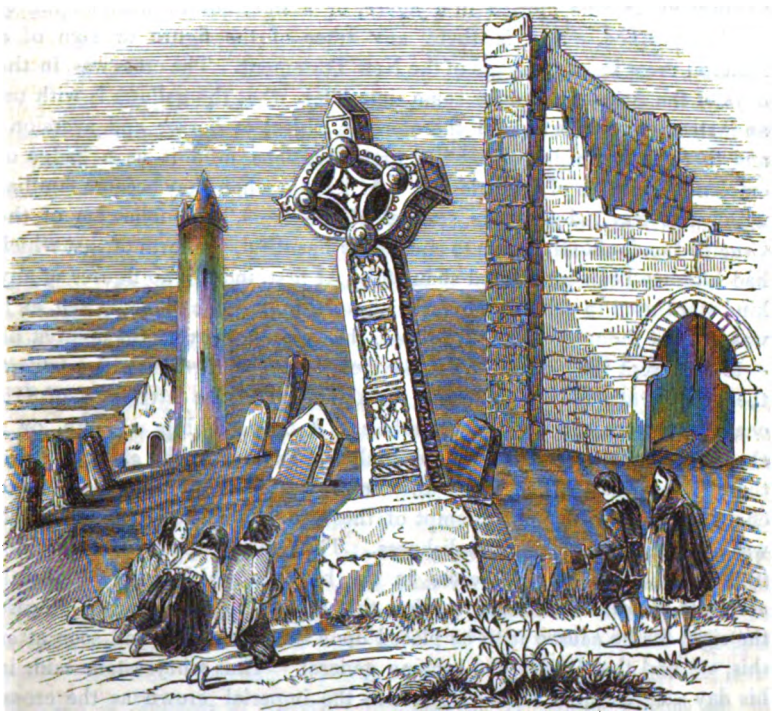
THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.



AN IRISH CROSS.

HERE is a question :—"Can there be any harm in making the figure of a cross?" Or, plainer, "Is it right or wrong to exhibit crosses in houses, schools, churches, and public places?"

Such a question cannot be answered satisfactorily in a single word. We must pause and reflect before we attempt to utter a decision. On every question of practice we should accept the judgment of experience; and such judgment is attainable on this. More than eighteen hundred years have passed away since THE CRUCIFIXION, and since St. Paul wrote those memorable words, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." During that time there has been abundant scope for the exercise of piety and superstition, of wisdom and fanaticism, by those who—worthily or unworthily—have borne the name

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of Christ. Men of all kinds, wherever the profession of any form of Christianity exists, have taken their own courses in matters of worship; and it is undeniable that no object of reverence has been exhibited so long and so extensively as the cross. We can tell, therefore, how this exhibition of the symbol has affected the general character of Christianity; or, if you please, what idea of Christianity the veneration of the cross would convey to a careful observer.

When St. Paul said that he gloried in the cross, he did not mean us to understand that he gloried in a *figure*, or a *sign*, but in the *doctrine of Christ crucified*. Nor is there any trace of the figure or sign of a material cross in any passage of the New Testament. The cross was, in the days of the Apostles, and for some time later, what the gallows is with us, an instrument of death, and therefore an object of horror and aversion; and there is no evidence that the first Christians used it as a badge or emblem distinctive of Christianity. At length, when they became familiar with what was indeed "the scandal of the cross," the followers of the Crucified undoubtedly began to cherish, as beautiful, the form of that which had hitherto been considered shameful. At first, indeed, no figures of any kind were used in relation to Christian worship or confession. Then, as it was not yet thought right—if, indeed, the subject was thought upon at all—to represent the person of the Saviour, *of whom there was no portrait*, the great truth of His suffering for sinners, and the attributes of His character, were set forth by symbols. A dove, a ship, a lamb, or a shepherd carrying a lamb, represented the Saviour or the church. But there were times when even the cross was held up visibly, as if to challenge and brave the contempt of those to whom the crucifixion itself was a stumbling-block and foolishness. Thus the Emperor Constantine, if he did not see a bright cross in the heavens, which is very doubtful, certainly taught the Roman soldiers that they were no longer to despise the sign, for he caused it to be placed upon their armour; and soon after this, we find that its use had become general. Thus Chrysostom said, in his day:—"Nothing so highly adorns the imperial crown as the cross, which is more precious than the whole world: its form, at which, of old, men shuddered with horror, is now so eagerly and emulously sought for, that it is found among princes and subjects, men and women, virgins and matrons, slaves and freemen; for all bear it about, perpetually impressed on the most honourable part of the body, or on the forehead, as on a pillar. This appears in the sacred temple, in the ordination of Priests; it shines again on the body of the Lord, and in the mystic supper. It is to be seen everywhere in honour; in the private house and the public market-place, in the desert, in the highway, on mountains, in forests, on hills, on the sea, in ships, on islands, on our beds and on our clothes, on our arms, in our chambers, in our banquets, on gold and silver vessels, on gems, in the paintings of our walls, on the bodies of diseased beasts, on human bodies possessed by devils, in war and peace, by day, by night, in the dances of the feasting, and the meetings of the fasting and praying."

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Just at that time the exhibition of such a sign was highly expressive, and consistent with sentiments of the most exalted and purest Christianity; but when the cross had ceased to be remembered as a sign of shame, it was no longer of the same value as a symbol of honour, on the other side. Yet, as the Phrygian cap outlives the memory of its origin, and is used by those who deal in such matters as a symbol of democratic liberty, so might the cross, with infinitely higher propriety, be retained to the end of time, as a symbol of redemption; and as it might have been had it never been abused. But when the noble spirit of the ages of martyrs had passed away, the image of the cross, like the image of the fiery serpent in the times of the Hebrew Kings, became an object of idolatrous veneration; and that veneration could only be overcome, in either case, by removing the occasion of it out of the way. This is what thorough Protestants have generally done; and we should earnestly recommend our friends to follow their example.

Observe how the mischief grew. Cardinal Bona, a very learned man, and profoundly versed in all such matters, describes the progress of cross-worship; and we believe his description to be substantially correct. He says that, at *first*, there was nothing more in use than the simple cross. *Secondly*, the cross, with a lamb at the foot of it, served to represent the Lamb of God that died for the sins of the world; or, as a Latin poet beautifully said, "Beneath the blood-stained cross there stands Christ, in the form of a snow-white lamb, as the lamb is given up an innocent victim to an unjust death." *Thirdly*, a figure of Christ clothed, on the cross, with hands lifted up in prayer, but not nailed to it; for it would seem as if mortal men dared not yet attempt to make the mystery of the Saviour's death the subject of their art. However, it is probable that the bust only appeared on the cross at first; and after that, the whole person. Then, *fourthly*, the rude workmen dared to proceed further. They drew on the cross a Christ, fastened to it with four nails, as still living, and with open eyes. But this demanded a power of pencil which few painters of even the age of Raphael or Corregio possessed. At length, *fifthly*, in the tenth or eleventh century, the custom began of representing the Saviour as hanging dead upon the cross; and this is the crucifix now in use, while painters, especially in the south of Europe, outrage every feeling of piety and decency by the coarsest representations of "the Man of sorrows."

But all this has been done to provide objects for that idolatry to which mankind are always prone. The sign of the cross was thought to have a virtue for the expulsion of evil spirits, and for driving away disease and dangers. The true cross was said to have been found at Jerusalem; but no fable could be more gross; and that cross, or parts of it, or minute chips of wood *said* to be part of it, are at this day carried about in reliquaries, and regarded with the most extravagant religious veneration. Crosses of wood, stone, silver, or gold, meet the eye of the Romanist in every direction, at home and abroad. The Bishop wears a gold cross. The Monk and the Nun carry crosses in their bosoms. The cross, quite

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plain and massive, stands proudly upon every mass-house; while the crucifix surmounts the altar. A cross marks the scene of murder, or the place of prayer. Crosses are anointed, blessed, and carried in processions. Old stone crosses, that have stood for many ages out of doors, continue to be eyed with awful reverence, as if they were inhabited by a spirit of Divine power and Godhead, and people come to them on pilgrimage from afar. Even so, as our engraving shows, poor, dripping, bare-footed, ragged Irish devotees come long journeys to adore an old weather-beaten stone cross, which ought to have been taken out of the way centuries ago. There it leans, however,—for it does not *stand*,—and by its position signifies how slowly, yet how surely, the idolatry, of which it is at once the sign and the occasion, is coming down to the ground. Down let it come, in its own good time; and, meanwhile, let not Christian people countenance its continuance by voluntary imitations.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

HOPE.

Poets and poetesses have sung of hope as

> "That magic art,
> Which charms the sorrows of the heart;
> Chases the fond, the plaintive sigh,
> With visions of felicity."

Metaphysicians have defined it, "that pleasure in the mind, which every one finds in himself upon the profitable future enjoyment of a thing which is apt to delight him." Were we not all experimentally acquainted with this emotion, these definitions would give us little insight into its nature.

Yon shipwrecked mariner, as he clings to a single plank, benumbed with cold, parched with thirst, starving for lack of food, while the tempest rages round him, and the roaring billows threaten to engulf him, is buoyed up with the hope that soon some friendly bark will appear in sight, and rescue him from his perilous condition. And when perchance some welcome sail breaks upon his enraptured gaze, his dangers and privations are forgotten, while he makes wondrous efforts to attract its attention. Hope now reaches its climax, and he is almost sure of deliverance.

The mother, as she tends the couch of her sick child, is impelled to untiring exertion by the hope of saving the life of the little one. No means are untried, no difficulty is insurmountable, no sacrifice too great, that the life of her child may be prolonged. And when all others have given up, and when the physician has pronounced these hope-killing words, "It is no use; there is no hope;" still the mother hopes on. Great are her efforts, earnest and importunate are the prayers that are

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breathed forth from that mother's heart: perhaps God may spare the dear lad's life; for while there is life there is hope.

The merchant embarks all his wealth in some grand speculation, in the hope that it will bring him in an hundredfold return. The farmer, with no sparing hand nor doubting heart, scatters his bread wide-spread upon the waters, in the hope that it will return to him after many days.

But none of these are sure and certain hopes. The farmer's crop may be nipped by the winter's unpropitious frosts, or be scorched by a summer's sultry sun, and spoil all his hopes of a harvest. The merchant's scheme may prove a total failure, and at one stroke all his wealth be scattered to the winds. The mother's babe, notwithstanding all her watching and prayers, may die, and leave her alone, with a broken and desolate heart. The mariner may be passed by unseen by the ship's crew, and left alone to pine away on the bosom of the wide ocean, die untended by a mother's tender hand and soothing voice, with the roar of the wild waves for his death-dirge, and the ocean-bed for his grave.

But there is a hope that maketh not ashamed, which we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast. And though storms and tempests beat around us, and floods of affliction threaten to overwhelm us, our hope of salvation never fails; for it is based upon the Rock of Ages, fixed on an everlasting foundation.

My dear reader, are you passing through deep waters? The wave of trouble has broken over your soul. That dearly loved friend, who was bound to you by cords of love, has been snatched away, and, with a lacerated heart, you have been left alone in a wide, wide world, with none to soothe your troubled breast, or wipe your weeping eyes. Riches have taken to themselves wings and fled away; pinching poverty stares you in the face; and summer friends have deserted you in the hour of need. And as you look forward, doubts and fears rise up in your breast; a black cloud hangs over the future, presenting no opening to your anxious gaze; and your eyes, bedimmed with tears, cannot pierce the mists and vapours that surround you on this damp earth. O, let a brother's sympathy reach your troubled heart, and a friend's counsel fall upon your ear, unaccustomed to friendly words. Look no longer forward into the bleak future of this world, but upward to that haven of peace, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest;" where you have a Friend that will not forsake you in the hour of need, and who "sticketh closer than a brother."

Let that hope which has almost died away beneath the cold blast of a cruel world again revive. These troubles will not last for ever. Rest assured a bright side will dawn on your dark picture. Ah! but you want comfort just now. What good will future happiness do you when your heart is just now breaking with sorrow? True. Come, then, with me to the mercy-seat. Let us try the Fountain of living waters. Take the word of life with you. Plead your Father's promises. "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." "Can a woman forget

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her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, *yet will I not forget thee.*" And again, Christ's own words: "Blessed are they that mourn: *for they shall be comforted.*" "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Now, do you find rest to your weary soul? Do you feel a holy calm fill your breast? Jesus is now saying to your troubled heart, "*Peace, be still;*" and is shedding the oil of gladness on your head. You are learning now that,

"From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat."

Reclining on your Saviour's breast, you can look calmly on the world without. You can gaze beyond this vale of tears; and as you look forward to the time when these days of sorrow and sighing shall all be over, hope brightens at the prospect. Then shall begin all the joys of heaven; joys no angel tongue can tell; days of praise which shall ne'er be past. Hope on, my brother. This is no false hope. Jesus will never leave thee nor forsake thee; but, when your pilgrimage on earth is over, will receive you to dwell with Himself at God's right hand for evermore.

"Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before His face appear,
And by His side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown."

Maghera. JAMMIL LESING.

BLOOD-GUILTINESS.

"Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou God of my salvation!" (Psal. li. 14.)

WHAT a prayer is this for a man to present unto God! A prayer which at once, and most deeply, involves the offerer in suspicion of some great depravity and crime! "Blood-guiltiness!" What forms of transgression are presented to the mind, and what scenes of cruelty and horror the imagination conjures up, while we endeavour to realize the full meaning of the awful words! We see Cain with his fallen countenance, while furious passion is burning in his soul, held awhile in subjection to his master-purpose, until, as soon as the opportunity arrives, he embrues his hands in his own brother's blood! We see the midnight assassin waylaying his innocent victim, and then by a blow from the murderous weapon dismissing an immortal spirit from its tabernacle into the immediate presence of God! We see—but the mind, turning away sickened and appalled, recalls the prayer, "Preserve me from blood-guiltiness, O God!"

The man who first offered this prayer had become an adulterer and murderer: the former foul offence led to the perpetration of the latter; and the iniquity was aggravated by the artifice and cruelty in which it was contrived

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and accomplished. (Read 2 Sam. xi.) Although at the time the prayer was offered these awful transgressions were acknowledged, and their deep stains were in course of removal by the operations of Divine mercy, yet the burden of guilt pressed heavily upon the conscience, and the remembrance of it was grievous.

"But," you are ready to say, "we never shed human blood: we were never accessory, directly or indirectly, to the death of a fellow-creature: we are not murderers!" Stop a little. The virtue that is too eager to defend itself is sometimes, by that very eagerness, rendered suspicious. Have you never read, or heard read, "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer; and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him?" (1 John iii. 15.) And are you sure that you have never felt this passion within you? Have you never indulged hatred towards any member of the human family? As we have all one Father, and one God has created us, so we are all brethren: and to hate a brother is to be a murderer.

Again: there is a terrible meaning in this phrase, "*the blood of souls.*" The Apostle says, "Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died." (Rom. xiv. 15.) It seems, then, that men may irreparably injure others by the incautious indulgence of their natural appetites. And are you quite sure that this injury has not been inflicted by you? Are you quite sure that no one has been injured by your example; undone, eternally undone, by your direct influence or your neglect? Is there no human spirit in perdition, sending loud wailings through the regions of misery and despair, and attributing its ruin to you? You may either be involved in this "blood-guiltiness" by the actual communication of evil, or by indiscretion or neglect. "One sinner destroyeth much good." "Evil communications corrupt good manners." "The companion of fools shall be destroyed." And this guiltiness may result, greatly, from withholding the means of warning and salvation. (Read Ezek. xxxiii. 8, 9; and James v. 19, 20.)

This "blood-guiltiness," consisting in being accessory to the death of an immortal spirit, whether your own or that of a fellow-creature, is an evil of awful magnitude. Think, O think, if you *can* think, what must be that death of which an undying soul is the victim! Perhaps, too, it is the soul of a husband, a wife, a child, a parent, or a friend, which you have destroyed! And conceive, if indeed you can conceive, what will be the condition in the day of judgment of him who shall be found all-stained with the blood of souls! confronted with immortal spirits, all ascribing their damnation to him! What an augmentation of his misery! What an increase to his woe!

O, how earnestly does it become us to inquire whether we are chargeable with this guiltiness in the sight of God! It will be well if we do not find this prayer fearfully appropriate to ourselves. And how instant and persevering should be our application to Divine mercy for freedom from this guilt and condemnation! "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of Thy righteousness!"

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Blessed is he that can say, with the Apostle, "I take you to record this day, that I AM PURE FROM THE BLOOD OF ALL MEN!" (Acts xx. 26.)

B.

A WORD OF WARNING.

BUT if sentence against an evil work is seldom executed thus speedily, the danger is none the less; for there are greater calamities than sudden and untimely death. The man who, fleeing from his creditors, flings himself into the nearest ship, may escape without paying his debts: but if it turns out that fever is raging on board, and he catches the deadly contagion; or if the vessel proves to be a corsair, and the adventure ends in his being sold to life-long slavery, he has no reason to boast of his luck or his agility. And just so it would have been well for many a Sabbath-breaker if, in his first daring act of transgression, the stroke of vengeance had laid him low; for then he would have died comparatively innocent. But sentence was not executed speedily, and so his heart was fully set in him to do evil. He absented himself, for the first time in his life, a whole day from the sanctuary. That made it easier to remain away another. He spent that other in sauntering about the fields; or, with a little scruple at the first, he took up a newspaper or a novel. By and by he found himself in a tea-garden or a Sunday-tavern. There he met with loose acquaintances,—companions who taught him to bet and gamble, to live beyond his income, to live on borrowed money, or by dishonest means. And by and by he learned to live for pleasure. He became a frequenter of casinos and dancing-saloons; the associate of low and abandoned characters; a reveller, a nocturnal rioter, and consequently a neglecter of his daily duties; till now, perhaps, dismissed from his employment, at least disliking his stricter and more virtuous friends, with a conscience deadened, an imagination polluted, a heart corrupted, he is manifold more the child of hell than at the outset of his ungodly career.

To all young men amongst our readers we would earnestly say, Be careful of your Sabbath. Do not make acquaintance with those who misspend the hallowed hours, or whose visits would be the means of wasting yours. Do not accept invitations to pass the day with those whose standard of Sabbath-observance is low, and under whose roof you might be tempted to do what you would not do at home. Beware of the beginnings of evil. Reading a work of science, listening to secular music, taking a walk with a frivolous companion, even wandering from church to church in quest of excitement, you may impair the sense of sanctity with which God's day has been heretofore surrounded. And once this is impaired, other evils are sure to follow. It is almost certain that a wasted Sabbath will be followed by a worldly-minded week. On the morrow you will rise with a gloom in the atmosphere, a cloud on your conscience. You will have little heart for prayer, and the scanty pretence will grow more and more formal. And the more that prayer is restrained, the farther away will God's Spirit depart. You may almost feel Him go.

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Your heart is getting dry, earthly, dead. You are learning to dislike earnest Christians, and you are beginning to see that there is such a thing as righteousness overmuch. Nay, without knowing it, you are a kind of infidel already. You believe that the received account of man's ungodliness is extreme; you cannot help hoping that there is some other way in which men may be saved besides through Jesus Christ; and you wish that there was more value attached to natural goodness, and less ado made with the Bible. God's Spirit is grieved. The great realities are no longer in contact with your mind; and, losing faith, you may soon lose the fear of God. Losing the fear of God, what is there of which you might not be capable?

Come with us to this hospital, and see this young man, once virtuous, once a church-goer, nay, once a communicant. See him as there he lies in agony, his bones filled with the sins of his youth, and his memory crowded with a strange medley; the village sanctuary, his pious mother, his little sister-playmates, mingling with the horrid orgies and vile companions of later days, like a dream in which heaven and hell float through one another. See him as he tosses there, his eye wild with pain and remorse together, and see the fruits of Sabbath-breaking: for *his* were virtuous friends, till idle and ill-spent Sundays introduced him to the vicious.

Come with us to this asylum, and see the poor imbecile. Once a prosperous trader; once master of his own handsome villa, where graceful hospitalities awaited welcome friends; once a man of sense, intelligence, and taste; how is it that he is now in sordid attire, a trembling, phantom-haunted maniac, in a pauper hospital? He began with broken Sabbaths. Partly exhaustion, partly indolence, he rose occasionally too late for the house of prayer, till the omission grew more frequent; and, deprived of the calm restorative which devotion used to bring, and not altogether well at ease within, he sought to cheer his flagging spirits with strange fire. His associates grew more jovial; his habits more convivial; till at last Sabbath afternoons became seasons of habitual revelry. And, somehow, business felt it. Now that the Sabbath filter was out of order, his mind grew muddy; and now that communion with heaven had entirely ceased, his moral tone fell lower; and, walking contrary to God, God walked contrary to him. Things went wrong: and, having let slip his better friends meanwhile, he could not get these things right again. His refuge was his deeper ruin. "I will seek it yet again." He sought it, and was once more bitten. But "no cure like a tooth of the snake that stung me;" till now, with shattered nerves and addled brain, a cure can be no more hoped for.

Come with us to this police-station, where, stark and stiff, in dripping clothes, they are carrying in the corpse found in the river this Sunday morning. Remove from the swollen face the veiling kerchief, and identify the form from which an immortal spirit has so lately passed away to the presence of the Judge. The chest is broad, the brow is high, and it would have been long before years had blanched or thinned those locks so

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dark and massive. Who were his murderers? The providers of Sunday-entertainments,—the masters of the Sunday-revels. These drew him from the home of virtue and the house of God. These led him into expense, extravagance, embarrassment. Through the billiard-room, the race-course, and the money-lender's office, these have dragged him up to the very prison-door; till, rather than confront the Monday's exposure and disgrace, a leap from London Bridge has cut the knot and closed the tragedy.

Young men, you who live in our crowded cities especially, you cannot esteem the Sabbath too holy or too honourable. The course of the world, the drift of the age, the open shops, the obtrusive desecration, the surrounding influences, all are adverse. But highest interests are at stake,—your temporal and eternal welfare is involved. As you arise and go forth, and pass along, just suppose that you are not solitary. Fancy that you feel on your shoulder the hand of a tender and God-fearing parent, saying, "This is the way, walk in it." Nay, listen,—it is no fancy,—listen to the voice of your heavenly Father, saying, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Do not thy pleasure on My holy day."—*Excelsior.*

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

THE most prominent theme of the Gospel is the Cross of Christ. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." (2 Cor. v. 19.) Is the wondrous statement true? Come forth, ye Missionary hosts, from age to age, and produce, not your reasons, but your facts, which are mightier than the strongest arguments, as they of old allowed who said concerning the Apostles, "For that indeed a notable miracle *hath been done* by them is manifest to all them that dwell in Jerusalem; *and we cannot deny it.*" (Acts iv. 16.) But "by what power, or by what name," had that miracle been wrought? By the power, and in the name, of Jesus who died and rose again from the dead. Spiritual and moral triumphs still result from the same cause. Christianity owes its existence to the Cross, and the Cross its virtue, not to an agonizing man, a martyr, a pattern merely of resignation and fortitude; but to a Divine Redeemer, even to "Christ, who once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." (1 Peter iii. 18.) So the Apostles preached, else had they preached in vain. For what power could there have been in the tale of the Galilæan fishermen concerning a crucified Jew, however virtuous his character, to overthrow Heathenism in mighty nations that despised the Jews; and that at the very time when the whole economy of Judaism, established by miracles, and for centuries preserved by the Divine favour, was being disowned by God, and about to pass away like a shadow?—*Papers on Christian Missions, in the Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine.*

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MARRIAGE.

THE UNEQUAL YOKE.—ITS CAUSES.

When temporal advantages induce a professed believer to marry an unbeliever, he must have seriously declined from the inward power of vital godliness, or such a temptation could not have power over him. While the heart is governed by the principle of love to God, its tendency is not to the world, with its pollutions and lusts, but directly towards those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. In this state of mind, a man fears the world, and shuns it: he is afraid to imbibe its spirit, or mix with its society. The love of the Father in his heart excludes the love of the world. He dreads friendship with it as he dreads being accounted an enemy of God. But if we find men who profess godliness, in spite of the prohibitions of the Bible and the remonstrances of conscience, fearlessly uniting themselves with the enemies of God and religion, we can come to no other conclusion than this,—that though they have a name to live, they are dead while they live. Such a defection from the life and power of godliness there must have been among "the sons of God" of old, before they intermarried with "the daughters of men." An inward decay of religion had, for a long time, been going on among the seed of the righteous, and probably so gradual that its progress was scarcely perceptible; or, at least, not so obvious as to create alarm, either in parents or children, for their own personal welfare, or the general interests of religion. The children of Enos and Enoch fearfully declined from the principles and practices of their godly ancestors. Then, as at a subsequent time, "the sin of the *young men* was very great." They were a degenerate race, unworthy descendants of the men who, in a time of abounding sinfulness, called themselves by the name of the Lord, and openly worshipped and served Him. And it was doubtless in the *family circle* that the evil took its rise. There godly duty and discipline began to be relaxed, and brought down to the level of a worldly standard. There was a growing tendency among younger members of families towards the spirit, maxims, and pleasures of the world, which parents did not care to check, or against which they only feebly remonstrated. Had family religion been upheld in its vitality, purity, and power, the old world's corruption and overthrow might have been prevented.

Alliance with the world is not only destructive of piety, but it can only take place when there has *first been a serious declension*. Whether the evil be perpetrated in the form of marriage, or in any other way of friendship and fellowship with the world, there must have been a previous loss in the soul of real religion. And whether we view the act in relation to the individual, or as the general practice of a church, it is an indication of the decay of godliness, if not a proof of its entire loss. And while all professors of religion are exposed to the evil influences of the world, and in danger of drinking into its spirit, and following its practices, yet none are in so great peril as the *young*, to whose senses, passions, and imagination, the world is ever making its appeals. It first seeks to *fascinate*, then to *ensnare*, and finally to *destroy*, its inexperienced victims. And how often, still, do we see in children of the godly, a degenerate race of evil-doers, who, in pride, passion, and wilfulness, cast off the fear of God, and rush into the arms of an alluring but treacherous world, at the risk of their soul's salvation! Surely, then, it behoves Christian parents to uphold in their families the spirit and the power of religion, and to guard their offspring and their homes against the spirit and maxims of the world. Th

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world can only be kept out of our churches so long as it is kept out of our families. In vain we attempt to raise a breakwater against the tidal wave of its corruptions at the doors of our temples, if it be permitted to deluge our homes. The standard which is to keep out the flood of the enemy, wherever else uplifted, must also be raised at *home:* thus will the curse of guilt be prevented, and the blessedness of religion secured.

Another cause leading to worldly unions is, the *increased power of temptation over a mind that has declined from God.* That which is a moral snare to a man in one state of mind, is no snare at all to him in another. That which in a declining state of religion may be an object of desire to a man, in a prosperous state he may look upon with abhorrence. The loss of religion is the loss of the only power by which the world can be overcome. "This is the victory, even our faith." Temptation triumphs over the soul which has, through unfaithfulness, surrendered its arms and its strength. Men do not shrink from contact with the world when they have surrendered their faith and love; but rather court it and follow it. They, no longer apprehending moral danger from fellowship with it, but dazzled by its splendour, and won by its beauty, covet and embrace it. To such it is not what it once was, a dark, polluted, wretched thing, hollow and deceitful, but a bright and valuable prize. And if we intend to keep aloof from the world, if we are really bent upon resisting its spirit and its power, we must take care to retain our religion, and that too in all its warmth and energy. By this alone can the world be conquered, and this great foe to the soul's peace and happiness subdued. And if any one has already become entangled in it, if its illusions have misled him, if he has been looking upon them with a covetous eye, if he has lost his fear of being injured by them, and if he has farther been meditating an unhallowed alliance, let him at once break the snare before he becomes fully entangled in its bondage, under a yoke which many have proved to be intolerably oppressive, and from which few have found deliverance.

The sum of our remarks is this,—that as men decline from vital piety, the power of outward temptation over them increases, and, blinded to the sinfulness of the act, and the evil which may result from it, they ally themselves with the world, always to their own spiritual injury, and often to their final ruin.

If a man will look exclusively at the things which are seen and temporal,—the wealth, beauty, grace, splendour, fashion, &c., of the world, in the absence of other things far more valuable, beautiful, and fair, which, however, can only be seen by faith, no wonder that he embraces the former as his chief good, and despises or neglects the latter. Love to Christ, fervent, pure, and strong, can alone lift up the heart of man above the love of the world, and make him gladly sacrifice the things of earth and time for those of heaven and eternity. That love cannot but be sinful which leads a man to slight the word of God, and to act in opposition to the spirit of Christ's religion. And however severe our remarks may seem to those who have voluntarily come under the unequal yoke, or are contemplating the step, we confess that we have too much love towards the law of Christ, to regard its violation with allowance. We pity those who transgress it with the pity we cherish for all sinners; but we must condemn their act, and raise our voice of warning, however feeble, to guard off others from the precipice. He is already fallen who seeks to prove, either to himself or others, that it is right to transgress the law and spirit of the Saviour's religion; or, which is the same thing, that he may thus violate them, and be guiltless. No, it is ours to uphold the standard of spiritual purity in this corrupt world, and to

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urge the apostolic exhortations on every Christian, "Keep thyself pure;" and, "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers."

Bradford. D. H.

READ AND THINK.

How mysterious are the dealings of Providence in the affairs of men! How truly it may be said that,

"He plants His footsteps in the sea!"

To feel the withering influence of disease when in the meridian of life; to be laid aside, confined to the narrow precincts of the too often lonely chamber, there to live over again the memories of the past; to wander among the remains of shattered projects, and the wrecks of blighted hopes, is often the lot of a man. In vain he struggles against his fate: Christian submission alone can give relief, and infuse sweetness into the bitter cup; bitter indeed, if only for a few months. But, ah! if extended to years, when the cords and pins that support and fasten the tabernacle have become loose; when the soul can no longer take its accustomed lofty flights; when the eye of the mind can no longer rest upon objects which once charmed it; nay, when the intellect, partaking of the infirmity of the body, wanders from object to object in quest of variety to escape that feeling of oppression which threatens to overwhelm it,—thus to become familiar with every minute object around you; to watch the fly in the window, till you seem to become acquainted with its intentions and anticipate its movements; to observe those spots and cracks on the wall and ceiling, till you conjure them into geometrical figures, constellations, caves, mountains, heads of animals, and a hundred other vagaries of imagination; these are the shifts with which many a bedridden invalid whiles away his wearisome hours.

But all are not called thus to pine in solitude before they are taken from the scene of their pilgrimage. Ah, no! some are taken away suddenly. I will tell you of one. It will teach you the uncertainty of life, and give you an idea of a village-funeral in our rural district.

I never beheld the sombre hearse but with sensations which chilled my soul; to see those gloomy plumes, beckoning and beckoning the passers by, as if they meant to say, "Prepare to follow." But never did I feel such thrilling emotion as at the departure of the person to whom I allude, and as I joined in that solemn death-march. Four years have passed away since one of our female Teachers in the Sunday-school was thus suddenly summoned. I beheld her a few days previous in her accustomed seat, listening to the words of life from the lips of the Rev. T. O. Keysell. Little did I think that a few sentences then uttered were so soon to be verified in her: "Those features may soon assume the pale waxy hue of death,—those fingers soon forget their cunning." But, animating thought! when all was sunshine, and the current of health danced through her veins, she had devoted her heart to God, laid her guilty soul at the foot of the Cross, and found that peace the unrenewed heart can never know. A few days from seeing her in the congregation only elapsed before I heard she was ill: next morning the result reached me. Never can I forget the thoughts, the emotions it awakened. It was a lovely morn; the sun sweetly shone, and diffused a feeling of gladness around me as I walked forth to spend a few leisure minutes, previous to commencing my daily occupation. My mind,

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captivated by the glorious scene, glanced from object to object; now contemplating the budding beauties of spring; now mounting up on high, and with eager ear drinking in the melody of the feathered tribes, who seemed emulous to proclaim the praises of Him who gave them birth. Suddenly I was startled from my reverie by the deep tones of the "passing-bell," which, in its doleful solemnity, seemed to say, "Gone! gone! gone!" Who's gone? Some aged pilgrim, long oppressed with the weight of years? some poor captive, who has long looked and longed to be released from his dungeon? some poor exile, consumed with home-longings, who had often cast his tearful eye towards the portal of the grave, as the passage to his Father's house above? Ah, no! Shine on, thou lamp of nature! Sing on, ye innocent warblers! Ye know not the pang man feels at the hour of bereavement, nor the sad forebodings of the heart ye just now cheered! "Gone! gone!" Yes, Eliza is gone! A flower, just beginning to unfold its maturer beauties, lies withered and dead.

"When the flower was the sweetest, its beauty is crush'd,
When the strains were the richest, their music is hush'd,
And the sun hath departed at noon."

But will not a gushing tear of affection revive it? Will not the voice of sorrow recall it? Ah, no! The stream has returned to its fountain; the spirit has reached its native air. List! Listen! Another warbler swells the undying melody of heaven! another gem decks the Saviour's brow! another triumphant spirit casts its crown at His feet, ascribing "honour, power, and glory to Him who hath redeemed us by His blood." Think of this, ye who mourn the pious dead:

"No flower can droop too soon,
If ripe for glory."

Yes; the nursery of the church then lost a labourer. Fever seized upon the citadel of the soul, overthrew reason, and as speedily released the spirit. On a Good-Friday we bore her to the silent tomb. Come, accompany me to the house of mourning: it will do you good. A crowd is gathering about yon little gate. Mark that youthful band: their demeanour bespeaks the deep interest they feel in what is going on; the sunny face of childhood is mantled in gloom. They remember one who delighted to gather them around her on the holy day, and tell them of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." But come to the chamber of death! Ah! why start? Are the poor ruins of mortality so fearful to look upon? Stouter hearts than thine have shrunk from a scene like this. The man of iron nerve who can rush fearlessly into the field of blood, turns pale when he meets death in the silent chamber. That form all motionless! That marble brow; that sealed eye; those half-open lips, which seem about to speak! But no! Sleep on, thou peaceful slumberer: thou shalt wake no more till the archangel's voice vibrates through the dark vaults of death, and releases the captives from their icy fetters. But now the coffin is borne to the door: friends are gathering around it. Hush! the sound of solemn melody falls faintly upon the ear. The procession is formed. First comes that youthful company. Next come the fellow-labourers and companions of the deceased, clothed in white, and bearing their precious burden,*

* When a young person dies, it is customary for the body to be carried by youth of its own sex by means of napkins, the coffin being swung between them.

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followed by relatives and friends. Onward they move, in silence, only broken by the bursting sob, escaping from overcharged hearts, and the deep tolling of the bell, which, as though commissioned by the greedy grave, seems to chide their tardiness. A halt is made. The "Garforth Miner"* gives out a hymn. The sound of melody again is heard; youth's plaintive voice joins with those of maturer years; they sing of heaven,—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood."

Onward they wend their way to the mansion of death. Many an eye becomes surcharged, and drops its tear. The churchyard reached, we deposited the mortal remains "in certain hope of a joyful resurrection" to eternal life. Cheering words! Yes, the dead shall all rise again; but, to what shall some rise? Let revelation speak: we will not reply. Time has fled rapidly since then. The place that once knew Eliza Morley, knows her no more. The grass gently waves over her grave.

"And so it will be when I am gone."

Reader, think of the lesson thus enforced. The doleful "Gone! gone!" has again and again been borne upon the breeze, and several of those that formed the solemn procession have passed away to their long abode. Again the knell of death will sound: and where, ah! where, will the writer and the reader be? O that we may be wise, apply our hearts unto wisdom, and so consider our latter end!

"Friend after friend departs!
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest."

But there is a world above, where broken friendships, and the cords of affection snapt by death, shall be united; where parted companions and severed families may meet again. Blissful thought! O, peaceful harbour! unvisited by raging tempest. Calm haven! whose placid bosom is never ruffled by chilly winds. Salubrious clime! whose atmosphere is never tainted by the breath of affliction. Happy land! whose inhabitants are strangers to tears, languishing heads, troubled and riven hearts; where the pang of separation and farewells are unknown.

Reader, will you go? Cannot you recognise among yon "happy group" the spirits of some you loved on earth? O, if they could speak to you, would not their language be, "Won't you come? Come! come! Will you not? You will!" Off! off! ye ministering spirits; urge your rapid flight, and carry the glad news! Strike your harps, ye angels! Tune your voices in loftier, sweeter strains. There is joy, joy, joy in heaven, when a sinner repents and turns from the error of his ways. Listen, reader: "Jesus bids thee come."

Garforth. W. COULTON.

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* A Memoir of this devoted servant of God will be found in the "Christian Miscellany," 1854, "Model for Working Men." See also a Tract, "The Garforth Miner," by the Rev. James Loutit.

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Narrative Pieces.

PROTESTANT EXILES IN 1846.

[The Rev. W. Carus Wilson thus relates the flight of a large number of Portuguese, natives of the island of Madeira, from their native country.]

At length a series of attacks was commenced, and carried on without opposition, upon the houses of all the Portuguese families who had left the Church of Rome. "Every night," says Mr. Tate, "we heard of some new instance of violence and cruelty;" till at last they felt themselves under the necessity of seeking safety in flight. On the evening of the 5th, many houses were plundered by bands of marauding ruffians, and sixty or eighty of the converts were compelled to leave their homes, and pass the night in the mountains. Night after night these bands continued to repeat their desolating work; and in greater and greater numbers were the believers driven from their houses; till, on the Sunday, many hundreds of Portuguese subjects, obnoxious to the Priests only on account of their adherence to Gospel truth, had fled for their lives. The mob had broken open their doors, and destroyed their windows, furniture, and other property; trampling under foot the grapes and corn of those who possessed vineyards and gardens. When the work of destruction was done in the town and neighbourhood, the ruthless persecutors followed the scattered flock to the mountains, hunting them down like beasts of prey. Those that loved Christ were hated by man. For them there was no security, no law. They were pilgrims in a land that was their own. Heirs of heaven, they were *strangers* in their native isle.

A furious storm of human passion was raging around them; but they felt assured that it was under the control of their Father, who maketh even the wrath of men to praise Him, and that it was merely to humble them and to prove them, and to see if they would keep the commandments or no, to do them good at the latter end. Feeling this, they were enabled, by the Spirit of God, to look beyond the present world. They were living by faith, and not by sight; and though all around was dark and louring, and the sky portended a fearful continuance of the hurricane, they knew that the Lord was in the storm; and from the midst of the bitterest blast they cried out, each one confiding in that heavenly Father's love, "Not our will, O Lord, not our will, but Thine alone be done." "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." In those mountains the earth was their bed, and their covering the canopy of heaven. They were cast out from among men, with hatred and contempt. They were deserted by their relatives and friends. They stood alone; and yet not alone, for their Father was with them. Conscious of utter weakness in themselves, they felt the power of God's promises in the heart, and were fully persuaded that what He had so freely promised, He was able and willing also to perform. They therefore waited in patience to know the result, bending their will to the will of God. By thus confiding in Jesus, they experienced a sense of peace and security, and rejoiced in the mountain-wilds, with a joy more real and precious than any that the world can know. Nor were they disappointed in their hopes. They soon heard that the ship "William" had received on board those who sympathized in their cruel sufferings. And the very first night after we embarked, several of the poor persecuted ones were safely treading the deck of the "William." It rejoiced the heart to see the tear of gladness; to hear the prayer of intercession for their enemies, and the hymns of praise and gratitude from night to night, as their numbers increased, and they now flocked in crowds to seek among strangers that shelter which their countrymen refused them. Old and young, strong and infirm, girls and women with children at their breasts, all hurried to the "William," knowing that here were hearts beating with tender affection for Christ's suffering flock.

I wish I could recount the marvellous escapes of some through the brushwood of the mountains, while their enemies were

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in full pursuit; the hair-breadth escape of others, who left their homes at midnight, and never were permitted to enter them again,—who left them to the robber and the plunderer, and never found shelter more till they found it in the "William" of Glasgow. I have a letter before me from one, who, writing from Trinidad, speaks thus of her wanderings in the mountains of Madeira:—"I cannot narrate in writing the afflictions we suffered, nor even by word of mouth could I tell them. I can only say we fled from our home on Saturday night, and wandered fugitives for thirteen days. But God in His mercy sent us a ship one day after the sad 9th of August, to deliver His children from the fangs of their enemies, and from the snares of the devil. We cannot give the thanks due to God for His mercy towards us. God fulfilled His word, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.'" Every night added to the list of native converts rescued from the assassins' grasp. But *all* did not escape so well. On the morning of the 9th, the day of attack on Dr. Kalley's house, the nephew of a poor woman, who had just been obliged to fly from the house, was found at the door, as the ruffians came to attack it. He was but twelve years old; but his youth was no protection. He was knocked down, and violently beaten, receiving a dreadful blow in the head, which for a considerable time confined him to the hospital. On the same day, a poor old woman was dreadfully beaten, and the mob, supposing her dead, dragged the body to the spot where two of the converts had been buried on the public road. There they laid her upon the grave. She remained in this state a considerable time, and was then carried to the hospital; but having refused to attend confession, on which terms only she was offered her life, she was cast out to perish. She was afterwards taken in again; and, notwithstanding one arm was broken, and her whole body a mass of bruises, recovered, and sailed in the "Lord Seaton" for Trinidad. Poor Mariasinha! hers was one of the most fiery of all the trials of those stormy days. Canon Telles attacked her again and again, and the most fearful threatenings were employed to force her to confession. She was five weeks alone amongst her enemies; speaking of which time subsequently to a Christian friend, she shuddered as she thought of the blasphemies she had heard from the lips of the other invalids, and from the attendants. May her patience, and her strong and simple faith, have been blessed as a lesson to some one among them! It is interesting to tell how this poor one of the flock, weak both in mind and body, was made strong to witness a good profession in the hour of trial. During this conversation, which the English lady declared to be a solemn lesson to her, she said "much had been forgiven her, and truly she loved much." Another woman was treated in a similar way some days later; and shortly after, a man was barbarously murdered in open day by five or six ruffians, who, not content with having murdered him, jumped and stamped, like fiends, over the mutilated remains.

On Sunday, the 23d of August, the "William," the vessel on board which the Protestants had taken refuge, loosed her sails, and slowly and beautifully glided out of the Bay of Funchal. There was something of deep solemnity about her every motion, carrying, as she was, two hundred Christians from the land of their fathers, to seek a refuge in a land of strangers. Most of this large party had left their homes at night, and could not, without risking their lives, return to their ruined cottages to collect any little property that might be left. Many of them came on board with nothing but the clothes they had on, and these in tatters, from their wanderings in the Serras. Yet during the days we sojourned among them in that ark of refuge, not a word of repining reached our ears, except from one or two unconverted members of large families, who had not yet learned to love the cause for which the rest rejoiced to suffer. The language of all the others was that of joy and thankfulness to Him who had called them "out of darkness into His marvellous light;" and who had now in His mercy delivered them from their enemies on every side, and gathered them together in one family, and into one

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refuge. The more that was seen of this persecuted flock, in circumstances the most trying, the higher did their Christian principle rise in the estimation of all. Those only who know the general character of the Portuguese, can form a just estimate of the total change that must have passed on these converts. They had become "new creatures" indeed. In the distribution of clothes to the necessitous,* it was most gratifying to witness the good feeling shown by all on the occasion; to see not merely their willingness to share with one another the bounty of their Christian friends, but their eagerness to tell of the wants of others more destitute than themselves. And in no one instance was there an attempt to deceive, by any concealment of what they possessed. The mate and steward both repeatedly remarked, "that they had never seen folk love one another as these folk did." Among the two hundred and eleven passengers of the "William," there was one Romanist family, who had long persecuted the converts, and were now seeking a passage to Trinidad as emigrants. Their extreme poverty excited the lively compassion of those around them. After the converts had each received from the hand of charity their small supply of clothing, some of them came aft to their benefactors on the poop, and begged to know if they might now consider it as their own property, and act accordingly. They were asked the reason of the question, when they said, it was their wish to obey their Lord's command, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." (Matt. v. 44.) They were cheerfully assured that they might, and it was pleasing to see them share their scanty store with their former enemies; thus affording a most beautiful specimen of the spirit by which they were animated.

Their conduct throughout was such that the Romanists openly expressed their wonder and astonishment. They saw those who had little properties (and there were both land- and house-holders in the "William's" band of Christians) parting with their houses and land, and all they possessed, for the smallest trifle, counting "all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord." (Phil. iii. 8.) One Portuguese gentleman, talking on the subject, wound up by saying, that "if he were called upon to choose a religion suddenly, and without further thought, he believed he should fix upon that of these people, because he saw them suffer without complaining."

As was their conduct under persecution on shore, so was their conduct afloat. They had chosen Christ, and the only subject of their glory was the Lord Jesus. They looked not back upon the world with all its pleasures. From it, and from self, they had been weaned by the Spirit of that God who had been their Friend through evil report, and through good report; who had been more than a brother to them, in sorrow and in joy, by day and by night, at all seasons, and in all circumstances. They knew that He who had thus watched over them would not desert them in the land to which they were now being driven, before the persecuting hand of man. Christ, when on earth, said to His disciples, "When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another." (Matt. x. 23.) The Christian's kingdom is not of this world: his kingdom is a kingdom set up by the God of heaven. It is a kingdom which shall, in God's own good time, break in pieces and consume "all other kingdoms, but shall itself stand for ever." (Dan. ii. 44.) Rather than sacrifice one's inheritance in that kingdom, it were well to flee, during a whole lifetime, from city to city, or from one land to another, however severe the trials, however great the earthly losses, however cruel the personal sufferings. "The disciple is not above his Master, nor the servant above his Lord. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord." (Matt. x. 24, 25.) "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." (2 Tim. ii. 12.)

* The outfit of each poor convert was made up, by subscription, to the following scale; namely, three shirts, one jacket, one waistcoat, one pair of trousers, one pair of boots, and one straw hat, for each man; to each woman and child in proportion, and one straw mattress for every two rooms.

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MILLY'S CONVERSION.

"Well, things went on pretty well while he was little, and I kept him with me till he got to be about twelve or thirteen years old. He used to wipe de dishes, and scour de knives, and black de shoes, and such like work. But, by-and-by, dey said it was time dat he should go to de reg'lar work, and dat ar was de time I felt feared. Missis had an overseer, and he was real aggravating, and I felt feared dere'd be trouble: and sure enough dere was too. Dere was always something brewing 'tween him and Alfred, and he was always running to Missis with tales, and I was talking to Alfred. But 'peared like he aggravated the boy, so dat he couldn't do right. Well, one day, when I had been up to town for an errand, I come home at night, and I wondered Alfred didn't come home to his supper. I thought something was wrong, and I went to de house, and dere sat Miss Harrit by a table covered with rolls of money, and dere she was a counting it. 'Miss Harrit,' says I, 'I can't find Alfred: ain't you seen him?' says I. At first she didn't answer, but went on counting—'fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three.' Finally, I spoke again. 'I hope dere an't nothing happened to Alfred, Miss Harrit?' She looked up, and says she to me, 'Milly' says she, 'de fact is Alfred has got too much for me to manage, and I had a great deal of money offered for him, and I sold him.' I felt something strong coming up in my throat, and just went up and took hold of her shoulders, and said I, 'Miss Harrit, you took de money for thirteen of my chil'en, and you promised me, sure enough, I should have dis yer one. You call dat being a Christian?' says I. 'Why,' says she, 'Milly, he ain't a great way off: you can see him about as much. It's only over to Mr. Jones's plantation. You can go and see him, and he can come and see you. And you know you didn't like the man who had the care of him here, and thought he was always getting him into trouble.' 'Miss Harrit,' says I, 'you may cheat yourself saying dem things, but you don't cheat me, nor de Lord neither. You folks have de say all on your side, with your Ministers preaching us down out of de Bible. You won't teach us to read; but I'm going straight to de Lord with dis yer case. I tell you, if de Lord is to be found, I'll find Him, and I'll ask Him to look on't; de way you've been treating me, selling *my* chil'en all de way 'long to pay for *your* chil'en!' Dat ar was de way I spoke to her, chile. I was poor ignorant cretur, and didn't know God, and my heart was like a red-hot coal. I turned and walked right straight out from her. I didn't speak no more to her, and she didn't speak no more to me. And when I went to bed at night, dar, sure enough, was Alfred's bed in de corner, and his Sunday coat hanging up over it, and his Sunday shoes I had bought for him with my own money, 'cause he was a handsome boy, and I wanted him always to look nice.

"Well, so, come Sunday morning, I took his coat and his shoes, and made a bundle of 'em, and took my stick, and says I, 'I'll go over to Jones's place, and see what has 'come of Alfred.' All de time I hadn't said a word to Missis, nor she to me. Well, I got about half-way over to de place, and dere I stopped under a big hickory-tree to rest me a bit; and I looked along and seed some one a coming; and pretty soon I knowed it was Huldah. She was one that married Paul's cousin, and she lived on Jones's place. And so I got up and went to meet her, and told her I was going over to see 'bout Alfred. 'Lor,' said she, 'Milly, haven't you heard dat Alfred's dead?' Well, Miss Nina, it seemed as if my heart and everything in it stopped still. 'And,' said I, 'Huldah, has dey killed him?' And said she, 'Yes.' And she told me it was dis yer way. Dat Stiles, he dat was Jones's overseer, had heard dat Alfred was dreadful spirity; and when boys is so, sometimes dey aggravates 'em to get 'em riled, and den dey whips 'em to break 'em in. So Stiles, when he was laying off Alfred's task, was real aggravating to him; and dat boy—well, he answered back, just as he allers would be doing, 'cause he was smart, and it 'peared like he couldn't keep it in. And den dey all laughed round dere, and den Stiles was mad, and swore he'd whip him; and den Alfred he cut and run. And den Stiles he swore awful at him, and he told him to 'come here, and he'd give him he

and pay him de cash.' Dem is de very words he said to my boy. And Alfred said he wouldn't come back; he wasn't going to be whipped. And just den young Master Bill come along, and wanted to know what was de matter. So Stiles told him, and he took out his pistol, and said, 'Here, young dog, if you don't come back before I count five, I'll fire.' 'Fire ahead!'* says Alfred; 'cause you see dat boy never knowed what fear was. And so he fired. And Huldah said he just jumped up and gave one scream, and fell flat. And dey run up to him, and he was dead; 'cause, you see, de bullet went right through his heart. Well, dey took off his jacket and looked, but it wan't of no use; his face settled down still. And Huldah said dat dey just dug a hole and put him in. Nothing on him, nothing round him, no coffin, like he'd been a dog. Huldah showed me de jacket. Dere was de hole, cut right round in it, like it was stamped, and his blood running out on it. I didn't say a word. I took up de jacket, and wrapped it up with his Sunday clothes, and I walked straight, straight home. I walked up into Missis' room, and she was dressed for church, sure enough, and sat dere reading her Bible. I laid it right down under her face, dat jacket. 'You see dat *hole!*' said I. 'You see dat blood! Alfred's killed! *You* killed him; his blood be on you and your chil'en! O, Lord God in heaven, hear me, and *render unto her double!*'"

Nina drew in her breath hard, with an instinctive shudder. Milly had drawn herself up, in the vehemence of her narration, and sat leaning forward, her black eyes dilated, her strong arms clenched before her, and her powerful frame expanding and working with the violence of her emotion. She might have looked, to one with mythological associations, like the figure of a black marble Nemesis in a trance of wrath. She sat so for a few minutes, and then her muscles relaxed, her eyes gradually softened; she looked tenderly, but solemnly, down on Nina.

"Dem was awful words, chile; but I was in Egypt den. I was wandering in de wilderness of Sinai. I had heard de sound of de trumpet, and de voice of words; but, chile, I hadn't seen de Lord. Well, I went out, and I didn't speak no more to Miss Harrit. Dere was a great gulf fixed 'tween us; and dere didn't no words pass over it. I did my work,—I scorned not to do it; but I didn't speak to her. Den it was, chile, dat I thought of what my mother told me, years ago; it came to me, all fresh:—'Chile, when trouble comes, you ask de Lord to help you:' and I saw dat I hadn't asked de Lord to help me; and now, says I to myself, de Lord can't help me; 'cause He couldn't bring back Alfred, no way you could fix it; and yet I wanted to find de Lord, 'cause I was so tossed up and down. I wanted just to go and say, 'Lord, you see what dis woman has done.' I wanted to put it to Him, if He'd stand up for such a thing as that. Lord, how de world, and everything, looked to me in dem times! Everything goin' on in de way it did; and dese yer Christians, dat said dat dey was going into de kingdom, doing as dey did. I tell you, I sought de Lord early and late. Many nights I have been out in de woods, and laid on de ground till morning, calling and crying, and 'peared like nobody heard me. O, how strange it used to look, when I looked up to de stars! winking at me, so kind of still and solemn, but never saying a word! Sometimes I got dat wild, it seemed as if I could tear a hole through de sky, 'cause I must find God. I had an errand to Him, and I must find Him. Den I heard 'em read out de Bible, 'bout how de Lord met a man on a threshing-floor, and I thought maybe if I had a threshing-floor, He would come to me. So I threshed down a place just as hard as I could under de trees; and den I prayed dere; but He didn't come.

"Den dere was coming a great camp-meeting; and I thought I'd go and see if I could find de Lord dere; because, you see, Missus, she let her people go Sunday to de camp-meeting. Well, I went into de tents, and heerd dem sing; and I went afore dere altar, and I heerd preaching; but it 'peared like it was no good. It didn't touch me nowhere; and I couldn't see nothing to it. I heerd 'em read out

* These are the exact facts of the story related by "Old Charity" to Mrs. Childs, as given in her Letters from New-York."

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of de Bible, 'O dat I knew where I might find Him! I would come even to His seat! I would order my cause before Him. I would fill my mouth with arguments:' and I thought, sure enough, dat ar's just what I want. Well, came on dark night, and dey had all de camp-fires lighted up, and dey was singing de hymns round and round, and I went for to hear de preaching. And dere was a man—pale, lean man he was—with black eyes and black hair. Well, dat ar man, he preached a sermon, to be sure, I never shall forget. His text was, 'He that spared not His own Son, but freely delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him freely give us all things?' Well, you see, the first sound of dis took me, because I'd lost my son. And de man, he told us who de Son of God was,—Jesus. O, how sweet and beautiful He was! How He went round doing for folks. O, Lord, what a story dat ar was! And, den, how dey took Him, and put de crown of thorns on His head, and hung Him up bleeding, bleeding, and bleeding. God so loved us dat he let His own dear Son suffer all dat for us. Chile, I got up, and I went to de altar, and I kneeled down with de mourners: and I fell flat on my face, and dey said I was in a trance. Maybe I was. Where I was, I don't know; but I saw de Lord! Chile, it seemed as if my very heart was still. I saw Him, suffering, bearing with us, year in, and year out, —bearing—bearing—bearing so patient! 'peared like, it wan't just on de cross; but bearing, always, everywhar! O, chile, I saw how He loved us!—us *all*—all—every one on us! We dat hated each other so! 'Peared like He was usin' His heart up for us, all de time; bleedin' for us like He did on Calvary, and willin' to bleed! O, chile, I saw what it was for me to be hatin' like I'd hated! 'O, Lord,' says I, 'I give up! O, Lord, I never see you afore! I didn't know: Lord, I'se a poor sinner! I won't hate no more!' And O, chile, den dere come such a rush of love in my soul! Says I, 'Lord, I ken love even de white folks!' And den came another rush; and says I, 'Yes, Lord, I love poor Miss Harrit, dat's sole all my chil'en, and been de death of my poor Alfred! I loves her!' Chile, I overcome; I did so! I overcome by de blood of de *Lamb*—de Lamb! Yes, de Lamb, chile! 'cause if he'd been a lion, I could a kept in! 'twas de *Lamb* dat overcome.

"When I came to, I felt like a chile. I went home to Miss Harrit; and I hadn't spoke peaceable to her since Alfred died. I went in to her. She'd been sick, and she was in her room, looking kinder pale and yeller, poor thing; 'cause her son, honey, he got drunk, and 'bused her awful. I went in, and says I, 'O, Miss Harrit, I's seen de Lord! Miss Harrit, I an't got no more hard feelins; I forgive ye, and loves ye with all my heart, just as de Lord does.' Honey, ye ought to see how dat woman cried! Says she, 'Milly, I's a great sinner.' Says I, 'Miss Harrit, we's sinners, both on us, but de Lord gives Hisself for us both; and if He loves us poor sinners, we mustn't be hard on each other. Ye was tempted, honey,' says I; (for you see I felt like makin 'scuses for her;) 'but de Lord Jesus has got a pardon for both on us.' After dat, I didn't have no more trouble with Miss Harrit. Chile, we was sisters in Jesus. I bore her burdens, and she bore mine. And, dear, de burdens was heavy; for her son he was brought home a corpse; he shot hisself right through de heart, trying to load a gun when he was drunk. O, chile, I thought den how I'd prayed de Lord to render unto her double; but I had a better mind den. If I could have brought poor Mas'r George to life, I'd a done it; and I held de poor woman's head on my arm all dat ar night, and she a screamin' every hour. Well, dat ar took her down to de grave. She didn't live much longer; but she was ready to die. She sent and bought my daughter Lucy's son, dis here Tom, and gin him to me. Poor thing! she did all she could. I watched with her de night she died. O, Miss Nina, if ever ye're tempted to hate anybody, think how't 'll be with em when dey comes to die. She died hard, poor thing! and she was cast down 'bout her sins. 'O, Milly,' says she, 'the Lord and you may forgive me, but *I can't* forgive myself.' And says I to her, 'O Missis, don't think of it no more: *de Lord's hid it in his own heart.*' O, but she struggled long, honey; she was all night dyin', and 'twas 'Milly! Milly!' all the time! 'O, Milly, stay with me!'

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And, chile, I felt I loved her like my own soul; and when de day broke, de Lord set her free, and I laid her down like she'd been one o' my babies. I took up her poor hand. It was warm, but the strength was all gone out on't; and, 'O,' I thought, 'ye poor thing, how could I ever have hated ye so?' Ah, chile, we mustn't hate nobody; we's all poor creatures, and de dear Lord He loves us all."—*Dred.*

Poetry.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MISS E. A. GEORGE.

BY A WESLEYAN MINISTER.

She sleeps; the raging fever's o'er:
The frenzied hand of pain,
Which wildly smote the chords of life,
Extorting strains of woe and strife,
Will never strike again.
Harsh was the sharpening sickle's sound
Before the mower's reaping;
But soft the floweret lies aground:
She is not dead, but sleeping.

She sleeps! Compassion for man's grief
Oft troubled her repose;
And suffering most for those most prized,
Her own calm breast was agonized
With other's pains and woes.
Wildly the billows swell'd and broke,
While she her watch was keeping;
But Christ appear'd: He smiled; He spoke;
The storm is hush'd,—she's sleeping.

She sleeps! Man's passions still may rend
The air with fearful sound;
The din of arms,—the battle-cry,
The bawl of rage, the groan, the sigh,
Reverberate around.
The earth may quake, the stars may fall,
All nature swoon with weeping,
But nothing, save the' archangel's call,
Will mar her rest,—she's sleeping.

She sleeps! until that home's prepared
Whence she will ne'er depart;
She sleeps until the bridal hour,
When He shall come, in pomp and power,
Whose love absorb'd her heart.
Her eyes will open and rejoice
To see His glories breaking;
Her ears unclose to hear His voice,
While angels say,—She's waking.

NIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Suggested at midnight, near the banks of the Mississippi, in the State of Arkansas.

The night is still. Long since the hurrying sun
Has gather'd up his straggling robes of light,
And left to his fair regent, and her train
Of glittering stars, heaven's high pellucid throne.
The ancient stream, with murmurs soft and low,
While hastening to repose upon the breast
Profound of ocean, murmurs in its flow
Into the silent ear of virgin night.
How still all nature seems! as though above
The angel of repose, on downy wing,
Were pausing in his flight, to shed on all
Untroubled silent rest. No sound across
The ocean-like expanse of silent air
Invades the ear, save from the deep-voiced stream,
Whose mighty bass survives day's lofty chorus.
As in a Gothic pile the dying strains
Of some loud anthem linger still aloft,
And languish into silence; so down these
Dim and grand forest-aisles, mantled in gloom,
Those lonesome sounds are hush'd to rest. At times,
The dismal distant howl of some gaunt wolf
Makes silence shiver, and the forest-trees
To tremble with affright, and wrap themselves
Within their leafy robes. All else is still.

Above, the wide-spread azure sky, with stars
Inwove unutterably bright, seems like

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The robe of Heaven's all-powerful King thrown o'er
His sleeping world; with silent, steady gaze,
As though with angel eyes those witnesses
Of God watch o'er the deep profound repose
Of death-like Nature.

No voice is heard; and yet this listening soul
Seems conscious of an angel-throng, who cry,
"This is the temple of our God and King;
These scenes are but the' embodied thoughts of Him
Who now reveals Himself a God of love."

Westminster. J. W. P.

Anecdotes.

PROPORTIONAL GIVING.

At a Missionary breakfast, held at a town in a midland district, in 185—, several thank-offerings, for special domestic blessings, were presented, touching recollections of departed worth accompanied mementos of affection, and the principle so ably advocated by the authors of "Gold and the Gospel," and still further amplified and illustrated in Mr. Arthur's admirable pamphlet on regular, systematic, and proportional contribution, was zealously advocated and enforced.

Among other speakers, a respectable and influential Leader, anxious to enlist the humbler classes in a movement so important, related the following fact which had come beneath his own notice in a member of his own class. He had been much pleased with the promptness and cheerfulness with which she had invariably contributed; and had remarked that a little store appeared in reserve for cases of special exigence, on any appeal on behalf of our general institutions. Knowing the limited character of her resources, he ventured, during a visit to her cottage, where cleanliness and neatness spoke of the domestic virtues of its occupants, to ask how she managed to meet these calls on her humble means. Her reply was prompt and characteristic. "For every shilling which my husband earns I put one halfpenny in my drawer, and say, 'It is the Lord's money.' To it I add some small sums I obtain by the sale of soft-water; and thence I obtain first the amount required for the support of the Lord's cause at home, and then for its extension in distant lands. Nor do I forget the case of any whose affliction or extreme poverty requires my aid." A short time afterwards they opened a flour-business, with a small bakery, which continued to flourish under their care. The Leader inquired if the principle of proportional giving was still carried out, and received a prompt and decisive affirmative.

Time pursued its busy course; and, at length, a small but desirable farm was offered by the trustees of a gentleman, recently deceased, with a kind intimation that, appreciating the industry and moral worth of the parties, they would advance the necessary capital. The offer was gratefully accepted. A little temporary aid proved acceptable; but the loan was soon repaid. A coal-wharf was afterwards attached, and vessels for the river-traffic purchased. The blessing of the Lord rested on their substance, and made their business successful.

Let the man of scanty resources be encouraged to "give gladly of his little," not doubting that He who accepted the "widow's two mites" will accept his offering, reward it a hundred-fold in the present life, and not forget it when He cometh in the clouds of heaven. And should competence or wealth, the usual result of honest, pious, Christian toil, ensue, let not the gifts of our heavenly Father become an occasion of temptation, nor induce him to rush into "the race for riches," lest he be lost in "those pits into which the runners fall;" nor be forgetful of the wholesome maxim, that an altered social position, the consequence of increased possessions, requires and demands a corresponding increase of sterling soul-

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renewing piety. If this be forgotten, riches may prove a curse and not a blessing. J. P. L.

THE LOST FALCON.

A FRIEND of Colonel Bonham (the late Colonel Johnson of the Rifle-Brigade) was ordered to Canada with his battalion, in which he was then a Captain; and, being very fond of falconry, to which he had devoted much time and expense, he took with him two of his favourite peregrines as his companions across the Atlantic. It was his constant habit during the voyage to allow them to fly every day, after feeding them up, that they might not be induced to rake off after a passing sea-gull, or wander out of sight of the vessel. Sometimes their rambles were very wide and protracted; at others, they would ascend to such a height as to be almost lost to view of the passengers, who soon found them an effectual means of relieving the tedium of a long sea-voyage, and naturally took a lively interest in their welfare; but as they were in the habit of returning regularly to the ship, no uneasiness was felt during their occasional absence. At last, one evening, after a longer flight than usual, one of the falcons returned alone; the other, the prime favourite, was missing. Day after day passed away, and, however much he may have continued to regret his loss, Captain Johnson had at length fully made up his mind that it was irretrievable, and that he should never see her again. Soon after the arrival of the regiment in America, on casting his eyes over a Halifax newspaper, he was struck by a paragraph announcing that the Captain of an American schooner had at that moment in his possession a fine hawk, which had suddenly made its appearance on board his ship during his late passage from Liverpool. The idea at once occurred to Captain Johnson that this could be no other than his much-prized falcon: so, having obtained immediate leave of absence, he set out for Halifax, a journey of some days. On arriving there, he lost no time in waiting on the Commander of the schooner, announcing the object of his journey, and requesting that he might be allowed to see the bird; but Jonathan had no idea of relinquishing his prize so easily, and stoutly refused to admit of the interview, "guessing" that it was very well for an Englisher to lay claim to another man's property, but "calculating" that it was a "tarnation sight" harder for him to get possession of it; and concluded by asserting, in unqualified terms, his entire disbelief in the whole story. Captain Johnson's object, however, being rather to recover his falcon than to pick a quarrel with the truculent Yankee, he had fortunately sufficient self-command to curb his indignation, and proposed that his claim to the ownership of the bird should be at once put to the test by an experiment, which several Americans who were present admitted to be perfectly reasonable, and in which their countryman was at last persuaded to acquiesce. It was this. Captain Johnson was to be admitted to an interview with the hawk, (which, by the way, had as yet shown no partiality for any person since her arrival in the New World, but, on the contrary, had rather repelled all attempts at familiarity,) and if, at this meeting, she should not only exhibit such unequivocal signs of attachment and recognition as should induce the majority of the bystanders to believe that he really was her original master, but especially if she should play with the buttons of his coat, then the American was at once to waive all claim to her. The trial was immediately made. The Yankee went up-stairs, and shortly returned with the falcon; but the door was hardly opened before she darted from his fist, and perched on the shoulder of her beloved and long-lost protector, evincing by every means in her power her delight and affection, rubbing her head against his cheek, and taking hold of the buttons of his coat, and champing them playfully between her mandibles, one after the other. This was enough. The jury were unanimous. A verdict for the plaintiff was pronounced: even the obdurate heart of the sea-Captain was melted, and the falcon was at once restored to the arms of her rightful owner.—*Knox's Game-Birds and Wild Fowl.*

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THE CHILD'S ADMONITION.

A BAD, passionate man was one morning swearing at his wife, when his little girl, of five years old, came into the room, and said, "Mother, I know my text: let me make haste to school."

"What is the text, my dear?" said the poor mother, wishing to keep her child from hearing the oaths of the father.

"Bless, and curse not," said the little girl, putting up her rosy mouth to her father for a kiss as she finished the words.

The tears came into the man's eyes as the child departed. All that day, "Bless, and curse not," rang in his ears. He became a changed man from that time. God had spoken by the mouth of a little child.—*British Workman.*

The Portfolio.

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

PULMONARY consumption is now allowed by all eminent pathologists to be a blood-disease. That is, that there is either a deficiency of the requisite material in that fluid for the proper formation of the various tissues of the body, or that there is present some morbid ingredient which interferes with the proper nutrition of it. It is generally considered that to the first-mentioned state of the blood may be attributed the origin of pulmonary consumption. Whether it may arise from the deranged functions of the stomach, liver, and other organs concerned in the process of blood-making, is not determined.

One thing is very certain; that, in persons of consumptive habit, all the tissues are imperfectly formed: hence the thin, delicate skin, of not sufficient density to conceal the colour of the blood passing through the veins beneath it; the curved nails, arising from the want of fat to support them at the extremities of the fingers; the soft, fine hair, and other symptoms so constantly met with in consumptive persons. Now it is well known that medicine can do very little, either in the prevention or cure of this most unfortunately common disease. The principal object to be aimed at in the treatment of consumption is to supply the best blood-making materials as articles of diet; to take such food as is most easily made into blood, and to make good use of the stomach, which at least plays an important part in converting the aliment into blood.

Pathologists affirm that there is not the proper amount of the elements of oil in this fluid (the blood); which assertion is well borne out by experience; as it has been long known that those persons whose occupations have required the use of oil, (some of which is absorbed by the skin,) have been singularly exempt from this most distressing complaint; such as, butchers, and workers in wool.

Seeing that the food taken by consumptive patients has so much influence, either in prolonging life, or even curing the disease, or the reverse, how important is it that every one suffering from, or having any tendency to, this disease, should have some definite idea as to what is best to eat and drink!

First, then, food should be provided which contains oil, and that in such a state as is easily made into blood. Cod-liver oil is most valuable; but as every one cannot afford to buy that article, mutton-suet, boiled in milk, may be taken, and in many cases it is preferable to cocoa, for a beverage; suet bread-pudding for dinner, &c.

Secondly: the stomach should be made the best use of, by frequently supplying it with a moderate amount of food, and that the most nutritious and easily-digestible. Not more than four hours ought to elapse from the time food has been taken, before nourishment of some description is again supplied; especially during the day. At night, the patient should be provided with some little apparatus, so that with very little trouble pre-

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viously-prepared cocoa could be warmed; and if the patient is in the habit of waking up, there will be a nutritious beverage close at hand.

The fatigue accompanying rising from bed, and dressing, would be materially prevented by the drinking of a small quantity of milk and rum, in the proportion of two tea-spoonsful of the latter to two wine-glassfuls of the former; or pure milk alone may suffice.

The following diet-table will be useful.

At eight o'clock, A.M.: an egg dressed lightly, with toast well buttered. Cocoa, or milk in which suet has been boiled, is the best drink.

At twelve o'clock: roast or boiled meat; (the latter the best;) mutton and beef far preferable to pork or veal; a moderate amount of vegetables, and suet bread-pudding.

At four, P.M.: toast, well buttered; a cup or two of weak tea, if preferred to cocoa.

At eight, P.M.: a basin of mutton-broth, beef-tea, or bread and milk.

During the night, as before remarked, the patient should take some cocoa or milk. Very few people, especially among the poorer classes, would be able to carry out this treatment in every respect; yet it must indeed be a hard case in which many of these suggestions cannot in some measure be adopted.

In many cases, where the disease has commenced, this system of diet would stop its progress, and even effect a perfect cure. The wasting would give way to an increase of weight, and with that a suspension of the disease, which seldom or never progresses at the same time that a healthy nutrition is going on.

The marked effects of this course of diet will be best seen in cases where there is a general weakness and tendency to consumption, rather than in persons actually suffering the disease.

The suet bread-puddings are made from the following recipe:—Bread-crumbs, six ounces; suet, four ounces; one egg; salt sufficient to taste: to be boiled an hour and a half.

The milk and suet are mixed in the following proportions; the mixture is then warmed in the oven, and strained. Suet, finely cut, three ounces; milk, eighteen ounces.

E. M. C. H.

FEMALE COSTUME.

FEMALE loveliness never appears to so great advantage as when set off with simplicity of dress. No true artist ever sets off his angels with towering feathers and grand jewellery; and our dear human angels, if they would make good their title to that name, should carefully avoid ornaments which properly belong to Indian squaws and African Princesses. These tinselries may serve to give effect on the stage, or upon a ball-room floor; but in daily life there is no substitute for simplicity. A vulgar taste is not to be disguised by gold or diamonds.

PREACHING.

LUTHER'S DESCRIPTION OF A GOOD PREACHER.

1. He should preach orderly.
2. He should have a ready wit.
3. He should be eloquent.
4. He should have a good vein.
5. A good memory.
6. He should know when to make an end.
7. He should be sure of what he advances.
8. He should venture and engage body and blood, wealth and honour, for the word.
9. He should suffer himself to be buffeted and mocked by every one.

A PREACHER TO PLEASE THE WORLD.

1. He must be learned.
2. He must have a fine delivery.
3. He must have neat and quaint words.
4. He must be a proper person, whom the women may fancy.
5. He must not take, but give, money.
6. He must preach such things as people willingly hear.

"I would not have Preachers," says Luther, "torment their hearers with long and tedious preaching. When I am in the pulpit, I regard neither Doctors nor Magistrates, of whom above forty are here in the church; but I have an eye to the multitudes of young people, children,

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and servants, of whom there are above two thousand.

"Christ taught by parables, that all could understand; and this is the art of speaking. Philip Melancthon and Justus Jonas are learned men, and well skilled in the Scripture. I would not make a step into the pulpit for them."

NEW READING-ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE new reading-room is a circular apartment, one hundred and forty feet in diameter, and one hundred and six feet high, lighted by twenty windows at the springing of the dome, and by a glazed aperture in the crown of it, forty feet in diameter. The Superintendent will sit on a raised platform in the centre, and be surrounded by two concentric ranges of table-cases for catalogues, &c. The tables for readers radiate from these as a centre, a small segment of the circle being partitioned off to give free access for the attendants going to and from the library, and for the temporary deposit of books in transit. Allowing upwards of four feet for each reader, there will be room for three hundred and thirty-six readers. The cubic content of air within this room is about a million and a quarter of cubic feet, and this ample volume of air will be constantly and gradually renewed by a provision for summer and winter ventilation. [This magnificent apartment will be erected in the centre of the existing quadrangle, and therefore out of sight from the roadway, but easily accessible from the hall; and arrangements will be made for the reception of upwards of a million volumes of books. The expense of erecting the new building will be about £100,000.]—*Builder*.

NO BACK-WAY TO HEAVEN.

SOME months ago it was my happy privilege to commence a new class, composed of persons who had just resolved to live for heaven. Week after week all were present, and each appeared to be prospering. Dark and rainy winter nights were not sufficient to prevent these new disciples from meeting together for counsel and instruction in the things of God. But suddenly a change took place; and week after week I mourned over absent ones. At length, I obtained an interview with one, an aged woman. She made many excuses for her absence, such as are too common to require to be named; but these did not satisfy her anxious Leader, who begged her to be honest, and state the real cause of her neglect. She replied, "Well, I shall try and come again when *the dark nights return*." Surprised at such a reply, I continued my interrogations. "If I must tell you the truth," she said, "I am like the man who was asked, Why he never came to chapel? He replied, 'Because there is no *back-way* to it: if I could get in back-way, without being seen, I would go.'—But scarcely had he uttered these words, when the question arose in his mind, 'Is there a back-way to heaven? Ah! no: there is no back-way thither: so if ever I go, it must be front-way. Then why should I now be ashamed to go front-way to the chapel?' From that day he became a regular attendant, and lived for more than thirty years in the enjoyment of the love of God, and died in sure and certain hope of resurrection unto life."

Reader, have I stated the cause of your absence from the means of grace? If so, I trust I have also suggested a question, the answer to which will induce you to resolve as in the case above.

How many there are who would go to chapel, if they could get there without attracting the notice of their ungodly associates! Yes, they would go even to class-meeting, if it were not for the fear of being told that they had gone to confess their sins, and had become Methodists. O that we could direct all such to the words of our Saviour: "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of Me and of My words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels." (Mark viii. 38.)

"What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!"

Kineton, MARTHA.

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SANDAL CASTLE.

SANDAL CASTLE was erected in the reign of Edward II., by John, Earl of Warrene, and subsequently became the property of Richard, Duke of York; whose name is so intimately associated with the fierce and unnatural "wars of the Roses." The claims of Richard to the British throne had long been held in abeyance; his intentions and plans were veiled in obscurity, and he waited the arrival of a favourable opportunity to disclose his purposes, and assert his sovereignty. Having succeeded in winning over to his cause some of the most influential Commoners, and being assured of the patronage and assistance of Warwick, "the great King-maker," he at length resolved to make a determined effort to seize the crown.

The personal influence of Warwick was almost unbounded: the extensive connections of the Neville family, his immense wealth, his gentlemanly bearing, his eloquence and martial skill, all conspired to make him the idol of the multitude. To him the quaint and witty Fuller refers in his "Church History" (book iv., cent. 16): "This was that Neville, who for extraction, estate, alliance, dependants, wisdom, valour, success, and popularity, was superior to any English subject since the Conquest. People's love he chiefly purchased by his hospitality, keeping so open an house, that he was most welcome who brought the best stomach with him; the Earl charitably believing that all who were men of teeth were men of arms. Any that looked like a man, might have in his house a full half-yard of roast meat; namely, as much as he could strike through and carry away with his dagger. The bear was his crest: and it might be truly said, that when the bear roared, the lions of the forest trembled; the Kings of England themselves being at his disposal. * * * Indeed now the sound of all bells in the steeples were drowned with the noise of drums and trumpets: and yet this good was done by the civil wars, it diverted the Prelates from troubling the Lollards; so that the very storm was a shelter to these poor souls, and the heat of these intestine enemies cooled the persecution against them."

Influenced by the counsels of Warwick, Richard at length threw off the mask. Returning from Ireland, where he had been sent to suppress a rebellion, he rode directly to Westminster; and, alighting from his horse, repaired to the House of Lords, where he stood for some time beneath the canopy of state, with his hand upon the gold cloth which formed the covering, amidst the most intense excitement of the wondering Barons. The profound and ominous silence was broken by the question of his friend, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who inquired if he were going to visit the King in the adjoining palace? The Duke replied, that "Henry ought rather to wait upon him; that he was subject to no man in that realm; but, under God, was entitled to all sovereignty and respect." The Peers maintained a dead silence; and the Duke, leaving the house, took possession of the royal palace as his own. This was shortly followed by a formal demand of the crown; and now the fierce and deadly strife commenced. Fierce and protracted was the struggle; the rivals became by turns the victors and the vanquished; while the blood of England's children flowed apace, and her gentle hills and fertile plains glittered with lances and hostile bands.

The Duke of York, the Earl of Salisbury, and other Lords, reached the castle of Sandal as the year 1460 was waning. Meanwhile, Margaret was collecting all the forces at her disposal, with the Duke of Somerset, the Earls of Northumberland and Devon, and the Lords Clifford, Dacres, and Nevil; and before the year closed, she presented herself before the beautiful and well-fortified castle of Sandal. After placing two ambushes under the command of the Earl of Wiltshire and Lord Clifford, she advanced to the very walls of the castle, and taunted York with cowardice, in that he who aspired to the crown, should allow himself to be shut up by a woman. This was too much for her high-minded antagonist,—

"Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat."

Stung and mortified by her defiance, he imprudently gave battle, with a greatly inferior force. The conflict was terrible; no quarter was allowed; and York himself, with many of his companions in arms, was stretched upon the plain. His head was wantonly covered with a paper crown; and, at Margaret's instance,

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displayed on the gate of the ancient city of York; that, as she derisively said, "York might overlook the town of York." His youngest son, the Earl of Rutland, a beautiful boy of twelve or thirteen years, was captured on Wakefield-bridge; and, despite his entreaties for mercy, was savagely murdered by the "bloody Clifford."

During the civil wars, Sandal was garrisoned by the Royalists; but reduced, with some other Yorkshire castles, in 1645. It has since been used as the manorial or court house, of the extensive barony in which it is situated.

The portions of this once-stately castle, rich in architectural ornament, which survived the terrible scenes enacted in its vicinity, have slowly and silently disappeared under the corroding tooth of time, and little but the site remains. The feudal age, of which it was a representation, with its tilts and tournaments and belted knights, has also passed away; the harp of the minstrel, and the song of the troubadour, are no longer heard within its walls; nor do they echo with the shrill blast of the trumpet summoning its inmates to the field. Silence and desolation reign where the Calder winds its course along the smiling vale.

Abundant reflections suggest themselves, but must be reserved for the thoughtful musing of the intelligent reader. How happy they who "have in heaven a better and an enduring substance!"

Doncaster. JOHN P. LOCKWOOD.

STAGE-COACHES.

PRIOR to 1760 there did not exist a road decently fit for wheel-carriages nearer to Liverpool than Warrington. Persons visiting the metropolis had to ride on horseback to Warrington, where they had the opportunity of proceeding by the means described in the following advertisement, which first appeared on June 9th, 1757:—

"The Warrington flying stage-coach (in three days) sets out every Monday and Thursday morning from the Bell Inn, in Wood-street, London; and the Red Lyon Inn, in Warrington; during the summer season; and arrives at the above inns every Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Each passenger to pay two guineas; one guinea to be paid at taking place, as earnest, and the remainder at taking coach. Each passenger to be allowed 14lbs. weight luggage, and all above to pay 3*d.* per lb. To be performed, if God permits, by Thomas Whalley, Anthony Jackson, and Henry Secrett."

Goods for Manchester and the metropolis were forwarded by river-boats to Bank-Quay, Warrington; and from thence by waggons on the high-road.

The first indication of a high-road from Liverpool to Warrington being open for wheel-carriages, is contained in an advertisement on the 18th of June, 1760:—"Post-chaises and able horses to be had to any part of England, by applying to Mrs. Rathbone, at the Golden Tablet Inn, near the Exchange, Liverpool." It was some time after this before a stage-coach was established from Liverpool. The first announcement of a public conveyance to Manchester is the following from the "Advertiser" of September 19th, 1760:—

"Manchester, Warrington, Prescot, and Liverpool machine sets out on Monday, September 1, 1760; and on every Monday and Thursday morning, at six o'clock, from Mr. Budworth's, the Bull's Head, in Manchester; will call at the Red Lyon, in Warrington; and at Mr. Reynold's, the Old Legs of Man, in Prescot; and lies at Mr. Banner's, the Golden Fleece, in Liverpool. Returns from thence every Tuesday and Friday morning, at six o'clock; and calls at above places on its way back to Manchester. Each passenger to pay 8*s.*, and so in proportion for any part of the road."—The "flying machines," as they were called, continued to occupy three days in the journey from Warrington and Manchester to London, until August, 1760; when the journey was first to be performed, according to an advertisement of August 1st, in two days. In 1766 there were two stage-coaches from Liverpool to London; performing the journey in two days in summer, and three in winter.—*Warrington Guardian.*

AN EPITAPH.

IN the beautifully romantic churchyard of Blaenavon, South Wales, there is a neat tomb, enclosed within an iron railing,

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over the grave of an aged Methodist, beloved and revered by all who knew him: a burning and shining light. He was a "mineral agent," or agent for mines; pursuing his occupation underground. The tomb-stone, prepared by himself, is one solid block of limestone; and the Epitaph, all except the date of his death, was written by himself:—

"THOMAS DEAKIN,
Born May 3d, 1776:
Died June 21st, 1851.

"Beneath the rocks I used to toil for bread,
Beneath this rock I rest my weary head:
When rocks and hills shall into ruin fall,
On resurrection's Rock I rest my soul.

"'And this is the promise that He hath promised us, even eternal life.' (1 John ii. 25.)"

"THE WHEEL BROKEN AT THE CISTERN."

OF how many, alas! of those who have passed out of time into eternity, may it be said, "It were good for those men if they had never been born!" Doubtless, among that unhappy number must be included those lofty ones, whose insatiable thirst for dominion has been the direct cause, by means of war and bloodshed, of hurrying thousands and tens of thousands of their fellow-creatures into eternity. "Man seeth not as God seeth;" for "that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God." The mighty conqueror, almost worshipped by millions of the human race, may be nothing better than a "vessel of wrath fitted for destruction;" destined shortly to be "dashed in pieces" with a "rod of iron." And in like manner those who, in a more limited and private sphere, have allowed their evil passions to stifle the voice of conscience, darken the understanding, and revolt against the law of truth and righteousness.

Considerations like these may serve to mitigate the grief of those who, like the writer of these lines, are mourning the loss of children, snatched away in the dawn of reason, in the very bud of hope and promise.

"Beneath this stone an infant lies,
To earth whose ashes lent,
Hereafter shall more glorious rise,
But not more innocent.

"When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
What crowds will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine!"

How mournfully sweet, how delightfully solemn, in the case of a departed saint, are these words of the funeral service: "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto Himself the *soul* of the departed, we therefore commit the *body* to the ground: earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Mournfully as they speak of the dissolution of an earthly temple, "not made with hands," and fashioned by a Divine Artificer; sweetly and delightfully they speak in terms equally impressive of the immortal spirit surviving the decay of the body, and winging its flight to a region of eternal bliss and unfading purity.

It is well that the confines of the two worlds are in such immediate contiguity. We can accompany our friends to the utmost verge of this world, though we cannot go with them into the next. The bond of union must be snapped asunder, but not until the moment of entrance into the other state of being.

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some friendly hand the closing eye requires:
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."

But by faith we can go beyond these confines, and "join hands" with our departed friends on the other side the "narrow stream." By faith,

"I see a world of spirits bright,
Who reap the pleasures there;
They all are robed in purest white,
And conquering palms they bear:
Adorn'd by their Redeemer's grace,
They close pursue the Lamb;
And every shining front displays
The unutterable name."

"Devotion," says Bishop Butler, "consists in resignation and submission to the will of God." This is the lesson which all the afflictions and bereavements incidental to this probationary state are designed to teach. The spectacle of a child, not less than that of one advanced in years, submitting without a murmur to

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the cold embrace of the king of terrors, closing its eyes on the scenes of earth, and peacefully yielding up its spirit into the hands of its Maker and Redeemer, may well impress that lesson upon surviving friends and relatives, enabling them to set the seal of experience upon the record of inspiration, and say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

"I own it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

Newcastle-on-Tyne. R. C.

Memorials of the Departed.

Died at Crossbuoy, on the Aughnacloy Circuit, on August 23d, 1853, aged eighty-eight, Mr. Nicholas Moore. He was, for many years, an exemplary Class-Leader, Local Preacher, Circuit Steward, and Visiter of the sick, and a faithful Trustee; nor was he less exemplary as the father of a family. No hurry or press of business ever hindered him from conducting family-worship. He had one brother, a Minister in the American Methodist Episcopal Church, and another a Minister in Ireland. In 1816, when some persons apprehended the destruction of Irish Methodism, Mr. Moore stood conspicuously among the men whose faithfulness, under God, averted that calamity. His piety retained its uniform vigour to the last. His views of Divine truth were clear, accurate, and profound; and, until within a few days of his happy death, he could quote texts, and recite narratives from the Bible, with such correctness and facility as delighted all who visited him.

At Skegby, in the Mansfield Circuit, December 18th, 1854, aged sixty-four, Mr. Samuel Blythe. Personal affliction led him, when a young man, to serious reflection, and at length he found the way of peace, under the ministration of the Rev. Elijah Morgan. During more than forty years he held on his course, resisting and overcoming many temptations through faith in Christ. Habitually he contemplated death and eternity during the latter part of his life, and in anticipation of the great change rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

At Empingham, in the Stamford Circuit, October 26th, 1855, at the advanced age of ninety-one, Richard Hull. He had been a member of the Wesleyan Church during forty-four years, and for some time endured much persecution. He was a man who lived in the Spirit, and walked in the Spirit, maintaining a habit of undeviating punctuality in the discharge of all his duties. So scrupulously did he observe the apostolic rule to owe no man anything, that he never incurred the most trifling debt; and he carried out this principle so far, that he provided the money necessary for his burial, and even bought and paid for his coffin some time before his death. Often, when death was near, he shouted aloud, "Victory! Victory! through the blood of the Lamb."

At Adwick-le-Street, in the Doncaster Circuit, on November 9th, in the same year, Mrs. Ann Lorriman, in the certain hope of a glorious resurrection. At an early age she found redemption in the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of sins, and began her strivings for the crown of life. As her parents, brothers, and sisters were strangers to true religion, they strove to extinguish the newly-kindled light of life in her; but by Divine grace she was strengthened to love Christ more than them all. She held on her way, and by well doing put their contradiction to silence. The whole of her conduct towards the church and the world was in entire consistence with this beginning.

At Waltham, in the Grimsby Circuit, November 18th, Mrs. Elizabeth Aston, daughter of Thomas and Ann Cheeseman. She was born in that village, on the 30th

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of May, 1826, was brought up by her pious mother in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and enjoyed the advantages of a careful education. The sanctifying power of God's Spirit so constantly rested on her, that she was at all times ready for every good word and work. A revival of religion, the cry of sinners for mercy, was more to her than any degree of temporal prosperity. With a Christ-like love towards all the world, she equally rejoiced in the prosperity of foreign Missions and in the extension of vital godliness at home, and laboured for the promotion of both with cheerful and indefatigable diligence. She was caught away from the church below by a sudden and rapid sickness. Her sufferings were intense, but on her dying bed she exulted in the consciousness that she was going to be with Jesus.

At Ulverstone, November 22d, in her seventy-sixth year, Mrs. Eleanor M'Neal. For the last fifty years, Mrs. M'Neal has been in all respects a consistent and exemplary member of the Wesleyan church. She was faithful in the discharge of her duty as a wife and a mother; and as a Christian she endeavoured to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. She was orderly in her habits, spiritual in her conversation, diligent in her attendance on the means of grace, and deeply interested in the prosperity of the work of God. She laboured according to her ability to promote it, by engaging in tract-distribution, by visiting those of her class-mates who, through sickness or other causes, had been absent from class, and in various other ways. For about six years, she was almost entirely deprived of the public means of grace, being the subject of great weakness and frequent affliction; but her sufferings were borne with patience and resignation. She highly esteemed the visits of her Ministers and other Christian friends, and on those occasions expressed herself in an encouraging and satisfactory manner. On being questioned, a little before she died, as to the state of her mind, she said, her mind was a little confused, but she knew *all was well*.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Barrett, Sarah,	Diss,	Diss,	83	Aug. 12th, 1856.
Braithwaite, John,	Stathern,	Bingham,	50	May 3d, 1856.
Carter, James,	Bermondsey,	Southwark,		March 30th, 1856.
Draper, James,	Heptonstall,	Todmorden,	45	April 19th, 1850.
Fairhead, Mr. James,	HemelHempstead,	St. Alban's,	50	May 24th, 1856.
Grantham, Richard,	West Keal,	Spilsby,	41	Sept. 8th, 1856.
Lill, Joseph,	Lusby,	Spilsby,	76	Sept. 9th, 1856.
Littlewood, Mrs. Martha	Doncaster,	Doncaster,	32	July 22d, 1856.
Lumley, Mr. Benjamin,	Tullamoore,	Tullamoore,	64	Aug. 28th, 1856.
Markham, Stephen,	Terrington,	Lynn,	41	June 21st, 1856.
Morris, Mrs. Maria,	Doncaster,	Doncaster,	85	July 28th, 1856.
Price, Mrs.,	Rummis,	Kington,	75	May 31st, 1856.
Robinson, Francis,	Hagworthingham,	Spilsby,	43	Sept. 2d, 1856.
Steward, Thomas,	Barton,	Chipping-Norton,	51	May 11th, 1856.
Symons, Miss Mary,	Chacewater,	Truro,	32	June 26th, 1856.
Turner, Mr. John H.,	Doncaster,	Doncaster,	65	Aug. 27th, 1856.
Womack, William,	North-Lopham,	Diss,	62	July 25th, 1856.
Woodroofe, Henry,	Frampton,	Downend,	84	Feb. 21st, 1855.

H. T. & J. Roche, Printers, 25, Hoxton-square, London.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

THE QUEEN AND MRS. H. B. STOWE.

BETWEEN "Dred" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" there is a question of preference. Could the mind that framed that exquisite narrative of Uncle Tom, ever produce its equal? Was it even desirable that the good American lady who had commanded the admiration of the civilized world—southern slavers alone excepted—by that one book, a book which has no equal in its kind, should lower her fame by the production of a necessarily inferior work? For some will say that it was impossible to write a second equal to the first, although many will confess that Dred is not inferior to Uncle Tom. The name of Harriet Beecher Stowe might have gone down inseparably with Uncle Tom, through future ages, as that of Bunyan has come with

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the "Pilgrim's Progress," or that of Milton with "Paradise Lost;" and the author of one immortal book might rather have been satisfied, as they think, in anticipation of one imperishable memory, than venture to load her fame with the less honourable burden of three or four second-class productions.

How far the desire of reputation or of gain may at any time have influenced this distinguished lady to write, or to refrain from writing, it is not our business to conjecture, neither are we careful to weigh the comparative merits of the two books. Certain it is, that her pen has done more than any other ever did towards the abolition of Negro slavery. Clarkson, Wilberforce, Watson, and some others, laboured much harder to cleanse away the pollution of slavery from Great Britain; but not one of them left behind him a volume to speak so widely and so eloquently after his lips were sealed in death, and to narrate so vividly the horrors of this abomination to the children of coming ages. Pursuing the advantage earned by her own consecrated talents, Mrs. Stowe has devoted all her powers to the honourable work of writing down the great sin of America; and after having been welcomed on this island by English men and English women of all classes, she has at length found her way to the presence of the Sovereign herself, and Queen Victoria has welcomed the Queen of Authoresses with words of well-merited approval.

When Her Majesty was leaving London last autumn to spend a few weeks at Balmoral, Mrs. Stowe opportunely made her appearance on the platform of the Railway-station, and put a copy of "Dred," in two volumes, just fresh from the press, into the hands of one of the Lords in waiting. The book was instantly presented to the Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert came forward and conversed very graciously with Mrs. Stowe, who, Republican although she is, was profoundly sensible of the value of a royal smile, and will no doubt feel its charm to the last day of her life, and this without any prejudice to the sincerity of her Transatlantic politics.

But that interview was highly significant. It showed that the Sovereign of this free empire, the only empire in the world that *is* free,—the Sovereign of an empire throughout the vast extent of which the traffic in human beings is rendered impossible,—the Sovereign of a people whose united voice pours condemnation on that most inhuman and criminal traffic,—that this first and best of living Potentates is ready to represent the universal feeling of her subjects, of every land and every colour, by doing honour to the lady whom slave owners and drivers curse, and whose writings, as tending to exalt the holy Scriptures in the estimation of every lover of humanity, the Pope and his Cardinals have impotently prohibited. Nothing could be more becoming to the royal majesty of England than to give welcome to a foreigner whose pen is devoted to the advocacy of liberty and religion, and who honestly unmasks certain teachers of a spurious religion, whose doctrine is vainly framed in order to produce an apparent sanction of slavery out of the Bible, and who hypocritically

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pretend to preach up Christianity, while they are breaking the first law of Christ, which is equally tested and fulfilled by the love of God, and of our fellow-men. It is right, therefore, that all that is noble in Great Britain should unite with all that is noble in America, in striving to hasten the extinction of slavery, and to cover it with due reproach while yet it lives. The principles of the Gospel, surely and not slowly, contribute to this glorious event, and we must not omit to say that Methodism has ever been forward in labouring for its consummation. Mrs. Stowe is fully aware of this, and it is remarkable that her choicest exemplars of scriptural piety are Methodists. It is to be regretted that she seems rather to overlook the very important fact that the Northern Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States refused, some years ago, to hold any further communion in Conference with the now distinct Church of the slave-holding South, until it should clear itself from participation in the sin; but we are sure that this oversight was not intentional, and she deserves our grateful acknowledgment for the clearness with which she points out the characteristics of conversion, and the power of true religion to enable even the slave to triumph over the worst evils of his condition.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR DECEMBER, 1856.

"GREAT PEACE HAVE THEY WHICH LOVE THY LAW: AND NOTHING SHALL OFFEND THEM." (Psal. cxix. 165.)

WITH great variety of language does the inspired author of this very remarkable psalm describe the one subject of his discourse. He calls it by many expressive names. It is "the law of the Lord;" or, "His testimonies, precepts, statutes, commandments, righteous judgments, judgments of His mouth; His word, the law of His mouth, the testimony of His mouth, His ordinances." Each epithet has its own meaning, and this meaning is worthy of the most profound and prayerful study. When duly studied, all the names and all the praises which are given to the manifold "law of the Lord," combine to impress two truths upon the mind: first, that it contains all that God designs to teach; and then, that everything man must believe or do is to be regulated according to it. It is the law of God the Holy, the True, the Good, the Almighty. It is that perfect and sovereign law which must control every thought, and wish, and intention, and word, and action of the man. It is the law of his life. It is the law which must rule him while he lives, and whereby he must be judged after death. This universal, heart-searching law binds him everywhere; and even at the very judgment-seat of God it will be brought out again. Nay, there every eye shall see it, read it, and understand it, as nothing was ever seen, or perused, or understood before. In the city, and on the ocean; in society, in solitude, in toil, in recreation, in the church, and in the market-place; everywhere it is nothing less than the law of the Lord. It is not the book for the curious,

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the idle, or the disputatious; but, without controversy, it is the book for men who live as in the presence of their Judge; and not of their Judge only, but of their King, their Father, or whatever else God in His mercy is pleased to be to them.

"O how love I Thy law! It is my meditation all the day." "How sweet are Thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" "Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever: for they are the rejoicing of my heart." For in the heart of the good man God reigns; God is the life of that heart; and therefore "the law of the spirit of life" imposes not bondage, but confers liberty, and sets him quite free from the law of sin and death. To do God's commandments is not wearisome, but delightful; for "His commandments are not grievous;" and the soul of this good man keeps the testimonies of his heavenly Master, and "loves them exceedingly." The heart is made altogether new, renewed in righteousness, knowledge, and love, after the image of the Creator; so that this new heart cannot be restrained from loving the Author of its blissful being, nor from rendering him a cheerful and untiring obedience.

"*Great peace have they which love Thy law.*" And what is this peace? It is not only the hush and quiet of a mind at ease. It is not only the solemn stillness of the deep, once troubled, but calm after the tempest is blown over. It is a *great* peace! No dull, silent water, slumbering and stagnant; but peace flowing like a river, quickened all through its course by affluent streams, that bring more depth, more life, more wealth from regions far around. All things are tributary to this wealth. Wealth flows into the soul of the rejoicing heir of heaven, adding to him "length of days, and long life, and peace;" "mercy and truth;" "favour and understanding in the sight of God and man." To this lover of God's law, "the work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever." He dwells in a peaceable habitation. Arrows of plague shoot around him; pestilence creeping in darkness, and raging at noontide, smites down thousands on the right hand, and tens of thousands on the left, but the ruin comes not nigh him. Avenging scourges lash the guilty world. Floods of judgment overflow the lands beneath him and around. Howling cataracts of wrath sweep away men's miserable refuges of lies. The world faints and sinks under its burdens. Angels of retribution are chasing away the branded fugitives into eternal shame; and bitter, burning foretastes of hell everywhere affright the guilty. Conscience torments. Retribution punishes. But, as for him, the floods do not overflow his dwelling; for he is exempted from the wreck, the vengeance, and the terror.

Happy are these travellers who make way steadily through an earthly paradise towards an eternal heaven. Even the desert loses for them the solitude, the scorpions, and the pits. Nay, it is glad, and rejoices for them as the rose. *Nothing shall offend them.* (אֵין לָמוֹ מִכְשׁוֹל) "To them there is no cause of stumbling:" not weariness, nor yet snares. They go from

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strength to strength, ever finding some brook to refresh them when athirst, some fortress to receive and shelter them from the violence of threatening foes. The feeble, the doubtful, the unwilling, the half-hearted fail, but not they. The Shepherd of Israel leads them like a flock, or He conducts them like a host, safe in meek submission, or victorious in unwavering obedience. Nothing offends them; not the menaces of enemies, nor yet the unfaithfulness of worn-out friends. They see Demas go away to the comforts of the present world; and they see Judas making his bargain with the Priests, taking the pieces of silver at their hands, and giving up his Master to the persecutors. They weep over the unsteadfastness of many, and over the treachery of many; but ever steadfast, and loyal even unto death, neither does covetousness leave a stigma on their brow, nor cowardice a blush upon their cheek. Not so lavish with vows, as ready with performances, they calmly abide by the testimonies of God's law, through faith in Him who magnified that law, and made it honourable; and though others may forsake the suffering Saviour in the hour of rebuke and blasphemy, *they* flee not. They are the disciples that love Him. They are the choice ones of the flock who refuse to be scattered, even when the Shepherd is smitten. Shame, or sickness, or desertion, or death may come upon them; but that law which the finger of the Most High has written upon the fleshy tablet of their heart—that law they love. The Mediator of the better covenant keeps them firm and safe. "*Great peace have they which love Thy law: and nothing shall offend them.*'

ADDRESS TO CHRISTIAN PARENTS.

Dear Fellow-Christian Parents,

Will you allow one, who sustains the same responsible relation as yourselves, to address you a few words on a matter which presses heavily on his own spirit? As Christian parents, you must be deeply anxious to discharge the duties of your station, so as to secure the approbation of God and the welfare of your children. All their interests, bodily, mental, and spiritual, will have your consideration; their citizenship on earth and in heaven.

You feel the importance of giving them an education that shall fit them to meet the requirements of their station in life. But accomplishments, refinement, finish, may, after all, be bought too dearly; and this is unquestionably the case when they are procured at the peril of the child. I hold that, from first to last, whatever weight may be attached to physical and intellectual education, (and I value them highly,) that which should always have the chief place in our regard, is the moral and the spiritual. And if it be wrong for parents, who have the means, to allow their children to grow up ignorant and uneducated as to this world, it must be criminal indeed not to educate them for eternity. The first loss would be temporal; the latter, eternal.

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But *character* is formed at home rather than at school. Carriage, address, and accomplishments, the outward robe of life, may be manufactured at school; but *principles*, by which the inner and the outer life are to be regulated, are of home-growth. Parents should, therefore, be careful that the teaching, example, and practices of home be right, and that at all times and seasons; for it is possible by a single evening's entertainment to overthrow the established principles of years.

As heads of families, professing the religion of Christ, our position is always responsible, and frequently beset with difficulty. Our families, as they grow up, will desire intercourse with others of their own age and station; and it is just at this point that parents need to exercise all the wisdom they possess, and all the piety they can get. It is for them, according to the best of their most enlightened judgment, to decide how this intercourse with other families shall be regulated, and how far it shall extend. Home-festivities there ought to be; but they should harmonize with the spirit of Christianity, in a family professing Christianity, or otherwise the profession is an empty name. There are particular seasons when religious families are in special danger of breaking down the border-line which separates the church from the world. The close of the old year and the beginning of the new are just such periods. It is then that children return from school, and the dispersed members of families once more meet again under the paternal roof. It is, indeed, meet for them to be merry; but let their song be that of praise to the Preserver of life, and their joy that of gratitude to the Father of mercies. Sometimes a Christmas vacation, spent even at home, instead of adding to the moral refreshment of a child, is an occasion of moral blight.

Some parents would seem to think that holidays ought to be given up to capricious pleasure and uninterrupted indulgence. Instead of gradually relaxing those restraints which are inseparable from school-life, they are at once burst asunder, and nothing is thought of but unrestrained pleasure. Both parents and children fall into the error that holidays cannot be spent pleasantly unless it be in a round of amusements and pleasures. This, to say the least, is an unnatural mode of life, and must, in many ways, operate most injuriously on the young. It will teach them that they are not to look for enjoyment in the society of their parents and each other at *home*, but in artificial and foreign elements intruded into family-life. It fosters a longing for *habitual excitement*, until every member of the family is ready to die of weariness, unless there is in prospect some jaunt, amusement, or party. And as the circle of worldly acquaintances and pastimes enlarges, the desire for its further extension is increased, until worldly conformity exceeds all bounds. You enter the drawing-room of a professedly religious household, and, while from the beginning to the close of the evening there is nothing of Christ or His pure, joyous, and soul-inspiring religion, everything savours of the world that passeth away, with the fashion thereof. But have not the parents a pretext for this worldliness? Certainly they have.

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"*The children desire it, and they like to meet their wishes.*" But is this a reason why parents, who must answer to God for the right government of their own house, should be faithless to their calling? And while it is admitted that a parent should feel pleasure in meeting the wishes of his children, when they are proper, that can be no reason for his yielding to those which are improper. The pious and mature judgment of a parent is surely not to be surrendered to the immature and, at least, unenlightened opinion of his children. That would reverse the order of things, and place the family pyramid on its apex, rather than its base. Religious parents are hardly in their place when they sit at the feet of their unregenerate children to be instructed. Such children are unworthy of godly parents; and such parents are unworthy of godly children,—and, indeed, seldom have them.

Another reason for worldly amusements in Christian families is, that there are parents who, in yielding to the wishes of their children, yield also to their own secret love of the world. The parents have not cast the world out of their own hearts; and the children, with their observant eyes, do not fail to discover it. There is a restraint upon the parents, but it is from *without*, and not from *within*. They, therefore, get a slice of the world from the portion provided for their children. Can every such parent lay his hand upon his heart, and say that this is not so? O, Thou heart-searching God! Thou knowest that in too many, on whom the responsibility has fallen of training children for the skies, there is much love of the world, at once a weakness and a snare!

"We must make home happy," say you, "that our children may love it." Most certainly you must. Home happy! Yes; fill it with happiness, and gather around it the fondest affections of your children. Let all its recollections be sweet, and all its associations joyous. Let home be the brightest spot on earth, the most peaceful, *only surpassed by heaven itself.* But this is just the point,—"only surpassed by heaven itself." And what is heaven? A region of purity, and, therefore, a scene of happiness. Heaven is the model which our homes are to resemble; not a dark, polluted, foolish world, whose friendship is enmity against God. If you really desire a happy home, uphold there the only morality, the only religion, that can make it happy. Worldly amusements may produce boisterous mirth; but as for happiness, —peaceful, pure, lovely happiness,—*that* flows from a heavenly spring, not from the world's broken cisterns. What a fatal mistake do parents make, when they imagine that disloyalty to Christ, and sacrifice of the principles and duties of religion, will make their homes happy! Where there is a family that honours Christ, and observes the spirit and precepts of His religion, that family is happy.

"If," say some again, "we are too strict in the maintenance of Christian rule, we shall make religion *repulsive* to our children." Make religion repulsive! Nay, indeed, let it be presented in its most lovely aspects to all around you. But always remember that its beauty is *purity*. If

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this be wanting, its loveliness is wanting. It is certainly laudable to seek to commend religion to our offspring. But let us not be led away with the notion, that to make religion amiable, we must lower its tone, and soften down its pure and spiritual requirements. No heart will love religion, either in us, or in any one else, until it comes under the power of the Spirit's grace. All loveliness is in the Lord Jesus; but how is the heart won? If we wish to make religion amiable to our children, let us show them that it will stoop and bend to anything, except *sin*. It is all mercy, tenderness, condescension, love; but it recoils from moral pollution. The religion which can accommodate itself to all tastes, companies, and standards, never wins a heart to Christ. It displays great weakness, but no beauty. Calm, patient firmness in religious principle and practice, will win more to Christ than a vacillating spirit, which both children and adults despise. Let us give our children correct teaching, show them a good example, uphold the authority of religion in our families, and pray for the Holy Spirit to change their hearts: then, and not until then, will they see the loveliness of Christ and His religion.

Another plea is sometimes attempted by parents, who allow things which on Christian grounds they cannot justify. They say that "if these amusements are not permitted at home, they will be sought abroad; and that children had better take them under parental regulation, than stealthily, and where they would be under no restraint." But if parental authority and influence are what they ought to be, will well-trained children do secretly what they know to be offensive and grievous to their parents? And if any are so rebellious as to disregard the parental will, we hesitate not to say, that to do a wrong act under sanction, is very different from doing it against a faithful protest. If unable to restrain your children from evil, at any rate never *sanction* it. You may protest, when you cannot hinder; but as you love the souls which Christ redeemed, do not *countenance* their sin. If you permit these things at home, you make home a practising-school for worldliness abroad. The Preacher may aim powerfully at the conscience of your children, as he seeks to bring them to repentance; but they will fancy that they cannot be such sinners, after all, while they do nothing but what you know and approve. Dear fellow-parents, let us not wonder that our children are not in the way to heaven, if we are leading them in the fascinating ways of the world, down to perdition.

As a Christian parent, I am glad, for the sake of my own children, that the attention of our Church is directed to the subject of worldly amusements. I am grateful to the last Conference for the action it has taken in this matter. Instead of being an interference with my Christian liberty, I consider it a kind and pastoral regard for the spiritual interests of my family, and a strengthening of my parental authority. Let us take the caution and advice of hoary-headed Ministers, who have seen much of the world, and guard our precious treasures from the spoliation to which they are exposed.

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The Christmas and New-Year are at hand. How are these seasons to be celebrated? Will you go from the solemn covenant-service to a family-party's dance, either at home or elsewhere? Sermons are preached to young people, and Ministers are hoping to gather our children into the fold: do not throw any impediment in their way. Nay, rather let us be co-workers with them. Our prayers are not enough: let us also *labour* for their conversion. Let us, by the best bonds, bind our offspring to our own Church,—with many of us the Church of our fathers too,—and consecrate them, with ourselves, to the Lord.

Yours,

A PARENT.

HINTS TO MASTERS.

If you have succeeded in obtaining servants of a high-toned Christian morality, see to it that there be nothing, in your own domestic practice or permissions, by which this keen sense of moral rectitude could become blunted or impaired. If it rests with them to make purchases, or to negotiate with workmen, or to engage at discretion in any extra service which may be required for the household, be careful that whatever they do for you be done on principles of the strictest equity and fairness. Do not encourage them in meannesses to which you would be ashamed to stoop if you were acting for yourself; or suffer them to think that they would find any favour with you because they had abridged the shopman of his profits, or obtained labour for less remuneration than it was worth. "Who told you to make a sharp bargain for me?" said the late Duke of Wellington to an agent, who thought to obtain credit for the success with which he had procured a deduction from a reasonable demand: "Go back instantly, and give the man his due."

And as with regard to acting fairly, so in respect of speaking truly, on your behalf, let your injunctions to servants be very peremptory. The strange convention, at one time observed very generally, which taught servants to deny that a master or a mistress was "at home," meaning only that it was not convenient for them to be seen, we may suppose has now pretty well passed away,—has come to be called by its right name,—has been made to take rank with "whatsoever loveth and maketh a lie." But there is still in use amongst us a large family of approximate artifices and deceptive excuses, coming chiefly under the head of perplexing politenesses, which, hurtful as they are to our own moral sense, are yet more reprehensible and more dangerous when those who wait upon us are made to be accessary to our sin.

As, then, you would have servants faithful, conscientious, truthful, just, banish from your households all deception and all duplicity. The successful manœuvre which they played off for *your* purposes, you must not marvel if they should soon attempt for *their own*. They have learned from you that conscience is not that high, unassailable divinity they once thought it was, but something which moves to and fro with the breath of occasion, and is to be bought with a price.—*Christian Treasury.*

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MARRIAGE.

THE UNEQUAL YOKE.—ITS CONSEQUENCES.

If union with the world begins in a diminished piety, we need not be surprised if it generally ends in its utter extinction. Some impressive examples we have already quoted in illustration of our subject. The destruction of the world by the flood was in consequence of the sad moral degradation which it had reached; and that moral debasement was itself the result of the union in marriage of "the sons of God" with "the daughters of men." This example we may again refer to, as it shows the *consequences* of following a corrupt inclination, rather than the law of God. Man's heart is naturally sinful, but its evil principles and feelings may be greatly checked by the external influence of religion. This, however, is only the case while the Lord's people keep up the barriers against irreligion, and resolutely maintain their separation from the ungodly. But let the godly cease from the land, and the testimonies of holy Sabbath-keeping, of a living ministry, and of a vital piety be withdrawn; above all, if the grieved Spirit of God withhold His influence, we see what follows. Human nature exhibits vast masses of corruption, and men imagine evil, only evil, and this continually. So it was once, and the same cause, as far as it operates, still produces similar effects. And with a deepening of the inward corruption of society, its open wickedness increases. The fear of God being removed from the heart, and the Holy Spirit resisted, the ways of men become corrupt, and infidelity and licentiousness prevail. "The earth is filled with violence;" and then come the judgments of God on unfaithful people.

It is not for us to point out all the sad consequences which result to individuals, to churches, and to society generally, from the unequal yoke. Those who take it upon themselves mar their usefulness, corrupt and weaken the church, and give the enemy occasion to blaspheme. They break down the barrier between the church and the world; and either withdraw their influence from the church, or, by continuing in it, let in the world. But more generally they become absorbed in the world, their religion being first stifled by the influence of worldly maxims, pursuits, pleasures, and hopes. Their temporal interests become identified with those of the world; and, losing sight of those which are spiritual and eternal, they league together with the world for their promotion. Families representing the spiritual, on the one hand, and the carnal on the other, blend together, until all traces of spirituality in the former are effaced. In effecting this union, a great sacrifice has to be made; but it is on the wrong side. The world will give up nothing, nothing of its enmity against God, nothing of its love of sin; but the Christian must surrender his peace, joy, and hope. And what does the world give in compensation for his loss? It fills his home with darkness, blights his purity, and obscures his prospects for eternity.

How many a man once religious and useful has entailed upon himself and his future family, incalculable evils by marrying an irreligious woman! How crippled are all his powers for doing good! and while both the church and the world are losers for his folly, his children have grown up alienated from God, and, perhaps, are open enemies to His cause. Let such cases warn the young men of our Church against the fearful hazard to which they expose their usefulness, their happiness, and their *souls*, when they allow their affections to settle on those who, however amiable, attractive, or accomplished, are yet without the love of Christ, and therefore guilty and unsaved.

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And how many a wife and mother is this day reaping the fruit of her headstrong will to marry one in whom the love of God had no place! She was faithfully warned, and earnestly entreated to pause, and think, and pray, before she gave her hand to a man who, while he might love her, yet in heart hated her religion. For a time, to gain her, he walked with her to the house of God, and expressed himself as not having the slightest objection to her religious associations and fellowship. But the fatal step once taken, how seldom has the wife won her husband to the Lord! Now she has to steal away from home to enjoy religious fellowship, if she retains any relish for spiritual things; or, fascinated by sinful pleasure, or borne down by domestic trial, she casts away her confidence and hope in God, and floats a wreck over the sea of life. What Christian Minister is there whose memory will not call up many such cases, over which his heart has mourned, and though he lifted up his voice in affectionate warning, it was unheeded, and his worst fears are most sadly realized?

And what of the children? What are *they* morally and religiously? A holy seed? Alas! the corruption of their hearts inclines them to follow the example of the sinful and sinning parent. And where is the restraining influence and holy prayer of such a home? Is it felt? Is there any such influence there at all? Does not evil reign unchecked? The power to resist is lost.

The corruptions of past ages will return upon the world. Our Lord has told us that as it was in the days of Noah, so also shall it be in those of the Son of man. Then what is the duty of Christians? Is it not, to confess Christ, boldly, consistently, and perseveringly? Let them not break down the wall of partition which their Master has reared between themselves and an ungodly world. Let them have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. Their own safety requires that they keep their ground apart; for they can be the lights of the world, and the salt of the earth, no longer than while they are separate from sinners. The world may have certain advantages to hold out. Its daughters may be fair, they may have much worldly power and policy at their disposal, and they may excel in the arts of life, and in its busy commerce; but one thing is plain against voluntary alliances with the ungodly, that there stands on record, on the pages of Scripture, a solemn and affecting warning in the destruction of the old world. How perilous such alliances must be to the souls of the righteous themselves, it is scarcely necessary to say. How terrible the thought of being parted for ever from a loved one, in death, and seeing in the day of judgment that loved one doomed to hell, what heart does not feel? But, in addition to all this, what false kindness it is to the world itself, thus to hold out the hand of fellowship, let the history of the world before the flood show. How amiable, generous, frank, and cordial might the growing liberality of the children of God have seemed, when, laying aside their narrow prejudices, they consented to mix with their fellow-men, as being still, in spite of all differences of opinion, their brethren! "How admirably fitted to recommend religion," thought they, "and to win all men's hearts to it!" Such might be the judgment of human wisdom; but no sooner was the concession made by the godly than the world's doom was sealed. "My Spirit," says God, "shall no longer strive with men."

Then, let every Christian learn to say, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ;" and may we all prefer that fellowship to the friendship of the world, which is enmity against God. Amen.

Bradford. D. H.

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THE BENEFIT OF AFFLICTION.

JACOB GREY was a model of an old man. Though the tottering step and the dim eye too truly showed that the grave was not far distant, yet in the church his seat was never vacant. I loved to gaze on his venerable countenance, and watch the rapt devotion with which he engaged in his Maker's service.

He was not a peevish, morose old body, whom every one feared. Not he. There was not an individual in our village, old or young, that did not love old Jacob. He had a smile and a kind word for every one of them.

At the sick bed, and in the house of mourning, he was sure to be found: and there he was always welcome; for his presence brought comfort and consolation wherever he went. Yet I have heard more than one remark, "God knows he needs some one to comfort himself." And I learned, that it was not old age that planted all those wrinkles in his brow, nor silvered all those grey hairs.

He told me his story one day, as we were seated on a tombstone in the old grave-yard. "Nearly sixty years ago," said he, "I was married to one of the best of wives. She loved her Maker, and she loved her husband. She was to me all that my heart could desire. But, alas! at that time, I had no sympathy with her religious feelings. Many a silent tear did she shed, and many a secret prayer did she offer up for her husband, which no eye saw, nor ear heard, but her God's.

"We had several children; but they were only spared to us till they had entwined themselves around our hearts, and then they were taken away. One by one they sickened and died. Their little tongues grew silent; the tread of their feet was heard no more at our hearth; our home became desolate. They left a void in our hearts which nothing on earth could fill.

"However, there was one lad spared. He was a noble boy; and, as he increased in years and stature, he became our joy and our pride. His mother had devoted him to her Master's service; and, as her heart was set on his being a Minister, I put no obstacle in the way, though I could cheerfully have seen him follow some other occupation. She said that the Lord had spared him in answer to her prayer, and that, like Hannah, she would return him to the Lord. By hard labour and strict economy, we gathered together as much as would give him a good education, and send him to college. And truly he proved worthy of all the trouble and labour we expended on him. Never was there a better or more loving son. He turned out all that his mother's heart could wish. He was diligent and clever, too, at his studies, and in college bore off the highest honours. In a few years, he was ordained a Minister of the Gospel; and thus his mother's darling wish was realized.

"He preached his first sermon in this church. I remember it well. His text was, 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' He showed how that, when we were rebels, when we were perishing, and there was no eye to pity, and no arm to save, the Lord pitied us, and His arm brought salvation. He spared not His only Son, but offered Him to be a ransom for us sinners. And when he dwelt on a Father's love, the words, coming from a heart that felt that love, went to every heart. There was not a dry eye in all the house. O! you should have seen the pride and the joy that were pictured in his mother's face. And, to tell the truth, I was myself not a little proud of my son that day.

"But he was not permitted to exercise his talents long in his Master's

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service. Consumption seized upon him. Before the close of the year, he had to give over his labours; and ere the next spring was over, the grass was growing on his grave. Never shall I forget his death-bed. He was taken to the window, to have a farewell look at the dearly-cherished scenes of his birthplace. It was a lovely spring day. All was beautiful without. The fields were green and bright; the trees had put on their new dress; and joyfully the birds warbled among the branches. 'It is a beautiful world, this,' said he, 'nor have I any desire to leave it; but I am going to one far brighter, where the songs are far sweeter, and never cease.

Ear hath not heard its deep tones of joy.'

His strength was failing fast; his eyes closed, and his hands dropped. We thought his spirit had departed; but, opening his eyes again, he gazed earnestly up towards heaven, and murmured faintly, 'Father, mother, we shall meet there!' And then he died."

Here the old man wept, nor could I prevent the tears from trickling down my own cheeks.

"His death," he continued, "almost broke his mother's heart; but she had the fair hope of meeting him again in the world above; so in a short time she rallied, and regained her wonted composure. I bore it worse. I had not this consolation. My boy's words, 'We shall meet there,' stuck in my memory; but I knew I was not fit for that holy place. Then my whole life of impenitence and indifference towards God crowded on my recollection; and it seemed to me as if all those afflictions were sent as punishments for my sins. Then I began to bemoan my wickedness, and wish I had never been born. O! I was in a wretched state; till, led by the Spirit of God, I found peace in my Saviour's love. Then I said, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' Had God not thus led me to Himself, I might have lived and died a sinner. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name!'

"A few years since, my beloved wife passed away too. This graveyard contains all that this heart held most dear; and now I am all alone in this wide world. But I too must soon pass away: fourscore years have passed over my head, and the hour of my departure quickly draweth nigh. And then, when the last conflict is over, I will go to my Father's house, to meet with those that are gone before, never to part again."

Maghera. JAMMIL LESING.

RUNNING READERS.

SOME persons treat the Bible as if it were a collection of independent and unrelated fragments, an inspired album. That the context does at all modify or determine the sense of a passage, is a thought which never occurs to them. One instance I give, in the hope that a notice of this may lead to the prompt correction of others by the parties concerned.

Good people do sometimes, in their prayers, thank God because He has made His word so plain that he who runs may read. This is professedly a quotation from Habakkuk ii. 2. There the words are, "Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it." What vision was this? It related to the captivity of the tribes of Judah and Benjamin by the Chaldeans. Why was it written? Because all the people were concerned in the burden of the vision: the Prophet could reach but comparatively few with his voice; and he was commanded to write and publish his prophecy, that all

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might be instructed, and the warning be made permanent. Why was it made plain upon tables? "That he may run that readeth it;" that, when the appointed time for the fulfilment of the vision drew nigh, he who read what was written upon the tables so as to understand the meaning, might run and save his life. The object of the Prophet in making the vision plain upon tables was *not*, that he that runs may read, *but* that he that reads may run. He was to read first, and then to run as the consequence of reading what was written. The reading and running were not to be going on at the same time; but a man must first read very carefully, and then run very swiftly.

This text, then, correctly quoted, and looked at in the light of the context, does not favour a hasty and superficial treatment of the word of God; it does not justify the practice of those who run and read, and who expect in this manner "to come unto the knowledge of the truth." God does not intend the careless and indolent to understand His word. He has commanded the Prophets, and Evangelists, and Apostles to "write the vision, and make it plain upon tables;" but this is not meant to supersede our diligence and thoughtfulness, nor to excuse haste and levity in those who read. There are many Pilates in the church: they ask sincerely, What is truth? but do not wait for an answer. When alone with Christ, they open the Scriptures to ascertain the will of their Master, but they do not take time enough for this work: like Pilate, they hurry out into the company of sinners and sceptics, and are overborne by the force of evil example and corrupt reasoning. There can be no stability, no intelligent attachment to Christ, apart from the habit of a patient study of the Scriptures. The most precious knowledge that man can possess, the knowledge of God, is not to be acquired by a flippant and thoughtless turning over the leaves of the Bible.

Slowly and prayerfully must the word of God be read, if we intend to realize its fulness of meaning and of blessing. The only condition on which we can attain to this heavenly wisdom is thus set forth: "If thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God." (Prov. ii. 3—5.) We commend this passage to the consideration of all running readers.

St. John's Wood. J. B.

FOUNTAINS OF PLEASURE.

You who feel the pressure of a crushing languor, and who worry your friends and physician, on the fairest days, with recitals of dull, lonely, morbid experience, go out into nature, and learn to sing with her birds, and swim with her fishes, and run with her brooks, and grow with her trees, and bloom with her flowers, and exult with her spirited races of voluntary life, and your heart will then become young again, and your face will regain its glow and blush of hearty health. You who have grown tired of books, and have lost your ambition to conquer problems that puzzle the intellect, and to achieve achievements that tax its native energies, and who sit for long hours with an aching brow and bloodshot eye in your close, poorly-ventilated prison-room of a studio, wondering what has become of your old heroism, go out and make many nimble steps on the bosom of the large, fair world; try the crystal air for a beautiful while; drink from the embowered springs that bubble forth from the distant hill-sides and ledges of rock; and, I tell you the blessed truth,

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you will return to your chair and your desk of study with a physical frame renewed through and through, and with mental faculties eager and clamorous again for earnest action. You who have too long confined yourself to the beaten path of your chosen profession, and are fast becoming almost entirely detached from the interests of the great family of mankind in the selfish abstraction of your narrow schemes and little dusty labours, let me urge you to go out often under the "heavens of the Lord," and see how vast the universe is, and save yourself from the insignificance and uselessness of a life whose activities are all wasted upon insulated concerns, even as the waters of the desert-fountain are drunk up by a little patch of dry, barren sand. You who have lost your early roundness of body and ruddiness of complexion by hard, sedentary toil, and have grown pale, and sharp-featured, and crooked, go out into the fields and upon the highlands, and walk, and run, and rejoice a little there each day in the sunshine, and in the rain, and in the wind, and, almost before you know it, you will find yourself changed from a ghastly, moving skeleton into an erect man, robed in a blooming and beautiful carnation. Yes, and let everybody visit and commune with nature often and often. Let a taste for harmonious, and grand, and sublime scenes be constantly cultivated by the young and by the old. Let not the soul be warped into any narrow channel of action and experience. Go forth at morning, go forth at evening, thou citizen, thou mechanic, thou merchant, thou farmer, thou writer, thou Christian, and come not back to thy labours till thou art sure that thy heart has been made better, thy soul more vigorous, thine eyes more brilliant, and thy laugh more rich and racy.

It is almost remarkable that men, generally, do so ignore the higher design of those delicate organs of sense with which their souls are furnished. Swift, in his "Tale of a Tub," says that "those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life are such as dupe and play the wag with the senses." Taking the case of the great part of mankind into view, this assertion of the distinguished Dean will be seen to carry a good deal of truth in it. Show-boxes always have more eyes to look into them than telescopes, and practised jugglers have always more eager groups around them than professors of experimental science. Almost the whole circle of what may be called fashionable amusements are but mere temporary illusions of the senses. What pleasure-seeker has not, at some time or other, in a moment of calm, sober reflection, asked himself where the real pleasure is of the gay dance and of the dainty party, of stylish excursions and the affected intercourse of gorgeous parlours? "How fading and insipid," says the same unequalled satirical humorist from whom I just quoted, "do all objects accost us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of delusion! How shrunk is everything as it appears in the glass of nature! So that if it were not for the assistance of artificial mediums, false lights, refracted angles, varnish, and tinsel, there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyment of men."

Alas! too many do not stop long to see where the springs of human happiness are to be found bubbling beautifully for ever. They never fully learn the great truth, that life can be made lively and jubilant only by having daily recourse to entertainments that are able to keep the soul ever earnest, and young, and blooming.—*American.*

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Narrative Pieces.

A FAILURE.

Before the sun went down, Job made up his mind that he would cast no more pearls before such swine as assembled weekly in the Rock Church. He would follow the advice given him, and often repeated by the whole college faculty. He would aim high. He would not waste that genius on a country church which was intended to blaze in cities, and augment the glory of the metropolitan pulpit. He would go to New-York, where learning is appreciated, and great talents always command a premium. To the mighty names already there, he would add another of rival renown, and the startled world should soon repeat, with unmeasured applause, the immortal name of Shaddaky.

"There is commonly a wide difference between speculative possibilities and actual performances." If the reader is unable to judge from the sound of that sentence who wrote it, I leave him in ignorance. But the sentence itself is a text brilliantly illuminated by the history of Job's city-career. Within three months he was in New-York, and known as a candidate for whatever pulpit of his denomination was vacant. It so happened, however, that there was but one vacancy at the time, and, unfortunately, it was in a church which for years had been a fit subject for a melancholy poet. The building stood in an obscure street. Behind it was an ancient graveyard, where faded old tombstones told of men who had lived and died before the great city bore its present name. A walk there could not fail to remind a thoughtful man of the theologian's eternity past, as well as the eternity to come. On the opposite side of the street stood a brewery, where beer-barrels were piled on the pavement three deep, and great draught-horses waiting to take them away. On the right stood a row of rotten buildings, where our adopted fellow-citizens ate, and drank, and fought, and gave abundant work to policemen and priests. On the left, a bone-boiling establishment scented the air with its peculiar odours. The church itself was neither of Corinthian, Ionic, Gothic, nor Romanesque style, but decidedly Swedo-Dutch. It was built of stone, and covered with a hipped roof. The dumpy steeple rose just sixteen feet above the roof. An iron rod went up through the top of the steeple. Half-way up the rod, four curved prongs stood out, bearing on their points the initials, N. S. E. W. These were the four cardinal points of the compass. Above the letters a weather-vane, which had changed with the winds of a hundred years, had at last become fixed by rust, and steadily pointed in one direction, as if it would say to the worshippers below, "Be not carried about with every wind of doctrine." A great sounding-board hung over the rotund little pulpit. The pews were commodiously large, with straight backs, and so high that no one could see his fellow-worshippers, or even look out without looking heavenward,—a good arrangement for restraining wandering eyes and vagrant thoughts. Altogether, it was a little, old, spunky-looking house of prayer, which had stood valorously against time, and fashion, and the boys, who had made no impression on anything about it but the small panes of the large front-window.

I have already intimated that the prosperity of this little church was sadly checked. Family after family had grown rich, and moved away, and were now worshipping under frescoed ceilings, forgetful of the place. Only a few tried and faithful souls remained; not that it was either convenient or agreeable to worship in a surrounding solitude of empty seats, but because they were attached to the venerable walls and dingy pews which had witnessed the baptism of their grandfathers, the marriage-rites of their fathers, and the funeral-solemnities of their families through three generations. If this feeling is not a sentiment of nature, it is the earliest graft of piety, and deserves not the rude handling of a utilitarian age. It should never yield but to that stern

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necessity which demands the removal of consecrated houses only when, like the tabernacle in the wilderness, the cloud of the Divine presence is lifted away. Such was the feeling which held a few pious worshippers to the old church after the wealthy and the gay had ceased to tread its ancient aisles. They were too poor to engage the service of eminent talents; and, but for the income from two houses that belonged to the corporation, they must have suffered a famine of the word. As it was, the old church was a convenience by which obscure talent might become known, and, becoming known, might receive a louder call. Here Job began his city-labours according to definite agreement; he to preach the word, and they to give six hundred dollars per annum for his temporal support and comfort.

During the first three weeks the congregation was larger than it had been for years. The sexton, who was in the regular habit of counting heads, boasted that he had seen no such assemblies in that house since Doctor T—— had left them for an up-town church. Alas! that such fair hopes should be doomed to disappointment. Decayed churches, like decayed nations, are hard to revive. In this instance the sign of returning prosperity was as deceitful as the flush that reddens the consumptive's cheek. The love of novelty was soon satisfied, and the congregation began to fall off. It soon reached the old number of one hundred souls, slightly more or less. There it stood, in defiance of all the usual arts for increasing the attendance.

Job gave out his texts in advance, but the people stayed away. He published his topics in the newspapers, and invited the public to hear sermons on the most common-place subjects, such as "Christian Heroism," — "Christian Humility," — "The Hope of the Righteous,"—"The Joys of the Righteous,"—"The Death of the Righteous,"—"The Recognition of Friends in Heaven," &c. But the scheme worse than failed; for the people heard so much feeble description of heaven, that, like the effect of a surfeit of honey, they began to loathe the very mention of it. In the mean time Job kept his ears open to hear the first intimations of another call. It had been whispered about for some time that there was a feud between Dr. D—— and a large number of his congregation, which was likely to come to an open rupture. Job heard of it with pious regret; and yet he was well sustained by the hope that, should the matter come to the worst, a kind Providence would overrule it so as to give *him* a sphere of labour much better suited to his talents. The report, however, came to nothing. A case or two of clerical bronchitis gave him a much stronger hope; not, indeed, that he wished any one to go to Europe, or to a much better country, for *his* special benefit, but he was willing that Providence should have its way in all things. "The incidental results of a calamity," said he, "may be advantageous to others who neither desire such a calamity, nor rejoice on account of it. The ill-wind that strews the shores with wrecks may bring relief to the panting population of the land. They should thankfully accept the relief, and as sincerely deplore the disasters that attended its coming. Or, the poor man who is made rich by the death of a relative, may be as sorry for that death as a man can be who is raised by it from poverty and toil to affluence and ease. And why should not I," he continued, "rejoice in hope of a better charge, though the acquisition should be gained by the providence which lays another aside, and which I could not help, if I would?" But this hope failed also; for the bronchial cases were both cured by a new nostrum, which the brethren paid for in the usual way, by giving certificates of its astonishing effects.

Finding but little reason to hope for an early call elsewhere, Job resolved to make the most of his present position. So one Sunday night, after preaching to his still waning congregation, he went home, and, with some twinges of conscience, and a sting of self-reproach for the meanness of the thing, sat down and wrote a flattering eulogy of the sermon he had just delivered. On the Tuesday following it appeared in the most popular paper of the city; and thus public attention for the first time was fixed on the name of the Rev. Job Shaddaky. The notice of the sermon read as follows:—

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"It has seldom fallen to our lot to hear such a magnificent pulpit-discourse as we listened to on Sunday evening last, in the old church in Duncannon-street. The reverend gentleman's text was, '*The stone with seven eyes.*' We smiled at first to hear such a sentence read from the Bible; but as he proceeded to develop the mysterious meaning of the singular text, we became interested, then absorbed, then lost in amazement. We venture to say, that for comprehensive grasp of thought, logical acumen, depth and breadth, and general amplitude of learning, expressed in eloquence the most original and startling, there is no Clergyman in this city, where the reputation of the pulpit is deservedly so high, that can surpass, and not more than one who can equal him. The lovers of great preaching have two opportunities on each Sunday of hearing this gifted genius. We understand that his name is the Rev. Job Shaddaky. He has our hearty wish for success in building up this ancient congregation."

This was a bold experiment, and somewhat hazardous; but, having ventured upon it, he determined to follow it up. Accordingly, the next Saturday's papers contained the following announcement:—

"'And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.' (Rev. xii. 1.) The Rev. J. Shaddaky will preach on the above text to-morrow morning, at half-past ten o'clock, in the Old Church in Duncannon-street. The public are respectfully invited to attend. *Pews to let.*"

The next morning, about twenty minutes before the hour for service, the sexton (a stunted but tough old man, who wore great round glasses, set in a horn-frame, and whose invariable habit was to keep on his Scotch plaid cloak till the beginning of dog-days) came running to the parsonage, and nearly out of breath told the Preacher that the house was already full to overflowing, and that he would have to hurry up if he expected to get in himself. He added, as if he had prepared the speech for the occasion, that he "*knew now that the old garden of grace was going kill the fatted calf, and put on the whole armour, and run the race for the prize with the most finest houses up town.*" Job laughed outright at this medley of figures, and was still more titillated at the success of his scheme. He resolved, however, to make the most of the occasion, and remained at home until all the church-bells in the city were done ringing. There is dignity in delay; and he who would thrive by the public curiosity will often contrive to be too late. He reached the church about fifteen minutes past the time; and, seeing a crowd before the door, naturally supposed that every word the sexton had told him was true. "Here," said he, "is an opportunity not to be lost. I will not try to get in at the door, but climb through the rear window. It will be a telling fact. The newspapers will report it, and my fortune will be made." Now, if Job had been a man of sense, as he was a man of learning, he would have tried to gain admission at the door, and thereby saved some disagreeable consequences. But, like a weak-minded man as he was, he decided upon the rash experiment by the first impulse. He turned aside, and, entering the alley-way, went to the back-window, which he found already hoisted. He laid his hands on the rotten sill, and slowly lifted himself up, and then as deliberately let himself down to the floor. Turning to walk to the pulpit, he was greatly disappointed to find that nobody stood in the aisles, and that one-fourth of the pews were empty. The singers in the gallery, who had been surprised and delighted by the sudden increase of the congregation, had prepared a voluntary, to be sung at the instant the Pastor should make his appearance; and, accordingly, without perceiving the accidental satire, as soon as he was seen entering, they struck up, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows?" Unfortunately, the music was so arranged as to require the fourth repetition of the last words,—"*doves to their windows.*" This was too much. Human nature is too keenly alive to the ludicrous to bear such a temptation. The congregation simpered. Some laughed right out; and even the venerable Elders covered their faces with huge bandannas, to save their credit for gravity. Job walked from the

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window to the pulpit in that ungainly manner in which a confused man always walks, one leg almost tripping the other at every step. He could not help it; and few men could help it while smarting under the ridicule of laughing eyes. He went through the first devotional services under a double mortification,—ashamed of the blunder of climbing in at the window, and self-reproached for having brought so large a congregation by such a questionable trick. When the choir were about finishing the hymn, immediately before the sermon, Job felt in his side-pocket for his manuscript. It was not there. He felt in the opposite pocket. It was not there. He searched all his pockets, and looked into his hat. It was in none of them. In the fulness of his joy at the sexton's exaggerated report of the overflowing house, he had forgotten to bring his sermon, and was now in that interesting predicament so happily described by a modern vulgarism in the two little words, "*done for.*" The last note of the organ was dying away, and the people were adjusting themselves to hear the eloquence which had been so applauded in the papers. Sweat broke out all over him, and ran into his boots. He was undecided whether to explain his awkward position and beg off, or venture the discourse from memory. After hesitating a moment, he rose with a neck-or-nothing kind of feeling, and began to read his text. Half-choked with confusion, he read, "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a *woman*—" here he stopped, and coughed. Crusty bachelors relaxed into a satirical smile as they looked round on the ladies; and husbands, fond of teasing their wives, caught a new idea to be laid up for future use. He began again, and this time succeeded in reading the text quite through. He paused. The blood rushed to his cheeks. The first sentence of his written discourse seemed about a thousand furlongs from his memory, and still flying off. The congregation were as quiet as mice, watching and listening with eager eyes and ears, and wondering meanwhile whether this long pause was intended for rhetorical effect. At last he began with a mere mechanical utterance of the first fugitive thought that entered his mind. "The book of Revelation," said he, "is mysterious—profoundly mysterious. It is, *as it were*, full of mystery: so utterly and unfathomably incomprehensible, that very few have thoroughly understood it, *as it were*. Bishop Newton, in his celebrated Dissertations, *as it were*, fully admits this. My friends, I am inclined to think—" That was true. He was "inclined to think;" but what to think, or what to say, was just now with him the great question; so, after a most dreary pause, he said, "*My friends, I am sick.*"—*National Magazine.*

The Monitor.

A WORD TO WORSHIPPERS.*

Do you earnestly desire to worship God "in spirit and in truth?" Would you herein offer a "reasonable service?" Then, I beseech you, attend to the advice of one who only desires your spiritual profit.

1. Take care to set out in good time for God's house, that you may have a share in the first blessing. Begin betimes to get ready. They who are *habitually late* at a place of worship, publish to the congregation their want of management at home. If the heart be in it, and it be made a point of conscience, it is generally as easy to be punctual in keeping your engagement with the Lord for His service, as to keep your "appointment" with men of business, or your hour of returning to labour. It was a saying of Mr. Chapone's in reference to some late comers to church, who, by their walk, or dress, or pew-doors, gave notice of their arrival, "It is part of my religion not to disturb the religion of others."

* A Tract, by the Rev. F. A. West, for distribution in pews. Its title is, "A Word to those who attend this Place of Divine Worship."

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2. Avoid the evil custom which some have unhappily adopted, of loitering *about* a place of worship, if they have reached it a little before the time appointed. This is undevout, and is unsuitable to the Christian Sabbath; neither is it "abstaining from all appearance of evil." It exposes you to the temptation of light, frivolous, worldly, unsuitable conversation; and at best is idle and unprofitable. God is already in His house: and if, for a few minutes, you "commune with your own heart, and be still;" or if you read a chapter, or a hymn, or silently pray; it will be an acceptable private worship, and a delightful preparation for the public services. "Let all things be done unto edifying."

3. Let sincere devotion prepare your mind and heart for the worship of God. If you read a chapter with prayer before you leave home, it will tend to check wandering thoughts, and raise devout affections. On entering your pew, observe the good old custom of offering, with lowly reverence, a short ejaculatory prayer to God for His blessing on your own soul, and assistance to the Preacher. We earnestly desire you not to omit such devout and pious customs; or how can you expect to sing, hear, and pray to profit? and if you profit nothing, will you not blame the Preacher instead of yourself?

4. Remember the Apostle's rule, "Let all things be done decently and in order." Enter God's house with becoming reverence; for it is GOD'S *house*. Make as little noise as possible; and teach your children to walk quietly before you to the pew, and then to offer a short form of prayer to God. Observe well, that the Methodists *kneel* during prayer, and *stand* while singing. To sit, during prayer especially, is an idle, irreverent, unscriptural posture, which no one would think of practising if God were *visibly* present in the assembly of His saints. It will not be found in even an idol's temple. If there be not room to kneel, you may surely *stand* before the King of kings and Lord of heaven and earth.

The following are Mr. Wesley's "Directions for Congregational Singing." "Sing *all*. If it is a cross to you, take it up, and you will find a blessing. Sing *lustily*, and with a good courage. Beware of singing as if you were half dead, or half asleep; but lift up your voice with strength. Sing *modestly*. Sing *in time;* and take care you sing not too slow; sing all our tunes just as quick as we did at first. Above all, sing *spiritually*. Aim at pleasing God more than yourself, or any other creature." And remember that the singing of the choir is only a help, and not a substitute, for *congregational* singing.

Where the Liturgy is used, join, one and all, heartily and devoutly, in every response, and you cannot then complain of dulness; nor can you find better terms in which to express your "supplications and giving of thanks." They were the best days of the church when responses were heard, "like peals of thunder." "And let all the people say, AMEN." Thus may you find interest and life in the whole service, and "wait only upon God."

Stay to the end of the service, if it be possible. Some, without shame, turn their back on the pulpit as soon as ever the sermon is finished, whether long or short; and frequently those are the first to go who are not the first to come. It betokened no good state when the Jews said of God's service, "What a weariness is it!"

When you leave a place of worship, particularly observe these directions:—

1. Wait in perfect stillness, without seeking your hat, or arranging your dress, or putting your books away, or opening your pew-door, until the benediction is pronounced. God's blessing is in it; and if you can wait, you shall receive the consolation.

2. Silently offer thanks to God for the privilege of another means of grace; and seek grace to pursue and practise what you have heard, lest "the light that is in you become darkness. How great is *that* darkness!"

3. Avoid all talking in the house of God. Mr. Wesley insisted on its being frowned out of countenance, as a "vile practice," and a "great indecency and impropriety."

4. Do not rush and crowd to the door with unseemly haste, as if you felt it to be a release from confinement to escape from the house of God; but depart with becoming seriousness from "Jehovah's temple and His rest."

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These, brethren, are matters of Christian decorum, appointed by the church, supported by the example of the early Methodists, sanctioned by the principles of order and decency laid down in the Scriptures, and properly and profitably observed by those who are taught of God. "Let not *your* good be evil spoken of." And "let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear."

Poetry.

"I WILL ARISE, AND GO UNTO MY FATHER."

"I WILL arise!" The twilight shadows lengthen;
The purple gloom of even-tide is nigh:
He calls, whose voice hath power to soothe and strengthen;
He bids me come: my heart would fain reply.

"I will arise!" Upon my weary spirit
Lie darkly, heavily, life's saddening fears,
Cares, sorrows, turmoil: shall I e'er inherit
The glorious land where there are no more tears?

"I will arise!" The bow of promise gleaming
In the wild tempest, whispers but of hope;
And rays of glory from the skies outstreaming,
Woo the worn spirit ne'er again to droop.

Too long with grovelling pinion hath it dwelt
In earth's green bowers, nor sought a brighter rest;
Tranced by a thousand sunbeams, it hath knelt
At earthly altars, grasping joy unblest.

Still pouring forth its wealth of hope and love
On earthly idols, on unanswering clay;
Still wreathing summer garlands, but to prove
And weep their beauty ever pass'd away!

Too long! too long! Yet now, with spirit weary,
Father! thy child in lowliness would come:
O, lighten with Thy smile the desert dreary!
Lead the lone wanderer to a brighter home.

Trembling and crush'd, Thou wilt not break the reed
That fiercest hurricanes have bruised and riven:
Thy love omnipotent is as our need!
Thy mercy woos us to a blood-bought heaven!

"I will arise!" Redeemer! Saviour! Friend!
Be strength in weakness; in earth's darkness, light!
And raise and guide, till saved and seraphs blend
Their anthems at Thy throne, Love Infinite!

ADELINE.

Anecdotes.

A SLATE KEEPING SCHOOL.

A COUSIN of mine in Charlestown having passed away, it became proper that I should attend the funeral. It was school afternoon. I did not dismiss the scholars; and, as they disliked a monitor, I hit upon the following plan of leaving them:—I placed in the chair a large, old-fashioned slate,—it had been my father's,—wrote on it the names of the scholars in the r

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in which they sat; arranged the needle-work and reading,—for I always had some interesting work read aloud by some older pupil every afternoon,—and then said, "Now, children, when the clock strikes five, leave your seats orderly, go to my chair, and place on the slate, by each of your names, a *unit* for good behaviour, and a *cross* for bad. When I return, I shall anxiously look at the slate; and the next morning, when you are all assembled, I will read the list aloud, that everything may be confirmed. But I *trust* in you!" On my return, I visited the school-room, and found but one cross on the slate, and that where I least expected it, appended to the name of a beautiful, open, bright, brave child, who then promised much for the world; the fact of her having rich parents being her greatest drawback. She was the last child in the school I should have thought capable of any misconduct. Well, the next morning came: the list was read; it proved truthful; but when I came to this name, I said, "My dear child, you must explain: why is this? what did you do?" Looking up to me with those soulful eyes, and speaking with a soulful tone, which ever made her an object of sacred interest, she replied, "I laughed aloud; I laughed more than once; I couldn't help it, because *a slate was keeping school!*"—*H. K. Hunt.*

BEATING.

A GERMAN Magazine recently announced the death of a schoolmaster in Suabia, who, for fifty-one years, had superintended a large institution with old-fashioned severity. From an average, inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers had calculated that, in the course of his exertions, he had given 911,500 canings, 121,000 floggings, 209,000 custodes, 136,000 tips with the ruler, 10,200 boxes on the ear, and 22,700 tasks by heart. It was further calculated that he had made 700 boys stand on peas, 6,000 kneel on a sharp edge of wood, 5,000 wear the fool's cap, and 1,700 hold the rod. "How vast," exclaims the journalist, "the quantity of human misery inflicted by a single perverse educator!" —*Dibdin.*

FAITH IN A STORM.

A NAVAL officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife, who was sitting in the cabin near him, and was filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure, that she cried out, "My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?" He rose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and, pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed, "Are you not afraid?" She immediately answered, "No." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined the wife, "I know this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me." "Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe; and that He who holds the winds in His fist, and the waters in the hollow of His hand, is my Father."

The Portfolio.

THE LATE CAPTAIN HEDLEY VICARS.

THE name of Captain Hedley Vicars is regarded as honourable by all who value vital godliness, and glorify God in the subjects of His grace; and it is likely to be remembered with gratitude through many generations, especially in connection with the British army, of which he was one of the brightest ornaments, both as a fervently devoted Christian, and as a brave soldier, during the war in the Crimea. While his piety and the catholicity of his spirit commend his memory to all, Wesleyan Methodists, in particular, have reason to cherish it, and that of his revered father. We understand that Captain Vicars, sen., was wont to acknowledge himself indebted for much spiritual good, if not for his conversion to God, to the ministrations of the late Rev. George Cubitt, when stationed in Newfoundland some time between the years of 1816 and 1819. A letter lies before us, dated Mul-

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lingar, July 25th, 1856, addressed by a lady* to the Rev. W. Mulloy, a Wesleyan Minister in Ireland, in answer to some inquiries; from which we extract the following:—

"I am sorry I cannot furnish you with much matter relative to the Vicars family, although I inquired a good deal lately: however, I can tell you, all the time Captain Vicars lived here, he attended the Wesleyan chapel *frequently*, and brought his children, among whom I saw the subject of the memoir now in circulation. His father was a true friend of Methodism. I recollect being at a Bible Meeting at Murry's Hotel, when the Captain was here: he spoke on the platform. Next day *we* had a Missionary Meeting in the same place, when he again appeared, and said, 'Yesterday I was a pressed man: to-day I come voluntarily to speak of the usefulness of those men abroad;' and then expatiated on the blessed results of their labours in foreign lands in language I do not now remember.

"Perhaps I should tell you that the young man's Teacher was Miss Gibson, a member then of your class."

The comparatively greater readiness to speak at the Missionary Meeting than at the Bible Society Meeting, can only be accounted for, on the supposition of greater familiarity with the persons by whom "the old Captain" (as the writer elsewhere calls him) was surrounded. Nor is it surprising that such familiarity should exist; for even if he were not, as she calls him, "a hearty Wesleyan," in the strict meaning of the words, he was one of a multitude who show themselves to be such in affection, and in principle also, when drawn into communion with Wesleyans, even as these rejoice to show themselves united in faith and charity with brethren of other names. Ever may this truly spiritual fellowship continue! When it ceases to be cultivated on earth, feeble will be the hope of attaining to it in heaven.

THE DUCK.

Once I stood on the bridge, and saw on the pond a large family of ducks. From them I received instruction. After playing on the water a little while, one little duck got mad. He went up to his mate and said, or seemed to say, "Now, my lad, I am going to drown you." So he took him by his cap, and pulled his head down under the water. But I perceived that in order to drown his little brother he was just as likely to drown himself. He seemed so intent on drowning his brother, that he was actually choking himself.

When these two ducks could stand it no longer under the water, they came up. But the quarrel was not yet settled. Both were in a complete rage. They went at each other with mouths open, trying to get a grip at each other's caps. One seized the other, and a third seized him; and then three heads were under the water at once. And it was not long before the whole family were drawn into the quarrel. They gripped, and bit, and jerked, and choked, and strangled each other, till the whole pond was in a foam, and sent out its circles to its utmost extent.

Silly birds! thought I. In order to drown others, you strangle yourselves. You will hold your own heads under the water till you are half dead, hoping to drown your own brothers. Poor birds! Ye were made innocent. But here is a whole family in a quarrel.

Two things more I have against the duck. She never feeds any other duck, not even her own little ones. All she cares for is to fill her own dear crop. She has not a particle of benevolence. She will eat when she is not hungry, for the sake of keeping away from even her ducklings. Shame on her for that! And when she can't eat any more, she will walk over her food, and soil it so that nothing else can eat it.

The other thing I complain of is, that the duck lives in low ground, generally in the mud.

Wicked children are too much like the ducks. John strikes his brother. His mother shames him, and his father whips him. Tell me which gets the worst ducked, John or his brother? Henry steals Mary's apple. Now Mary only loses a good apple, while Henry loses a good conscience, a good name, and a good friend. Now, my children, tell me which gets the worse ducked, Henry or his sister Mary?

* The signature of this letter is Eliza Tyrrell.

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Pharaoh pursued the Hebrews. He cornered them up at the Red Sea. He drove them into the sea. God helped the Hebrews all out on dry ground. Pharaoh and his hosts were all overthrown, and sunk like a stone in the cold waters. But while they were sinking and dying in the Red Sea, the Hebrews stood on the opposite banks singing the song of Moses. Tell me, little children, who were the worse ducked, Pharaoh or Moses?

As it is with ducks, so it is with wicked people. Every one for himself. A careless wicked man will keep his money, all he can get. His children, like little ducks, must get their living if they can. He buys no books against lying, no books against stealing, no books teaching love to one another. They live in the mud. Their minds are all muddy. Every duck is for himself. If he gets his own crop full, it is all he cares for. There is not one good bird among them all. They fight at nothing. One duck will often draw the whole family into a quarrel. Not a good teacher among the whole tribe.

THE ISLE CALLED PATMOS.

History scarcely names it. Geography mentions it, but little more. Religion alone lingers on its shores, and numbers it among her sacred places. A sentence will suffice to describe it.

Conceive of a bleak and barren rock in the Ægean Sea, about sixty miles south-west from Ephesus; of volcanic formation and jagged outline; seven or eight miles long, and from one to three broad; without inhabitants, except convicts; almost bare of trees; with a few vines and shrubs in here and there a nook; presenting on every side a cheerless and desolate aspect; and you have the Patmos of the Apocalypse. It plainly was no paradise. It was just such a spot as Domitian might well choose for his victims. It was admirably fitted for an imperial penitentiary.

The modern Patmos is somewhat changed from the ancient Patmos. It has historical renown. It has the prestige of sacredness. Its naked rocks have gathered more and deeper soil in the flow of centuries. It is less a desert waste. It has its port, with, perhaps, four thousand people; its church and holy grotto; its monastery and Monks; its library containing a thousand volumes; and its fortifications. Its natural features, however, are much the same; and, despite labour and religion, it is yet sterile and uninviting.

To this then dismal place the Roman tyrant banished John. Would you know his crime? He was a disciple of Christ. He believed in the word of God. He bore witness to the Christian truth. This conflicted with the religion of the empire. It frowned upon the iniquities of the great and noble as well as of the vulgar. If it prevailed, it would revolutionize society and the state, and demolish the Pantheon. It must be put down. The chosen instrument was not truth and reason, but force. John said to the hopeless nations, "God so loved the world, that he gave His only-begotten Son to be a Prince and a Saviour!" "Audacious fellow!" cried the dominant powers: "be still!" "Off with him to the mines!" commanded the Emperor. The lictors seized him, bound him, hurried him to the ship. In a few hours, with favouring wind, they would reach the island. "There," perhaps, they thought, as they cast him ashore; "there let him perish, and his hated superstition with him." Vain hope! Truth is mightier than brute force. It may die, or seem to die, under violence, or in prison, or at the stake, but it will live again and triumph. Those desperate men who saw the dead Christ in the grave, and rolled that huge stone against its door, and sealed it with the great seal, how they exulted! In their view, the deed was done; the Nazarene had run his course. His very name, if not forgotten, would be henceforth the synonym of infamy. Poor fools! That death was the womb of life. Out of it came invincible strength and eternal triumph. He that was dead lives again, ascends to heaven, sits at the right hand of God! The blood of martyrs has been the seed of the church. John had done much for the Christian cause; but it was needful that he should do more. He must, therefore, be fitted for it. He had spoken to that age with all the wisdom and fervour of an Apostle; but he must also speak to the future ages, and with that wondrous elevation and magnificence which stamps

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him greatest as well as the last of the Prophets. In order to do this, his pure spirit must be still more ennobled and refined. He must go again into the furnace. It was prepared for him in Patmos, certainly by the edict of Domitian; but, above this, by the will of God.

Victorinus, who flourished A.D. 270, says he was condemned to the mines. This testimony has been doubted, because it is not probable there were mines in Patmos. But the word may just as well be rendered quarries. In all likelihood this was the meaning of Victorinus. And who need doubt that there were quarries in Patmos? The Ægean islands abounded with them. Patmos could have been little else. Admit this thought, and the exile of the Apostle has an element of new and deeper interest. He had laboured long and suffered much for Christ. In extreme age now, he doubtless thought the rough blasts of life were all blown. A few days more, and he should go home. Heaven was waiting for him: the crown of life was ready. Alas! instead of heaven, behold him in dismal Patmos! Instead of glory, see him toiling in the quarries! What wonder if at such reverse the venerable old man wept! How natural if his dejection become fixed and deep! Blessed be God, the dark to-night issues in the bright to-morrow. Deep grief is often the precursor of holy and ecstatic joy. In the gloom of Patmos, John saw the visions of God. It was the grand point in his life. There centred in it the bliss and glory of ages. He will look back to it, from his place before the throne, with unspeakable gratitude. The memory of it will impel him to nobler songs. He entered that furnace cast down. He came out of it strong, and shining, as an angel, and gave to the church the grand and Divine Apocalypse.

EARNEST ZEAL.

The devil is driving on his car with tremendous power. He is never idle, and he is not slow. He pushes on his subjects in the way to hell with vastly greater rapidity than he drove the swine down a steep place into the sea. There are giants in wickedness in these days; and there is a haste made in the ways of sin that is alarming, because it threatens to outstrip the message of salvation, and to lay waste the heritage of God. Sinners of all classes are zealous, scheming knaves, and hardened villains: licentious libertines and blasphemous infidels; narrow-hearted misers and reckless speculators; mammon-worshippers, gamblers, swindlers, thieves and robbers; adulterers, and murderers; rum-sellers and rum-drinkers; swearers and liars; Sabbath-breakers and Bible-burners; all, all are full of zeal—as full as the devil can fill them.

Now, do not the maxims of wisdom and sound philosophy dictate that, in our conflicts with sin and Satan we oppose zeal with zeal? that while the powers of hell are marching on with such terrible strides, the machinery of the church should move with celerity? Such mighty forces are to be opposed; such fearful velocity is acquired in the movements of the enemy, that, of all things, tardy movements are the most absurd: a cool, hesitating policy, is suicidal. The church must be broad awake, and her Ministers must be "full of power by the Spirit of the Lord." Dreaming over the condition of the world will not answer now. If ever the earnestness and self-sacrifice of the martyrs were necessary to a Minister of Christ, this is the time. If ever hesitating upon questions of prudence and policy was madness, such is the case now. No man now can be considered entitled to the credit of sincerity, if he be found pursuing a great enterprise without heart. And what shall be said of the Minister of the Lord Jesus who, amid such fearful emergencies and perils, falls asleep upon his post? A sad state of things is that which the Prophet describes: "His watchmen are blind: they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber." What a picture is this of the watchman placed upon the walls in time of danger! War rages without; the enemy is upon the city; and the watchman is sunk down into a dead sleep. Well will it be for him if it does not fare with him far worse than it did with a sentinel who was found by Alexander the Great sleeping upon his post: the great chief, exclaiming, "Dead I found thee, and dead I leave thee," thrust him through the heart.

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The enemies of the church and of the truth are earnestly engaged in the dissemination of error. It was while men slept that the enemy sowed tares. If the church and the ministry sleep, the enemy does not. He is ever wakeful and ever active. Heretics manifest an ardour in the cause of error which should admonish Ministers of Christ, and should reprove their supineness in the cause of truth. As in the days of Christ, they "compass sea and land to make one proselyte," while too often the heralds of the Cross leave the cause of truth to take care of itself, or give it but a feeble support. While the abettors of a spurious Christianity are upon the alert; entering every open door, and seeking opportunities, by all possible means, to sow the seeds of error; while they seize upon the pulpit and the press, insinuate themselves into our schools and colleges, labour to corrupt the rising generation, and to take from us our children, who that has the zeal of God in his soul can hold his peace? Where are the Elijahs to cry out, "I am jealous for the Lord God of hosts," and to meet the Priests of Baal in stern controversy?

Witness the earnestness and sacrifices of Jesuit and Mormon Missionaries. They penetrate the most distant and inaccessible regions; elude the most jealous and vigilant governments; they endure hardships and privations; they sacrifice the comforts of home and friendship; and all for the purpose of propagating fatal delusions. The Mormons are found in South America; among the nations of northern Europe; in Africa, in China, and in Japan. The Jesuits are everywhere. They are to-day labouring to supplant the doctrines of the Reformation, in Great Britain and in the United States. The Pope has found a few tools among those who were educated in the Protestant faith; sad instances of perversion, through Jesuitical agency, and of the depths to which men may fall from the faith of their fathers. Who is more earnest than Brownson, the editor of the "Roman Catholic Quarterly," in Boston; and M'Master, the editor of the "Freeman's Journal," in New-York? both educated in the Protestant faith, and both *perverts* to Romanism.—*tional.*

THREE RULES FOR MAKING ONE HAPPY.

The first is, "Try your best to make others happy." "I never was happy," said a certain King, "till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people; but ever since then, in the darkest day, I have had sunshine in my heart."

The second rule is, "Be content with little." There are many good reasons for this rule. We deserve but little, we require but little; and "better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith." Two men were determined to be rich, but they set about it in different ways; for the one strove to raise up his means to his desires, while the other did his best to bring down his desires to his means. The result was, the one who coveted much was always repining, while he who desired but little was always contented.

The third rule is, "Look on the sunny side of things."

> "Look up with hopeful eyes,
> Though all things seem forlorn;
> The sun that sets to-night will rise
> Again to-morrow morn."

The skipping lamb, the singing lark, and the leaping fish tell us that happiness is not confined to one place. God, in his goodness, has spread it abroad on the earth, in the air, and in the waters. Two aged women lived in the same cottage; one was always fearing a storm, and the other was always looking for sunshine. Hardly need I say which it was who wore a forbidding frown, or which it was whose face was lighted up with joy.—*C. P. M.*

THE USE OF A PENNY.

What could a journeyman shoemaker do with a penny? I answer at once: Buy a pennyworth of leather, make a pair of trouser-straps, and sell them for twopence. Put another proposition: What could a journeyman tailor do with a penny? I have known boys' caps to be made out of the merest scraps of cloth, and to be sold at a profit very large in comparison with the cost of the material. A carpenter, with a bit of wood; a tinman, with a bit of tin; a comb-maker, with a bit of bone; an engraver, with a piece of copper or a bit of wood; a fan-maker, with a piece of paper and a few chips; a designer, with

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a black-lead pencil and a sheet of paper; a glazier with a bit of glass; a needlewoman, with needle and thread; a gardener, with a small packet of seed and a square yard of ground; a ticket-writer, with a little colour and a piece of cardboard; an engrosser, with pen and ink; indeed, anybody with anything, resolved upon making a beginning, can do it..... Many will say that had they a few pounds, they feel that they could do something. To such persons I say: Begin and get the few pounds. Do not let life slip away and see you still lamenting the want of opportunity. Begin; work first for the opportunity, and then for the result.—*How a Penny became a Thousand Pounds.*

A PUNISHMENT OF SACRILEGE.

Early in the month of April, 1847, Mr. Quekett was asked by Sir Benjamin Brodie whether it were possible to determine if skin which had for many years been exposed to the air were human or not. He replied in the affirmative, if any hairs were present. It was then mentioned that Mr. Albert Way was very desirous of ascertaining whether certain specimens of skin, stated to have been taken from persons who had committed sacrilege, and which for centuries had been attached to the doors of churches, were unequivocally human. Subsequently, a communication from Mr. Way, containing a specimen of skin, together with an account of the tradition which narrated the circumstances of its having been taken, was made to Mr. Quekett. The tradition, which resembles many others of a similar kind, exists in Worcester, that a man, having been caught in the act of committing robbery in the cathedral, was flayed, and his skin nailed upon the doors, as a terror to the sacrilegious. The doors have recently been replaced by new ones; but they are still to be seen, and a portion of the skin which was found under the iron hinges and clamps of the door was submitted to microscopical examination. With a power of a hundred diameters, it was found that the skin was *really human*, as it had two hairs on its surface; and very probably the unfortunate wretch from whom it had been taken had light hair. A piece of skin, traditionally given to a Danish pirate, existed for nine hundred years on a door of a church in Essex. In 1848, the microscope revealed the fact that it was in all probability taken from the back of the Dane, and that he too was probably a light-haired individual.—*Chambers.*

A THOUGHT.

Christians are something like flowers, which may droop their heads under the drops of a shower; but it only washes away the dirt and dust accumulated on their blossoms, and causes them to smell the sweeter, and look the more beautiful. So it is the same with Christians, who may bow down under showers of distress or affliction; yet they come out clothed with a more beautiful garb of righteousness, and shed forth a sweeter influence in the world around them.

COACH-MISERIES.

There being persons who seriously lament the good old time of coaches, when they could travel leisurely and securely, see the country and converse with the natives, it may be well to register some of the miseries before they are altogether effaced from the memory. Antony remarks that,—

> "The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones."

It is certainly not desirable that the good of coaches should be interred with their bones; neither is it by any means to be wished that the evil should entirely cease to live after them, so as to render us indifferent, and thankless, and insensible to the superior advantages of modern locomotion.

First Misery. Although your place has been contingently secured days before, and you have risen with the lark, yet you see the ponderous vehicle arrive full—full—full. And this, not unlikely, more than once.

2. At the end of a stage, beholding the four panting, reeking, foamy animals, which have dragged you twelve miles; and the stiff, galled, scraggy relay crawling and limping out of the yard.

3. Being politely requested, at the fo[ot] of a tremendous hill, to ease the ho[rses]

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Mackintoshes, vulcanized Indian rubber, gutta percha, and gossamer dust-coats, then unknown.

4. An outside passenger, resolving to endure no longer "the pelting of the pitiless storm," takes refuge, to your consternation, within, with dripping hat, saturated cloak, and soaked umbrella.

5. Set down with a promiscuous party to a meal bearing no resemblance to that of a good hotel, except in the charge; and no time to enjoy it.

6. Closely packed in a box, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in," with five companions morally or physically obnoxious, for two or three comfortless nights and days.

7. During a halt, overhearing the coarse language of the ostlers and tipplers at the road-side pot-house; and besieged by beggars exposing their mutilations.

8. Roused from your nocturnal slumber by the horn or bugle, the lashing and cracking of whip, turnpike-gates, a search for parcels under your seat, and solicitous drivers.

9. Discovering at a diverging point in your journey that the "Tallyho" runs only every other day or so, or has finally stopped.

10. Clambering from the wheel by various iron projections to your elevated seat.

11. After threading the narrowest streets of an ancient town, entering the inn-yard by a low gateway, to the imminent risk of decapitation.

12. Seeing the luggage piled "Olympus high," so as to occasion an alarming oscillation.

13. Having the reins and whip placed in your unpractised hands, while coachee indulges in a glass and a chat.

14. When dangling at the extremity of a seat, overcome with drowsiness.

15. Exposed to piercing draughts, owing to a refractory glass; or, *vice versâ*, being in a minority, you are compelled, for the sake of ventilation, to thrust your umbrella accidentally through a pane.

16. At various seasons, suffocated with dust, and broiled by a powerful sun; or cowering under an umbrella in a drenching rain,—or petrified with cold,—or torn by fierce winds,—or struggling through snow, —or wending your way through perilous floods.

17. Perceiving that a young squire is receiving an initiatory practical lesson in the art of driving; or that a jibbing horse, or a race with an opposition, is endangering your existence.

18. Losing the enjoyment or employment of much precious time, not only on the road, but also from consequent fatigue.

19. Interrupted before the termination of your hurried meal by your two rough-coated, big-buttoned, many-caped friends, the coachman and guard, who hope you will remember them. Although the gratuity has been repeatedly calculated in anticipation, you fail in making the mutual remembrances agreeable.—*Notes and Queries.*

O JERUSALEM!

THE number of Jews in the great cities of the world is thus stated:—New-York, 12,000; Philadelphia, 2,500; Baltimore, 1,800; Charleston, 1,500; London, 120,000; Amsterdam, 25,000; Hamburg, 9,000; Berlin, 5,000; Cracow, 20,000; Warsaw, 30,000; Rome, 6,000, Leghorn, 10,000; Constantinople, 80,000; Smyrna, 9,000; *Jerusalem*, 6,000; Hebron, 800.

HOW MEN OF DIFFERENT MINDS REGARD EACH OTHER.

THERE is a strong disposition in men of opposite minds to despise each other. A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of wit in society; a person who takes a strong common-sense view of the subject is for pushing out by the head and shoulders an ingenious theorist, who catches at the slightest and faintest analogies; and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who tests exquisitely the fine feeling of the heart, and is alive to nothing else; whereas talent *is* talent, and mind *is* mind, in all its branches. Wit gives to life one of its best flavours; common sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion; large and comprehensive views cause its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and imprudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; subtilty seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts away in the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and

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rewards him, by a thousand inward visitations, for the sorrows that come from without. God made it all. It is all good. We must despise no sort of talent: they all have their separate duties and uses, all the happiness of man for their object; they all improve, exalt, and gladden life.—*Sydney Smith.*

Memorials of the Departed.

THE last monthly collection of "Memorials" in the volume of the "Christian Miscellany" for 1856 relates to persons aged, respectively, eighty-two, sixty-two, eighty-eight, eighty-one, eighty-one, and one hundred and one years. This is remarkable, as these records are not selected, but taken by the Editors according to the dates of death, except when communications have been delayed, as were the first two of those now inserted.

DAVID PICKLES, born at Idle, in the year 1774, died in the same place, then included in the Woodhouse-Grove Circuit, on March 3d, 1855. For nearly fifty-three years he was a consistent Wesleyan, strongly attached to the doctrine, discipline, and Ministers of his church. His character was distinguished by great promptitude and decision, with a frank, firm, and zealous advocacy of Christian truth. The last seven years of his life he suffered severe affliction, but retained the assurance of Divine favour, and fell asleep in Jesus. He was Leader of two classes; and for the steadfast cultivation of domestic piety, and the devotional reading of the holy Scriptures, was most exemplary.

MRS. MARY HUMPHREY, of Leamington, died March 30th, 1855, aged sixty-two years. She became a partaker of the pardoning love of God when about eighteen years of age. Holding fast the beginning of her confidence, she held on her way, waxing stronger and stronger. Diligently and unobtrusively she served her generation, by ministering to the wants of the poor, and soothing the sorrows of the afflicted. As a wife and a mother, she was exemplary. Cherishing truly maternal solicitude for her children's conversion, she was wont to take them with her, one by one, into her closet, and the deep impressions made on their minds on such occasions, by her earnest entreaties and importunate intercessions, were never effaced. During many years of her life she was called to glorify God in the fires; but in these seasons of long-continued affliction, the grace of God which was in her became more and more obvious. In patience she possessed her soul; no murmur escaped her lips; and, for the most part, she was kept in perfect peace. In her last sickness it was indeed a privilege to witness her tranquil submission and cheerful gratitude. A few days before her decease, the different members of her family were requested to assemble around her, when, taking each affectionately by the hand, she solemnly blessed them in the name of the Lord. The strength with which she was endued, and the unction with which her words of blessing were accompanied, can never be forgotten by any who were present. As symptoms of approaching dissolution appeared, her faith waxed stronger, every cloud was dispersed, and the final struggle was anticipated with calmness, and assurance of victory. When she had already entered the valley of death, amid paroxysms of pain, she said, "Jesus is precious; He will be with me for ever and ever; He will never leave me, nor forsake me; His rod and staff do comfort me: how can I sink with such a prop?"

MRS. ELEANOR ROGERS was born in the year 1768, at Bassingham, in the Lincoln Circuit. Her husband, Mr. John Rogers, became concerned for the salvation of his soul, and, not obtaining full satisfaction from the spiritual teaching his village afforded, was used to walk to Newark, and other distant places, to hear the sermons of Wesleyan Methodists. She frequently accompanied him; and, after a time, they invited the Ministers to preach in their house in Bassingham. The Rev. J. Hickling, of Newark, preached

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the first sermon there. A small Society was soon formed, of which Mrs. Rogers became a member. The good work spread, and, in spite of persecution, a chapel was built there in 1802. Her heavenward course was steady during fifty-five years; and, after passing through several months of affliction without murmuring, she departed in perfect peace.

Mr. William Gibbs was born in Portland, January 11th, 1774. When he was about twenty years old, the late Mr. Robert Carr Brackenbury visited the island of Portland, and he was one of the first to accept the offer of salvation, and unite with the few who were resolved to make their calling and election sure. His love to the cause of the Redeemer was ardent, and his zeal untiring. Not long before passing from the church militant to the church triumphant, he gave a site for a new place of worship; and when he saw it opened for Divine worship, the language of his heart was, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." Even when borne down with the weight of age and infirmity, his mind was unclouded, and frequently he rejoiced with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. He departed this life, December 10th, 1855.

The late Mrs. Sarah Leighton was born at Madeley, in Shropshire. Her father had the honour and privilege of being a member in the class which was met by the Rev. John Fletcher, Vicar of Madeley. Mrs. Leighton was converted in early life; was afterwards acquainted with Mrs. Fletcher, and met in the class which was led by that eminent Christian lady. She would frequently refer, with great feeling, to those meetings, and the reviving influences of the Holy Spirit which rested upon them. During one of these gracious visitations her brother William, and the late Rev. Valentine Ward, were converted to God. After her marriage, she and her husband settled at West-Bromwich. There they united themselves to the Wesleyan Society. Her husband was for several years a faithful and devoted Class-Leader. About fifteen years ago, after a short affliction, he was removed to the paradise of God. Some years before her death she was deprived of vision; total blindness came upon her. This was a great trial, but she bowed with resignation to the will of her heavenly Father. The hymns which she had learned in the days of health, were a great consolation to her in the time of affliction: they were her songs of rejoicing

"In age and feebleness extreme."

She died December 15th, 1855, in the eighty-first year of her age.

Ralph Green, of Catterall, near Garstang, was born in the year 1754, at Huyton, near Wigan, and died "an old man, full of years," on the 18th of December, 1855. He married in the year 1777, and about this time both he and his wife received their first tickets from the Rev. John Wesley. His zeal for God and his Methodistic love were remarkably manifested in the erection, in 1824, of a small chapel, which was greatly needed, since all the services had been conducted either in a cottage or a barn. Ralph Green and his son (who is now a Class-Leader at Catterall) provided the material and erected most of the building in which Wesleyan service is now held. To those who saw him in his hundredth year he appeared a wonderful old man. He was generally cheerful, his appetite good, his nights unbroken; his thirst for reading unabated, and his constitution so strong and vigorous, that he was able to walk to Garstang, (distant three miles,) and return the same day. He was a man of a grateful spirit: not only did he thankfully acknowledge the kindness of those who attended to his daily wants, but praise to the Giver of all good continually flowed from his believing heart. About a month before his death he complained of indisposition, but was only three days confined to his bed. At a quarter past two o'clock, on the morning of December 18th, 1855, he lifted his eyes upwards; and then, gradually lowering his hands, which had been raised as in prayer, without a struggle he slept in Jesus.

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